Gettysburg College
Library

GETTYSBURG, PA

PENNSYLVANIANA
COLLECTION

GETTYSBURG COLLEGE

3326800 0490837 6

John M[illegible]
1878

[illegible]

[illegible]

MARTIAL DEEDS

OF

PENNSYLVANIA.

BY

SAMUEL P. BATES.

> *The field of history should not merely be well tilled, but well peopled. None is delightful to me, or interesting, in which I find not as many illustrious names as have a right to enter it. We might as well in a drama place the actors behind the scenes, and listen to the dialogue there, as in a history push valiant men back, and protrude ourselves with husky disputations. Show me rather how great projects were executed, great advantages gained, and great calamities averted. Show me the Generals and the Statesmen who stood foremost, that I may bend to them in reverence; tell me their names, that I may repeat them to my children.*
>
> LANDOR'S PERICLES AND ASPASIA.

PHILADELPHIA:
T. H. DAVIS & CO.
1875.

Entered according to an Act of Congress, in the year 1875, by
SAMUEL P. BATES,
In the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington, D. C.

S. A. GEORGE & CO.
PRINTERS
STEREOTYPERS AND ELECTROTYPERS.

PREFACE.

HAVING had unusual facilities, while acting as State Historian, for gaining an intimate acquaintance with the part which Pennsylvania bore in the late National struggle—a war before which every other waged upon this continent is dwarfed, and in the territory over which it spread was never equalled—it has seemed a duty which could not with justice be set aside, to place in an enduring form, while the memory is fresh, and many avenues to information still open, though daily closing, a full and careful chronicle of events. Such a statement is fairly due to the Commonwealth which displayed such vast resources and power, and to the faithful soldier who endured hardship and privation at the call of patriotism or laid down his life a willing sacrifice. The day of anger and resentment, if it ever existed between the combatants, has passed, and the soldier only regards with pride his achievements, and the State with complacency its honorable record.

A brief account of Pennsylvania history from the time of settlement, its physical geography, its material resources, and the origin of its people, seemed a fitting introduction, and the facts in the National history which led to rebellion—stated without partisan feeling and supported by citations from acknowledged authorities—a necessity to the proper understanding of the mighty convulsions which ensued.

The battle of Gettysburg, the most important in many respects of the whole war, having been fought on Pennsylvania soil, and the victory there gained having saved the State from being overrun by a conquering foe, was deemed worthy of generous space and minute description. Having studied the field by frequent visits and under the most favorable auspices, and mastered its various details, it is trusted that the language employed will convey an accurate conception. Of the preliminaries to the battle, and its management on the part of both the contending armies, the descriptions and opinions expressed have been given with sincerity and candor, with no desire to detract from the just fame of any, or to commend beyond due desert.

The biographical sketches comprise notices of nearly all the prominent officers who were killed in battle, and with few exceptions the living also. Mention of a very few, for lack of sufficient data, after reasonable efforts made to obtain it, had to be omitted. The number of these, however, is insignificant. There were innumerable privates and officers of lesser grade, many of whom fell honorably in battle, who were equally deserving of mention; but the officers, generally by the voice of the privates, were made to occupy representative positions. An honest effort has been made in this part to do justly by all, though the scantiness of material which had any particular significance prevented, in some cases, making the notices as long as might have been desired.

The third part, which contains a large amount of miscellaneous matter, is quite as important to the illustration of the Martial Deeds of the State, as portraitures from the field. The Governor, who held for six years the executive power, the Secretaries of War who managed complicate and stupendous measures necessary to conquer a peace, and the Great Commoner, ever in the van and dying at his post, all merit recognition.

Old John Burns, the civilian, who fought at Gettysburg, a type "of the past of the nation;" an agent of the State, one of a class who bore in their persons the thoughtful care of the Commonwealth; representatives of the Christian and Sanitary Commissions—he who wielded the agencies which brought together the vast resources demanded for their wide-spread operations; the Christian woman at the front bearing tender care and consolation among the sick, the wounded, and the dying; and the no less devoted and Christian agent at home, wearing out her life in wearisome days and nights of labor, are all types of a service which was as patriotic as that of the soldier who bore the musket.

The Refreshment Saloons of Philadelphia furnish examples of a charity as broad in their operations as the philanthropic sentiment by which their projectors and supporters were moved. Like charities were established at Pittsburg and Harrisburg, but on a less imposing model. It has been impossible to treat of all the topics which might with propriety have found a place in this volume; but it is believed that in the form in which it is now given, it presents a fair image of the Agency of Pennsylvania in the Great Struggle.

S. P. B.

MEADVILLE, *April* 16, 1875.

CONTENTS.

PART I.

GENERAL HISTORY.

CHAPTER | PAGE

I.—Résumé of Pennsylvania History 17

II.—Origin of Rebellion 44

III.—Outlook at the Opening of the Rebellion 74

IV.—Attempts at Pacification—The President-elect in Pennsylvania 88

V.—The First Campaign 116

VI.—The Great Uprising 141

VII.—Preliminaries to the Battle of Gettysburg under Hooker 158

VIII.—Preliminaries to the Battle of Gettysburg under Meade 188

IX.—First Day of the Battle of Gettysburg 207

X.—Marshalling for the Second Day at Gettysburg 238

XI.—Severe Fighting on the Left at Gettysburg 255

XII.—Fighting on the Right at Gettysburg 282

XIII.—The Final Struggle at Gettysburg 298

XIV.—The Retreat of Lee from Gettysburg 313

XV.—The Conduct of the Battle of Gettysburg 325

XVI.—Numbers engaged at Gettysburg 341

XVII.—The Militia—Capture of Morgan—Burning of Chambersburg—Final Triumph—Death of the President 362

PART II.

BIOGRAPHY.

I.—Edward D. Baker—John T. Greble—Seneca G. Simmons—Charles Ellet, Jr.—James Cameron—Amor A. McKnight—Mark Kern—Peter B. Housum—Lansford F. Chapman—John W. McLane 387

II.—George D. Bayard—Strong Vincent—Charles F. Taylor—J. Richter Jones—James H. Childs—Washington Brown—William Bowen—Samuel Croasdale—Henry I. Zinn—Henry W. Carruthers—Richard H. Woolworth—George A. Cobham, Jr.—Richard A. Oakford—Thomas M. Hulings—Edwin A. Glenn—Guy H. Watkins—W. L. Curry—Edwin Schall—Joseph S. Chandler—Thomas S. Brenholtz 427

CHAPTER PAGE

III.—John F. Reynolds—Henry Bohlen—Hugh W. McNeil—John M. Gries—James Miller—James Crowther—Joseph A. McLean—Frank A. Elliot—William S. Kirkwood—John W. Moore—Gustavus W. Town—Garrett Nowlen—A. H. Snyder—John B. Miles—Harry A. Purviance—Charles I. Maceuen—H. Boyd McKeen—O. H. Rippey—George Dare—Eli T. Conner—Francis Mahler—Elisha Hall—Edward Carroll—Richard P. Roberts........................ 467

IV.—Alexander Hays—John B. Kohler—Charles A. Knoderer—Robert B. Hampton—Thomas S. Bell—F. A. Lancaster—Calvin A. Craig—Henry J. Stainrook—Milton Opp—J. W. Crosby—Hezekiah Easton—Robert P. Cummins—George C. Spear—Henry M. Eddy—C. Faeger Jackson—Samuel W. Black—Theodore Hesser—Richard C. Dale—William G. Murray—John D. Musser—John M. Gosline—Martin Tschudy—Dennis O'Kane—Geo. W. Gowen—Peter Keenan.. 509

V.—David B. Birney—Charles F. Smith—Robert Morris, Jr.—Charles R. Ellet—Henry C. Whelan—Thomas A. Zeigle—Joseph H. Wilson—Thomas Welsh—Joshua B. Howell—John B. Conyngham—David Morris, Jr.—Prosper Dalien. 556

VI.—Geo. G. Meade—James Q. Anderson—Hugh S. Campbell—Wm. M. Penrose—Wm. R. Gries—Wm. A. Leech—Rob't L. Bodine—Elisha B. Harvey—Oliver B. Knowles—Andrew H. Tippin—Alfred B. McCalmont—George A. McCall.. 590

VII.—John W. Geary—Charles J. Biddle—A. Schemmelfinnig—John Clark—Joseph Roberts—S. A. Meredith—A. S. M. Morgan—Owen Jones—William D. Dixon—John F. Ballier—James Starr—D. C. McCoy—James A. Beaver—Langhorne Wister.. 628

VIII.—John F. Hartranft—Richard Coulter—A. Buschbeck—Charles P. Herring—Matthew S. Quay—Jacob H. Dewees—Everard Bierer—Robert Thompson—Joseph H. Horton—Joseph W. Hawley—John H. Cain—H. N. Warren—Samuel B. M. Young—John Markoe—John B. McIntosh.................. 662

IX.—Winfield S. Hancock—Thomas J. Jordan—William McCandless—St. Clair A. Mulholland—Samuel M. Jackson—William J. Bolton—John I. Curtin—Joseph P. Brinton—Vincent M. Wilcox—DeWitt C. Strawbridge—Robert L. Orr—Samuel D. Strawbridge—John M. Mark—Thomas F. B. Tapper—William M. Mintzer—Thomas J. Town—William R. Hartshorne—Norman M. Smith—Horace B. Burnham—Marcus A. Reno—William A. Robinson—John F. Glenn—Charles M. Betts—W. B. Franklin..................... 698

X.—Andrew A. Humphreys—George W. Cullum—Alfred Sully—Thomas H. Neill—George Shorkley—Levi Maish—Lemuel Todd—D. Watson Rowe—Hiram L. Brown—John S. McCalmont—Daniel W. Magraw—E. S. Troxell—John M. Wetherill—James F. Ryan—T. F. Lehmann—Hiram C. Allemann—Michael Kerwin—John P. Nicholson—John W. Phillips—David McM. Gregg...... 736

XI.—Samuel P. Heintzelman—Isaac J. Wistar—R. B. Ricketts—W. W. H. Davis—Charles M. Prevost—William E. Doster—Gideon Clark—Samuel M. Zulick—Thomas A. Rowley—George W. Gile—David M. Jones—John S. Littell—T. Ellwood Zell—E. Morrison Woodward—R. Butler Price—James L. Selfridge—John Devereux—Joshua T. Owen—William H. Lessig—Edmund L. Dana. 773

CHAPTER PAGE

XII.—Samuel W. Crawford—Charles Albright—Ira Ayer, Jr.—Henry J. Sheafer—James G. Elder—James F. Weaver—Peter H. Allabach—David B. McCreary—James A. Galligher—Benjamin F. Winger—Richard B. Roberts—Charles H. Buehler—Charles C. Cresson—Henry B. McKean—David M. Armor—Jacob G. Frick—David Miles—Henry G. Elder—Edward R. Bowen—John E. Parsons—Robert C. Cox—Henry S. Huidekoper—Jacob M. Campbell—Horatio G. Sickel.......... 810

XIII.—William W. Averell—John I. Gregg—Roy Stone—Hector Tyndale—G. W. Merrick—Thomas E. Rose—James Tearney—Amor W. Wakefield—Dennis Heenan—Edward J. Allen—Henry R. Guss—Joseph S. Hoard—James T. Kirk—Thomas F. McCoy—Edward O'Brien—Carlton B. Curtis—C. A. Lyman—Isaiah Price—J. William Hofmann—Edward Overton, Jr.—William F. Small—James Gwyn—William H. Boyd—F. S. Stumbaugh—O. S. Woodward—Robert M. Henderson—Isaac Rogers—Tilghman H. Good—Geo. E. Johnson—J. W. H. Reisinger—A. J. Warner—L. Cantador—John Ely—Edwin E. Zeigler—Asher S. Leidy—Thomas L. Kane.......... 848

XIV.—Galusha Pennypacker—William J. Palmer—Samuel K. Schwenk—Martin D. Hardin—Henry M. Hoyt—John P. S. Gobin—J. Bowman Sweitzer—John Flynn—Charles H. T. Collis—James M. Thomson—John H. Taggart—Joseph Jack—Franklin A. Stratton—George S. Gallupe—John A. Danks—Louis Wagner—Thomas J. Ahl—Joseph M. Knap—William C. Talley—James Nagle—M. T. Heintzelman—A. W. Gazzam—R. E. Winslow—J. P. Taylor—W. M. McClure—William Rickards—William Sirwell—Seneca G. Willauer—A. L. Majilton—C. C. McCormick—Benjamin C. Tilghman—Peter C. Ellmaker—F. B. Speakman—Loren Burritt—Daniel Leasure—Charles T. Campbell—George P. McLean—C. W. Diven—John Harper—Charles Kleckner—Joseph B. Kiddoo—George F. Smith—David B. Morris—Henry M. Bossert—Edward Campbell—T. Kephart—F. O. Alleman—Daniel Nagle—A. Blakeley—J. W. Fisher—Noah G. Ruhl—James Carle—James S. Negley—James Miller—Thomas F. Gallagher—J R. Everhart—B. M. Orwig—Robert Patterson.. 896

PART III.

CIVIL AND MISCELLANEOUS.

I.—Andrew G. Curtin—Simon Cameron—Edwin M. Stanton—Thaddeus Stevens... 957

II.—Old John Burns—Francis Jordan—George H. Stuart—Mrs. John Harris—Mrs. Hannah Moore.......... 988

III.—The Union Volunteer Refreshment Saloon—The Cooper Shop Volunteer Refreshment Saloon..........1023

IV.—The Fort Pitt Works—The Petersburg Mine—Libby Prison Tunnel..........1041

CHAPTER PAGE

V.—The Gettysburg Cabbage-Patch—The Fall of Henry D. Price—Narrative of Thomas F. Roberts in Rebel Prisons—"Sitting in the same position, the straw hat on his head, the pipe in his mouth, dead"—Shot on Picket—The Swamp Angel—A Surgeon's Adventure in the Rebel Lines—Daring Escape from Captivity—The Devoted Wife before Mr. Lincoln—Incidents Related by Dr. Palm—Sallie, the Faithful Brute—Death of Robert Montgomery—Rev. Dr. Brown's Account of Chantilly—Captain William Hyndman—Jenny Wade, the Heroine of Gettysburg 1081

INDEX TO MAPS AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

REPULSE OF THE LOUISIANA TIGERS AT GETTYSBURG....(Frontispiece
FROM FREDERICKSBURG TO GETTYSBURG................*To face page* 158
FIELD OF THE FIRST DAY AT GETTYSBURG........................ 214
FIELD OF THE SECOND DAY AT GETTYSBURG...................... 248
FIELD OF THE THIRD DAY AT GETTYSBURG........................ 298
HISTORICAL MONUMENT AT GETTYSBURG.......................... 354

INDEX TO PORTRAITS.

ALBRIGHT, CHARLES..*To face page* 816
ALLEMAN, HIRAM C.. 628
ALLEN, EDWARD J.. 468
AVERELL, W. W.. 848
BAKER, EDWARD D.. 388
BAYARD, GEORGE D... 428
BEAVER, JAMES A..1058
BIRNEY, DAVID B.. 256
BURNS, JOHN L.. 988
CAMERON, SIMON... 88
CARRUTHERS, H. W... 444
CLARK, GIDEON.. 510
CLARK, JOHN.. 644
COLLIS, CHARLES H. T... 916
COULTER, RICHARD... 590
COX, ROBERT C.. 698
CRAWFORD, SAMUEL WYLIE....................................... 810
CURTIN, ANDREW G... 74
DANA, EDMUND L...1058
DAVIS, W. W. H... 590
EVERHART, J. R... 952
FALES, SAMUEL B..1024
GEARY, JOHN W.. 282
GREBLE, JOHN T... 402
GUSS, HENRY R.. 868
HANCOCK, WINFIELD S.. 238
HARTRANFT, JOHN F.. 662

HEINTZELMAN, SAMUEL P. To face page 44
HUMPHREYS, ANDREW A. 736
HOYT, HENRY M. 590
JACKSON, SAMUEL M. 698
JONES, DAVID M. 628
JONES, OWEN 698
JORDAN, THOMAS J. 698
KNODERER, CHARLES A 510
KNOWLES, OLIVER B. 314
LEASURE, DANIEL 628
LITTELL, JOHN S. 1058
MACEUEN, CHARLES I. 498
McCLAMONT, ALFRED B. 590
McCALMONT, JOHN S. 556
McCOY, D. W. C. 656
McLANE, JOHN W. 510
MEADE, GEORGE G. 188
MERRICK, GEORGE W. 468
MILES, JOHN B. 468
NEGLEY, JAMES S. 950
OWEN, JOSHUA T. 468
PATTERSON, ROBERT 116
PENNYPACKER, GALUSHA 896
PRICE, ISAIAH 874
REYNOLDS, JOHN F. 208
RICKETTS, ROBERT B. 628
ROBERTS, JOSEPH 556
ROSE, THOMAS E. 1058
ROWE, D. WATSON 556
SCHWENK, SAMUEL K. 906
SELFRIDGE, JAMES L. 802
SHORKLEY, GEORGE 556
SICKEL, HORATIO G. 362
STANTON, EDWIN M. 976
STEVENS, THADDEUS 982
STRAWBRIDGE, D. W. C. 698
STRATTON, FRANKLIN A. 510
STUART, GEORGE H. 1004
TOWN, GUSTAVUS W. 590
TYNDALE, HECTOR 860
WARNER, ADONIRAM J. 886
WETHERILL, JOHN M. 556
WILLAUER, SENECA G. 510
WISTAR, ISAAC J. 778
WOODWARD, E. MORRISON 628
YOUNG, SAMUEL B. M. 1058
ZULICK, SAMUEL M. 468

PART I.

GENERAL HISTORY.

MARTIAL DEEDS
OF
PENNSYLVANIA.

CHAPTER I.

RÉSUMÉ OF PENNSYLVANIA HISTORY.

THE inhabitants of mountainous regions, it is observed, have always manifested an ardent love of liberty, a quick perception of its peril, and nerve to strike in its defence. Beneath the shadows of Israel, along the shores of the Adriatic, amid the rocks of Uri, and under the glaciers of Switzerland that spirit has prevailed. It was exhibited in the late struggle for the Union and universal liberty, by the populations along the Allegheny range, extending through West Virginia, East Tennessee, even far into Georgia, where, amid the storms of a threatened revolution, sweeping and convulsive, an undying love for freedom was preserved, and, while hunted down like wild beasts, and subjected to tortures by their enemies, they maintained a faith unshaken. Betaking themselves to their native fastnesses, the Refugees of this mountain district showed a heroism unsurpassed by the martyrs of old.

The causes which operate to produce this inspiring influence have been traced by modern science to the rural occupations which such regions prescribe, to the grandeur of the scenery perpetually spread out to view, to the limpid waters of the streams, and more than all, to the purity and invigorating airs distilled upon the mountain tops. This influence is strikingly figured by a writer in *Harper's Magazine*, just returned from a mountain tour: "There is no delight in travel so electrical as that of the Swiss mornings. Their breath cleanses life. They touch mind and heart with vigor. They renew the loftiest faith. They quicken the best hope. Despondency and gloom roll away like the dark clouds which the Finster-Aarhorn and the Jungfrau spurn from their summits. Nowhere else is life such a conscious delight. No elixir is so pure, no cordial so stimulating, as that Alpine air. . . . The Alpine purity and silence seem to penetrate the little commonwealth. It is such a state as poets describe in Utopia, and Atlantis, and Oceana. The traveller in Switzerland sees a country in which the citizen is plainly careful of the public welfare; and he is glad to believe that this spirit springs from freedom, and that freedom is born of the lofty inspiration of the mountain air, which dilates his lungs with health, and fills his soul with delight. Indeed the hardy and simple virtues are a mountain crop."

In Pennsylvania, the Allegheny range spreads out to its grandest proportions, and towers to its loftiest heights; and it is a noticeable circumstance, that the troops gathered from its rugged mountain regions, and by the flashing streams of its forests, were among the most resolute and daring of any that served in the late war. It may seem fanciful that the geographical features of a country, its soil, and climate should affect the character of its inhabitants; but if a population is allowed to remain long enough in a locality for these to have their legitimate influence, their impress will be found in the prevailing characteristics.

Who are the people of Pennsylvania? What the situation, extent, and physical features of the region they inhabit? What the peculiarities of its soil in its varied parts, and its equally varied climate and productions? What the treasures hidden beneath its surface, about which they dream, for which they delve, and which they transmute to cunning workmanship? From what families and nations of men have they sprung? How has been the growth of education, religion, civil polity? What their attitude in the troublous times of other days? And finally, what were their numbers, and the spirit which actuated them at the moment of entering the great civil strife?

Pennsylvania is situated between latitude 39° 43′ and 42° north, and between longitude 2° 17′ east and 3° 31′ west from Washington, giving it a mean length of 280.39, and a breadth of 158.05 miles. Its form is that of a parallelogram, its sides being right lines, with the exception of its eastern boundary, which follows the course of the Delaware river, nearly the form of an elongated W, its top pointing westward, with a slight curtailment at the boundary of Delaware, and an enlargement in its northwestern corner where it meets the lake. The Appalachian system of mountains, generally known as the Alleghenies, comprising several parallel ranges, trending from northeast to southwest, hold in their folds more than half the territory of the State. The southeastern corner, known as the Atlantic coast plain, 125 miles wide in its greatest stretch, is gently rolling, has a mild climate, a fertile soil, impregnated with lime, kindly to grains and the vine, is kept under a high state of cultivation, and is filled with a dense population. The valleys of the mountain region in the south are likewise fertile, and in characteristics and productions are similar to the coast plain; but to the north, where they were originally covered with forests of pine and hemlock, as they are cleared and brought under the hand of cultivation, are better adapted to grazing than to grain, where, the year through, copious streams are fed by fountains of living waters, and the population, more sparse, given to felling the forests and subduing a ruggeder clime, is itself more resolute and hardy. The rolling table-lands of the northwest are not unlike the latter in soil, in climate, in productions, and in men. Farther south, bordering upon West Virginia, the warm season is longer and more genial, the surface is rolling, flocks are upon the hills, and everywhere are orchards and green meadows. No region is more picturesque than this; not the vine-covered hills of the Rhine or the Anio.

The coast and mountain regions of the east and south are drained by two great river courses—the Delaware, whose principal tributaries are the Schuylkill and the Lehigh, and which finds its way to the ocean through Delaware bay, and the Susquehanna, fed by the East and West Branch, which unite at Northumberland, whose chief tributary is the Juniata, pouring into it a few miles above Harrisburg, and linked to the sea by the waters of the

Chesapeake. Contrary to the law which almost universally governs the directions of rivers, these streams, instead of following the valleys, defy the most formidable barriers, cut through the mountain chains, and run at right angles to their courses. These huge rents or gaps in the rock-ribbed sides of the mighty ridges, as though cleaved by the stroke of a giant, show, in their abutments close in upon the streams, their formation, and give an awe-inspiring aspect.

Draining the western slopes are the Monongahela from the south, rising in West Virginia, with the Youghiogheny as a principal tributary, and the Allegheny from the north, fed by the Venango on its right, and the Clarion and the Conemaugh on its left—which, uniting their floods at Pittsburg, form the Ohio. Still further west is the Shenango, a tributary of the Beaver river, draining one of the most fertile and populous valleys of the State. Upon the summit, along the water-shed between the basin of the great lakes and that of the Mississippi, is a system of minor lakes and marshes, among which are the Conneautee and the Conneaut lakes, the latter the largest in the State, and the Conneaut and Pymatuning swamps, these being but a part of a continuous line stretching through New York, embracing the Chatauqua, the Canandaigua, the Seneca, the Cayuga, and the Oneida, and westward through Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois; the Chicago river in the latter State connecting with Lake Michigan, and at the same time with the tributaries of the Gulf.

Such is the configuration of the surface of Pennsylvania; but under that surface were hidden from the eye of the early explorer treasures of which he had little conception. Beneath the hills and rocky ridges of the northeast, the central, and southern central, following the general course of the mountains, were buried, in ages far remote beyond the ken of the scientist, vast lakes of anthracite coal; and in the northern central, extending down far past its southwestern verge, were piled up Titanic masses of bituminous coal. The latter, cropping out as it did from every hillside, easily mined, and burning freely like the resinous woods, was earliest used, both for fuel and in the arts. Until the year 1820 the existence of the former was scarcely known, or if known, passed unregarded. In all that region, where now a busy population, deep down in the caverns of the earth, hidden away from the light of the sun, toil industriously in mining, not a chamber had then been opened, and the echo of a pick was scarcely heard. In that year the Lehigh Canal was completed, and 365 tons from the Lehigh mines were transported to market. Ten years later the product was only 100,000 tons. But since that period the means of production and transportation have multiplied, so that in 1870 nearly 16,000,000 tons were produced and found a market, being distributed to the great furnaces, where, night and day, the smothered blast is kept raging, and to the frugal fires of the remotest hamlets.

In close proximity to the coal, throughout nearly all the regions indicated, and spreading out in many parts far beyond, are found inexhaustible deposits of rich iron ore; and, stimulated by the demand for this metal in the multiplied and diversified uses to which it is put in the mechanic arts, and in the construction of railroads, its production has gone on increasing until from its eastern to its remotest western boundaries, along all its valleys and far up on its mountain heights, the fiery tongues of flame from innumerable craters are perpetually leaping.

But what shall be said of that almost miraculous gushing forth of oil from the rock at the smiting of the hand of the explorer? Years ago, even as early as the occupation of the northwest by the French, it was known that upon a little lake a few miles northwest of Titusville, shut in on all sides by towering hills, shaded by the silent hemlock forest, a mysterious oil, exhibiting in the sunlight the most brilliant and variegated colors, was known to float. Clean wool absorbed the oil and rejected the water, and in this way quantities were gathered upon the lake and the stream which flows therefrom, and being carefully bottled and labelled Seneca or rock oil, it was sold both in this country and in Europe, its remarkable curative properties in many diseases being widely heralded. Cradles were dug along the swamps that border this stream, either by the French or the Indians, for collecting it. Of its origin none knew. The Indians had a superstition that these were the tears of a departed chieftain mourning the loss of a favorite squaw who was murdered in the sombre shadows of the forest near the lakelet's margin. In 1859, Mr. E. L. Drake, with a faith and a perseverance akin to that of the greatest inventors and explorers, bored into the bowels of the earth, and lo! there gushed forth from the since famed *third sand* copious streams of this pungent, healing, mysterious fluid. The current thus diverted has gone the world over. It lights the ship upon the ocean, the cabin of the pioneer, and even the tent of the Arab. It spangles the head-light of the engine, and lubricates the many spinning wheels of the lightning train. It has well nigh restored a lost art in rivalling the far-famed Tyrian dye. Endless billows of this element seem to have accumulated beneath the hills and along the valleys of this now noted creek, and the lands fringing the Allegheny far down its stream. The production in the year 1872 was estimated at 6,500,000 barrels.

The territory of Pennsylvania, whose physical features and resources have been thus hastily touched, at the time it was first viewed by the eye of a European, was a wilderness, unbroken, save here and there by a precipitous rocky barren upon the mountain side, or where, fast by some crystal spring, the dusky son of the forest had erected his rude hut, and made an opening for the cultivation of a few vegetables and a little maize. The Lenni Lenapé, or the First People, called by the Europeans Delawares, held sway from the Hudson to the Potomac, and from the ocean to the Kittatinny hills. The Shawnese, a ferocious tribe, occupied the southwest, and along the centre were the Tuscaroras, originally driven from North Carolina and Virginia, who became one of the Six Nations, or Iroquois, and had their chief habitation between Champlain and the great lakes. William Penn, who came to know them well, writing to the Society of Free Traders in England an account of the country, thus describes them: "In liberality they excel; nothing is too good for their friend. Give them a fine gun, coat, or other thing, it may pass twenty hands before it sticks. Light of heart, strong affections, but soon spent. The most merry creatures that live; feast and dance perpetually. They never have much, nor want much; wealth circulateth like the blood; all parts partake; and though none shall want what another hath, yet exact observers of property. . . . They care for little because they want but little; and the reason is, a little contents them. In this they are sufficiently revenged on us.

If they are ignorant of our pleasures, they are also free from our pains. They are not disquieted with bills of lading and exchange, nor perplexed with chancery suits and exchequer reckonings. We sweat and toil to live; their pleasure feeds them; I mean their hunting, fishing and fowling, and this table is spread everywhere. They eat twice a day, morning and evening. Their seats and table are the ground."

The earliest visitors and settlers upon the Delaware were not men who had been driven from home by persecution, and who were seeking an asylum and a habitation in the New World, but who were attracted thither in the hope of gain. The whale fishery upon the coast, and the rich furs and skins which the Indians brought and parted with for a few worthless trinkets, first excited their cupidity. Delaware bay and river were discovered and entered on the 28th of August, 1609, by Hendrich Hudson. By a general charter granted on the 27th of March, 1614, by the States General of Holland, the privileges of trade upon the Hudson and Delaware were given, and the merchants of Amsterdam and Hoorn fitted out several expeditions from which grew settlements at Albany, New York, and temporary ones—little more than trading posts for occasional visitation—upon the Delaware. On the 3d of June, 1621, the Dutch West India Company was incorporated, and under it settlement was strengthened upon the Hudson, but only trade upon the Delaware, the latter being as yet tributary to the former; one little colony planted there having been cut off and massacred in 1631.

In the spring of 1638, a company of Swedes and Finns, under charter of a Swedish West India company, granted by the illustrious monarch of Sweden, Gustavus Adolphus, came in two small ships and settled on the south bank of the Delaware, the Dutch having for the most part occupied the north bank. Others followed, and for a time the little colony prospered. But the Dutch, who still held the northern bank, and kept a Vice-Governor there, finally undermined the Swedes in their trade with the natives, and compelled them, in 1655, by force of arms, to submit to Dutch rule. The Swedish colonists, however, remained upon the lands they had subdued, which they had come to look upon as their homes, and contributed to the rising state an element of strength, intelligence, and virtue, as the best blood in Europe then flowed in the veins of the people who had been ruled by Gustavus.

In 1664, settlements upon the Delaware having in the meantime been steadily growing, the English, who had always claimed the country upon the Hudson and all the intervening territory, took forcible possession, and appointed governors over both colonies, establishing rule in the interest of the British crown. Beyond the persons of the governors and the forms of procedure, there was but little change in the constitution of society. In 1673, the Dutch rescued the government from the English, but only held it for a year, when it again passed, and now permanently, under the dominion of the latter. In the meantime many English Quakers, who had suffered sore persecutions at home, had come hither and settled in the Jerseys and south of the Delaware, and in 1672, George Fox, the founder of the sect, visited them, preaching and strengthening their faith. West New Jersey had, by purchase from the British Government, fallen into the hands of a Quaker by the name of Byllinge, who becoming bankrupt, was obliged to make an assignment of his property, and William Penn became one of the three assignees. Penn was a Quaker, and had suffered for his faith; but that faith was founded in the innermost recesses of his heart, and he quailed before neither principalities nor powers. He was steadfast as the rock to the promptings of duty, but not fanatical or bigoted. He had a clear insight of human nature—a man of great head and still greater heart. Difficulties, which smaller minds would have made fruitless war against, he may for the time have bent before, but never yielded to, and in the end was always triumphant. With such a man whatever responsibility might be assumed for another, it would be managed with the care of a personal matter. Hence, in executing the trust for his unfortunate friend, he threw his whole soul into it, and drew for the government of Byllinge's province in the New World a constitution conceived in the utmost liberality and wisdom.

Penn had another motive for regarding with interest the infant settlements. He knew by a bitter experience the trials to which the people of his faith were subjected, and he looked with a longing eye for some better country, some more favored habitation, where each man should have perfect freedom in the manner of his worship. His attention being thus called to settlements in America, he became possessed of an idea of founding a State on his own account, in new territory, hitherto unoccupied by civilized man. Penn's father had been an Admiral in the British navy, and in an engagement upon the Dutch coast had rendered signal service, the victory there gained securing to the British Government the possession of New Netherland, the name by which all territory claimed by the Dutch beyond the Atlantic was known. Besides a deep debt of gratitude for his heroism, the Crown owed the Admiral sixteen thousand pounds in hard money. Upon the death of the Admiral, the obligation passed to his son William, who now sought the payment of this claim in lands in the New World. King Charles, who was upon the English throne, lent a ready ear to this application, and "after many waitings, watchings, solicitings and disputes in council," says Penn, "my country was confirmed to me under the great seal of England. God will bless it and make it the seed of a nation. I shall have a tender care of the government, that it be well laid at first." By the terms of the charter, which was dated March 4th, 1681, it was to contain three degrees of latitude and five of longitude, west from the Delaware. On account of obscurity in the language in beginning the description of the boundaries, owing to ignorance of the geography of the country on the part of the royal secretary, a dispute arose about its southern limit, which lasted many years. It was finally settled in the interest of Maryland, resulting in the serious curtailment of the grant. The limit thus agreed upon was subsequently traced by two surveyors, Mason and Dixon, who unconsciously made for themselves wide notoriety, this ultimately marking the dividing line between freedom and slavery.

Penn wished that the country should be called New Wales; but the king, desirous of commemorating the name of the father, was inflexible in his purpose of naming it Pennsylvania. Penn also purchased from the Duke of York the counties of New Castle, Kent, and Sussex, lying south of the Delaware, now the State of Delaware, which thus became a part of Pennsylvania, and continued so till the year 1702, when a final separation took place.

Penn meditated deeply respecting the government he should establish. He knew by experience the evils of arbitrary power. His aspirations were to make authority in the spirit of religion, of goodness, and love. "I purpose, for the matter of liberty, I purpose that which is extraordinary, to leave myself and successors no power of doing mischief, that the will of one man may not hinder the good of a whole country." In his advertisement for a Free Society of Traders, which was formed, he says: "It is a very unusual society, for it is an absolute free one, and in a free country. Every one may be concerned that will, and yet have the same liberty of private traffique as though there were no society at all."

Sending forward a deputy to assume and exercise authority over the colony, and commissioners who should treat for land and select a site for a great city, he made preparations to follow and take up his abode in the new State. Upon their arrival, the commissioners, with the Governor and Surveyor-General, readily concluded a purchase of land from the Indians; but it was not so easy to find a suitable site for a city. Penn had been particular in pointing out the needful conditions. It must have ten thousand acres in a compact tract. "Be sure," he says, "to make your choice where it is most navigable, high, dry, and healthy; that is, where ships may best ride, of deepest draught of water, if possible to load or unload at the bank or key's side, without boating or lightening of it. It would do well if the river coming into that creek be navigable, at least for boats, up into the country, and that the situation be high, at least dry and sound, and not swampy, which is best known by digging up two or three earths and seeing the bottom."

We can imagine the progress of these men as they moved up and down the Delaware, during the seven weeks in which we are told the search continued, digging to test the nature of the soil, travelling back and forth through the dense forest which reached down to the water's edge, save here and there where a trading post had been established, or the Swedes and Finns had made the beginning of a little burg. Upland, in Delaware county, now the old town of Chester, was one of these, and Penn had hoped that this might prove suitable for the purpose. But it was discarded, perhaps unwisely, as well as the ground above Bristol, afterwards the site of Pennsburg Manor, and that upon the banks of Poquessing creek. Finally, the present site of Philadelphia was adopted. It had not ten thousand acres in a compact body; but it was between two rivers, the ground was high, and the river in front deep. It was called by the Indians Coaquannock. Two or three families of Swedes had gained a foothold there, but it was still covered by a forest of lofty pines. The sites of great cities are generally governed by the necessities of trade and commerce, and their early growth has been without plan, streets taking the course of cow-paths, as in the city of Boston. It is recorded that Romulus, yoking a heifer with a bull, marked with a brazen plowshare the limits of his new city, making it comprise so much land as he could thus encircle between the rising and the setting of the sun. But with this exception, tradition preserves the record of no city having been so formally laid out.

Penn arrived in the colony in October, 1682, and after resting at Upland, ascended the Delaware in a small open row-boat, and when four miles above the mouth of the Schuylkill, where it pours its waters into the Delaware, he was pulled up the rugged bank by the Swedish settlers, and welcomed to the hospitalities of a gloomy forest, in time to become the gathering place of a great people, and the chief city of the continent. But when the site had once been determined, and had received the stamp of Penn's approval, its transformation was rapid. "There is nothing," says Bancroft, "in the history of the human race like the confidence which the simple virtues and institutions of William Penn inspired. In August, 1683, Philadelphia consisted of three or four little cottages! The conies were yet undisturbed in their hereditary burrows; the deer fearlessly bounded past blazed trees, unconscious of foreboded streets; the stranger that wandered from the river bank was lost in the thickets of the interminable forest; and, two years afterward, the place contained about six hundred houses, and the schoolmaster and the printing-press had begun their work. In three years from its foundation, Philadelphia gained more than New York had done in half a century."

One of the first cares of Penn was to establish amicable relations with the Indians. In his conferences and dealings with them he treated them as men, and they reciprocated his confidence. He made a purchase of land of them. It was known as the walking purchase. He was to pay a stipulated price for as much territory as could be walked over in three days. Penn was himself of the party, that no advantage should be taken by attempting a great walk. Commencing at the mouth of the Neshaminy, they walked up the Delaware. They proceeded leisurely, "after the Indian manner, sitting down sometimes to smoke their pipes, to eat biscuit and cheese, and drink a bottle of wine." In a day and a half they reached a spruce tree near the mouth of Baker's creek, a distance of thirty miles. Concluding that this would be all the land he would at present need, he proposed to stop there, and let the remaining portion be walked out at some future time. This was not executed until September 20th, 1733, fifty years later, when the Governor then in office employed three of the most expert walkers, one of them, Edward Marshall, walking in a day and a half eighty-six miles, a procedure which the natives took very unkindly.

One of the most interesting events in Pennsylvania history is the concluding of the Great Treaty of peace and friendship with the Indians, under the wide sweeping elm, known as the Treaty Tree, at Kensington, which has been made immortal by the painting of West. There were no weapons of carnal warfare. Penn, in his plain garb and benignant countenance, and the noble chieftain, Taminend, were the central figures. The chiefs of tribes, with their counsellors, aged and venerable men, were disposed to right and left. In rear, in the form of a half moon, sat the young braves and some of the aged matrons; and farther back, in widening circles, were the youth. When the council fire had been lighted, and all was in readiness to confer, Taminend, putting on his crown, which terminated in front in a small horn, announced to Penn, through an interpreter, that the nations were ready to hear him. "The Great Spirit," says Penn, "who made me and you, who rules the heavens and the earth, and who knows the innermost thoughts of men, knows that I and my friends have a hearty desire to live in peace and friendship with you, and to serve you to the uttermost of our power. It is not our custom to use hostile weapons against our fellow creatures, for which reason we have come unarmed. Our object is not to do injury, and thus provoke the Great Spirit, but to do good. . . . I will not call you children or brothers only; for parents are apt to whip their children too severely, and brothers sometimes will differ; neither will I compare the friendship between us to a chain, for the rain may rust it, or a tree may fall and break it; but I will consider you as the same flesh and blood as the Christians, and the same as if one man's body were to be divided into two parts."

To the words of Penn the Indians did not make immediate reply, but deliberated apart. When their answer was agreed to, their speaker, in the name of Taminend, who remained silent, taking Penn by the hand, pledged friendship, and said, with his expressive gesture, that the Indians and the English must live in peace and affection so long as the sun and the moon perform their courses. This treaty, simple in form, but emanating from the best impulses of the heart, was held sacred by the natives, and they treasured the words of Penn by means of strings of beads, or amulets; and Heckewelder, the Indian missionary and historian, says: "They frequently assembled together in the woods, in some shady spot, as nearly as possible similar to those where they used to meet their brother Miquon (Penn), and there lay all his words and speeches, with those of his descendants, on a blanket or clean piece of bark, and with great satisfaction go successively over the whole."

As we have already seen, the first settlers in the province were emigrants from Holland. Then came the sturdy Swedes, and now the English Quakers. The latter came in large numbers, many doubtless to better their fortunes, but more to escape oppression. As an illustration of the extent to which religious persecution was carried, it was estimated that 15,000 families had been ruined for dissent since the Restoration, that 5000 had died in the loathsome prisons, and that in 1686, through the intercession of Penn with King James, 1200 Quakers "were liberated from the horrible dungeons and prisons where many of them had languished for years." Of the character of the first element Bancroft says: "The emigrants from Holland were themselves of the most various lineage; for Holland had long been the gathering place of the unfortunate. Could we trace the descent of the emigrants from the Low Countries to New Netherland, we should be carried not only to the banks of the Rhine and the borders of the German Sea, but to the Protestants who escaped from France after the massacre of Bartholomew's eve, and to those earlier inquirers who were swayed by the voice of Huss in the heart of Bohemia. Its settlers were the relics of the first fruits of the Reformation, chosen from the Belgic provinces and England, from France and Bohemia, from Germany and Switzerland, from Piedmont and the Italian Alps."

Penn remained in the colony but about two years, when he was called to England to settle, before the home Government, the southern boundary of his province with Lord Baltimore, and thus secure uninterrupted navigation of the Delaware, and to intercede with the king for his suffering brethren. Though many Quakers had emigrated to the colony, and for a considerable period held ascendancy in the Legislature, yet they were far from forming a majority of the population, and some of the Governors appointed by Penn, and even his sons, were of the established Church of England. Bitter contentions arose between the Quakers and the party hostile to them. It was alleged that pirates, taking advantage of a Government unsupported by the sword, ran into the bay and made war, from this as a base, upon helpless shipping, and that a colony so ruled invited attack. So loud was the clamor at Court, that in 1693, in the reign of William and Mary, the government was taken from Penn and his deputies, and lodged in the hands of Benjamin Fletcher, Governor of New York. For two years it so remained; but at the end of that time, being convinced that the character of Penn and his followers was misrepresented, his province was restored to him.

In 1699, he returned, apparently with the intention of spending the remnant of his days in the midst of his people. But before two years had elapsed, he found that the Crown was again disposed to dispossess him and appoint royal Governors. He accordingly hastily departed to defend his rights at Court, and never returned, being afflicted in 1712 with a stroke of paralysis, of which he died in 1718, his entire stay in America having been less than four years. During his last residence here he spent the greater part of the time in perfecting a new constitution and frame of government, it being under discussion in the council and in his own meditations for eighteen months. This was completed before he left, and is a noble monument to his genius. His presence in the colony was indeed short, but how vast has been his influence upon the subsequent growth and development of the Commonwealth! How he moulded laws and customs, sentiment and opinion, and set upon them his impress! How easy and resistless was his sway over the natives of the forest, who, under the name of savages, in other colonies were found so difficult to treat with or subdue! His words were like those of the Saviour of mankind, and his great heart was moved by compassion and pity, tenderness and love, akin to His. Blessed be the name of William Penn!

After his death his widow, Hannah Penn, a woman of great power of mind and strength of character, ruled in place of the Proprietor, as his executrix, selecting Governors and framing their instructions with the skill and foresight of a veteran diplomatist. Under her rule Sir William Keith administered the government, and it was in his time that an unknown youth came to Philadelphia, who subsequently became a great power in the State, and the most honored for intelligence and virtue of any American of his day, Benjamin Franklin. William Penn had issue by his first wife, Gulielma Maria Springett, of three sons—William, Springett, and William, and four daughters—Gulielma, Margaret, Gulielma, and Letitia; and by the second, Hannah Callowhill, of one daughter—Margaret—and four sons—John, Thomas, Richard, and Dennis. In 1727, the British Court decreed, that after the death of William Penn, Jr., and his only son Springett, the Proprietor's interest in Pennsylvania passed by inheritance to the sons of the last wife, and they became joint proprietors. With these three, and John Penn, son of Richard, who was for a time Governor, the proprietary interest remained until the fourth year of the Revolutionary war, November, 1779, when the Colonial Legislature passed an act vesting the titles to their interest in the province, in the Commonwealth. The surviving proprietors returned to England, and the British Government, in consideration of being unable to defend and vindicate their vested rights, gave them an annual pension of four thousand pounds, which is paid to their descendants to this day.

In the meantime the State was being rapidly improved. The territory itself was luscious, tempting cupidity, and many were the designs to pluck it. Maryland, from the first, grasped for its southern borders, and succeeded in gaining a goodly belt. Later, disputed jurisdiction occurred in the Cumberland Valley, wherein Maryland attempted to make still further gains, but was successfully repelled. Still later, Virginia laid claim to the territory upon the Ohio, and was perfecting measures to assert authority, when it was discovered and foiled, but not until the Ohio Company had gained a considerable foothold upon the soil. Finally, Connecticut came in upon the north, actually planted a colony in the Wyoming Valley, pointing to chartered rights for authority which antedated the grant of Penn, and calling upon the British Government to vindicate it. Town government after the Connecticut manner was constituted, and hostile collisions to defend it occurred. The claim was not settled until after the Revolution, when the Confederate Congress decided in favor of Pennsylvania.

But though jealous in defending and preserving the integrity of its territory, no restriction was laid upon emigration, and population flowed in rapidly from every quarter. The sturdy Scotch-Irish, descendants of the Roundheads of the English Revolution, settled in the delightful Cumberland Valley, and pushing across the Alleghenies, filled many of the rich intervales and fertile rolling grain lands of the west. The well-schooled and industrious German Protestants sat down upon the limestone territory of the coast range, but many families wended their way into almost every nook and corner of the Commonwealth. The Catholic element, both Irish and Continental, later in coming, for the most part found a habitation in the mining and manufacturing districts, and did not, consequently, acquire the rich farming lands. From New England came the industrious, frugal sons of the Pilgrims, who chiefly chose the grazing lands of the north and the northwest.

There came also, near the close of the seventeenth and early in the eighteenth century, sects akin, in their principles of peace and non-resistance, to the Quakers. Chief among these were the Mennonists, or German Baptists. They had been persecuted and driven about from one country to another in Europe on account of their religious opinions. Finally, attracted by the reports of freedom and contentment among the colonists in Pennsylvania, they emigrated in large numbers, and found rest at last and full liberty of worship. The Dunkards also came, and subsequently founded houses at Ephrata bearing some resemblance to monasteries and convents.

From all of these varied nationalities and diverse religious sects have come the present population of Pennsylvania, a people dissimilar in many respects from their progenitors, and yet preserving some of the family types. One of the most potent influences in developing and giving direction to their character has been its system of education. Penn had a clear idea of State device when he put in the organic law, that provision should be made for teaching the poor gratis, thus bringing it within the power of all to be educated. Early in the history of the colony the Society of Friends established a public school in Philadelphia. In 1731, inspired by Franklin, fifty persons subscribed forty shillings each for the establishment of a public library, who, in 1742, were incorporated as the Library Company of Philadelphia, now in possession of one of the great collections of the land, fortunate and prosperous. In 1749, under the patronage and support of some of the leading men of the province, was established an Academy and Charity School, which, though humble and unpretentious, was the germ of the University of Pennsylvania. In 1753, it was incorporated and endowed by the Proprietors, and two years later was authorized to confer degrees under the title of the "College, Academy and Charity School of Philadelphia." From this time until the close of the century the energies of the people seem particularly to have been directed to founding and making some provision for the support of colleges; Dickinson College having been chartered in 1783, Franklin—since Franklin and Marshall—in 1787, and Jefferson in 1802. To preside over these men of great learning and erudition were tempted across the ocean. Notable among them were William Smith, LL. D., President of the University of Pennsylvania, and Charles Nisbet, LL.D., President of Dickinson College. The pupils of these men gave a great impulse to liberal education in the next generation, the Rev. Doctor Brown, a pupil of Nisbet, becoming President of Jefferson.

But the colleges, while they gave a high degree of culture to a few of the favored, failed to reach directly the masses. The population was as yet far too sparse to admit of a general system of common schools. Hence, to meet the difficulty so far as practicable, County Academies were chartered, and direct appropriations of money varying from two to five thousand dollars for the erection of buildings at the county seats, and grants of lands for their support, were secured. Academies in forty-one counties were established during the first thirty years of this century. As the population increased, and spread over a wider area, it became necessary, in order to carry out the wise design of the founder, that more enlarged provision for instruction should be made. The colleges and county academies answered well the purpose of their foundation; but that class which was most in need of instruction, and which if allowed to increase generation after generation without any facilities for learning would become dangerous to society, was still unprovided for. Hence, in 1809, a law was enacted providing for the "education of the poor gratis." The assessors in their annual valuations of property were required to enroll the names of indigent parents and the number of children. The tuition of all such was paid out of the county treasury. But this was only a partial remedy; for many parents, possessed of the natural pride and spirit of freemen, were unwilling to allow their names to be recorded among the most abject class. Besides the adoption of even this system was not general, it being in many places entirely disregarded, and in others complied with only upon the application of societies or individuals. Emigrants from the nationalities of Europe settled in colonies, and continuing to speak their native tongue, insisted on having their children taught in that language. German newspapers were published, for this was the language most prevalent among continental emigrants; but there were few books, and in the midst of constant and harassing labor in clearing away the forests and establishing for themselves abiding places, education was attended with many difficulties.

The consequence was that the number of those who could neither read nor write rapidly increased. A mental lethargy was sinking down upon the people which was alarming. The generation which succeeded had far less culture than that which had emigrated from the old world.

During the administration of George Wolf, that sturdy Governor, by the earnest appeals of his messages, aided by the efforts of broad-minded legislators, prominent among whom were Thaddeus Stevens, Samuel Breck, and Dr. George Smith, succeeded in arousing public sentiment, and in securing the passage of a law, in 1834, providing for the establishment of a general system of common schools. This law was amended and vastly improved in 1836, under the administration of Governor Joseph Ritner, a man no less determined in his purpose, or warm in his support of the system than his predecessor. He was greatly aided in this by the counsel of his eminent Secretary and *ex-officio* Superintendent of Common Schools, Hon. Thomas H. Burrowes; and from that period dates an era of general awakening upon the subject of popular education, which has not abated to this day. At first the people were allowed to vote on the adoption or rejection of the law, that it might in reality be popular, and might win its way to favor by its intrinsic merits. In the first year, of 907 districts, only 536 adopted it. But the number steadily increased, and in 1841, out of 1072 districts, it was in successful operation in 917. It is at present universal, with 16,305 schools, and an aggregate of 834,020 scholars.

About the year 1850, County Teachers' Institutes were commenced, and two years later the State Teachers' Association. In 1854, the school law was revised, and the County Superintendency engrafted upon it. An elaborate School Architecture was prepared and published at the expense of the State, and presented to each district. The *Pennsylvania School Journal* was made the organ of the School Department, and sent at the expense of the State to each School Board. In 1857, the office of State Superintendent, which had previously been exercised by the Secretary of the Commonwealth, was established, giving it far greater power and efficiency. In 1859, a law providing for the foundation of twelve Normal schools, for the training of teachers, in as many districts into which the State was divided, planned upon the most enlarged and liberal basis, was enacted.

All these various agencies for training and instructing the rising generation are in full play. Not a nook nor a corner of this great Commonwealth now exists where these are not felt, and their humanizing and benignant influence is not exerted. There is no excuse for a single child throughout its broad domain growing up to man's estate without being instructed in reading and writing, and all the common branches of education.

The original frame of government, drawn by the hand of Penn, and discussed and amended in Council from time to time, was most liberal and just. In his first communication to the colonists after receiving his charter, he had said: "You are now fixed at the mercy of no Governor who comes to make his fortune great. You shall be governed by laws of your own making, and live a free, and, if you will, a sober and industrious people. I shall not usurp the right of any or oppress his person. God has furnished me with a better resolution, and given me his grace to keep it." What Penn here promised, he faithfully kept; for it was not in the power of human nature to be more tender of his people, or more willing to listen to their advice in moulding and perfecting a form of government for their just guidance.

That Penn should be a feudal lord, and at the same time the executive of a democracy, seems incongruous. It was a defect in the system, which resulted in no evil while he governed; for he always appeared in the character of the executive of a democracy, voluntarily yielding all the claims of a feudal sovereign. But when he was no more, it was the occasion of endless bickerings between the proprietary Governors and the Council, the popular legislative branch.

On the 15th of July, 1776, the Provincial Convention which had been chosen to frame a new Constitution, met and elected Benjamin Franklin President. It at once assumed the government of the colony, and vested it until the new Constitution should be completed, and power organized under it, in a Council of Safety, composed of twenty-five members, of whom Thomas Rittenhouse was chairman. The American Revolution was in progress, and it was dangerous to attempt to stem the tide of popular will. The proprietary Government remonstrated against the action of the Convention, but submitted to what it had no power to control, and soon found its authority, which, for nearly a century had borne sway, at an end. The new organic law was completed in September, and on the 4th of March, 1777, the elections having been held in the meantime, was put in operation. It provided for the election of an annual Assembly, and a Supreme Executive Council, to consist of twelve persons, the President of which was virtually Governor. Thomas Wharton, Jr., who had presided in the Council of Safety, was chosen first President, and was inaugurated with imposing ceremonies, amidst the ringing of bells and the booming of cannon. In 1790, a new Constitution was framed, which provided for the election of a Governor by the people, and two deliberative bodies—a House and Senate. It was again revised in 1838, during the administration of Governor Ritner, and while this is being written, another revision, made during the year 1873, is being promulgated for a popular vote in December. To break up "omnibus legislation" was one of the chief objects in the revision of '38, and that now before the people is understood to be to prevent special legislation, curtail the power of great corporations, and to secure to the people of the Commonwealth immunity from unjust and exorbitant charges for transportation on railroads and canals.

The founder of Pennsylvania was a Quaker, sincerely devoted to the cause of peace and amity among men and nations. His mild and gentle manners, the benignity of his countenance, and sincere benevolence manifested towards the Indians, secured the infant colony from their savage attacks, from which other colonies suffered unutterable horrors. During the early years of its history the peace element was predominant, though the great prosperity of the city of Philadelphia and the colony at large attracted men of all religious beliefs, many of whom cared little whether a peace or a war policy prevailed, provided it insured safety to the State. Hence the peace party had frequent struggles to maintain its ascendancy in later years, the Governor being against it. Even during Penn's lifetime Governors were appointed who were opposed to the principles of the Quakers, and strange as it may seem, of all his sons and grandsons who, after his death, came to rule in the colony, not one preserved the religion of the founder. In several instances the Governors attempted to coerce the Assembly into their policy; but the Quaker party, which controlled in it, had their revenge by refusing to vote money to carry on the government, or even for the Governor's salary. Indeed, the withholding of appropriations became their favorite weapon.

In 1744, war was declared between France and Great Britain, and the wave of hostilities soon reached the colonies of the two nations, planted side by side in the New World. The Indians were nominally a neutral party between them, but generally inclined to the side which could show the highest and most valuable pile of presents, and ready at any time to take up the hatchet upon small provocation. War had no sooner broken out, than like the wild beast, aroused by the taste of blood, the Indian became troublesome. Governor Thomas, then in the gubernatorial chair, called out the militia, who came to the number of ten thousand men, of one regiment of whom Franklin was made Colonel. They were obliged to arm themselves at their own expense. The dominant party in the Legislature would vote no money except to the Crown of England, to which it looked for protection and safety.

In October, 1748, peace was concluded by the treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle, between France and England; but the peace there declared did not reach the New World, the French covertly striving to connect the Mississippi Valley with the Canadas, by a chain of forts stretching along the Ohio river, up the Allegheny and the Venango, to Le Bœuf, where the French commandant had taken post, and was secretly inciting the Indians to hostilities against the English. The policy of Pennsylvania towards the Indians had always been one of conciliation. But the mild and peaceful sway of Penn had been gradually obliterated, and in place of it had come a system of subsidy, which in time grew to be burdensome. Other colonies spent money in large amounts to fight the savages; but Pennsylvania employed the means that would have been used in repelling hostile attacks in providing for their physical comfort, and the gratification of their taste for trinkets and showy apparel. The Indians had early asked to meet the agents of the Government to brighten the chain of friendship, which meant that presents would be acceptable to them. Finding the Government willing in that way to purchase peace and amity, they found frequent occasions for brightening the chain. Indeed, the links of that chain must have been composed of imperishable stuff, to have endured for the hundred years that it was wrought upon. At a council held at Albany, in 1747, in which Maryland and Virginia were induced to join, Pennsylvania alone distributed goods to the amount of one thousand pounds.

When it was finally discovered from the report of Washington, who had been sent in the fall of 1753, by Governor Dinwiddie, of Virginia, to remonstrate with the French, at Fort Le Bœuf, near Lake Erie, for encroaching upon English territory, that the colonies and military forces of that nation were designing to take and hold the entire Valley of the Mississippi and its tributaries, the British Ministry determined to resist. Prevented now by the proprietary instructions from appropriating money, the Assembly resolved to borrow five thousand pounds on its own account, for the support of the troops, of whom three thousand had been called from Pennsylvania. General Braddock was sent with two regiments of the line from Cork, Ireland, to Alexandria, Virginia, and having been joined by the colonial forces and a wagon train secured in Pennsylvania through the enterprise of Franklin, moved across the country early in March, 1755, towards the present site of Pittsburg, where the French, under Contrecœur, had fortified the year before, and were now in forcible possession. When arrived within seven miles of that place, Braddock was attacked by the French and Indians, who awaited their approach in ambush, and after a sanguinary struggle, in which Braddock was killed, and more than three-fourths of his officers and half his men were killed or wounded, his command was completely routed. Washington, who accompanied Braddock as an aid, showed the greatest coolness and courage, having two horses killed under him, and four bullet holes through his coat, but himself escaped unharmed, and brought off the column.

The frontier now lay all exposed, and the Indians, incited and supported by the French, pushed the work of devastation. A chain of forts and block houses was erected and manned along the line of the Kittatinny hills, under the direction of Franklin, in January, 1756. Governor Morris, seeing his people powerless, and the work of slaughter going on, declared war against them, though in opposition to a vigorous protest from the Quakers in the Assembly, who, going among the savages, by mild and inoffensive modes, finally won their hearts and induced them to bury the hatchet. But the quiet was only temporary, the English being determined to dispossess the French, and the Indians being easily drawn into the conflict. So aggravating had their conduct become, and so sickening their butcheries, that Governor John Penn, son of Richard, and grandson of the founder, in July, 1764, was induced to offer the following rewards, far removed from the spirit of his revered grandfather, but the more excusable from the terrible exigences of the occasion: "For every male above the age of ten years, captured, $150; scalped, being killed, $134; for every female Indian enemy, and every male under the age of ten years, captured, $130; for every female above the age of ten years, scalped, being dead, $50."

When the Revolution came, in 1775, the pacific influence of the Quakers, as well as that of the proprietors, was overborne. Though some, in their religious zeal, adhered to the royalist cause, yet there was as stern and just a patriotism in the breasts of certain members of that Society as of any other in the Province; and when the soldiers of Washington, half starved and indifferently clad in wintry weather, were shivering upon the plains of Trenton, or by the banks of Delaware, it was the hard money of the provident Quakers of Philadelphia that brought comfort to those heroic men. General Mifflin, one of the foremost in the patriot army, was a Quaker. Washington, having been driven from Long Island, from Harlem, and from White Plains, retired through New Jersey and across the Delaware. Suddenly recrossing this stream, now at flood tide, and filled with floating ice, on the night of the 25th of December, 1776, he struck a heavy blow at Trenton, and followed it up at Princeton. This boldness and vigor on the part of the American leader, caused Lord Howe to pursue a cautious policy, and put an end to his project of crossing the Delaware and occupying Philadelphia. It also enabled

Congress, which, in expectation of that event, had, on the 20th of December, assembled at Baltimore, to return to Philadelphia.

On the 11th of September, 1777, Lord Howe, who had gone in transports to the mouth of the Delaware with a large army, but who had entered the Chesapeake instead, and debarking, had commenced the march across the country, was met upon the Brandywine by Washington, and after a severe battle, which lasted nearly the entire day, the Americans were defeated, the youthful Lafayette, who had just joined the army, receiving there his first wound. Nine days after, on the 20th, a detachment of the British army, led by General Grey, under cover of profound darkness, stole noiselessly upon an encampment of the Americans, under General Anthony Wayne, near Paoli, Chester county, and having silenced the guards, put the soldiery to the sword. This is known as the Paoli massacre. On the following morning fifty-three of the patriots were buried in one grave, over which a neat marble monument was erected forty years later by the Republican Artillerists of Chester county. Howe now occupied Philadelphia, Congress moving first to Lancaster, and subsequently to York, where it passed the winter. Washington attacked the enemy's forces at Germantown, on the 3d of October, but was too weak to effect his purpose, and withdrew. Howe settled down in winter quarters in a luxurious city, while Washington, at Valley Forge, during a winter remarkable for the intensity of its cold, endured all the hardships and sufferings which privation in every form could entail. The fortunate result to the American forces under Gates, in September and October, at Saratoga, whereby Burgoyne, with his whole army, was forced to lay down his arms and surrender, greatly strengthened the hope of the patriots, and induced the French to form an alliance with the colonies, which brought a powerful French fleet to American waters. The English Government, discovering that its destination was the mouth of the Delaware, dispatched a fast sailing vessel, bearing orders for the British army to immediately evacuate Philadelphia, which was accomplished before the arrival of the French.

On the day following the departure of the enemy, a regiment of veterans, under General Arnold, entered the city, and the population, who had been driven out, soon returned to their homes. "The damage done by the enemy," says Westcott, "had been as wanton as it was extensive. The royal troops found Philadelphia a cleanly and handsome city; they left it reeking with filth, ruinous, and desolate." Congress now came back from York, and the State Legislature from Lancaster, where the session of 1777–8 was held, and occupied their old quarters in the city.

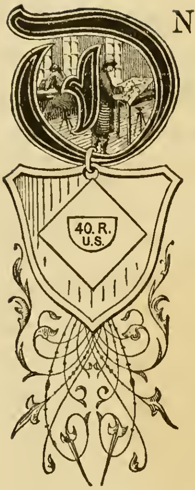
Early in July, fiendish tories, with bands of Indians whose ferocity they had whetted, under the lead of one John Butler, entered the Wyoming Valley and commenced an indiscriminate slaughter. Most of the young men and the strong were absent in the army of Washington; but a small force under Colonel Zebulon Butler, a Butler of other blood, composed of boys and aged men, with a few veteran soldiers, went out to meet them. The Indians, under skilful leaders, were in superior numbers, and were triumphant, scattering the patriot band, which retired to Forty Fort, at Wilkes-Barre, where a stout resistance was made. Finally, they agreed to surrender on condition of being assured of safety, and at evening the entire company, men, women, and children, who had gathered in for miles, departed to their homes in fancied security. But the shades of night had no sooner settled down upon that beautiful valley than the sound of the war-whoop was heard, and the dusky savages were at their trade of blood. The shrieks of women and children as they were mercilessly slaughtered pierced the midnight air, and the lurid flames of burning cottages told that the work of devastation was complete. The few who escaped betook themselves to the mountains, and perished miserably of hunger and fatigue.

After the close of the war, the Quaker element disappeared almost entirely from politics, being no longer known as a distinctive party either in the State or in the Legislature. Even during the Revolution, Pennsylvania, with the exception of two States, furnished a greater number of men in proportion to its enrolled population than any other. In the war of 1812, the volunteers from Pennsylvania swelled the ranks of the army, and were foremost in constructing and manning the little fleet upon Lake Erie, which, under the gallant Perry, won the most complete victory of the war, and enabled him to send forth the message which thrilled the heart of every American—"We have met the enemy, and they are ours!" In the war with Mexico, the number of soldiers required of Pennsylvania was promptly supplied, and many who sought a place in the ranks of the departing regiments were denied.

Such has been the martial character and attitude of Pennsylvania, in the perilous days of the Republic; and yet no people are more ready, yea anxious, to return to peaceful pursuits, and the ordinary avocations of life. The teachings of the founder have not been lost upon the men who have come to occupy the land he gave to freedom, the land he loved so well, thought and labored for so earnestly, and for which he so devoutly prayed. They have at times been slow to move; but, like the giant, when aroused, making mighty strides. Though the State is traversed by immense mountain chains, which, like the vast billows of the sea, seem interminable, and by rugged rolling lands reaching out beyond, apparently locking the east from the west by any system of artificial water or rail communication, yet by the skill of her engineers, the faith of her capitalists, and the patient toil of her denizens, the canal has ploughed its way to her remotest bounds, and the locomotive has scaled even the summits of the Alleghenies. Trunk lines of railway, the equal if not the superior of any in the land, extend from east to west, from north to south. For coal and iron the whole country is tributary to her, and the products of her soil are unsurpassed. Nor are her energies confined to the development of her material resources. Of her native born population of the present generation, few are unable to read or write, and her system of public instruction is universally acknowledged to possess unexampled vitality and power. The erudition of her bench, the purity of her pulpit, the elegance and refinement of her cultivated classes, and the social relations of her people throughout all her border, will compare favorably with an equal population selected in any part of the civilized world.

CHAPTER II.

ORIGIN OF REBELLION.



ON the 15th of April, 1861, the State of Pennsylvania contained a population of three millions, sedulously devoted to the arts of peace, having no hatreds nor animosities towards the people of any other section of the common country, contented and happy under the common government, and unwilling to believe, or even think, that the quiet which reigned would be disturbed. But on that day a proclamation from the Executive of the nation, declaring that a little body of seventy soldiers garrisoning a fort of the United States in Charleston Harbor had been attacked and forced to surrender, and calling for men to defend and preserve the national integrity, rung like a clarion note throughout its borders. So long as differences which arose were fairly discussed, and left to the peaceful decision of the ballot-box, they were content. To that decision, whether for them, or against them, they quietly bowed. But when the flag of the nation, the emblem of freedom and justice, known and honored on every sea, in every land, under which was peace and prosperity and happiness, was fired upon, the feeling of condemnation was aroused in every patriot breast.

What men were called, with alacrity went, and many more stood ready to follow at the lightest word. The torch fires of civil discord, once enkindled, spread with marvellous rapidity. Fields ran red with the blood of contending hosts. Herald after herald was sent forth, until 366,000 of Pennsylvania's bravest and best had gone. Death held high carnival, and for four long years the wasting and bloody work went on. Many a hearthstone was made desolate, and in every household were breasts wrung with anguish. The widow and the orphan

S. P. Heintzelman

mourned, and parents endured the bereavement of sons lost; and when, at length, a peace was conquered, but a fragment of all that host that went forth in strength and beauty returned.

What principle was involved in this mighty struggle? What were the differences which enlightened statesmanship and the mild influences of Christianity were unable to settle? What was the question at issue that demanded so costly a sacrifice? At the beginning of the dispute it was thought impossible that a collision could occur. As it progressed, the civilized world stood amazed that the people of a common country could be led into a struggle so desperate.

When the American Colonies were first settled, they were entirely independent of each other, and were only subordinate to the Crown of England. The first idea of union originated in the necessity of protecting themselves against a common enemy in the French and Indians. At the suggestion of the English Government, that a system of taxation, uniform throughout all the colonies, should be adopted to provide for defence, a Congress was called to meet at Albany in 1754. Franklin was a delegate from Pennsylvania, and went with his pockets loaded down with a scheme of union, that he had, as usual, been cogitating in advance, which he offered, and which was adopted substantially as he presented it. It provided for the appointment of a President General by the Crown, and a council of forty-eight delegates to be chosen by the colonies. It came to nothing, as it was distasteful to both parties, each desiring more power than it conferred. But the meeting had the effect of making known to each other the leading statesmen in the several colonies, and preparing the minds of the people for a general Congress

The next subject which secured united effort, was opposition to an act of Parliament to impose a uniform tax throughout the American Colonies. It was known as the Stamp Act, and a Congress was called, which met at New York in 1765, to protest against its imposition. The subject of taxing America continued at issue until 1774, when the first Continental Congress met in Philadelphia, and after having framed suitable petitions and addresses, adjourned to meet again on the following year, provided the British Government refused to heed their requests. The king turned a deaf ear, and the meeting was held. In the meantime, war was opened upon the colonies, and at the session of the 4th of July, 1776, the Declaration of Independence was adopted, which resulted in the final severance of the colonies from the mother country by the treaty of peace of 1783. The authority previously exercised by the crown passed in a measure to the Congress, with this difference, the king and parliament had power to enforce their edicts, but the Congress had none. It could pass acts, but unless they were approved by the Legislatures of all the colonies they had no effect; a single colony, even the most insignificant, having in its power to defeat the most important legislation. Congress in one instance endeavored to provide for the payment of the interest on the debt contracted in support of the Revolutionary armies, by laying moderate duties on imports, which the voice of Rhode Island defeated. While the war continued, this inconvenience and weakness was less felt, as the people were united in the feeling of patriotism, and the consent of all to wholesome legislation for meeting a common enemy was easily obtained. But when peace was secured and the varied interests of the several States came in collision, the articles of Confederation, adopted by Congress in 1777, but not approved by all the States until 1781, were seen to be entirely inadequate to the government of the new nation. Indeed, with the exception of a few subjects, over which Congress was supreme, there were thirteen independent nationalities.

To remedy this, the present Constitution of the United States was framed by a convention of delegates which met in Philadelphia in 1787. That convention was called to revise the old Articles of Confederation; but so defective were they found to be that an entirely new frame of government, providing for executive, legislative, and judical departments, independent of the States and supreme over all, was framed and submitted for ratification. In nearly every State it encountered violent opposition. It was objected, that the individual States would be shorn of their sovereignty, if this Constitution were adopted, and the National Government, thus set up, would be supreme. The preamble of the Constitution, which sets forth the object of the instrument, opens with the expression, "We, the people of the United States, in order to form a more perfect Union." In the Virginia Convention, Patrick Henry opposed the adoption, in the most determined manner, and with his characteristic impassioned eloquence. "That this is a consolidated Government," he said, "is demonstrably clear. . . . But, sir, give me leave to demand what right had they to say 'We, the people?' . . . Who authorized them to speak the language of 'We, the people,' instead of 'We, the States?' *States* are the characteristics and soul of a *Confederation.* If the States be not the agents of this compact, it must be one great, consolidated, National Government of the people of all the States. . . . Have they made a proposal of a compact between States? If they had, this would be a Confederation: it is, otherwise, most clearly a consolidated Government. The whole question turns, sir, on that poor little thing, the expression, 'We, the people,' instead of, 'the States of America.'"

The opponents of a consolidated Government clearly perceived that the only remedy for the establishment of such a power was in the rejection of this Constitution; that when it was once adopted, it became the supreme law of the land, and could never be revoked or broken up, save by revolution. But the friends of the new code, in order to sugar-coat the pill which they found distasteful to its opponents, suggested that, in case the rights of a State were infringed, that State could recall its delegated powers, and thus become once more sovereign. "We will assemble in convention," said Mr. Pendleton, the President of the Virginia Convention, "wholly recall our delegated powers, or reform them so as to prevent such abuse, and punish our servants." This was the first breathing of the doctrine of Secession, in 1788, before the Constitution itself had been adopted. But Mr. Henry scouted the idea that a State, when once this Constitution was accepted, could recall its delegated powers, and showed, most clearly, that the language of the instrument gives no such authority, and that, on the contrary, it provides, in the most ample manner, for meeting such a contingency. "What resistance," he exclaimed, "could be made? The attempt would be madness."

The theory of Secession, founded upon the idea that a State had the ability to withdraw the powers delegated to the National Government after the adoption of the Constitution, and again become sovereign, was from time to time revived. The Alien and Sedition Laws—the former empowering the President to send out of the country foreigners who were found endeavoring to draw the nation into European complications, and violate the principles of neutrality which the Government had adopted, and the latter providing for the prosecution and punishment of persons found publishing matter abusive of the members of the Government—were both strongly opposed, and gave rise to the noted resolves of 1798. These resolves were first passed by the Kentucky Legislature, and subsequently reaffirmed, in substance, by Virginia, and asserted that these laws are unauthoritative, void, and of no force, and concluded by calling on the other States of the Union to "concur in declaring these acts void and of no force, and each take measures of its own, in providing that neither these acts, nor any others of the General Government, not plainly and intentionally authorized by the Constitution, shall be exercised within their respective territories." "None of the States," says Victor, "responded favorably to the resolutions; but, on the contrary, Pennsylvania, Maryland, Delaware, New Jersey, New York, Connecticut, Rhode Island, Massachusetts, New Hampshire, and Vermont, disavowed the doctrine set up, of a right in the State Legislatures to decide upon the validity of acts of Congress." These resolutions embodied the doctrines of Secession in a more compact and imposing form than they had ever before assumed, and constitute nearly the entire faith of the disciples of that school since.

The Embargo Act of 1809, and later, the Declaration of War against Great Britain, the alleged neglect of the General Government to protect certain sections, and the devises adopted for raising men to fill the ranks in the War of 1812, all excited strong opposition. The discontent culminated in the Hartford Convention, whose utterances were similar in tone to the resolutions of 1798. "In cases of deliberate, dangerous, and palpable infractions of the Constitution," is the language of the report, "affecting the sovereignty of a State and the liberties of the people, it is not only the right, but the duty of such State, to interpose its authority for the protection in the manner best calculated to secure that end." As in the case of the Kentucky resolutions, the several States were invited to unite in enforcing the principles enunciated. To this call no State responded, and the proceedings were regarded with marked disfavor by the mass of the people, even in that section where the convention had originated. So strong was the almost universal regard for the Union, that no greater odium could attach to a man than that of having been a member of the Hartford Convention, or of having countenanced its proceedings. The *Richmond Enquirer*, of November 1st, 1814, said, in noticing this Convention: "No man, no association of men, no State or set of States, has a right to withdraw itself from the Union of its own account."

The tariff laws of 1828, which Pennsylvania and the other middle States had been instrumental in enacting, were the next subjects of opposition. Louisiana, on account of the protection afforded to the production of sugar, favored a tariff. But the cotton States opposed it; and the New England States, especially those upon the seaboard, being largely engaged in foreign commerce, regarded with disfavor any policy which should encourage home manufactures. The principal opposition to this measure, however, came from the politicians of South Carolina. The Legislature of that State issued a manifesto, known as the South Carolina Exposition, which asserted the unconstitutionality of a protective tariff, and claimed Nullification as a reserved right of the State. This document became the text of that memorable discussion in which those Titans of eloquence, Calhoun, Hayne, and Webster wielded the bolts of argument. The whole debate hinged upon the question, if the National Government should enact a law that the Legislature of a State should declare to be unconstitutional, could it be enforced? Mr. Hayne argued that it could not, because the State would be robbed of its sovereignty. Mr. Webster by an ingenious illustration, drawn from the very measure in dispute, showed the futility of this position. "Sir," he said, "the human mind is so constituted, that the merits of both sides of a controversy appear very clear and very palpable to those who respectively espouse them; and both sides usually grow clearer as the controversy advances. South Carolina sees unconstitutionality in the tariff; she sees oppression there also; and she sees danger. Pennsylvania, with a vision not less sharp, looks at the same tariff and sees no such thing in it; she sees it all constitutional, all useful, all safe. The faith of South Carolina is strengthened by opposition, and she now not only sees, but *resolves*, that the tariff is palpably unconstitutional, oppressive, and dangerous; but Pennsylvania, not to be behind her neighbors, and equally willing to strengthen her own faith by a confident asseveration, resolves also, and gives to every warm affirmative of South Carolina a plain, downright Pennsylvania negative. South Carolina, to show the strength and unity of her opinion, brings her assembly to a unanimity, within seven voices. Pennsylvania, not to be outdone in this respect, any more than in others, reduces her dissentient fraction to a single vote. Now, sir, again I ask the gentleman, What is to be done? Are these States both right? If not, which is in the wrong? or, rather, which has the best right to decide? And if he, and if I, are not to know what the Constitution means, and what it is, till those two State Legislatures, and the twenty-two others, shall agree in its construction, what have we sworn to when we have sworn to maintain it?"

In addition to the absurdity of allowing twenty-four separate arbitors, which was the number of States at that time, to construe and pass upon acts of the General Government, he pointed to the provision of the Constitution itself, which explicitly describes the manner in which the disputed validity of law should be decided. "The Constitution," he says, "declares that the laws of Congress, passed in pursuance of the Constitution, shall be the supreme law of the land. No construction is necessary here. It declares also, with equal plainness and precision, that the judicial power of the United States shall extend to every case arising under the laws of Congress. This needs no construction. Here is a law then which is declared to be supreme; and here is a power established which is to interpret that law."

On the 19th of April, 1832, a convention of the people of South Carolina passed an ordinance declaring the tariff laws of the General Government void, and prohibited the payment of duties to United States revenue officers. This ordinance was to be confirmed by the State Legislature, and if the national authorities should attempt forcibly to collect the revenues, a further provision was made that, "The people of the State would thenceforth hold themselves absolved from all further obligation to maintain or preserve their political connection with the people of the other States, and will forthwith proceed to organize a separate government, and do all other acts and things which sovereign and independent States may of right do." Andrew Jackson, who was then President, perceiving that forcible resistance to the laws would be attempted, quietly ordered General Scott to Charleston Harbor accompanied by a military and naval force, with instructions to assist the regular agents of the Government, if necessary, in collecting the revenues, and then issued his famous proclamation showing the futility of the doctrine of Nullification, commanding all persons to obey the laws of the General Government, and expressing his determination to execute them. In the iron hand of Jackson, Nullification, which was another word for Secession, was crushed.

The final attempt to thwart the General Government in the exercise of its powers, and to break up the Union, occurred in 1860–61. It was undertaken under the specious name of Secession, because it was easier to carry the masses of the people into the mad scheme with this plea, than by the direct and real designation of revolution, which was its true character. The enactment of no objectionable law, as in former cases, was awaited; but the election of a President, legally and rightfully chosen, the principles of whose supporters were distasteful, was seized as the occasion. The real cause, however, lay far back of that event.

When the colonies were originally settled, that section which was occupied by the States that joined in the Rebellion had a prospect of predominance. While the North, and especially New England, had a thin and rockbound soil, which yielded its increase only after patient and well-directed toil, and lay beneath a cold, bleak sky, icebound for nearly half the year, the sunny South, the land of the cane and the cotton, possessed of a deep, luxuriant soil, and a soft, balmy atmosphere, produced plentiful harvests with little labor. For a time that predominance was maintained. At the opening of the American Revolution the population of Virginia was nearly double that of either of the other Colonies.* When the Articles of Confederation were adopted, and later, when the Constitution was framed, there seemed a certain prospect that the South would remain in the ascendancy. The census of 1790 showed that its population was considerably above that of the North, the former being 2,618,901, and the latter only 1,968,455. The exports and imports of Maryland and Virginia alone, at that period, were many times greater than those of all the New England States, and for nearly fifty years, commencing with 1797, were larger than those of all the Northern States combined. Of the first five Presidents four, each for two terms, a period of thirty-two years, were from Virginia, while only one, for a period of four years, was from the North.

But the two sections finally settled down into the employment of widely diverse systems of labor. In the North, manual labor was performed by instructed, white freemen; in the South, by ignorant, negro slaves. In the North, the laboring man could in time become a freeholder, acquire an independent competence, and his son, perchance, arrive at fortune and eminence. In the South, the slave was sold in the shambles, like a beast of burden, with often a hard lot for the present, and no hope of betterment for the future.

The effect of these two systems upon society was soon apparent. Free labor stimulated enterprise. Success in husbandry, which was at first the occupation of the greater portion of the inhabitants, could only be attained by the practice of the strictest habits of temperance, industry, and economy. The habits imposed by the necessities of the soil were carried into other avocations, and were everywhere the fruitful elements of success. To their quickening influence is due the rapid rise of commerce and manufactures, and the vast proportions which they have subsequently assumed. It extended even to letters. The same enterprise which gave triumph to the husbandman, to the merchant, to the manufacturer, rewarded the scholar. It originated systems of

---

*New Hampshire, 80,000; Massachusetts, 360,000; Rhode Island, 50,000; Connecticut, 200,000; New York, 180,000; New Jersey, 130,000; Pennsylvania, 300,000; Delaware, 40,000; Maryland, 220,000; Virginia, 560,000; North Carolina, 260,000; South Carolina, 180,000; Georgia, 30,000.—*Tucker's United States*, vol. i. p. 96.

public instruction which are the marvel of the age which produced them. It founded colleges and professional schools, gave birth to a literature that has won the favor of the learned in every country, and nurtured a statesmanship, which, tried by the standard of success, must place it in the very front rank, the nation under its guidance having come, in a comparatively short time, to be a first-class power.

The system of slave labor, whose products could in no way enrich or contribute to the happiness of the laborer, was one of drudgery, eked out under the eye of a taskmaster. With a soil of unsurpassed fertility, abundant harvests were secured with the most indifferent and unskilled labor. But slavery did little towards repairing the wastes engendered by repeated harvests. To secure the largest present return was the most that was anticipated. Skilled husbandry was unattempted, and its improved implements were unsought. When old fields were worn out, new ones were turned to. The most fertile lands were gradually absorbed by the most prosperous planters, and the increase in the number of slaves kept pace with that of domain. The staple products of the soil brought large income, and there was, consequently, little inducement to engage in manufactures, where labor was unskilled, and where ventures would be hazardous; nor was there greater encouragement to tempt the seas in the pursuit of commerce. Little or no attention was given to popular education. Ignorance was considered a prime quality in a slave, and was secured by law. The poor white population were so scattered, except in the towns, that a public system was for the most part impracticable, and this class came in time to set little value upon mental culture. The children of the planters were instructed by the governess and the family tutor, and were often sent to the boarding-schools and colleges of the North.

Of the effect of Slavery upon society, Mr. George M. Dallas, Vice-President of the United States in the administration of Mr. Polk, and one of the most worthy and esteemed of the sons of Pennsylvania, in a speech delivered in the Senate, on the 27th of February, 1832, said: "I refer, sir, to the character of Southern labor, in itself, and in its influence on others. Incapable of adaptation to the ever-varying changes of human society and existence, it retains the communities in which it is established in a condition of apparent and comparative inertness. The lights of Science and the improvements of Art, which vivify and accelerate elsewhere, cannot penetrate, or if they do, penetrate with dilatory inefficiency among its operatives. They are not merely instinctive and passive. While the intellectual industry of other parts of this country springs elastically forward at every fresh impulse, and manual labor is propelled and redoubled by countless inventions, machines, and contrivances, instantly understood and at once exercised, the South remains stationary, inaccessible to such encouraging and invigorating aids. Nor is it possible to be wholly blind to the moral effect of this species of labor upon those freemen among whom it exists. A disrelish for humble and hardy occupation; a pride adverse to drudgery and toil; a dread that to partake in the employments allotted to color may be accompanied also by its degradation, are natural and inevitable. The high and lofty qualities which, in other scenes, and for other purposes, characterize and adorn our Southern brethren, are fatal to the enduring patience, the corporal exertion, and the painstaking simplicity by which only a successful yeomanry can be formed. When in fact, sir, the Senator [Mr. Hayne] asserts that 'slaves are too improvident, too incapable of that minute, constant, delicate attention, and that persevering industry which are essential to manufacturing establishments,' he himself admits the defect in Southern labor by which the progress of his favorite section must be retarded. He admits an inability to keep pace with the rest of the world. He admits an inherent weakness; a weakness neither engendered nor aggravated by the Tariff—which, as societies are now constituted and directed, must drag in the rear, and be distanced in the common race."

In one respect, however, this system of labor gave the dominant class a great advantage. The large wealth accumulated, afforded abundant leisure for travel, and for social and intellectual culture. Whatever could pamper the appetite and gratify the taste, was at their command. Rarely has the world seen a state of society in which such advantages have been enjoyed. Mr. Buckle, in his History, places this as the measure of civilization, declaring that the progress of a people is dependent in the first instance upon the accumulation of wealth, as without it there can be little leisure.

An idea early prevailed among the Southern leaders, borrowed doubtless from the crooked diplomacy of Europe, that a balance of power must be preserved between the North and the South. Instead of regarding the whole as one great, common country, with common interests and common privileges, opportunities were sought for arraying one section against the other, and of pressing the question, "In the interest of which section shall the General Government be administered?" The baneful influence of this attempt to maintain a balance of power has been manifest in all the subsequent internal troubles of the country. When the Constitution was adopted, the subject which created the greatest diversity of opinion was that of representation, the political status of the slave coming in question in settling the organic law. It was claimed by the public men of the South that slaves were chattels, and should not be allowed the right of suffrage; but that they should be counted as population in determining representation. It was contended on the part of the North that, if slaves were chattels and had not the right of suffrage, they should not be allowed representation in the National Government, as the Constitution expressly forbids property representation. This was one of the first practical issues between the two sections. The long and impassioned discussion upon this issue in the Convention which framed the Constitution, was finally settled by a compromise, practically identifying the slave with two natures, in part chattel and in part man, whereby three-fifths of a slave was allowed to count as human in determining representation in Congress and the number of votes in the electoral college, and the remaining two-fifths as chattel, but giving neither the three-fifths nor the two-fifths element the right of suffrage, thus yielding to a ballot in the South a preponderance of power over a ballot in the North.

As the old States increased in population, a disposition was manifested to push forward into the new and unsettled territories. The free laborer of the North did not desire to emigrate to a territory which would eventually become a slave State, nor would the planter from the South settle upon lands which could by any possibility become free. The occupation of the territories constituted a second issue between the two sections.

The cession to the General Government by the old States, which claimed vast stretches of country to the westward of their limits under their charters from the British Crown, of their right to such territory, brought a vast virgin domain to the common use. In 1784, immediately after the deed of cession had been executed, Mr. Jefferson introduced an ordinance for the government of the territory northwest of the Ohio, one article of which prohibited slavery. It failed of passage at that session; but three years after, an ordinance drawn by Nathan Dane, of Massachusetts, founded upon the draft of Mr. Jefferson, was enacted. This postponed the conflict for a score of years, Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois, in the meantime, filling up with population and being admitted as free States, and Alabama, Mississippi, and Louisiana being settled and organized in the interest of slavery.

When the wave of emigration crossed the Mississippi river, and entered upon territory over which there was no principle regulating settlement, the issue of freedom or slavery was again presented. On the soil of Missouri the two classes of settlers met. Previous to the acquisition of the vast territory called Louisiana from the French in 1803, Saint Louis had become a trading post of considerable importance, having been settled by French Creoles from New Orleans. The nucleus of a slaveholding population had thus been formed before the soil had become a part of the United States. Accordingly, a Territorial Government was organized in the interest of slavery. Geographically, Missouri extends considerably to the north of any of the older slave States. Many of its inhabitants were emigrants from the North, whose interests would be in a measure sacrificed by its becoming a slave State. When the question of admission as such came up for consideration in Congress, it was violently opposed. The dominant party, however, favored the measure, and it was admitted accordingly, though its admission was coupled with another measure, called the Missouri Compromise, which provided that slavery in all territory north of thirty-six degrees thirty minutes of north latitude, commencing upon the western boundary of Missouri, and extending through to the eastern boundary of Mexico, should be forever prohibited. This was supposed to settle the troublesome question for all time to come.

But the population of the North increased much more rapidly than that of the South. The preponderance which had prevailed in the South began from the opening of the present century to change in favor of the North. There seemed little affinity between free and slave labor. The free, skilled laborer of the North, and of Europe, the never-failing element of national power, could see little to tempt to emigration in a country where the habits and institutions of the people were based upon the degradation of labor. Hence, the principal source of increase in the South, beyond the natural one by birth, was the clandestine importation of negro slaves from Africa, and from the neighboring Antilles. The free institutions of the North, on the contrary, were peculiarly fitted to attract emigration. Abundance of food, cheap land, taxation only nominal, no standing army, free schools, a free press, the manhood of every class respected, to every one accorded a fair opportunity in the race of life,—were golden prospects towards which the oppressed in all lands turned with longing eyes. The emigrant who sought and secured a home in the land of freedom, wrote to his friends and neighbors whom he had left behind in the Fatherland, such glowing accounts of his fortunes and prospects, that many were induced to follow him. Thus, in addition to the increase of population by birth, there was a tide of emigration pouring into the free States, comprising the young and hardy and enterprising, and contributing the best elements of vitality and power. The intelligence and independence born of the free institutions of the North attracted attention in all lands. Dr. Franklin, the son of a tallow-chandler, and early the hard-working apprentice to a Philadelphia printer, when finally he appeared at the Court of St. James, and the Palace of Versailles, was a living demonstration of the excellence of the institutions of which he was the representative and the constant reminder.

The census of 1810 showed an excess of population in the free States of 278,008; in 1820, 667,453; in 1830, 1,159,997; in 1840, 1,399,487; in 1850, 3,825,491; and in 1860, 6,813,046. The census of 1830, and again that of 1840, notwithstanding the rich rewards of cotton-growing after the invention of the cotton-gin, and the consequent tendency to multiply population, showed so unmistakably the increasing preponderance of numbers in the free States, that the advocates of an equality of power between the two sections became alarmed. Until 1840 the number of States had remained very evenly balanced, as will be seen by the following table:

	1800	1810	1820	1830	1840
Number of Free States...	11	13	13	13	15
Number of Slave States..	9	11	13	14	14

In the Senate, therefore, where each State had two members, equality was substantially preserved; but in the popular branch, power had steadily gravitated to the side of the North. The admission of Iowa and Wisconsin into the enumeration of 1840, and the certain prospect that before another census would be taken, Minnesota would be included, made the Southern leaders restive, and eager to devise some scheme by which their theory of a balance of power could be maintained.

Stretching away to the southwest from the Sabine river, the boundary of the United States, was the vast territory of Texas, rich in physical resources, with a small white population, mostly emigrants from the United States, and with boundaries unsettled or only partially defined. Nominally, it was under the control of Mexico. Towards this virgin country the longing eyes of Southern leaders were turned. Various projects and overtures were made for its purchase, but without success, until in March, 1836, its independence was declared, and in 1845, upon the eve of President Tyler's administration, it was annexed to the United States. One of the terms of annexation was that new States of convenient size, not exceeding four in number, in addition to Texas, might be formed out of this acquired territory. Attempts made to exclude slavery from a portion of this acquisition were fruitless, the provision for extending the Missouri Compromise line being gratuitous, as no part of the new territory extended so far north. The door thus opened for slavery expansion seemed to promise the restoration of the long contended for balance of power.

The annexation of Texas involved the country in a war with Mexico, which resulted in its occupation by United States armies, and in a treaty of peace, whereby a large extent of additional domain was acquired. When the bill providing for the settlement of the terms of the treaty was under consideration in Congress, David Wilmot,* member of the lower House, from the Bradford district of Pennsylvania, offered a proviso, afterwards widely known as the Wilmot Proviso, forever excluding slavery therefrom. In all former acquisitions of territory, as that of Florida, Louisiana, and Texas, slavery already existed. But Mexico had abolished it in her domain some twenty years before, and it came to the United States free. The Wilmot Proviso was defeated; but its discussion in Congress, upon the stump, and in the newspaper press, occasioned a large development of the sentiment that the newly acquired territory, being already free by the laws of Mexico, should remain free when it came under the flag of the Union, and that slavery should be restricted to the domain in which it was already legalized. This sentiment finally culminated in the formation of the Republican party.

The immediate result of the annexation of Texas was the acquisition of a vast area of fertile soil, and the flattering prospect to the South of its speedy settlement entirely in the interest of slavery.

But an event soon transpired which suddenly clouded the roseate view so complacently regarded, verifying the oft-repeated sentiment of the poet:

> "The best laid schemes o' mice an' men,
> Gang aft a-gley."

Gold was discovered in California. Attracted by the glittering prospect, thousands flocked to this new El Dorado. To mine gold required skilled labor, and a class who could endure great hardship. Neither of these conditions could be met by the employment of slaves. Again was the superiority of the labor of the North over that of the South apparent. Thus, a law of nature determined the character of the population, in defiance of the laws of politicians. Attempts to establish a territorial government over the northern part, under the name of California, and the southern under that of New Mexico, the latter to be open to slavery, were overborne by the demand for a State organization rendered absolutely necessary by its vast and rapidly accumulating population. In June, 1849, a convention assembled, at the call of the military Governor of the Territory, and a State Constitution was framed, wherein slavery was prohibited; and in August, 1850, California was admitted as a free State, with a population of 165,000.

---

* On the tomb of Wilmot, in the cemetery at Towanda, where his remains lie buried, is this inscription:

DAVID WILMOT,
Born January 20, 1814;
Died March 16, 1868;
Aged 54 years.

"Neither slavery nor involuntary servitude shall exist in any part of said territory, except for crimes whereof the party shall first be duly convicted."

The territory of the new State extended north to the forty-second parallel, which forms the northern boundary of Pennsylvania, and south to the thirty-third parallel, which cuts the central part of Mississippi, Alabama, and Georgia. The largest part of the State is thus seen to lie south of the line of the Missouri Compromise. Its admission with these boundaries was strenuously opposed, because it infringed with a free population upon domain claimed for slavery, and gave to the North another powerful new State, already excelling in number of States. So strong was this opposition, that, had the advice of a party at the South, under the leadership of General Quitman, a United States Senator from Mississippi, been heeded, violent measures would then have been adopted to convulse the Union and rend it in twain; but, the conservative people of that section, headed by Henry Clay, were still too much attached to the national unity to give the advocates of violence promise of success.

The admission of California was a part of a series of measures which together were known as the Compromise Measures of 1850, of which Mr. Clay was the author and advocate. California was to be a free State with boundaries as proposed; the compact with Texas, for the admission of new slave States, was to be faithfully executed; territorial governments were to be established over Utah and New Mexico, without the Wilmot Proviso; the boundaries of Texas were to be fixed excluding New Mexico from its domain, receiving as compensation therefor $10,000,000 from the national treasury; a more efficient law for the rendition of fugitive slaves escaping into the free States was to be enacted; and slavery was to remain undisturbed in the District of Columbia, though the slave-trade in the District was to be prohibited under a heavy penalty. Upon these conditions, the leaders of the two great political parties, the Whig and the Democratic, united; and they were proclaimed as the final settlement of the Slavery question.

But this vexatious matter, so often settled, would not remain settled. The next field of conflict was on the plains of Kansas. A proposition, presented in Congress, abolishing the Missouri Compromise, and legislating slavery into all the Territories of the United States, caused intense excitement throughout the North. Finally, on the 24th of May, 1854, after eliciting the most earnest discussion, and the violent denunciation of the press of the free States, a bill somewhat modified, providing that the people of the Territories should be left free to form and regulate their institutions in their own way, subordinate only to the Constitution of the United States, that the titles to slaves, and the right to personal freedom, should be referred to the local tribunals, subject to appeal to the Supreme Court of the Nation, was passed.

Thus was the work of 1820 undone, and the doctrine of Squatter Sovereignty substituted. The winds were let loose. The status of the proposed new State of Kansas was to depend upon its settlement by free or slave labor. The race of colonization was commenced by emigrants from the neighboring slave State of Missouri, aided by parties from several of the States of the far South. It was followed up by a large emigration from the North, of men seeking a permanent home in the new territory. The two parties met; and, though the territory was wide enough for all, yet the presence of free labor threatened the ultimate permanence and security of slavery, and collisions and deadly encounters followed. Jealousy and hatred ripened into bitter animosity and well meditated revenge. Pillage and arson and murder were of frequent occurrence. Through the long dreary years of the early settlement, the inhabitants were kept in a constant ferment, while a most harassing petty warfare was persevered in, with the hope that the one party or the other would achieve a triumph. The revolting details of these struggles form one of the blackest pages in territorial history. Finally, overborne by numbers, the slave party was obliged to yield, and Kansas and Nebraska were in due time admitted as free States.

While these scenes of violence were passing in the territory, the two sections of the country were rocking with excitement as in the throes of an earthquake. The press teemed with highly wrought descriptions of the horrors perpetrated on either side, and with appeals to the passions and prejudices of the people, against the wrongs to which the unhappy settlers were subjected. Before this maelstrom of sectional strife the solid foundations of political parties, which from the origin of the Government had been preserved throughout the entire length and breadth of the nation, were rapidly being swept away.

With the Presidential canvass of 1852, wherein a Free Soil party headed by Martin Van Buren, in addition to the Whig and the Democratic, made its appearance, the Whig party disappeared from the arena of politics. Upon its ruins arose a new organization, at first called the Anti-Nebraska, and subsequently the Republican party. In 1856 Mr. Buchanan and Mr. Fremont were the candidates respectively of the Democratic and Republican parties, and Mr. Fillmore of the American, joined by the remnants of the old Whig party. Mr. Buchanan was successful; but so strong was the voice of the opposition that it was plainly seen that at the next election it would undoubtedly be triumphant. Accordingly the Southern leaders busied themselves during the four years to elapse before that event would occur, in preparations for founding a Southern Confederacy,—"A great slave-holding Confederacy," was the language of the address put forth by South Carolina.

The defeat of their favorite theory of a balance of power, and the prospect of seeing the Government pass into the hands of a party bent on confining slavery to its then limits, induced them to seek independence. They called their method Secession, but it was in effect violent revolution. Mr. Lincoln, in his message of July 4th, 1861, says of this: "At the beginning, they knew they could never raise their treason to any respectable magnitude by any name which implies violation of law. They knew their people possessed as much of moral sense, as much of devotion to law and order, and as much pride in, and reverence for, the history and Government of their common country, as any other civilized and patriotic people. They knew they could make no advancement directly in the teeth of these strong and noble sentiments. Accordingly, they commenced by an insidious debauching of the public mind. They invented an ingenious sophism, which, if conceded, was followed by perfectly logical steps, through all the incidents, to the complete destruction of the Union. The sophism itself is, that any State of the Union may, consistently with the national Constitution, and therefore lawfully and peacefully, withdraw from the Union, without the consent of the Union, or of any other State. The little disguise that the supposed right is to be exercised only for just cause, themselves to be the sole judge of its justice, is too thin to merit any notice. With rebellion thus sugar-coated, they have been drugging the public mind of their section for more than thirty years; and until, at length, they have brought many good men to a willingness to take up arms against the Government, the day after some assemblage of men have enacted the farcical pretence of taking their State out of the Union, who could have been brought to no such thing the day before."

The sentiment of pride in the Government and reverence for its history here referred to was deep rooted even in the minds of those who eventually aided to destroy it. Alexander H. Stephens, who afterwards became Vice-President of the Confederacy, in an elaborate address at Milledgeville on the 14th of November, 1860, after denouncing Secession, and pleading most earnestly for delay and deliberation, said: "My countrymen, I am not of those who believe this Union has been a curse up to this time. True men, men of integrity, entertain different views from me on this subject. I do not question their right to do so; I would not impugn their motives in so doing. Nor will I undertake to say that this Government of our fathers is perfect. There is nothing perfect in this world, of a human origin—nothing connected with human nature, from man himself to any of his works. You may select the wisest and best men for your judges, and yet how many defects are there in the administration of justice? And it is so in our Government. But that this Government of our fathers, with all its defects, comes nearer the objects of all good governments than any other on the face of the earth is my settled conviction. . . . Where will you go, following the sun in its circuit round our globe, to find a government that better protects the liberties of its people, and secures to them the blessings we enjoy? I think that one of the evils that beset us is a surfeit of liberty, an exuberance of the priceless blessings for which we are ungrateful. . . . When I look around and see our prosperity in everything, agriculture, commerce, art, science, and every department of education, physical and mental, as well as moral advancement, and our colleges, I think in the face of such an exhibition, if we can, without the loss of power, or any essential right or interest, remain in the Union, it is our duty to ourselves and to posterity to—let us not too readily yield to this temptation—do so. I look upon this country with our institutions as the Eden of the world, the paradise of the universe. It may be that out of it we may become greater and more prosperous, but I am candid and sincere in telling you, that I fear if we rashly evince passion, and without sufficient cause shall take that step, that instead of becoming greater or more peaceful, prosperous, and happy—instead of becoming gods, we will become demons, and at no distant day commence cutting one another's throats. . . . I believe in the power of the people to govern themselves when wisdom prevails and passion is silent. Look at what has already been done by them for their advancement in all that ennobles man. There is nothing like it in the history of the world. Look abroad from one extremity of the country to the other—contemplate our greatness. We are now among the first nations of the earth. Shall it be said, then, that our institutions, founded upon principles of self-government, are a failure?

"Thus far it is a noble example, worthy of imitation. The gentleman, Mr. Cobb, the other night, said it had proven a failure. A failure in what? In growth? Look at our expanse in national power. Look at our population and increase in all that makes a people great. A failure? Why, we are the admiration of the civilized world, and present the brightest hopes of mankind. Some of our public men have failed in their aspirations; that is true, and from that comes a great part of our troubles. No, there is no failure of this Government yet. We have made great advancement under the Constitution, and I cannot but hope that we shall advance higher still. Let us be true to our cause."

But while there were a few men at the South not entirely carried away with the madness of the hour, the great body of the leaders were intent on establishing a new Government whose ruling interest should be Slavery. "Its corner-stone," they said, "rests upon the great truth, that the negro is not equal to the white man; that slavery, subordination to the superior race, is his natural and normal condition. . . . This stone, which was first rejected by the first builders, 'is become the chief stone of the corner' in our new edifice." Slavery made the South a homogeneous people. A system of labor like this, pervading all parts, and a condition of society and habits of life which are its inevitable result, bound the dominant race to a common interest. The lack of general education among the masses of the poor whites made them fit subjects to be duped by a comparatively small number of landed aristocrats, rejoicing in their retinues of slaves. Hence, any enterprise which could command the united support of the slave-holders, was sure to have the concurrence of the combined white population. Of the 12,000,000 of people in the South, a careful estimate made for 1850, showed that there were less than 170,000 men who owned more than five slaves. The influence of these was everywhere supreme, and so skilfully had their views been made to permeate and leaven the entire mass, that the very class who were most degraded by slavery, and whose highest interests would have been conserved by universal freedom, were most clamorous for, and even mad with the desire for Secession. For a score or more of years, they had been made familiar with the theme. They had been told that the poverty and wretchedness of the South was due to the tariff laws, the fishing bounties, and the navigation policy of the General Government; and so effectually had these ideas been dinned into their ears, that they had come to look upon Secession as the panacea for all ills, and that if adopted, a golden sunshine would dawn upon all that beclouded and abused region. The stump and the bar had long echoed with the call, and even the pulpit had taken up the refrain. From the day Jackson crushed attempted rebellion, in 1832, and summarily silenced the cry of Nullification, the leaders seem to have cherished a hatred of the National authority, and secretly labored for its overthrow. A republican form of government was not the one best suited to Southern society. To a small but powerful aristocracy, holding a vast laboring population as their slaves and vassals, a monarchy was better adapted. This, the foremost of their writers were not backward in proclaiming. Mr. Garnett, member of Congress from Virginia, declared: "Democracy, in its original philosophical sense, is indeed incompatible with Slavery, and the whole system of Southern society." Mr. Lossing, in a note to his "History of the Civil War in America," has quoted the following paragraphs from *De Bow's Review*, a leading Southern magazine, in confirmation of this truth:

"The right to govern resides in a very small minority; the duty to obey is inherent in the great mass of mankind."

"There is nothing to which the South [the ruling class] entertains so great a dislike, as of universal suffrage. Wherever foreigners settle together in large numbers, there universal suffrage will exist. They understand and admire the levelling democracy of the North, but cannot appreciate the aristocratic feeling of a privileged class, so universal at the South."

"The real civilization of a country is in its aristocracy. The masses are moulded into soldiers and artisans by intellect, just as matter and the elements of nature are made into telegraphs and steam-engines. The poor who labor all day are too tired at night to study books. If you make them learned, they soon forget all that is necessary in the common transactions of life. To make an aristocrat in the future, we must sacrifice a thousand paupers. Yet, we would by all means make them—make them permanent, too, by laws of entail and primogeniture. An aristocracy is patriarchal, parental, and representative. The feudal barons of England were, next to the fathers, the most perfect representative government. The king and barons represented everybody, because everybody belonged to them."

"The real contest of to day is not simply between the North and the South; but to determine whether for ages to come our

Government shall partake more of the form of monarchies or of more liberal forms."

To accomplish their purpose, the advocates of these doctrines were busy in fomenting sectional strife, and in nurturing in the minds of the masses of the Southern people a deep-seated hatred of the North and its institutions. So successful were they that even the slaves came to share it. The people of the North had no conception of the bitterness of this feeling previous to the breaking out of the Rebellion. Hence, up to the very last moment, they could not be induced to believe that a civil war was possible; for the feeling towards the people of South Carolina and Louisiana was the same among them as between the inhabitants of New York and Pennsylvania. Indeed, a warmer feeling of friendship seemingly existed in Pennsylvania for the dwellers in the neighboring States on the south, than for those on the north. Not so at the South. The whole section was knit together as by a common tie, and their hatred of the North was intense.

The evidence that such feeling existed is now beyond question. William H. Russell, a distinguished correspondent of the London *Times*, was travelling in the South during the early stages of the war, and on the 30th of April sent a communication to that journal, of which the following are extracts:

"Nothing I could say can be worth one fact which has forced itself upon my mind in reference to the sentiments which prevail among the gentlemen of this State. I have been among them for several days. I have visited their plantations. I have conversed with them freely and fully, and I have enjoyed that frank, courteous and graceful intercourse which constitutes an irresistible charm of their society. From all quarters have come to my ears the echoes of the same voice. . . . That voice says, 'if we could only get one of the royal race of England to rule over us, we should be content.' Let there be no misconception on this point. That sentiment, varied in a hundred ways, has been repeated to me over and over again. . . . The admiration for monarchical institutions on the English model for privileged classes, and for a landed aristocracy and gentry, is undisguised and apparently genuine. . . . An intense affection for the British connection, a love of British habits and customs, a respect for British sentiment, law, authority, order, civilization and literature, preëminently distinguish the inhabitants of this State, who, glorying in their descent from ancient families on the three islands, whose fortunes they still follow, and with whose members they maintain, not unfrequently, familiar relations, regard with an aversion of which it is impossible to give an idea to one who has not seen its manifestations, the people of New England and the populations of the Northern States. . . . There are national antipathies on our side of the Atlantic which are tolerably strong, and have been, unfortunately, pertinacious and long-lived. The hatred of the Italian for the Tedesco, of the Greek for the Turk, of the Turk for the Russ, is warm and fierce enough to satisfy the prince of darkness, not to speak of a few little pet aversions among allied powers, and the atoms of composite empires; but they are all mere indifference and neutrality of feeling compared to the animosity evinced by the 'gentry' of South Carolina for the 'rabble of the North.'

"The contests of Cavalier and Roundhead, of Vendean and Republican, even of Orangeman and Croppy, have been elegant joustings, regulated by the finest rules of chivalry, compared with those which North and South will carry on if their deeds support their words. 'Immortal hate, the study of revenge' will actuate every blow; and never in the history of the world, perhaps, will go forth such a dreadful *vœ victis* as that which may be heard before the fight has begun. There is nothing in all the dark caves of human passion so cruel and deadly as the hatred the South Carolinians profess for the Yankees. That hatred has been swelling for years, till it is the very life-blood of the State. It has set South Carolina to work steadily to organize her resources for the struggle which she intended to provoke, if it did not come in the course of time. 'Incompatibility of temper' would have been sufficient ground for the divorce, and I am satisfied that there has been a deep-rooted design conceived in some men's minds thirty years ago, and extended gradually year after year to others, to break away from the Union at the very first opportunity."

Having thus whetted the minds of the people, and prepared them for sudden enterprise; having emptied the arsenals of the North, and filled those of the South with arms and ammunition;

having condemned large quantities of good percussion muskets and sold them to militia companies forming all over the South, and to private parties there, at a merely nominal price; having dispersed the small fragment of a standing army which the nation had, and sent its ships of war to the ends of the earth, the leaders stood ready when the time arrived for another presidential election, to set their craft afloat. To effect the disruption and division of the political party with which they had for a long time acted, in the nominating convention, was easy. When that was done there was certainty of the election of a Republican President, and as soon as the popular voice had pronounced in favor of Mr. Lincoln, that circumstance was seized as the pretext for the formation of a Southern Confederacy, and the call to arms for its defence.

It was but a pretext; for had they not held a controlling influence in the Government from its foundation, and might they not still have continued to do so had they been united? Mr. Stephens said, in the Secession Convention of Georgia:

"What right has the North assailed? What interest of the South has been invaded? What justice has been denied? and what claim founded in justice and right has been withheld? Can either of you to-day name one governmental act of wrong, deliberately and purposely done by the Government of Washington, of which the South has a right to complain? I challenge the answer. . . . When we of the South demanded the slave-trade, or the importation of Africans for the cultivation of our lands, did they not yield the right for twenty years? When we asked a three-fifths representation in Congress for our slaves, was it not granted? When we asked and demanded the return of any fugitive from justice, or the recovery of those persons owing labor or allegiance, was it not incorporated in the Constitution, and again ratified and strengthened by the Fugitive Slave Law of 1850? But do you reply that in many instances they have violated this compact, and have not been faithful to their engagements? As individuals and local communities, they may have done so; but not by the sanction of Government; for that has always been true to Southern interests. Again, gentlemen, look at another act; when we have asked that more territory should be added, that we might spread the institution of Slavery, have they not yielded to our demands in giving us Louisiana, Florida, and Texas, out of which four States have been carved, and ample territory for four more to be added in due time, if you, by this unwise and impolitic act do not destroy this hope, and, perhaps by it lose all, and have your last slave wrenched from you by stern military rule, as South America and Mexico were; or by the vindictive decree of a universal emancipation, which may reasonably be expected to follow?

"But again, gentlemen, what have we to gain by this proposed change of our relation to the General Government? We have always had the control of it, and can yet, if we remain in it, and are as united as we have been. We have had a majority of the Presidents chosen from the South, as well as the control and management of most of those chosen from the North. We have had sixty years of Southern Presidents to their twenty-four, thus controlling the Executive Department. So of the Judges of the Supreme Court; we have had eighteen from the South, and but eleven from the North; although nearly four-fifths of the judicial business has arisen in the Free States, yet a majority of the Court has always been from the South. This we have required so as to guard against any interpretation of the Constitution unfavorable to us. In like manner we have been equally watchful to guard our interests in the Legislative branch of the Government. In choosing the presiding Presidents *pro tem.* of the Senate, we have had twenty-four to their eleven. Speakers of the House we have had twenty-three, and they twelve. While the majority of the Representatives, from their greater population, have always been from the North, yet we have generally secured the Speaker, because he, to a great extent, shapes and controls the legislation of the country. Nor have we had less control in every other department of the General Government. Attorney-Generals we have had fourteen, while the North have had but five. Foreign Ministers we have had eighty-six, and they but fifty-four. While three-fourths of the business which demands diplomatic agents abroad is clearly from the Free States, from their greater commercial interests, yet we have had the principal embassies, so as to secure the world markets for our cotton, tobacco, and sugar, on the best possible terms. We have had a vast majority of the higher offices of both army and navy, while a larger proportion of the soldiers and sailors were drawn from the North. Equally so of clerks, auditors, and controllers, filling the Executive Department; the records show for the last fifty years that of the 3000 thus employed, we have had more than two-thirds of the same, while we have but one-third of the white population of the Republic."

After showing that three-fourths of the revenue collected for the support of the Government has been raised in the North, and that the revenue for carrying the mails at the North was in excess of expenditures by $6,000,000, while at the South there was a deficit of over $6,500,000, he concludes in the following impassioned strain: "Leaving out of view, for the present, the countless millions of dollars you must expend in a war with the North, with tens of thousands of your sons and brothers slain in battle, and offered up as sacrifices upon the altar of your ambition—and for what? we ask again. Is it for the overthrow of the American Government, established by our common ancestry, cemented and built up by their sweat and their blood, and founded on the broad principles of Right, Justice, and Humanity? And as such, I must declare here, as I have often done before, and which has been repeated by the greatest and wisest of statesmen and patriots in this and other lands, that it is the best and freest Government, the most equal in its rights, the most just in its decisions, the most lenient in its measures, and the most aspiring in its principles to elevate the race of men, that the sun of heaven ever shone upon. Now for you to attempt to overthrow such a Government as this, under which we have lived for more than three-quarters of a century—in which we have gained our wealth, our standing as a nation, our domestic safety while the elements of peril are around us, with peace and tranquillity accompanied with unbounded prosperity and rights unassailed—is the height of madness, folly, and wickedness, to which I can neither lend my sanction nor my vote."

But in the face of such appeals as these, the South rushed wildly on. "Perhaps there never was a people," wrote a Southern man in the third year of the war, "more bewitched, beguiled, and befooled than we were when we drifted into this rebellion." The election in November, 1860, resulted in the choice of Mr. Lincoln, in strict accordance with the prescribed forms of the Constitution. Without awaiting an unfriendly act, or even his inauguration, the Southern States, led by South Carolina, called Conventions, voted themselves out of the Union, and proceeded to establish independent State Governments, their Senators and Representatives in Congress withdrawing therefrom. The Ordinance of South Carolina was passed on the 17th of November, 1860, only a few days after the Presidential election, and by the 1st of February following, the Conventions of eight States had passed similar enactments. On the 4th of February, a Congress of delegates from these States met at Montgomery, Alabama, and having on the 8th adopted a Constitution, under the title of the Confederate States of America, on the following day chose Jefferson Davis President. The five border States, including North Carolina, subsequently followed, in one form or another, and sent representatives to that body. Thus was an independent Government set up without opposition, a month before the President-elect could be inaugurated.

This peaceful action was followed up by other, looking to the maintenance of the new authority *vi et armis*. The forts and arsenals of the General Government, filled with arms, ammunition, and heavy ordnance, and vast quantities of military stores, were seized by the State authorities, the guards, which had been reduced to a mere nominal force, turning over their charge without opposition. To these disgraceful acts were two notable exceptions. Major Anderson, at Fort Sumter, Charleston Harbor, and Lieutenant Adam J. Slemmer, at Fort Pickens, on the Alabama coast, resolutely preserved their honor, the latter defying his assailants and holding his post, and the former denying all authority of the State of South Carolina over him, and only yielding when destruction was inevitable. The public sentiment of the North stoutly condemned this unlawful and violent procedure, and the press called in loudest tones for its suppression. But the National Administration held that the Constitution delegated to Congress and the Executive no power to coerce a State into submission which was attempting to withdraw, or had actually withdrawn from the Confederacy, and manifested a pusillanimity towards this whole momentous question, in strange contrast with the fiery zeal of Jackson.

General Scott had proposed to throw large garrisons, with abundant supplies and ammunition to withstand a long siege, into the forts in the Southern States, before they should fall into the hands of the insurgents; but to this the objection was made that such a course would exasperate them and lead to violence, and the purpose was thwarted.

Disagreeing with his chief in the policy pursued, Lewis Cass, Secretary of State, resigned on the 12th of December, and was succeeded by Jeremiah S. Black. Two days before, Howell Cobb, of Georgia, resigned his position as Secretary of the Treasury, to follow the fortunes of the State he represented, and was succeeded by Philip F. Thomas, who was in turn succeeded on the 11th of January, 1861, by John A. Dix. For a like reason John B. Floyd, Secretary of War, and Jacob Thompson, Secretary of the Interior, both resigned in January, when Joseph Holt was entrusted with the War Department, Edwin M. Stanton was made Attorney-General, and Horatio King Postmaster-General.

These changes altered somewhat the complexion of the Cabinet; but the President adhered to his views as to the powers of the Government, and nothing was done to stay the progress of rebellion to the end of his term. In the meanwhile, the new Government, which had been set up at Montgomery, was daily acquiring greater strength, and the Legislatures of the revolting States having voted money freely to raise and discipline troops, everywhere warlike preparations went boldly on. The voice of the drill-master, and the tramp of recruits, were heard over the whole South, and when finally Mr. Lincoln came to power, he came with one half of his dominions in a state of revolt, provided with a well organized Government, and an army in preparation for its defence.

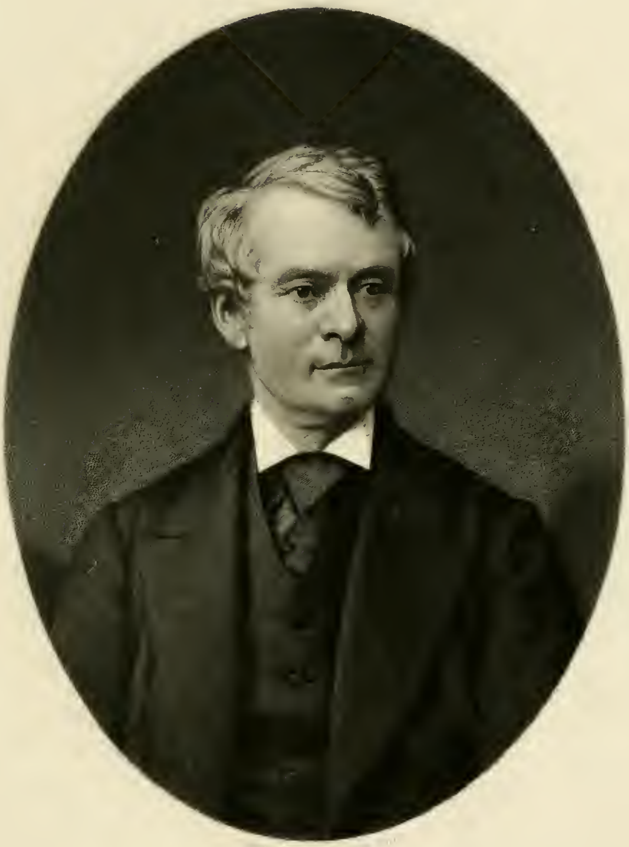
CHAPTER III.

OUT-LOOK AT THE OPENING OF THE REBELLION.

ON the morning of the 22d of February, 1861, the anniversary of the birth-day of WASHINGTON, a number of companies of volunteer militia appeared on parade in the principal streets of Harrisburg, mustered to receive and honor ABRAHAM LINCOLN, President elect of the United States, journeying from his home at Springfield, Illinois, to the National Capital. A similar display of the State Militia had been made a few weeks previous, to signalize the inauguration of ANDREW G. CURTIN as Governor of the Commonwealth.

This display, though represented to be the greatest ever before seen in the State Capital, was an index to the discipline and numbers of the militia force of the Commonwealth, and a real acknowledgment of its weakness. The dull and lustreless muskets, the varied and grotesque uniforms, the feathers and tinsel of officers, appeared in strong contrast to the complete equipments, and well burnished armor, of the full ranked regiments of a later day. Their presence proved their patriotism, and their willingness to serve, when in due time they should be called to the field; but it attested the lack of military spirit, and the almost total want of preparation for the desperate conflict which was so soon to follow.

The people of the State through all its borders had been earnestly devoted to the developmemt of its resources. They saw no occasion, and had no desire for war. Moralists had proclaimed the wrongfulness of the *Trial by Battle*, and had magnified the glories and the blessings of Peace; the Pulpit, imbued with the mild and gentle spirit of the Gospel, had constantly deprecated the arts of war; and some of the finest



A. G. Curtin

specimens of eloquence of the schools taught that the true grandeur of a nation consisted in cultivating and maintaining peace. "Iniquissimam pacem," says Sumner in his master plea, "justissimo bello anteferro, are the words of Cicero; and only eight days after Franklin had placed his name to the treaty of peace which acknowledged the independence of his country, he wrote to a friend: 'May we never see another war, for, in my opinion, there never was a good war, nor a bad peace.' . . . True greatness consists in imitating, as near as is possible for finite man, the perfections of an infinite Creator; above all, in cultivating those highest perfections, Justice and Love;—Justice, which like that of St. Louis, shall not swerve to the right hand, or to the left; Love, which like that of WILLIAM PENN, shall regard all mankind of kin."

Meditating no violent measures, and studying no cause of quarrel with her sister States, Pennsylvania sought by good offices to cement the integral parts of the Union, and by the well-directed and industrious habits of her people to contribute as well to its steady growth and prosperity in every material resource, as to its elevation and ennoblement in every spiritual grace. But while making no preparations for war, and seeking no cause for conflict, there was nurtured in the breasts of her people that vigor which kept them ready for manly warfare, and that Spartan virtue which led them to court danger in the hour of battle. "Walled towns," says Lord Bacon, "stored arsenals and armories, goodly races of horse, chariots of war, elephants, ordinance, artillery, and the like; all this is but a sheep in a lion's skin, except the breed and disposition of the people be stout and warlike."

The impossibility of obtaining fixed ammunition at the moment of the most pressing need in the outbreak of the rebellion, is an evidence of the unexpectedness of war, and the almost total lack of preparation to meet it. The arsenals of the State were empty. When the President, immediately after the bombardment of Fort Sumter, called on the several States for men to defend the National Capital, and Sherman's Battery was ready to move forward from Harrisburg, a delay of several days was occasioned by the want of suitable ammunition. Communication with Washington had been cut off. It seemed probable that forces marching thither would be obliged to fight their way through an enemy's country. Hence this company was not allowed to depart without having a supply. Telegrams were sent to the commandants of arsenals at Philadelphia, Carlisle, and Reading, seeking it, but without success. It was finally obtained from a distant National Arsenal.

The maintenance of the national honor, and protection against foreign invasion, are, by the Constitution, left to the General Government. Hence this lack of preparation could not be imputed to the State as a fault. Having a strong aversion to intestine feuds, no warlike material had been laid up that might tempt to sudden enterprise. Slow to move and cautious in policy, her history has exemplified the principle that

> "Rightly to be great,
> Is not to stir without great argument."

The Constitution of the State provides that "the freemen of this Commonwealth shall be armed, organized, and disciplined for its defence, when and in such manner as may be directed by law." During the early part of the present century the organization of the militia was well preserved. Military drills and parades were popular. The *esprit du militaire* was respected and maintained. In 1824, the militia force was reported to be 162,988, of whom 28,439 were volunteers. From this date commences the decline of the military feeling. Public sentiment began to bear heavily upon the immoral tendencies of "trainings" and "musters," as the company drills and division parades were respectively termed. Thus in *Niles' Register* for September 5th, 1829, we find the following paragraph: "The State of Delaware has abolished its militia system altogether. The *Aurora* says, it is a creditable act, and we cherish the hope that Pennsylvania and other States will follow the example. It has been estimated that it costs the State of Pennsylvania and its citizens upwards of three millions of dollars annually to support the caricature of an army—to perpetuate a series of periodical nuisances; to scandalize and bring into contempt the military art." The Philadelphia *Aurora* here referred to, in an issue of the same year, in a severe strain of condemnation, says: "It has been established by the concurrent testimony of most of the eminent military men of the country, that the militia laws, as universally enforced and observed, in place of promoting military science and discipline, produce a directly contrary result. No dispassionate person, who has ever witnessed our militia musters, trainings, and battalion days, will for a moment doubt the correctness of this conclusion. As military displays, they are a ridiculous burlesque—as schools of vice, deplorable; many a youth is there initiated into the practice of drunkenness, and the records of the county courts bear testimony to the violence done to morality."

Under the influence of similar denunciation and appeal public opinion was rapidly changed. In 1841, though the population had nearly doubled since 1824, the numbers of the volunteer militia had only slightly increased, being reported at 33,791. A few years later came the Mexican War, by which the military enthusiasm was suddenly set ablaze. But on the return of the veterans, after the close of that war, it seems to have been almost totally extinguished. A large class of citizens never cordially endorsed the purposes of that war. The indifference thus engendered, united with the general disposition to depreciate military glory, produced a feeling of apathy, and in the minds of many of derision towards the profession of arms. The stage sought no better subject of comedy than the trappings of a militia man. Officers, possessing professional skill, and sincerely desirous of preserving some creditable organization of citizen soldiery, who visited the Capitol to secure legislation to further the object of their wishes, were received with little favor.

The Presidential election of 1856, in which the Republican candidate, John C. Fremont, was barely defeated, had been preceded by an unusually active canvass, in which Southern leaders had talked loudly of violence in certain contingencies. The defeat of Fremont allayed excitement for a time; but the frequent declaration of an intention to attempt a forcible dissolution of the Union, and the evidence of preparation for such an event, induced reflecting men to consider the military weakness of the North. Moved by these considerations, the Legislatures of several of the Northern States enacted more efficient militia regulations.

A revised code was adopted by the Legislature of Pennsylvania, in 1858, drawn with much minuteness of detail. Commendable effort was made to organize new companies in compliance with its provisions. Encampments were ordered by the commander-in-chief, and were held at Williamsport, at Bellefonte, at Pittsburg, at Hollidaysburg, at Lancaster, at Johnstown, and at McConnellsburg. But notwithstanding the extraordinary efforts, the Adjutant-General's Report at the close of the year gives the number of volunteer militia at only about 13,000, out of an estimated number subject to military duty of 350,000. In the following year encampments were not ordered, and the number of the militia was reported at a slight increase over the previous year. The last exhibition of vitality by the old militia, previous to the breaking out of the Rebellion, was at an encampment held at York, in the fall of 1860.

The General Government had taken upon itself to manufacture and furnish the several States with arms, and consequently none had ever been purchased for Pennsylvania on its own account. By an act of Congress, passed in 1808, the sum of $200,000 was annually expended in the manufacture of arms, to be distributed among the States and Territories in proportion to the number of the enrolled militia in each. The method of distribution was amended in 1855, so as to make it in proportion to the representation in the popular branch of Congress. As the number of States was constantly increasing, and the population in the new States multiplying much faster than in the old, the portion which annually fell to the share of Pennsylvania was constantly decreasing, the number of muskets received in 1857 being 852 less than in 1847, in the former year the number being 1233. By reference to the Adjutant-General's Report of 1858, it will be seen that there were issued to Pennsylvania by the Ordnance Department at Washington, from the year 1812 to 1857,* upwards of 56,000 rifles and muskets, over 12,000 pistols, over 27,000 infantry accoutrements, 152 pieces of artillery, ranging from six to twenty-four-pounders, and other arms and accoutrements, costing in the aggregate $1,179,191. Of this considerable armament the Adjutant-General reports 519 muskets, and 15 brass cannons in Arsenal, and 8477 muskets, and 32 pieces, in the hands of the militia. The remainder, and by far the largest part, had disappeared, having been condemned, sold, or carelessly given out without taking and preserving the necessary vouchers. "It is a useless inquiry," says the Adjutant-General, Edwin C. Wilson, "to ask now what has become of so large an amount of arms and accoutrements. I am aware that many have been sold, but the bulk remains unaccounted for, and no books nor papers remain in this office to tell of their existence."

---

*45,901 muskets, 10,202 rifles, 12,602 pistols, 9767 swords, 27,271 infantry accoutrements, 1829 cavalry, 77 bronze six-pound cannon, harness and carriages; 45 iron sixes, harness and carriages; 6 iron twelve-pounders, harness and carriages; 4 iron howitzers, 14 caissons, 2 six-pounders, 2 twelves, and 2 twenty-fours, with harness and carriages for each.

It was the policy of the National Government, in addition to these supplies annually distributed to the States, to keep its own arsenals well furnished. But during the last year of Secretary Floyd's administration, in 1859–60, there was an unusual movement of arms from Northern to Southern arsenals. An investigation, instituted by a committee of Congress, showed that 115,000 muskets had been transferred from the Springfield, Watertown, and Watervliet arsenals to arsenals in North and South Carolina, Georgia, Alabama, and Louisiana; that over 30,000 had been sold at $2.50 apiece, and that 250,000 had been contracted for at $2.15—the contractor, one Belknap, alleging that they were for the use of the Sardinian Government; but this sale was not consummated, the successor to Mr. Floyd, Joseph Holt, refusing to recognize the contract. By the testimony of General Scott, it appears that eight States, Virginia, South Carolina, Georgia, Florida, Alabama, Louisiana, Mississippi, and Kansas, received their quotas, by the order of the Secretary of War, for 1861, in advance. The Mobile *Advertiser*, in commenting upon this action, said: "During the past year 135,430 muskets have been quietly transferred from the Northern arsenal at Springfield alone, to those in the Southern States. We are much obliged to Secretary Floyd for the foresight he has thus displayed in disarming the North and equipping the South for this emergency. There is no telling the quantity of arms and munitions which were sent South from other Northern arsenals. There is no doubt but that every man in the South who can carry a gun can now be supplied from private or public sources. The Springfield contribution alone would arm all the militiamen of Alabama and Mississippi."

But even this extraordinary action of the Secretary for depleting the arsenals of the North of small arms both by sale and transfer, was surpassed in effrontery by the attempt to move heavy guns. He ordered, without any report from the Engineer department, which is usual, that forty-two columbiads and four thirty-two pounders should be sent from the arsenal at Pittsburg to an unfinished fort on Ship Island on the coast of Mississippi, which could not be got ready for any part of its armament in less than a year, and that seventy-one columbiads and seven thirty-two pounders be sent to a proposed fort on the coast of Texas, work upon which had not been begun, and which could not be made ready for any part of its armament in less than two years, nor for the entire armament in less than five.

Unquestioning acquiescence in the action of the General Government has ever been the habit of the American people. At times political excitement is intense, especially in the canvass for the chief executive officer; but however earnest are their words, and energetic their exertions to help on their party to success, when the decision has once been made, it is the especial pride of even the most violent to submit gracefully and even good-naturedly to defeat. In the transfer of small arms, and the dispersion of the navy no interference had been attempted, nor even question made.

But when, on the 24th of December, 1860, it was heralded upon the streets of Pittsburg, that an order had been received by the commandant of the United States Arsenal at Lawrenceville, a short distance from the city, to ship nearly 700 tons of war material to points on the shores of the Gulf, and that the steamer "Silver Wave" was already at the wharf awaiting the enormous burden, a strong but smothered feeling of indignation was excited. That feeling was intensified, when it was known that the captain of this vessel, which was not valued at more than $11,000, had a contract with the Government for removing these guns, whereby he was to receive $10,000 for the service. The willingness of the Government to pay so exorbitant a price seemed to indicate that the authors of the bargain were conscious of the impropriety, if not criminality of the act, and that they anticipated that trouble would be encountered in executing it.

The leading men of the city proved themselves, in this emergency, reliant and discreet. The temper of the people was such that it only needed slight encouragement to incite to acts of violence. This would have put them in the wrong, as being the assailants of the Government, and would have defeated the purpose which they sought. It was, accordingly, deemed advisable that the precise facts in the case should be ascertained before any public action or demonstration should be made. At an informal meeting held at the Controller's office, in which General William Robinson acted as president, and Ex-Governor Johnston, Judge Shaler, C. R. Simpson, and R. H. Patterson, as vice-presidents, the impropriety of stripping the arsenal of its ordnance was discoursed upon, and the following resolutions were adopted: "That the chairman appoint a committee to ascertain what number of small arms, accoutrements, munitions of war, etc., have been sent from the United States Arsenal within the last ninety days, and the number of cannon and small arms now ordered away, and their destination; and further to make inquiry as to when said cannon were cast, and if for any particular fort; and whether the number is not greater than the capacity of the forts to which the armaments are professedly sent; the number of cannon remaining on hand, and the probable time required to replace those ordered; and further, that said committee call on Major Taliaferro, and the contractor for removing and transporting the cannon, and request them to suspend operations until an opportunity has been afforded us to communicate with the authorities at Washington city."

In conformity with these resolutions, the following committee was appointed: Mayor Wilson, Hon. William Wilkins, G. W. Jackson, R. H. Patterson, Dr. A. G. Mc.Candless, and W. W. Hersh. Enquiries were prosecuted both at the arsenal and at the departments in Washington, the members of Congress from Allegheny district entering actively into the examination. It was ascertained that the appropriations for the purchase of these guns had been made some time before, and that they had been cast accordingly. But the forts for which they were intended, not having been yet built, and one of them not even begun, it was apparent that the haste to get the guns below Mason and Dixon's line was for a purpose not legitimate, and that Secretary Floyd had given the order, just upon the eve of his departure from office, that the guns might be got within the bounds of the contemplated new Confederacy, before hostilities actually commenced, though he had coupled with his order the condition, which he knew his agents at the arsenal would disregard, that the guns were to be at Ship Island and Galveston by the time the defensive works at those points should be ready to receive them.

When these facts became known to the populace, the purpose of the order was so apparent, and the disguise so thin, that the excitement was greatly heightened. The volunteer companies were held in readiness to move at the tap of the drum; the antagonism of political parties had vanished, and the whole city was prepared, as with the impulse of one man, to rise up and arrest the disgraceful act. It was evident that public opinion would need to be led in the right direction, or it was liable to be carried off in the wrong. A call, numerously signed, was, accordingly, presented to the Mayor, requesting him to summon a public meeting. It was set for the afternoon of Thursday, the 27th, at two o'clock. At that hour a vast concourse, estimated at over 4000 men, assembled. Only a small part of the multitude could gain admission to the court-house, where the meeting was to be held, and it was proposed to adjourn to the City Hall, which was more commodious; but, failing in obtaining that, the crowd returned, and an organization was effected by calling General William Robinson to the chair and appointing ex-Governor William F. Johnson, R. H. Patterson, Hon. Charles Shaler, and Colonel Edward Simpson, vice-presidents. Addresses were made by Messrs. Shaler, Moorhead, and Swartzwelder, counselling peaceful measures, and an appeal to the President to purge his cabinet of men acting the part of traitors to their country.

That sentiment touched the loyal heart, and its ringing tones were heard at the capital. While the meeting was in progress, and speakers were denouncing the wrongs which the people of the North were suffering, a dispatch was received from Philadelphia, and read from the stand, which greatly intensified the excitement and fanned anew the flames of patriotism. It was as follows: "Fort Moultrie has been abandoned, guns spiked, and Captain Anderson has retreated to Fort Sumter." Resolutions were adopted in harmony with the principles which had been advocated, deprecating interference with the removal of arms while being done under Government orders, however inopportune or wrongful the order might appear; deploring the administration of the Government in some of its departments, whereby the confidence of the people of the free States had been shaken; asserting the special duty of Pennsylvania to look to the fidelity of her sons, and in that view to call on the President as a citizen of this Commonwealth, that the public receive no detriment at his hands; urging him to rid his cabinet of every man known to give aid and comfort to, or in any way countenance the revolt of a State against the authority of the Constitution and the laws of the Union.

A committee was appointed to visit Washington, and seek the revocation of the order for the removal of the arms, before the shipment was effected. The Hon. Robert McKnight, and Hon. J. K. Moorhead, then members of Congress from Pittsburg, at once proceeded to Washington, and vigorously representing the iniquity of the act, urged the abandonment of the attempt. The fact that the forts could not be ready for the guns for years, and that the order for their removal contained the condition that they were to be delivered by the time the works were ready for their reception, gave the committee a good argument for their request. The great uprising of the people of Pittsburg, and the pointed resolutions they adopted, had a marked effect upon the mind of the President. Some of his life-long friends and supporters had participated in that meeting, and he was induced to listen to their voice. "Mr. Buchanan," says Mr. Moorhead, "could not resist the intensely loyal pressure that was brought to bear upon him by our citizens." A citizen of Pittsburg, Mr. Stanton, was then Attorney-General, and he interested himself warmly in the cause of the committee. "We were more indebted," says Mr. Moorhead, "to the Hon. Edwin M. Stanton, who was the Attorney-General, for the revocation of the order, than to any other person or party." The order was revoked, Joseph Holt of Kentucky having succeeded Mr. Floyd in the War office on the 29th, and the guns, several of which had already reached the city, were returned to the arsenal.

Thus was a question, which at one time threatened violence, and an issue violative of law, amicably and with dignity settled, and a scheme for rifling the North of heavy arms, and putting them in the hands of those who were already making war upon the Government, frustrated. Pittsburg, the Birmingham of America, upon which the Government was relying for much of its war material in case of an outbreak, from its nearness to the border, was exposed to attack. These guns, had they been removed, could not have been replaced for many months. The administration, too, was finally aroused from its lethargy, and was brought to realize that the people of the North, irrespective of creed or party, would not stand tamely by and submit to the dismemberment of the Government.

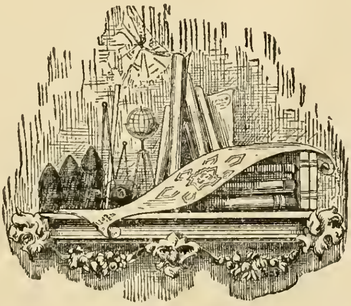
The sentiment respecting national affairs, which prevailed for a number of years previous to the Rebellion among the people of the State, may be gathered from the Messages of its Governors. They may be regarded as uttering the united voice. In his Inaugural Address, Governor Pollock said: "Pennsylvania, occupying, as she does, an important and proud position in the sisterhood of States, cannot be indifferent to the policy and acts of the National Government. Her voice, potential for good in other days, ought not to be disregarded now. Devoted to the Constitution and the Union, as she was the first to sanction, she will be the last to endanger the one, or violate the other. Regarding with jealous care the rights of her sister States, she will be ever ready to defend her own. To the Constitution in all its integrity, to the Union in its strength and harmony, to the maintenance in its purity of the faith and honor of the country, Pennsylvania now is, and always has been pledged—a pledge never violated, and not to be violated, until patriotism ceases to be a virtue, and liberty to be known only as a name." After recounting the leading principles of the State's organic law, he adds: "The declaration of these doctrines is but the recognition of the fundamental principles of freedom and human rights. They are neither new nor startling. They were taught by patriotic fathers at the watch-fires of our country's defenders, and learned amid the bloody snows of Valley Forge, and the mighty throes of war and revolution. They were stamped with indelible impress upon the great charter of our rights, and embodied in the legislation of the best and purest days of the Republic; have filled the hearts and fell burning from the lips of orators and statesmen whose memories are immortal as the principles they cherished. They have been the watchword and the hope of millions now, and will be of millions yet unborn."

In his message of 1857, he said: "Freedom is the great centre truth of American republicanism—the great law of American Nationality; Slavery is the exception. It is local and sectional, and its extension beyond the jurisdiction creating it, nor to the free territories of the Union, was never designed or contemplated by the patriot founders of the Republic. . . . The Union of the States, which constitutes us one people, should be dear to you, to every American citizen. . . . Pennsylvania tolerates no sentiment of disunion. She knows not the word."

Governor Packer, in his message of 1859, said: "While I entertain no doubt that the great republican experiment on this continent, so happily commenced, and carried forward to its present exalted position, in the eyes of the world, will continue, under the Providence of God, to be successful to the latest generations, it is the part of wisdom and patriotism to be watchful and vigilant, and to carefully guard a treasure so priceless. Let moderate counsels prevail—let a spirit of harmony and good will, and a national and fraternal sentiment be cultivated among the people, everywhere—North and South—and the disturbing elements which temporarily threaten our Union, will now, as they have always heretofore, assuredly pass away. Pennsylvania, in the past, has performed her part with unfaltering firmness. Let her now, and in the future, be ever ready to discharge her confederate duties with unflinching integrity. Then will her proud position entitle her, boldly and effectually, to rebuke, and assist in crushing treason, whether it shall raise its crest in other States, in the guise of a fanatical and irrepressible conflict between the North and South, or assume the equally reprehensible form of nullification, secession, and dissolution of the Union. Her central geographical position, stretching from the bay of Delaware to the lakes—with her 3,000,000 of conservative population—entitles her to say, with emphasis, to the plotters of treason, on either hand, that neither shall be permitted to succeed—that it is not in the power of either to disturb the perpetuity of this Union, cemented and sanctified, as it is, by the blood of our patriotic fathers—that at every sacrifice, and at every hazard, the Constitutional rights of the people and the States shall be maintained—that equal and exact justice shall be done to the North and the South, and that these States shall be forever United."

In his inaugural address, in 1861, Governor Curtin said: "No part of the people, no State nor combination of States, can voluntarily secede from the Union, nor absolve themselves from their obligations to it. To permit a State to withdraw at pleasure from the Union, without the consent of the rest, is to confess that our Government is a failure. Pennsylvania can never acquiesce in such a conspiracy, nor assent to a doctrine which involves the destruction of the Government. If the Government is to exist, all the requirements of the Constitution must be obeyed; and it must have power adequate to the enforcement of the supreme law of the land in every State. It is the first duty of the National authorities to stay the progress of anarchy, and enforce the laws, and Pennsylvania, with a united people, will give them an honest, faithful, and active support. The people mean to preserve the integrity of the National Union at every hazard."

Finally, the Legislature of the State passed the following resolutions early in the session of 1861, upon the subject of secession, then being actively pushed in the Southern States, which were a fair index to the temper of the people, and which gave no uncertain sound as to the course which the State would pursue in the impending crisis: "*Resolved*, That if the people of any State in this Union are not in the full enjoyment of all the benefits to be secured to them by the said Constitution, if their rights under it are disregarded, their tranquillity disturbed, their prosperity retarded, or their liberties imperilled by the people of any other State, full and adequate redress can and ought to be provided for such grievances through the action of Congress, and other proper departments of the National Government. That we adopt the sentiment and language of President Andrew Jackson, expressed in his message to Congress, on the 16th of January, 1833, 'that the right of a people of a single State to absolve themselves at will and without the consent of the other States from their most solemn obligations, and hazard the liberties and happiness of millions composing this Union, cannot be acknowledged, and that such authority is utterly repugnant, both to the principles upon which the General Government is constituted, and the objects which it was expressly formed to attain.' That the Constitution of the United States of America contains all the powers necessary to the maintenance of its authority, and it is the solemn and most imperative duty of the Government to adopt and carry into effect whatever measures are necessary to that end; and the faith and power of Pennsylvania are hereby pledged to the support of such measures, in any manner and to any extent that may be required of her by the constituted authorities of the United States. That all plots, conspiracies, and warlike demonstrations against the United States, in any section of the country, are treasonable in character, and whatever power of the Government is necessary to their suppression should be applied to that purpose without hesitation or delay."



CHAPTER IV.

ATTEMPTS AT PACIFICATION—THE PRESIDENT-ELECT IN PENNSYLVANIA.

AS the time approached for Mr. Lincoln to be inaugurated, and his advisers to be selected, great solicitude was felt to know the temper of the new administration and the policy it would pursue. The Congress which met in December, 1860, was busy with schemes of pacification. South Carolina had two weeks before passed an ordinance of Secession, and other States were preparing to follow its example. The special committee of thirteen, on the part of the Senate, and thirty-three of the House, to which was referred the all-engrossing subject, the state of the country, presented plans of settlement, chief of which was that prepared and warmly advocated by Mr. Crittenden. But his scheme was alike distasteful to the advocates of extreme views on both sides, and it came to nothing.

As a last resort, a convention of delegates of all the States was called to devise a plan for healing dissensions and preserving the Union. The idea was first suggested by the Legislature of Virginia, which passed a resolution on the 19th of January, 1861, recommending that such a convention be called for the 4th of February, to sit in the city of Washington. The President grasped at this last hope of adjustment, and made the Virginia resolve the subject of a message to Congress. The delegates assembled as was proposed, men eminent for wisdom and justice. James Pollock, William H. Meredith, David Wilmot, A. W. Loomis, Thomas E. Franklin, William McKennan and Thomas White represented Pennsylvania. Their action resulted in recommending certain amendments to the Constitution, which

[illegible]

Simon Cameron

HON. SIMON CAMERON

[illegible]

were presented to the House and Senate, but were rejected by those bodies, as was every other device that was offered.

The party which had adopted principles deemed to be just, and had triumphed on that platform in the late election, was unwilling to yield everything that had been contended for. The leaders of the opposing party at the South, having long meditated a dissolution of the Union, did not now desire to listen to any terms of pacification. Roger A. Pryor, of Virginia, a former representative in Congress, who had been sent to Charleston, South Carolina, in company with an aged citizen, Edmund Ruffin, who made himself notorious two days after by firing the first gun at Fort Sumter, on being serenaded and while surrounded by a great crowd, said: "Gentlemen, I thank you, especially, that you have at last annihilated this accursed Union, reeking with corruption, and insolent with excess of tyranny. Thank God! it is at last blasted and riven by the lightning wrath of an outraged and indignant people. Not only is it gone, but gone forever. In the expressive language of Scripture, it is water spilled upon the ground, and cannot be gathered up. Like Lucifer, son of the morning, it has fallen, never to rise again. For my part, gentlemen, if Abraham Lincoln and Hannibal Hamlin to-morrow were to abdicate their offices, and were to give me a blank sheet of paper to write the condition of re-annexation to the defunct Union, I would scornfully spurn the overture. . . . I invoke you, and I make it in some sort a personal appeal—personal so far as it tends to our assistance in Virginia—I do invoke you, in your demonstrations of popular opinion, in your exhibitions of official intent, to give no countenance to this idea of reconstruction. In Virginia they all say, if reduced to the dread dilemma of this memorable alternative, they will espouse the cause of the South as against the interest of the Northern Confederacy. But they whisper of reconstruction, and they say Virginia must abide in the Union with the idea of reconstructing the Union which you have annihilated. I pray you, gentlemen, to rob them of that idea. Proclaim to the world that upon no condition, and under no circumstances, will South Carolina ever again enter into political association with the Abolitionists of New England. Do not distrust Virginia. As sure as to-morrow's sun will rise upon us, just as sure will Virginia be a member of the Southern Confederacy. And I will tell you, gentlemen, what will put her in the Southern Confederation in less than an hour by the Shrewsbury clock,—Strike a blow! The very moment that blood is shed, old Virginia will make common cause with her sisters of the South. It is impossible that she should do otherwise."

On the 11th of February, 1861, Mr. Lincoln bade adieu to his home and his neighbors at Springfield, Illinois, and commenced his journey towards the Capital, to assume the duties of Chief Magistrate of the country. As he was about to turn away, he addressed a few words to the people, who had come out to bid him a regretful farewell, so full of pathos and Christian tenderness as to subdue every heart and soften every emotion. After expressing his sadness, he said: "Here I have lived from my youth, until now I am an old man. Here the most sacred ties of earth were assumed. Here all my children were born; and here one of them lies buried. To you, dear friends, I owe all that I have, all that I am. All the strange, checkered past seems to crowd now upon my mind. To-day I leave you. I go to assume a task more difficult than that which devolved upon Washington. Unless the great God, who assisted him, shall be with and aid me, I must fail; but if the same omniscient mind and Almighty arm that directed and protected him shall guide and support me, I shall not fail—I shall succeed. Let us all pray that the God of our fathers may not forsake us now. To Him I commend you all. Permit me to ask that, with equal sincerity and faith, you will invoke His wisdom and guidance for me."

The religious sentiment seemed always present in Mr. Lincoln's mind, and to find utterance at the proper moment and in the most delicate and affecting manner. His words were from the heart, and they touched the heart the nation over. This was the foundation of that confidence and trust which was felt for him as for no other man. It is related that as the train halted at Greencastle, Indiana, an aged and decrepit man, the Rev. Mr. Blair, was assisted into the car, and, approaching with tottering step, shielding his eyes with one trembling hand while he extended the other in greeting to the man whom he had made his weary pilgrimage to meet, he said: "I shake hands with the President of the United States for the last time. May the Lord Almighty bless and guard you; may He sustain you through the trials before you, and bring you to His Heavenly Kingdom at last." The touching solemnity of the scene, language fails to depict. Tears filled the eyes of Mr. Lincoln and of those who stood by, as the old patriarch tottered back, and descending from the car journeyed towards his home. It was from such simple occurrences as these, that the millions of Americans came to know the worth of Abraham Lincoln.

As the multitudes flocked to meet him at every town and station on the way, he endeavored to gratify their curiosity by briefly addressing them. As his words were flashed over the whole North, and were scattered broadcast by the press, there was intense eagerness to catch the slightest intimation of his purposes. In his speech at Indianapolis he made this pertinent inquiry: "But if the United States should merely hold and retake its own forts and other property, and collect the duties on foreign importations, or even withhold the mails from places where they were habitually violated, would any or all these things be invasion or coercion? . . . Upon what rightful principle may a State, being no more than one-fiftieth part of the nation in soil and population, break up the nation, and then coerce a proportionably larger subdivision of itself in the most arbitrary way?"

Mr. Lincoln touched Pennsylvania soil on the afternoon of the 14th, and arrived in Pittsburg at eight that evening, in the midst of a drenching rain, which prevented a demonstration of welcome of such proportions as would have otherwise been accorded him. A great concourse, however, hovered about him, to whom, after reaching the hotel, he addressed a few words. He said he would not give them a speech, as he thought it more rare, if not more wise, for a public man.

Until eight o'clock on the following morning the rain continued to descend, when it cleared away; and a half hour later he was waited on by the Mayor and Councils, who formally addressed him. In response, Mr. Lincoln said: "Mayor Wilson and citizens of Pennsylvania, I most cordially thank his Honor, the Mayor, and citizens of Pittsburg generally, for their flattering reception. I am the more grateful because I know that it is not given to me alone, but to the cause I represent, which clearly proves to me their good will, and that sincere feeling is at the bottom of it. And here I may remark, that in every short address I have made to the people, in every crowd through which I have passed of late, some allusion has been made to the present distracted condition of the country. It is natural to expect that I should say something on this subject; but to touch upon it at all would involve a great many questions and circumstances, requiring more time than I can at present command, and would perhaps unnecessarily commit me upon matters which have not yet fully developed themselves. The condition of the country is an extraordinary one, and fills the mind of every patriot with anxiety. It is my intention to give this subject all the consideration I possibly can before specially defining in regard to it, so that when I do speak it may be as nearly right as possible. When I do speak I hope I may say nothing in opposition to the spirit of the Constitution, contrary to the integrity of the Union, or which will prove inimical to the liberties of the people, or to the peace of the whole country. And furthermore, when the time arrives for me to speak upon this great subject, I hope I may say nothing to disappoint the people generally throughout the country, especially if the expectation has been based upon anything which I have heretofore said. Notwithstanding the trouble across the river [pointing southward across the Monongahela], there is no crisis but an artificial one. What is there now to warrant the condition of affairs presented by our friends over the river? Take even their own views of the questions involved, and there is nothing to justify the course they are pursuing. I repeat, then, there is no crisis excepting such a one as may be gotten up at any time by turbulent men, aided by designing politicians. My advice to them, under such circumstances, is to keep cool. If the great American people only keep their temper both sides of the line, the troubles will come to an end, and the question which now distracts the country be settled, just as surely as all other difficulties of a like character, which have originated in this Government have been adjusted. Let the people on both sides keep their self-possession, and just as other clouds have cleared away in due time, so will this great nation continue to prosper as heretofore.

"Fellow Citizens, as this is the first opportunity I have had to address a Pennsylvania assemblage, it seems a fitting time to indulge in a few remarks upon the important question of the tariff, a subject of great magnitude and attended with many difficulties, owing to the great variety of interests involved. So long as direct taxation for the support of the Government is not resorted to, a tariff is unnecessary. A tariff is to the Government what meat is to the family; but this admitted, it still becomes necessary to modify and change its operations, according to new interests and new circumstances. So far, there is little or no difference of opinion among politicians, but the question as to how far imposts may be adjusted for the protection of home industry, gives rise to numerous views and objections.

"I must confess I do not understand the subject in all its multiform bearings; but I promise you I will give it my closest attention, and endeavor to comprehend it fully. And here I may remark that the Chicago platform contains a plank upon this subject which I think should be regarded as law for the incoming administration. In fact, this question, as well as all other subjects embodied in that platform, should not be varied from what we gave the people to understand would be our policy when we obtained their votes." Mr. Nicolay, Mr. Lincoln's private Secretary, read: "That while providing revenue for the support of the General Government by duties upon imports, sound policy requires such an adjustment of these imposts, as will encourage the development of the industrial interest of the whole country; and we commend that policy of national exchanges which secures to workingmen liberal wages, to agriculture remunerating prices, to mechanics and manufacturers adequate reward for their skill, labor, and enterprise, and to the nation commercial prosperity and independence."

Mr. Lincoln continued: "Now, I must confess that there are shades of difference in construing even this platform; but I am not now intending to discuss these differences, but merely to give you some general idea of the subject. I have long thought that if there be any article of necessity, which can be produced at home with as little or nearly the same labor as abroad, it would be better to protect that article. Labor is the true standard of value. If a bar of iron got out of the mines in England, and a bar of iron taken from the mines of Pennsylvania, be produced at the same cost, it follows that if the English bar be shipped from Manchester to Pittsburg, and the American bar from Pittsburg to Manchester, the cost of carriage is appreciably lost. If we had no iron here, then we should encourage shipments from a foreign country, but not when we can make it as cheaply in our own country. This brings us back to the first proposition, that if any article can be produced at home with nearly the same cost as from abroad, the carriage is lost labor."

In every speech which he delivered he gave new proof of the honesty of purpose with which he was actuated, and challenged anew the confidence of the people. When he uttered the sentence, "This question, as well as all other subjects embodied in that platform, should not be varied from what we gave the people to understand would be our policy when we obtained their votes," he showed that he remembered after election, and was determined to act upon what had been promised before, and gave a stinging rebuke to certain administrations which had preceded him. His exposition of protection to American industry is so clear and simple that the dullest mind cannot fail to understand and feel its force. The special correspondent of the New York *Tribune*, writing to that journal an account of the progress of this journey, moved by the universal enthusiasm, exclaimed: "Peace hath her victories, and the conqueror of hearts receives an ovation more brilliant than he who leads armies. If feeble words could convey to those who do not see the spectacle, anything like an accurately vivid picture of the scenes now accompanying the progress of Abraham Lincoln, the world of readers would say, with unanimous voice, that more appropriate honors to a worthy man have rarely been paid than those hourly showered upon the President elect of the United States."

From Pittsburg, Mr. Lincoln proceeded to Cleveland, and thence to New York *via* Buffalo and Albany, being everywhere received with the most unbounded enthusiasm, his progress being heralded and attended like the triumphal march of a conqueror. It had been so arranged that he should spend the 22d of February, the birthday of Washington, in Pennsylvania. He arrived at Philadelphia on the evening of the previous day, and on being welcomed by the Mayor, made a brief address, in which occurred this, in the light of subsequent developments, remarkable passage: "It were useless for me to speak of details of plans now; I shall speak officially next Monday week, if ever. If I should not speak then, it were useless for me to do so now. If I do speak then, it is useless for me to do so now. When I do speak, I shall take such ground as I deem best calculated to restore peace, harmony, and prosperity to the country, and tend to the perpetuity of the nation and the liberty of these States and these people." Had he some presentiment of the peril to his life, which was impending—for, as yet, no intimation had been conveyed to him of the meditated plans of the conspirators—and was this the unconscious expression of it?

Arrangements had been made for the ceremony of raising a flag over Independence Hall on the 22d, in which Mr. Lincoln was to assist. A great concourse had assembled. The memories of the day, and the associations of the place, impressed all, and pervaded every heart. He arrived upon the ground at eleven o'clock, and was received by Theodore Cuyler, who warmly welcomed him to the venerable walls, in an hour of national peril and distress, when the great work achieved by the wisdom and patriotism of the fathers seemed threatened with ruin.

Mr. Lincoln spoke as follows: "I am filled with deep emotion at finding myself standing here in this place, where were collected together the wisdom, the patriotism, and devotion to principle from which sprung the institutions under which we live. You have kindly suggested to me that in my hands is the task of restoring peace to our distracted country. I can say in return, sir, that all the political sentiments I entertain have been drawn, so far as I have been able to draw them, from the sentiments which originated and were given to the world from this Hall. I have never had a feeling, politically, that did not spring from the sentiments embodied in the Declaration of Independence. I have often pondered over the dangers which were incurred by the men who assembled here, and framed and adopted that Declaration of Independence. I have pondered over the toils that were endured by the officers and soldiers of the army who achieved that independence. I have often inquired of myself what great principle or idea it was that kept this Confederacy so long together. It was not the mere matter of the separation of the colonies from the mother land, but that sentiment in the Declaration which gave liberty not alone to the people of this country, but hope to the world for all future time. It was that which gave promise that in due time the weights would be lifted from the shoulders of all men. This is the sentiment embodied in the Declaration of Independence. Now, my friends, can this country be saved upon that basis? If it can, I shall consider myself one of the happiest men in the world, if I can help to save it. If it cannot be saved upon that principle, it will be truly awful. But if this country cannot be saved without giving up that principle, I was about to say I would rather be assassinated on this spot than surrender it. Now, in my view of the present aspect of affairs, there is no need of bloodshed or war; no necessity for it. I am not in favor of such a course, and I may say in advance, that there will be no bloodshed unless it is forced upon the Government. Then it will be compelled to act in self-defence. My friends, this is wholly an unprepared speech. I did not expect to be called upon to say one word when I came here. I supposed I was merely to do something towards raising the flag. I may, therefore, have said something indiscreet. · [No! no!] I have said nothing but what I am willing to live by, and if it be the pleasure of Almighty God, to die by."

Was ever a heart more apparently sincere? Was ever one whose utterances were more transparent? When he had said, "Then it will be compelled to act in self-defence," checking himself, and half conscious that he had in some sort revealed his intentions, as if deprecating his words, he exclaimed, "I may have said something indiscreet." But when, upon consideration, and in response to the plaudits of the crowd, he concluded with the words, "I have said nothing but what I am willing to live by, and if it be the pleasure of Almighty God, to die by," every heart beat responsive to that sentiment, and through the length and breadth of the country, every inhabitant who was moved by a feeling of patriotism, was ready to respond, Amen.

He had, the night before, been made aware by messages from the highest officer in the army and one eminent in the civil Government, that a plot had been formed to assassinate him as he passed through Baltimore. The utterance in the speech, "I would rather be assassinated on this spot than surrender it," apparently inadvertent, discloses the conviction which that intelligence had fixed; that, conscious of rectitude in his intentions towards his country, he could, with more than Roman courage,

> "Smile
> At the drawn dagger and defy its point."

After the delivery of his address within the Hall he was conducted to the platform in front. His appearance was the signal for shouts of gladness and welcome from the sea of upturned faces that was spread out before him. Mr. Benton of the Select Council made a brief address, and invited Mr. Lincoln to raise the flag. In response, he said that it would afford him pleasure to comply with this request. He referred to the old flag with but thirteen stars. The number had increased, as time rolled on, and we had become a happy, powerful people, each star adding to our prosperity. The future was in the hands of the people. It was on such an occasion that we could reason together and reaffirm our devotion to the country and the principles of the Declaration of Independence. "Let us," he exclaimed, "make up our minds that whenever we do put a new star upon our banner, it shall be a fixed one, never to be dimmed by the horrors of war, but brightened by contentment, prosperity, and peace."

"Mr. Lincoln then threw off his overcoat," says a correspondent of the Harrisburg *Telegraph*, "in an off-hand, easy manner, the back-woodsman style of which caused many good-natured remarks. After an impressive prayer by the Rev. Mr. Clark, offered in the midst of profound solemnity and silence, the flag, which was rolled up in man-of-war style, was adjusted, the signal fired, and amid most excited enthusiasm, the President-elect hoisted the national ensign. A stiff breeze caught the folded bunting, and threw it out boldly to the winds. Cheer followed cheer, until hoarseness prevented their continuance."

In the meantime, extensive preparations had been made for his reception at Harrisburg, where he was expected to arrive early in the afternoon. The military had assembled from distant parts of the State, numerous civil societies and associations were represented, and the people had come out in their strength. The Legislature was in session, and had given itself that day to the entertainment of their distinguished guest. On that morning, the soldiers of the War of 1812, a few grey-haired old men spared of a former generation, under command of Captain Brady and Captain Krause, had borne in procession a new flag to the Capitol, where, amid the crowds that had gathered, and with much enthusiasm, it was run up upon the flag-staff just erected for the purpose upon the dome. While the flag was ascending, the Chief Clerk of the House, Mr. E. H. Rauch, commenced reading the Farewell Address of Washington, from the portico in front of the rotunda, which was listened to with profound attention by the assembled multitude. This ceremony of flag-raising had been repeated in several parts of the city; wreaths and triumphal arches had been thrown across important thoroughfares, and on every hand the town was decked in its gayest attire.

Mr. Lincoln arrived by special train at half past one, and at the intersection of the railroad with Second street, along which the military were drawn up, and a barouche with six white horses, gaily caparisoned, was in waiting, he alighted, and was received by Governor Curtin. Upon his arrival at the Jones House, he was conducted to the balcony overlooking the square, where the Governor addressed him in the following graceful terms:

"Sir, It is my pleasure to welcome you to the State of Pennsylvania, and to extend to you the hospitalities of this city. We have frequently heard of you since you left your home in a distant place; and every word that has fallen from your lips has fallen upon the ears of an excited, patriotic, but loyal people. Sir, as President-elect of the United States, you are called to the discharge of official duties at a period of time when animosities and distractions divide the people of this hitherto happy and prosperous country. You undertake, sir, no easy task. You must restore fraternal feeling. You must heal discord. You must produce amity in place of hostility, and restore prosperity, peace, and concord to this unhappy country, and future generations will rise up and call you blessed.

"Sir, this day, by act of our Legislature, we unfurled from the dome of the Capitol the flag of our country, carried there in the arms of men who defended the country when defence was needed. I assure you, sir, there is no star or stripe erased, and on its azure field there blazons forth thirty-four stars, the number of the bright constellation of States over which you are called by a free people, in a fair election, to preside. We trust, sir, that in the discharge of your high office, you may reconcile the unhappy differences now existing, as they have heretofore been reconciled. Sir, when conciliation has failed, read our history, study our tradition. Here are the people who will defend you, the Constitution, the laws and the integrity of the Union.

"Our great law-giver and founder established this Government of a free people in deeds of peace. We are a peaceful, laborious people. We believe that civilization, progress, Christianity are advanced by the protection of free and paid labor. Sir, I welcome you to the midst of this generous people, and may the God who has so long watched over this country give you wisdom to discharge the high duties that devolve upon you, to the advancement of the greatness and glory of the Government, and the happiness and prosperity of the people."

To this, Mr. Lincoln replied: "Governor Curtin, and citizens of the State of Pennsylvania: perhaps the best thing that I could do, would be simply to endorse the patriotic and eloquent speech which your Governor has just made in your hearing. I am quite sure that I am unable to address to you anything so appropriate as that which he has uttered. Reference has been made by him to the distraction of the public mind at this time, and to the great task that lies before me in entering upon the administration of the General Government. With all the eloquence and ability that your Governor brings to this theme, I am quite sure he does not—in his situation he cannot—appreciate, as I do, the weight of that great responsibility. I feel that, under God, in the strength of the arm and wisdom of the heads of these masses, after all, must be my support. As I have often had occasion to say, I repeat to you, I am quite sure I do not deceive myself when I tell you I bring to the work an honest heart; I dare not tell you that I bring a head sufficient for it. If my own strength should fail, I shall at last fall back upon these masses, who, I think, under any circumstances, will not fail.

"Allusion has been made to the peaceful principles upon which this great Commonwealth was originally settled. Allow me to add my meed of praise to those peaceful principles. I hope no one of the Friends who originally settled here, or who have lived here since that time, or who live here now, has been or is a more devoted lover of peace, harmony, and concord than my humble self.

"While I have been proud to see to-day the finest military array I think that I have ever seen, allow me to say in regard to those men, that they give hope of what may be done when war is inevitable. But, at the same time, allow me to express the hope that in the shedding of blood their services may never be needed, especially in the shedding of fraternal blood. It shall be my endeavor to preserve the peace of this country so far as it can possibly be done consistently with the maintenance of the institutions of the country. With my consent, or without my great displeasure, this country shall never witness the shedding of one drop of blood in fraternal strife."

The utterance of this speech, to an audience that filled the square and choked the entrance to all the streets leading from it, was full of animation and earnestness. His countenance was lighted up with a fervor and a glow which, to one familiar with his pictures, or with his face in repose, which was almost habitually grave and reflective, reminded of the face of Him who was transfigured on the mount. The assertion that there should be no bloodshed by his consent unless required to maintain the institutions of the country, was made with an earnestness that seemed inspired by the convictions of a sincere and devoted heart.

From the hotel Mr. Lincoln was escorted to the Capitol, where in the presence of both Houses, the Governor, and heads of departments, he was formally received. The chair in which it was arranged for him to sit, was that in which Hancock sat when he signed the immortal Declaration—of antiquated form, stiff, high back and clumsily wrought, but made sacred in its associations. The Speaker of the Senate, Mr. Palmer, addressed him in suitable terms, expressing, in behalf of the people of Pennsylvania, their satisfaction in meeting him without distinction of party, and their especial gratification in the sentiments which he had previously expressed upon the subject of protection to American industry. Mr. Davis, in behalf of the House, greeted him with an expression of concern for the safety of the country, but in a vein of profound respect for his prudence, wisdom, and patriotism. "There is no disguising the fact," he said, "that the ship of state is drifting in a dangerous and unknown sea. But we have every confidence in the steady hand and true heart of the Pilot of our choice."

Mr. Lincoln responded: "Mr. Speaker of the Senate, and also Mr. Speaker of the House of Representatives, and Gentlemen of the General Assembly of Pennsylvania: I appear before you only for a few brief remarks in response to what has been said to me. I thank you most sincerely for this reception, and the generous words in which support has been promised upon this occasion. I thank your great Commonwealth for the overwhelming support it recently gave—not me personally, but to the cause which I think a just one—in the late election. Allusion has been made to the fact—the interesting fact, perhaps we should say—that I, for the first time, appear at the Capitol of the great Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, upon the birthday of the Father of his Country. In connection with that beloved anniversary connected with the history of this country, I have already gone through one exceedingly interesting scene this morning, in the ceremonies at Philadelphia. Under the kind conduct of gentlemen there, I was for the first time allowed the privilege of standing in old Independence Hall, to have a few words addressed to me there, opening up an opportunity to express something of my own feelings excited by the occasion, that had been really the feelings of my whole life.

"Besides this, our friends there had provided a magnificent flag of the country. I was given the honor of raising it to the head of its staff; and when it went up, I was pleased that it went to its place by the strength of my own feeble arm. When, according to the arrangement, the cord was pulled and it flaunted gloriously to the wind without an accident, in the glowing sunshine of the morning, I could not help hoping that there was in the entire success of that beautiful ceremony, at least something of an omen of what is to come. Nor could I help feeling then, as I often have felt, that in the whole of that proceeding I was a very humble instrument. I had not provided the flag; I had not made the arrangement for elevating it to its place; I had applied but a very small portion of even my feeble strength in raising it. In the whole transaction, I was in the hands of the people who had planned it; and if I can have the same generous coöperation of the people of this nation, I think the flag of our country may yet be kept flaunting gloriously. I recur for a moment to what has been said about the military support which the General Government may expect from the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, in a proper emergency. To guard against any possible mistake do I recur to this. It is not with any pleasure that I contemplate the possibility that a necessity may arise in this country for the use of the military arm. While I am exceedingly gratified to see the manifestation upon your streets of your military force here, and exceedingly gratified at your promise to use that force upon a proper emergency; while I make these acknowledgments, I desire to repeat, in order to preclude any possible misconstruction, that I do most sincerely hope that we shall have no use for them—that it will never become their duty to shed blood, and most especially never to shed fraternal blood. I promise that, in so far as I may have wisdom to direct, if so painful a result shall in any wise be brought about, it shall be through no fault of mine.

"Allusion has also been made, by one of your honored speakers, to some remarks recently made by myself at Pittsburg, in regard to what is supposed to be the special interest of this great Commonwealth of Pennsylvania. I now wish only to say, in regard to that matter, that the few remarks which I uttered on that occasion were rather carefully worded. I took pains that they should be so. I have seen no occasion since to add to them or subtract from them. I leave them precisely as they stand, adding only now that I am pleased to have an expression from you, gentlemen of Pennsylvania, significant that they are satisfactory."

Speaker Palmer then proceeded to deliver an elaborate oration upon the "Life and Character of Washington," in accordance with the previous request of the Legislature. Near the close of his address he made the following allusion to Mr. Lincoln: "And may God protect and bless the President-elect of the United States, whom He has called to the performance of high and important duties at this solemn and difficult period in our history. The people of Pennsylvania, by their votes in favor of his election, have confided their interests and their honor to his keeping, and the vast destinies and future welfare of the Union are largely committed to his charge. And here, in behalf of the people of Pennsylvania, let me thank him for his recent public declarations of fraternal feeling and justice of intention towards the people of the Southern States—that 'they are to be treated as WASHINGTON, JEFFERSON, and MADISON treated them—that their institutions are in no way to be interfered with—that he will abide by every compromise of the Constitution.' And further, that 'they are our fellow-citizens, friends, and brethren, equally devoted with ourselves to the Constitution, and that there is no difference between them, and us, other than the difference of local circumstances.' These are the sentiments of WASHINGTON, and the sentiments and principles Pennsylvania meant to sustain, when her people voted for Abraham Lincoln."

The address of the President-elect before the Legislature of Pennsylvania was the last of that remarkable series which he delivered during his more than triumphal progress to the Capital. His words throughout were those of kindness and conciliation. He allowed no utterance to escape him that could by any possibility be construed into a menace, or an incitement to civil strife. On the contrary, he iterated and reiterated the sentiment of obedience to law and a devotion to the Constitution, with a frequency that, under other circumstances, would have been devoid of taste. The real effect of his words was, however, the reverse of that which he intended. It was at a time when the whole country, from the revolutionary attitude which the South had chosen to assume, was greatly excited, and every word which would throw light upon the solution of the vexed problem was eagerly sought. The kindly and humane tone of his utterances gave intense satisfaction, and his words were hailed as those of truth and soberness. Every one came to feel that if it was possible to avoid war, it was in the heart of Abraham Lincoln to do it. Every sentiment he expressed, tended to mould and unite the North, and to make his cause their cause. How much soever he might disclaim the intention of inciting to war, and declare—

> "I come not, friends, to steal away your hearts,"

yet he succeeded, though unwittingly;—and when, finally, he was forced to call for men to defend the national honor, they were ready to go, and eager to flock to his standard.

Mr. Lincoln was accompanied on his journey by his wife and family, and a few personal friends, among whom were Judge Davis and Mr. Judd of Illinois, Colonel Sumner, Major Hunter, and Captain Pope. It had been arranged and widely published that the party would proceed by special train on the following morning over the Northern Central Railway to Baltimore, and thence to Washington. But intelligence communicated on the evening before caused that arrangement to be in part changed. Previous to the departure of Mr. Lincoln from his home, threats had been heard of his assassination; that he would never live to reach the Capital, and that the 4th of March would come and go without witnessing his inauguration. It is asserted on good authority, that an attempt was actually made to throw the train from the track on the first day of his journey, at a point where a wreck would have been disastrous, and the precaution was afterwards adopted of sending a pilot engine just ahead. A hand grenade was also found secreted in the car in which he was to travel, just as the train was leaving Cincinnati. So numerous and confident had the threats of bodily harm to Mr. Lincoln become, that detectives were employed to discover whence they originated, and if there was really any foundation for apprehension. It was ascertained that a plan had been formed to assassinate him at the Calvert-street Depot in Baltimore, while surrounded by the crowd. This information was so positive and circumstantial, and having come through two sources entirely independent of each other, so well confirmed the previous rumors, that it was deemed advisable by the friends of Mr. Lincoln under whose escort he was travelling, and by General Scott and Mr. Seward, who had ferreted out the plot and had sent a messenger to Philadelphia to warn him of his danger, to abandon the Northern

Central Road, and go by the way of Philadelphia, passing through Baltimore in the night time, thus avoiding change of cars in that city. The manner of that journey was the subject of sensational despatches and comments, many of them embodying the wildest exaggeration. Mr. Lincoln was represented as having fled from Harrisburg in disguise, dressed in a long military cloak and a Highland cap, and in rude fur garments, after the manner of a hunter. The illustrated papers, too, made his clandestine journey the subject of broad caricature. It is fortunate that amid so much misrepresentation we have from the mouth of Mr. Lincoln himself a plain statement of the event and all the attendant circumstances.

Early in December, 1864, Mr. Benson J. Lossing, the eminent historiographer and annalist, visited Mr. Lincoln, who, in reply to an inquiry made upon the subject, gave the following account, which was afterwards reduced to writing, nearly in his own words: "I arrived at Philadelphia on the 21st. I agreed to stop over night, and on the following morning hoist the flag over Independence Hall. In the evening there was a great crowd when I received my friends at the Continental Hotel. Mr. Judd, a warm personal friend from Chicago, sent for me to come to his room. I went, and found there Mr. Pinkerton, a skilful police detective, also from Chicago, who had been employed for some days in Baltimore, watching or searching for suspicious persons there. Pinkerton informed me that a plan had been laid for my assassination, the exact time when I expected to go through Baltimore being publicly known. He was well informed as to the plan, but did not know that the conspirators would have pluck enough to execute it. He urged me to go right through with him to Washington that night. I didn't like that. I had made engagements to visit Harrisburg, and go from there to Baltimore, and I resolved to do so. I could not believe that there was a plot to murder me. I made arrangements, however, with Mr. Judd for my return to Philadelphia the next night, if I should be convinced that there was danger in going through Baltimore. I told him that if I should meet at Harrisburg, as I had at other places, a delegation to go with me to the next place, then Baltimore, I should feel safe and go on.

"When I was making my way back to my room, through crowds of people, I met Frederick Seward. We went together to my room, when he told me that he had been sent, at the instance of his father and General Scott, to inform me that their detectives in Baltimore had discovered a plot there to assassinate me. They knew nothing of Pinkerton's movements. I now believed such a plot to be in existence. The next morning I raised the flag over Independence Hall, and then went on to Harrisburg with Mr. Sumner, Major (now General) Hunter, Mr. Judd, Mr. Lamon and others. There I met the Legislature and people, dined, and waited until the time appointed for me to leave. In the meantime, Mr. Judd had so secured the telegraph that no communication could pass to Baltimore and give the conspirators knowledge of a change in my plans. In New York some friend had given me a new beaver hat in a box, and in it had placed a soft wool hat. I had never worn one of the latter in my life. I had this box in my room. Having informed a very few friends of the secret of my new movements, and the cause, I put on an old overcoat that I had with me, and putting the soft hat in my pocket, I walked out of the house at a back door, bareheaded, without exciting any special curiosity. Then I put on the soft hat and joined my friends without being recognized by strangers, for I was not the same man. Sumner and Hunter wished to accompany me. I said no; you are known, and your presence might betray me. I will only take Lamon, now Marshal of this District, whom nobody knew, and Mr. Judd. Sumner and Hunter felt hurt. We went back to Philadelphia and found a message there from Pinkerton, who had returned to Baltimore, that the conspirators had held their final meeting that evening, and it was doubtful whether they had the nerve to attempt the execution of their purpose. I went on, however, as the arrangement had been made. We were a long time in the station at Baltimore. I heard people talking around, but no one particularly observed me. At an early hour on Saturday morning, at about the time I was expected to leave Harrisburg, I arrived in Washington."

Mrs. Lincoln and the rest of the party remained until morning, when, after receiving a dispatch from Washington, stating that

Mr. Lincoln had arrived in safety, they departed by the train especially prepared, over the Northern Central Road, and passing unmolested through Baltimore, arrived at the Capital in due time. That a well-matured plan had been formed to take Mr. Lincoln's life, there was little doubt, and subsequent events confirm the belief. Mr. Raymond, in his Life of Lincoln, states that a notorious gambler, by the name of Byrne, left Baltimore soon after these events, and went to Richmond, where he fell under suspicion of disloyalty to the Southern Government, and was arrested. But at the hearing of his case, ex-United States Senator Wigfall testified that Byrne "was captain of a gang who were to kill Mr. Lincoln," which secured his instant release, it being sufficient evidence of his loyalty to a Government which could regard with favor, and lend its sanction to, such murderous practices. The headquarters of the assassins was at No. 66 Fayette street, near Calvert, in the Taylor Building, which was the place of meeting of the leaders of the mob, who did actually murder some of the Massachusetts troops shortly afterward.

One of the agents employed to trace out the parties to this conspiracy was under the direction of Samuel M. Felton, of Philadelphia, President of the Philadelphia, Wilmington and Baltimore Railroad Company. Having his own road to protect, the bridges of which were threatened with destruction, he was able the more easily to extend his investigation beyond his immediate charge, and to trace the source of the danger. At the request of the Librarian of Harvard University, Mr. Felton, whose brother was the President of that institution, prepared an account of the investigations that he instituted. It illustrates, in a most striking manner, this noted night journey of Mr. Lincoln through Pennsylvania, and the solicitude felt by its citizens for his safety; it serves, too, to show the diabolical nature of the rebellious spirit, even at that early stage.

"It came to my knowledge," says Mr. Felton, "in the early part of 1861, first by rumors and then from evidence which I could not doubt, that there was a deep laid conspiracy to capture Washington, destroy all the avenues leading to it from the North, East, and West, and thus prevent the inauguration of Mr. Lincoln in the Capital of the country; and, if this plot did not succeed, then to murder him while on his way to the Capital, and thus inaugurate a revolution, which should end in establishing a Southern Confederacy, uniting all the Slave States, while it was imagined that the North would be divided into separate cliques, each striving for the destruction of the other.

"Early in the year 1861, Miss Dix, the philanthropist, came into my office on a Saturday afternoon. I had known her for some years as one engaged in alleviating the sufferings of the afflicted. Her occupation had brought her in contact with the prominent men South. In visiting hospitals, she had become familiar with the structure of Southern society, and also with the working of its political machinery. She stated that she had an important communication to make to me personally; and, after closing my door, I listened attentively to what she had to say for more than an hour. She put, in a tangible and reliable shape, by the facts she related, what I had heard before in numerous and detached parcels. The sum of it all was, that there was then an extensive and organized conspiracy throughout the South to seize upon Washington, with its archives and records, and then declare the Southern conspirators *de facto* the Government of the United States. The whole was to be a *coup d'étât.* At the same time, they were to cut off all modes of communication between Washington and the North, East, or West, and thus prevent the transportation of troops to wrest the Capital from the hands of the insurgents. Mr. Lincoln's inauguration was thus to be prevented, or his life was to fall a sacrifice to the attempt at inauguration. In fact, troops were then drilling on the line of our own road, and the Washington and Annapolis line, and other lines; and they were sworn to obey the commands of their leaders, and the leaders were banded together to capture Washington.

"As soon as the interview was ended, I called Mr. N. P. Trist into my office, and told him to go to Washington that night, and communicate these facts to General Scott. I also furnished him with some data as to the other routes to Washington, that might be adopted in case the direct route was cut off. One was the Delaware Railroad to Seaford, and then up the Chesapeake and Potomac to Washington, or to Annapolis, and thence to Washington; another—to Perryville, and thence to

Annapolis and Washington. Mr. Trist left that night, and arrived in Washington at six the next morning, which was on Sunday. He immediately had an interview with General Scott, who told him he had foreseen the trouble that was coming, and in October previous had made a communication to the President, predicting trouble at the South, and urging strongly the garrisoning of all the Southern forts and arsenals with forces sufficient to hold them, but that his advice had been unheeded; nothing had been done, and he feared nothing would be done; that he was powerless, and that he feared Mr. Lincoln would be obliged to be inaugurated into office at Philadelphia. He should, however, do all he could to bring troops to Washington sufficient to make it secure; but he had no influence with the Administration, and feared the worst consequences. Thus matters stood on Mr. Trist's visit to Washington, and thus they stood for some time afterwards.

"About this time,—a few days subsequent, however,—a gentleman from Baltimore came out to Back River Bridge, about five miles this side of the city, and told the bridge-keeper that he had come to give information, which had come to his knowledge, of vital importance to the road, which he wished to communicate to me. The nature of this communication was, that a party was then organized in Baltimore to burn our bridges, in case Mr. Lincoln came over the road, or in case we attempted to carry troops for the defence of Washington. The party, at the time, had combustible materials prepared to pour over the bridges, and were to disguise themselves as negroes, and be at the bridge just before the train on which Mr. Lincoln travelled had arrived. The bridge was then to be burned, the train attacked, and Mr. Lincoln to be put out of the way. This man appeared to be a gentleman, and in earnest, and honest in what he said; but he would not give his name, nor allow any inquiries to be made as to his name or exact abode, as he said his life would be in peril were it known that he had given this information; but, if we would not attempt to find him out, he would continue to come and give information. He came subsequently, several times, and gave items of information as to the movements of the conspirators, but I have never been able to ascertain who he was.

"Immediately after the development of these facts, I went to Washington, and there met a prominent and reliable gentleman from Baltimore, who was well acquainted with Marshal Kane, then the chief of police. I was anxious to ascertain whether he was loyal and reliable, and made particular inquiries upon both these points. I was assured that Kane was perfectly reliable; whereupon I made known some of the facts that had come to my knowledge in reference to the designs for the burning of the bridges, and requested that they should be laid before Marshal Kane, with a request that he should detail a police force to make the necessary investigation. Marshal Kane was seen, and it was suggested to him that there were reports of a conspiracy to burn the bridges and cut off Washington; and his advice was asked as to the best way of ferreting out the conspirators. He scouted the idea that there was any such thing on foot; said he had thoroughly investigated the whole matter, and there was not the slightest foundation for such rumors.

"I then determined to have nothing more to do with Marshal Kane, but to investigate the matter in my own way, and at once sent for a celebrated detective who resided in the West, and whom I had before employed on an important matter. He was a man of great skill and resources. I furnished him with a few hints, and at once set him on the track with eight assistants. There were then drilling, upon the line of the railroad, three military organizations, professedly for home defence, pretending to be Union men, and, in one or two instances, tendering their services to the railroad, in case of trouble. Their propositions were duly considered; but the defence of the road was never intrusted to their tender mercies. The first thing done was to enlist a volunteer in each of these military companies. They pretended to come from New Orleans and Mobile, and did not appear to be wanting in sympathy for the South. They were furnished with uniforms at the expense of the road, and drilled as often as their associates in arms; became initiated into all the secrets of the organization, and reported every day or two to their chief, who immediately reported to me the designs and plans of these military companies. One of these organizations was loyal, but the other two were disloyal, and fully in the plot to destroy the bridges, and march to Washington, to wrest it from the hands of the legally constituted authorities. Every nook and corner of the road and its vicinity was explored by the chief and his detectives, and the secret working of secession and treason laid bare and brought to light. Societies were joined in Baltimore, and various modes, known to and practised only by detectives, were resorted to, to win the confidence of the conspirators, and get into their secrets.

"The plan worked well; and the midnight plottings and daily consultations of the conspirators were treasured up as a guide to our future plans for thwarting them. It turned out that all that had been communicated by Miss Dix and the gentleman from Baltimore rested upon a foundation of fact, and that the half had not been told. It was made as certain as strong circumstantial and positive evidence could make it, that there was a plot to burn the bridges and destroy the road, and murder Mr. Lincoln on his way to Washington, if it turned out that he went there before troops were called. If troops were first called, then the bridges were to be destroyed, and Washington cut off, and taken possession of by the South. I at once organized and armed a force of about two hundred men, whom I distributed along the line between the Susquehanna and Baltimore, principally at the bridges. These men were drilled secretly and regularly by drill-masters, and were apparently employed in whitewashing the bridges, putting on six or seven coats of whitewash, saturated with salt and alum, to make the outside of the bridges as nearly fire-proof as possible. This whitewashing, so extensive in its application, became the nine days' wonder of the neighborhood. Thus the bridges were strongly guarded, and a train was arranged so as to concentrate all the forces at one point in case of trouble.

"The programme of Mr. Lincoln was changed, and it was decided by him that he would go to Harrisburg from Philadelphia, and thence over the Northern Central Road by day to Baltimore, and thence to Washington. We were then informed by our detective, that the attention of the conspirators was turned from our road to the Northern Central, and that they would there await the coming of Mr. Lincoln. This statement was confirmed by our Baltimore gentleman, who came out again, and said their designs upon our road were postponed for the present, and unless we carried troops, would not be renewed again. Mr. Lincoln was to be waylaid on the line of the Northern Central Road, and prevented from reaching Washington; and his life was to fall a sacrifice to the attempt. Thus matters stood on his arrival in Philadelphia. I felt it my duty to communicate to him the facts that had come to my knowledge, and urge his going to Washington privately that night in our sleeping-car, instead of publicly two days after, as was proposed. I went to a hotel in Philadelphia, where I met the detective, who was registered under an assumed name, and arranged with him to bring Mr. Judd, Mr. Lincoln's intimate friend, to my room in season to arrange the journey to Washington that night. One of our sub-detectives made three efforts to communicate with Mr. Judd, while passing through the streets in the procession, and was three times arrested and carried out of the crowd by the police. The fourth time he succeeded, and brought Mr. Judd to my room, where he met the detective-in-chief and myself. We lost no time in making known to him all the facts which had come to our knowledge in reference to the conspiracy; and I most earnestly advised, that Mr. Lincoln should go to Washington privately that night in the sleeping car. Mr Judd fully entered into the plan, and said he would urge Mr. Lincoln to adopt it.

"On his communicating with Mr. Lincoln, after the services of the evening were over, he answered that he had engaged to go to Harrisburg and speak the next day, and he would not break his engagement, even in the face of such peril, but that, after he had fulfilled the engagement, he would follow such advice as we might give him in reference to his journey to Washington. It was then arranged that he should go to Harrisburg the next day, and make his address; after which he was to apparently return to Governor Curtin's house for the night, but in reality go to a point about two miles out of Harrisburg where an extra car and engine awaited to take him to Philadelphia. At the time of his retiring, the telegraph lines, east, west, north, and south from Harrisburg were cut, so that no message as to his movements could be sent off in any direction.

"Mr. Lincoln could not probably arrive in season for our regular train, that at 11 P. M., and I did not dare to send him by an extra, for fear of its being found out or suspected that he was on the road; so it became necessary for me to devise some excuse for the detention of the train. But three or four on the road, besides myself, knew the plan; one of these I sent by an earlier train to say to the people of the Washington Branch road, that I had an important package I was getting ready for the 11 P. M. train; that it was necessary I should have this package delivered in Washington early the next morning, without fail; that I was straining every nerve to get it ready by 11 o'clock, but, in case I did not succeed, I should delay the train until it was ready,—probably not more than half an hour; and I wished, as a personal favor, that the Washington train should await the coming of ours from Philadelphia before leaving. This request was willingly complied with by the managers of the Washington Branch; and the man whom I had sent to Baltimore so informed me by telegraph in cipher. The second person in the secret I sent to West Philadelphia, with a carriage, to await the coming of Mr. Lincoln. I gave him a package of old railroad reports, done up with great care, with a great seal attached to it, and directed in a fair, round hand to a person at Willard's. I marked it 'very important; to be delivered without fail by 11 o'clock train,' indorsing my own name upon the package. Mr. Lincoln arrived in West Philadelphia, and was immediately taken into the carriage, and driven to within a square of our station, where my man with the package jumped off, and waited till he saw the carriage drive up to the door, and Mr. Lincoln and the detective get out and go into the station. He then came up and gave the package to the conductor, who was waiting at the door to receive it, in company with a police officer.

"Tickets had been bought beforehand for Mr. Lincoln and party to Washington, including a tier of berths in the sleeping-car. He passed between the conductor and the police officer at the door, and neither suspected who he was. The conductor remarked as he passed, 'Well, old fellow, it is lucky for you that our president detained the train to send a package by it, or you would have been left.' Mr. Lincoln and the detective being safely ensconsed in the sleeping-car, and my package safely in the hands of the conductor, the train started for Baltimore about fifteen minutes behind time.

"Our man No. 3, George ——, started with the train to go to Baltimore, and hand it over, with its contents, to man No. 1, who awaited its arrival in Baltimore. Before the train reached Gray's Ferry Bridge, and before Mr. Lincoln had resigned himself to slumber, the conductor came to our man George, and accosting him, said, 'George, I thought you and I were old friends; why did you not tell me we had Old Abe on board?' George, thinking the conductor had in some way become possessed of the secret, answered, 'John, we are friends, and, as you have found it out, Old Abe is on board; and we will still be friends, and see him safely through.' John answered, 'Yes, if it costs me my life, he shall have a safe passage.' And so George stuck to one end of the car, and the conductor to the other every moment that his duties to the other passengers would admit of it. It turned out, however, that the conductor was mistaken in his man. A man strongly resembling Mr. Lincoln had come down to the train, about half an hour before it left, and bought a ticket to Washington for the sleeping-car. The conductor had seen him, and concluded he was the veritable Old Abe.

"George delivered the sleeping-car and train over to William in Baltimore, as had been previously arranged, who took his place at the brake, and rode to Washington, where he arrived at 6 A. M., on time, and saw Mr. Lincoln, in the hands of a friend, safely delivered at Willard's, when he secretly ejaculated, 'God be praised!' He also saw the package of railroad reports, marked 'important,' safely delivered into the hands for which it was intended. This being done, he performed his morning ablutions in peace and quiet, and enjoyed with unusual zest his breakfast. At 8 o'clock, the time agreed upon, the telegraphic wires were joined; and the first message flashed across the line was, 'Your package has arived safely, and been delivered,' signed 'William.' Then there went up from the writer of this a shout of joy and devout thanksgiving to Him from whom all blessings flow; and the few who were in the secret joined in a heartfelt Amen.

"Thus began and ended a chapter in the history of the Rebellion, that has been never before written, but about which there have been many hints entitled, 'A Scotch Cap and Riding Cloak,' etc., neither of which had any foundation in truth, as Mr. Lincoln travelled in his ordinary dress. Mr. Lincoln was safely inaugurated, after which I discharged our detective force, and also the semi-military whitewashers, and all was quiet and serene again on the railroad. But the distant booming from Fort Sumter was soon heard, and aroused in earnest the whole population of the loyal States. The 75,000 three-months' men were called out, and again the plans for burning bridges and destroying the railroad were revived in all their force and intensity. Again I sent Mr. Trist to Washington to see General Scott, to beg for troops to garrison the road, as our forces were then scattered, and could not be got at. Mr. Trist telegraphed me that the forces would be supplied; but the crisis came on immediately, and all, and more than all, were required at Washington. At the last moment I obtained, and sent down the road, about 200 men, armed with shot guns and revolvers—all the arms I could get hold of at the time. They were raw and undisciplined men, and not fit to cope with those brought against them,—about 150 men, fully armed, and commanded by the redoubtable rebel, J. R. Trimble."

Mr. Arnold in his Life of Lincoln, in referring to this change in the route of travel, says: "From Baltimore there had reached him no committee, either of the municipal authorities or of citizens, to tender him the hospitalities, and to extend to him the courtesies of that city, as had been done by every city through which we had passed. He was, accordingly, persuaded to permit the detective to arrange for his going to Washington that night." Mr. Lincoln afterwards said to Mr. Arnold: "I did not then, nor do I now, believe I should have been assassinated, had I gone through Baltimore, as first contemplated; but I thought it wise to run no risk, where no risk was necessary."

CHAPTER V.

THE FIRST CAMPAIGN.

THE authors of the Rebellion, in their mad haste to fire the Southern heart, did not seem to realize that they were wielding a two-edged sword. Major Anderson, who, with his little garrison, had been shut up in Fort Sumter for many weeks, while the South Carolina Secessionists were preparing powerful batteries bearing upon it, had given notice that his provisions would be exhausted on the 15th of April, and that he would then be compelled to peacefully evacuate. But to allow him to depart without bloodshed, and they to take quiet possession, did not answer the fell designs of the conspirators. Edmund Ruffin, a suggestive name, who had been sent from Virginia to assist in inciting to action, declared, "The first drop of blood spilled on the soil of South Carolina will bring Virginia and every Southern State to her side." Mr. Gilchrist, a member of the Alabama Legislature, in addressing Mr. Davis and a part of his Cabinet, at Montgomery, said: "Gentlemen, unless you sprinkle blood in the face of the people of Alabama, they will be back in the old Union in less than ten days."

Accordingly, at midnight of the 11th, but four days before hunger would have obliged the garrison of Fort Sumter to withdraw, signal guns were fired, and soon afterwards a bombardment was opened upon the fort from heavy guns at Cumming's Point, Sullivan's Island, Fort Moultrie, and the whole circumference of works erected for its destruction. The fort was in no condition for defence, and after making such resistance as was possible, and suffering from the heat of the burning barracks, which had

ENGRAVED BY [illegible]

MAJOR GEN.L ROBERT PATTERSON U.S.A.

been fired by the insurgents' missiles, Major Anderson surrendered.

The first shot at Sumter may have had the effect designed—that of stirring the heart of the South—but it no less effectually aroused the heart of the North. The feeling expressed by a soldier by profession, who had grown grey in the service of his country, the late Colonel Seneca G. Simmons, who fell at the climax of the battle at Charles City Cross Roads, was a fair illustration of the effect which that shot produced upon the Northern mind. When the first intelligence was received, with much emotion, he exclaimed: "I have been a friend of the Southern people, and in the line of my duty would have lain down my life in their defence; but why did they fire upon the old flag?" and in his compressed lips and flashing eye was read the answer. In that resolute, grizzly-bearded, silent soldier, with bosom heaving with resentment, was personified the twenty millions of the North.

A little more than a month before this, Mr. Lincoln had been inaugurated, and in his address on that occasion, he had declared his intention, while neither having any right nor desire to interfere with Slavery in the States where it then existed, nevertheless, to take care, as the Constitution enjoined upon him, that the laws of the Union be faithfully executed in all the States. After expressing this, his sworn duty and determination, he appealed in a strain of pathetic tenderness and fraternal feeling rarely excelled, for an observance of the obligations resting on all alike. "In your hands, my dissatisfied fellow countrymen," he said, "and not in mine, are the momentous issues of civil war. The Government will not assail you. You can have no conflict without being yourselves the aggressors. You have no oath registered in heaven to destroy the Government, while I shall have the most solemn one to 'preserve, protect, and defend it.' I am loth to close. We are not enemies, but friends. We must not be enemies—though passion may have strained, it must not break our bonds of affection. The mystic chords of memory, stretching from every battle-field and patriot grave to every living heart and hearth-stone, all over this broad land, will yet swell the chorus of the Union, when again touched, as surely it will be, by the better angels of our nature."

When, therefore, in disregard of the warning and the appeal, the insurgents at Charleston fired upon the flag, and sought by every device known to modern warfare to destroy a fort of the nation, and slaughter its garrison, the President had but one recourse, and every citizen who regarded the National honor, felt a like obligation. Accordingly, on the 15th of April, he issued his proclamation calling out the militia of the several States, to the number of 75,000 men, and convening Congress in extra session on the 4th of July. The troops thus called, he stated, would be used probably to repossess forts, places, and property unlawfully seized.

But the insurgents, intoxicated by their first triumph, talked loudly of more considerable aggressions. "No man can foretell," said the rebel Secretary of War, Walker, in response to a serenade of Davis and his Cabinet, on the occasion of the fall of Sumter, "the events of the war inaugurated; but I will venture to predict that the flag which now floats on the breeze will, before the 1st of May, float over the dome of the old Capitol at Washington, and if they choose to try Southern chivalry, and test the extent of Southern resources, will eventually float over Faneuil Hall, in Boston." The Richmond *Examiner*, of the 13th, said: "Nothing is more probable than that President Davis will soon march an army through North Carolina and Virginia to Washington," and a few days later, in a strain of grandiloquent appeal, said: "From the mountain tops and valleys to the shores of the sea, there is one wild shout of fierce resolve to capture Washington City at all and every human hazard." Instead, therefore, of repossessing forts, places, and property unlawfully seized, or of coercing a State, as the seceders had cried out against, Mr. Lincoln was obliged, first of all, to defend himself, the Government, and its archives from the actual assaults of the enemy. Insurgent forces were drilling within sight of the Capitol itself, almost from the moment of his inauguration. Indeed, a skilfully arranged disposition of the military under the command of General Scott alone guaranteed safety for his induction into office.

The plan for the capture of the Capital was ingeniously laid. The rebellious element in Baltimore, which had been purposely strengthened by a rushing thither of reckless and daring men from many parts of the South, was able, for the time, to control the city. Its local Government, and even the Executive of the State, were understood to be lukewarm in their support of the National authority, and openly hostile to the passage of troops from the North over Maryland soil in their march to the Capital. If, therefore, the means of communication could be cut, and troops moving southward delayed until a sufficient force had been quietly gathered, the National seat of Government, with all its public property, including vast stores of military weapons and material, would fall an easy prey. But, like many other schemes of Southern leaders, this proved abortive.

The defeat of the plans was largely due to the prompt arrival of Pennsylvania soldiers. As soon as the President's call, which was issued on the 15th of April, was received at Harrisburg, Governor Curtin made haste to repeat it throughout the Commonwealth, and soon a tide of messages was flowing in, from officers of companies tendering the services of their commands. The first thus to respond, which from their good state of discipline and readiness to move, could be made available, were the Ringgold Light Artillery of Reading, Captain James McKnight; the Logan Guards of Lewistown, Captain John B. Selheimer; the Washington Artillery, Captain James Wren, and the National Light Infantry, Captain Edmund McDonald, both of Pottsville; and the Allen Rifles, Captain Thomas Yeager, of Allentown. The first of these, the Ringgold Artillery, was remarkably well drilled and officered, and had been formed more than ten years previous. Its commander, Captain McKnight, had received intimations that his company would be called for in case of emergency. When the news came of the attack on Sumter, the company was drilling in a field at some distance from the city. The intelligence created intense excitement, and the call was loudly made to be led at once to the aid of the Government. At the request of the author of this volume, Captain McKnight prepared a full and very interesting account of the service of his command, from which extracts are presented: "The company," he says, "was armed with four six-pounder brass field-pieces and caissons, with the full equipments of artillerists, including sabres. The men were very efficient in drill, and previous to the dread tocsin of actual war, had made several excursions, and lodged more than once upon the tented field. . . . Previous to the outbreak of hostilities, I deemed it prudent to get my company into the best possible condition. Indeed, as early as January, 1861, it was intimated to me, through General William H. Keim, that the services of the Ringgolds would probably be required before long. The General, I recollect, asked me how much time would be needed to get ready. My reply was, that we were ready at any moment, and, as he spoke in behalf of the State, though privately, not to occasion unnecessary alarm, from that time the Ringgolds considered their services offered to the Government. Therefore frequent, almost daily drills were practised. When the news came that Fort Sumter had been fired upon, with the unanimous consent of the company, I held it in instant readiness for the service of the General Government. This was before President Lincoln made his call for 75,000 men.

"It was a memorable day for us when the dispatch, announcing the attack on Fort Sumter, reached us. We were at drill about a mile and a half from the city, at about half past eleven A. M. The effect was electrical. All were impatient to start at once. This was on the 15th. Next day, the 16th, marching orders reached us from Harrisburg, from Governor Curtin himself. I immediately got my men together, read the communication, and on the same afternoon at 2 o'clock, was ready to start; but by the advice of the General Superintendent of the Reading Railroad Company, G. A. Nicholls, instead of taking the special train offered, we waited for the regular evening train which started at 6 o'clock. At 8 o'clock P. M., we arrived in Harrisburg, and reported 152 men to the Secretary of State, Colonel Slifer, the Governor being absent in Washington."

Mr. Slifer telegraphed for orders to the Secretary of War, and received an immediate response directing that the company be forwarded at once. An order to this effect was issued to Captain McKnight, but was soon after countermanded, that other troops then on the way might join him, and all proceed in a body. Had this order been executed the Ringgolds would have reached Washington at three o'clock on the morning of the 17th. But they were compelled instead to remain in Harrisburg. The four other companies named above arrived early on the morning of the 17th, and on the morning of the 18th company H of the Fourth Artillery, under command of Lieutenant Pemberton, afterwards General Pemberton of the Rebel Army, came in from the West, having been ordered to Fort McHenry in Baltimore. The six companies, accordingly, moved by the same train over the Northern Central Railroad. By direction of the Secretary of War Captain McKnight's company left its guns, caissons, and equipments, except sabres, at Harrisburg, to the sore displeasure of the men. The Regulars, to the number of some forty or fifty, had their muskets, as had also a part of the Logan Guards. With the exception of these, and the sabres of the Ringgolds, the party was entirely unarmed. They arrived in Baltimore at half past three in the afternoon.

Of their progress, Captain McKnight gives the following account: "At Baltimore it was necessary for us to march a distance of about two miles to the Washington depot, and we proceeded in the following order; first was company H, Fourth United States Artillery, and then followed in succession the Logan Guards, Allen Rifles, Washington Artillery, National Light Infantry, and the Ringgold Light Artillery. It will thus be seen that my company occupied the second post of honor, the Regulars having the first. The detail of our march through Baltimore I cannot give in more truthful or forcible language than that employed by my friend, Captain E. L. Smith, in a letter addressed to his brother-in-law, the Hon. J. Depuy Davis, State Senator from this county (Berks), bearing date Washington, April 20th, 1861. Captain Smith, it is but proper to say, left his position as a leading lawyer and rising public man in the community, and joined my company as a private; but before the expiration of our company's service he received his commission as Captain in the Regular Army. He says: 'We were under strict orders to say nothing to any one about our reception at, and march through Baltimore. It was feared, that if all the circumstances of our reception in that city were made public, the effect would be to alarm and intimidate. The attack of the mob on the Massachusetts volunteers yesterday (19th) has removed the injunction of secrecy, and I proceed to give you an account of our passage. We were accompanied from Harrisburg by a body of regulars from the West, numbering some forty or fifty, and the volunteers from Schuylkill, Lehigh, and Mifflin counties, in all some 400 strong. A large force of police met us, upon our landing at the depot, to escort us on our march of about two miles to the Washington Railroad terminus. We were greeted by the mob, which I judged from their appearance to be of all classes, with loud cheers for Jeff. Davis and Secession, and the display of disunion badges accompanied with groans for Lincoln and the Wide-Awakes, with whom it was our misfortune to be at once identified. The Secessionists are, as yet, evidently of the opinion, that no one but a Republican of the North will fight for the Government. This delusion, which, in their situation is, perhaps, natural enough, encourages them, as much as anything else, to hold out against us, in the hope of a reaction in the North in their favor, on the part of the Democrats. The mob hemmed us in on every side, outnumbering ourselves by at least a hundred to one. I must do the rowdies of Baltimore the justice to say, that they proved themselves the most accomplished of their class. To tell you that they indulged in the vilest billingsgate conveys not the slightest idea of the Baltimore vocabulary, which is *sui generis*, abounding in taunt so remarkable in its ingenuity, that it was next to impossible not to reply to it, accompanied by appropriate gesticulations, superior to anything I have ever seen in the whole range of the theatre. . . . Without the most positive orders from our Captain under no circumstances to utter a word, it would not have been in my nature to have remained silent or passive. The first insult I heard was from a person, who, from his dress, *et cetera*, might have passed for a gentleman: "You ugly ——," said he, close to the Captain's face, "but you can't help it, poor devils, you didn't make yourselves." "The whole lager-beer posse," said another, "will hardly make manure enough for one little cotton-plant; their sour-krout carcasses aren't guano nohow." Sometimes they would pitch into some particular individual with the vilest personal allusions, which, if the matter had not been so serious, would have provoked deserved laughter. "Do you see that tall four-eyed monster?" said one, pointing to a spectacled private, "Jeff. Davis will ventilate his window-panes in nine days." It would fill a volume to detail their smart and opprobrious sayings which were levelled at us all along the route, so near to our ears indeed, that it required the resolution of veterans to bear them. Fists were brandished close to our noses, and the most fearful menaces used. The regulars who accompanied us were our main reliance in case of an attack. The police did good service; but it was plain, from the smiles of many of them at the jests of the crowd, that they were acting from a sense of duty only, and were not in sympathy with us. The regulars by their example did much to keep us from giving rein to the anger and indignation with which every breast was swelling. They marched like so many statues of bronze, seemingly deaf to the din and uproar about them. You will be surprised to learn that not a man of our company was armed except with his sabre. Our swords indeed were formidable enough in their way, but would not have deterred the mob had they known we were without other weapons. They evidently supposed us to be well prepared for any emergency, and our soldierly bearing assisted the delusion. Competent military men, who saw and have heard of our conduct, have expressed surprise that volunteers, and, indeed, many of us the rawest recruits, were so well equal to the critical condition of affairs. The slightest response, upon our side, to the insult of the mob, would have precipitated one of the bloodiest street fights imaginable. What made this ordeal the more trying to us was the fact, that we did not apprehend any molestation. We were fortified in this idea by our reception at every way-station on the road. The enthusiasm in the rural districts of Maryland for us, the display of the old Union banner, the approving smiles of the ladies, and the waving of handkerchiefs from every country mansion, showed that the Union feeling in Maryland was no less strong than that of our own State. Even in the very suburbs of Baltimore, these Union manifestations were observable, and in the city itself, many were the quiet spectators, who looked as if they longed to approach, but thought it wise to refrain. At some points shouts for the Union were given with a will, responded to by the execrations of the mob. One little fellow, an Irishman, at the Washington depot, told us not to fear, that our friends outnumbered the mob, and in case of need would stand by us. He was at once surrounded by the frantic crowd, and it was a spectacle worth beholding and never to be forgotten, to see him alone, maintaining himself and his sentiments against thousands. He would speedily have been overwhelmed, but the police rescued him. Having endured this terrible ordeal of threatening and abuse, we were thrown pell-mell into cattle cars for Washington. But no sooner were we placed aboard than an attempt was made by the mob to detach the engine from the train and run it away. This was only prevented by the engineer and his assistants drawing revolvers, and threatening to shoot any who dared make the attempt. At length we were dismissed for the Capital, amid the yells and execrations of the hellish ruffians; while incessant showers of stones, brickbats, and other missiles from their infuriated hands saluted the cars. Yet by remarkable good fortune, not a man was hurt, and we arrived here at 7½ o'clock of the same day, and were assigned quarters in the Hall of the House of Representatives. . . .'"

The arrival of these companies caused great rejoicing at the Capital, as the city was entirely destitute of defences or defenders, and there was hourly expectation of the approach of the enemy. It was a matter of congratulation that they had escaped a collision with the turbulent element which raged and seethed around them in the streets of Baltimore. The company of regulars that headed the column had filed off to go to Fort McHenry, their destination, while on the march through the city, and had left the volunteers to pursue their way alone. This was the signal for renewed insults and intensified shoutings; but the Logan Guards, who were left at the head of the column, were uniformed and armed very nearly like the regulars, and by preserving a bold front and passions immovable, they escaped harm. They had had no food since leaving Harrisburg, and were worn out with fatigue and hunger; but their wants were speedily supplied, and the Capitol was warmed and lighted up, at once transforming its dismal and almost mournful aspect into one of comfort and cheer. As the brilliant lights shone forth, the rumor spread through the city that a large force of Northern troops, armed with Minié rifles, were quartered in the Capitol. Mr. Lossing gives the following account of the origin of this rumor, which, by creating the impression that a much larger force had arrived than was actually there, may have saved it from capture: "This rumor was started by James D. Gay, a member of the Ringgold Light Artillery, who was in Washington City, on business, at the time of their arrival. He was already an enrolled member of a temporary home-guard in Washington, under Cassius M. Clay, which we shall consider presently, and was working with all his might for the salvation of the city. After exchanging greetings with his company at the Capitol, he hastened to Willard's Hotel to proclaim the news. In a letter to the writer, he says: 'The first man I met as I entered the doors was Lieutenant-Colonel Magruder [who afterwards abandoned his flag, and was a General of the Confederate army]. I said, "Colonel, have you heard the good news?" "What is it," he asked. I told him to step to the door. He did so. Pointing to the lights at the Capitol, I said, "Do you see that?" "Yes," he answered, "but what of that?" "Two thousand soldiers," I said, "have marched in there this evening, sir, armed with Minié rifles." "Possible! so much!" he exclaimed, in an excited manner. Of course, what I told him was not true, but I thought that, in the absence of sufficient troops, this false report might save the city.' Mr. Gay's 'pious fraud' had the desired effect."

These five companies, the van of the great army which followed, were immediately supplied with arms and accoutrements, and were put to barricading the Capitol with barrels of flour and cement, and large sheets of boiler iron. Their arrival was opportune, and the promptitude and courage which they displayed was made the subject of the following resolution, unanimously passed by the House of Representatives: "That the thanks of this House are due, and are hereby tendered to the 530 soldiers from Pennsylvania, who passed through the mob of Baltimore, and reached Washington on the 18th of April last, for the defence of the National Capital."

On the following day, with kindred zeal General William F. Small, of Philadelphia, who had early in the year recruited and organized a body of troops known as the Washington Brigade, acting under orders of the Secretary of War, also attempted to pass through Baltimore. General Small had started on the evening of the 18th, with instructions to have the train bearing him taken through Baltimore before daylight, so as to avoid the mob; but through treachery or culpable negligence, he was delayed, and did not reach that city until noon. The Massachusetts Sixth, under command of Colonel Jones, had arrived in Philadelphia on the evening of the 18th, on its way from Boston to Washington, and had encamped for the night, intending to proceed on the following day; but intelligence having been received at midnight that violence would probably be offered at Baltimore, Colonel Jones ordered the long roll beaten, and at one o'clock on the morning of the 19th, started by special train on the Philadelphia, Wilmington and Baltimore Railroad, hoping to pass through the hostile city before its population should be astir. Mr. Felton, President of this road, says: "I called the Colonel and principal officers into my office, and told them of the dangers they would probably encounter, and advised that each soldier should load his musket before leaving, and be ready for any emergency." This advice was acted on; but the train did not reach that place until near noon, having joined General Small on the way, and come in ahead of him. The track extends through the city, but for nearly two miles the cars have to be drawn by horses. Before reaching the city, Colonel Jones had issued the following order to his men: "The regiment will march through Baltimore in columns of sections, arms at will. You will undoubtedly be abused, insulted, and perhaps assaulted, to which you must pay no attention whatever, but march with your faces square to the front, and give no heed to the mob, even if they throw bricks, stones, and other missiles; but if you are fired upon, and any one of you is hit, your officers will order you to fire. Do not fire into any promiscuous crowds, but select any man whom you may see aiming at you, and be sure you drop him."

As soon as the engine was detached, five cars, containing seven companies, were drawn by horses rapidly through the city, and reached the Washington depot without molestation. It was sometime before the car containing the next company moved; but when it did, it was taken along singly, and was very soon thrown from the track, and the men were attacked by the mob with bricks and stones, and finally with pistols. The fire was returned by the company, and the fight continued with unabated fury until it rejoined the seven companies which had preceded it. The remaining three companies, with the band, had been detained on the road. When they finally reached the depot, they found the track demolished and the rails carried away. Their only alternative was then to march through the city. They had scarcely started when they were assailed by every imaginable taunt and insult, and soon by missiles of every description, a pile of paving stones having been purposely loosened, ostensibly to repair the street. Finally fire arms were brought into use; but not until two of the soldiers had been killed and a number wounded did this courageous band of only about two hundred heed the insults and deadly attacks of the thousands of mad men by whom they were surrounded. They then received orders to fire, and under their well-directed aim, numbers of the mob began to drop and give way before them. They finally reached their destination, and with their comrades, moved off for Washington. Five of the soldiers were killed and thirty-six were wounded. It is a circumstance worthy of mention, that this was the 19th of April, the anniversary of the Battle of Lexington, where the first blood was shed in the War of Independence, and the first victims at Baltimore in the new war were from the county of Middlesex, Massachusetts, in which are Lexington, Concord, and Bunker Hill, and some of the attacked were the descendants of the men who contended on those historic fields.

In the meantime, General Small had arrived, and finding the track demolished, saw at once that all hope of being taken through in cars was gone. His men were ununiformed and unarmed, but with the true spirit of a soldier he determined to brave every peril, and march through the city. The mob, having done with the Massachusetts men, now returned maddened by the taste of blood, to wreak their vengeance upon the Pennsylvanians. For a time, General Small was able to breast the storm, but finding the tumult thickening and his men unarmed, after having one killed and a number wounded, he decided to withdraw and return to Philadelphia. Not satisfied with its victory, the mob followed up the defenceless soldiers and pelted them with stones and clubs, pursuing the train so long as a missile could be made to reach them. Before this determination had been taken by General Small, and while his men were still struggling in the street, the Mayor of the city and Police Commissioners sent the following telegram to Mr. Felton at Philadelphia: "Withdraw the troops now in Baltimore, and send no more through Baltimore or Maryland." Bethinking himself of the Seaford and Annapolis route, which would avoid Baltimore, and feeling confident that the bridges by way of Baltimore would be burned in any event, Mr. Felton answered: "I will withdraw the troops now in Baltimore, and send no more through the city till I first consult with you," being careful to say nothing about sending over other parts of Maryland; in fact, having already taken measures to secure the ferry-boat at Perryville.

During the night following the 19th, a consultation was held at the house of General Patterson, Governor Curtin, Mr. Felton, Mr. Thompson, president of the Pennsylvania Railroad company, Mr. Hazlehurst, and Mayor Henry being present, at which it was decided, after considerable discussion, to adopt the Perryville route, and means were adopted to procure boats to ply between Perryville and Annapolis. As was anticipated, the bridges on the Baltimore road were burned that night, as were also those on the Northern Central; the telegraph wires were cut, and all communication with the North was severed. Hon. Morrow B. Lowry, who for nine succeeding years was State Senator from the Erie district, had the day before visited Harrisburg to offer his services to the Government, and had been sent by Governor Curtin to Baltimore to watch the progress of events, and keep the State authorities informed of what was transpiring. He arrived on the 19th, the day of the passage of the Massachusetts troops, and was witness to the wild storm and tumult of the dangerous elements in that turbulent city. "No pen," he says, "can describe the horrors of that scene. Upon the pavement at my feet flowed the first blood that was shed in the slaveholder's rebellion. I telegraphed to the authorities at Harrisburg and Philadelphia to send no more troops, as ample preparations existed at Baltimore to send them to bloody graves. Towards evening the railroad bridges on the Northern Central, as well as the Philadelphia and Baltimore Railroad were fired, and I was thankful to see the flames which would prevent the approach of more victims. Late in the evening I succeeded in getting a carriage, and went to make a personal examination of the destruction which had been done to these roads, and satisfy myself that no more troops could be taken over them. I then drove to the Washington depot, where I found a car would leave at midnight. I availed myself of the opportunity and reached the Capital at daylight, glad to part company with the roughs who had accompanied me, and who appeared to be there for no good purpose. I drove immediately to the residence of General Cameron, then Secretary of War. His servant informed me that he had not been at home that night. We then drove to the War Office. There was no sentinel on the outside, and I found no one upon the first floor except a colored man sleeping in his chair in the hall, whom I did not disturb, but proceeded to the Secretary's room on the next story. Upon opening the door of the Secretary's private room, I found him sleeping soundly upon a lounge, being exhausted with a hard night's work. I awoke him, when he sprang to his feet, and, calling me by name, demanded by what means I came there. In a few words I communicated to him the condition of the bridges and telegraph lines, and in general the state of things in Baltimore. He at once said: 'Come with me and we will find General Scott.' His residence, a small brick house near the War Office, was soon reached. An old colored woman answered our call. We entered very unceremoniously, and proceeded to General Scott's room, a little bed place upon the floor above. General Cameron aroused him, and communicated the information I had brought. General Scott said: 'Do you know Mr. Lowry? Is he a reliable man?' On being assured of my reliability, turning to Mr. Cameron, he said: 'Call a meeting of the Cabinet at the President's house in the shortest possible time.' Mr. Cameron started at once to find Secretary Seward, and I proceeded to the White House.

"It was now broad daylight. A servant admitted me, whom I prevailed upon, after some hesitation, to call President Lincoln, and say to him that Mr. Lowry of Pennsylvania had startling intelligence to communicate. The President made his appearance half-dressed, and I related to him the story of the Baltimore mob, and the cutting off of communication North. Mr. Lincoln realized the situation at once. Seeing my exhausted condition, he ordered refreshments for me, of which I stood greatly in need, having eaten nothing since noon of the previous day. It was evident that the salvation of Washington depended upon the Government being able to prevent the destruction of the bridges and road between Perryville and Philadelphia, so as to keep the Annapolis route open. It was also evident that it must repair the bridges of the Northern Central, and the Philadelphia and Wilmington roads and force a passage for Northern troops through Baltimore. To further this it was determined that I should return, as best I could, to Philadelphia and Harrisburg. A slip of paper was given me, signed by Abraham Lincoln, and Simon Cameron, which read: 'Morrow B. Lowry has the confidence of the Government, and all its officers to whom he wishes to communicate must give him every facility in their power.' Concealing this about my person, at about ten o'clock, Saturday morning, I started back to Baltimore. I found a rougher set of men than I had gone over with, though some of them were the identical ones. The train was delayed, and we did not reach Baltimore until half-past three in the afternoon.

"I did not like the attentions I received from some of those who had been my fellow-passengers, so, as they left the cars on the north side, I took the south, and continued my journey on foot heading for Philadelphia. I had a farm about two miles north on the Philadelphia road, and there was living on the place a man by the name of Shunk. I went to his house. He was absent on my arrival, but soon returned. He was not a Northern man in sentiment. I told him that it was important that I should reach Philadelphia that night, and that if he would put me through to Perryville, I would give him $100. He said he could not do it. The truth was, he was afraid to be seen with a Northern man. I then walked out through a lane, leading from my own premises to the Philadelphia Pike. I had hardly entered it, before I was arrested by a half dozen men, some on horseback, who took charge of me as being a suspicious character. Every lane and avenue out of Baltimore appeared to be guarded. I invited my captors to a neighboring saloon, and supplied them plenteously with whiskey, assured them that I was all right, and took them back to Shunk, who vouched for me and satisfied them. After they left I arranged with Shunk to wait until midnight, when he said he would smuggle me through to the headquarters of an abolitionist named Felix Von Rueth, who lived in the direction of Philadelphia, about ten miles out. Soon after midnight we started on horseback through fields and by-ways, he being familiar with the country. We did not reach our destination until after daylight on Sabbath morning.

"Von Rueth received me kindly. At his house I found three or four wounded soldiers, who had been beaten back from Baltimore. I acquainted him with the great necessity which existed of my arriving early in Philadelphia, for I had learned that it was the intention of the conspirators that evening to burn some bridges east of Perryville, which would break up communication with Annapolis. Von Rueth gave me breakfast, and placing me in an old-fashioned gig, sent his son Flavius (a dashing young man) to drive me. We proceeded a few miles, when we came to a tavern where there were four or five hundred men assembled, armed with every conceivable weapon, to head back the Northern horde, whom they had been told would attempt to pass to Baltimore on the Philadelphia turnpike. When we came in sight of the house, it was evident that we could not pass unmolested. So we made a virtue of necessity, and drove boldly up to the door. Before we could alight, my name and business were demanded. Von Rueth told them I was a clergyman, whom he was taking to preach at Perryville that night. After satisfying them that I belonged to the Methodist Episcopal Church South, we were allowed to go on our way unmolested. I might not have had any trouble in crossing at Perryville, but feared to make the attempt, and kept south a mile or two, where Von Rueth left me. The river is wide at this point, but a man was induced to set me across in a crazy old skiff. I then walked through the marshy ground to the depot. I went at once to the telegraph office, and my heart was rejoiced to find, by the click of the instrument, that I could communicate with Philadelphia. It was about two o'clock Sabbath afternoon, when I telegraphed to General Patterson that I had important communications from the Government, and orders for him to send a strong force of men to guard every bridge between there and Philadelphia. A special locomotive arrived in an incredibly short space of time, and I was not only in Philadelphia, but Harrisburg, before ten o'clock that night. I returned to Washington with General Butler on the first train over the road that had thus been so providentially saved for the Northern troops."

On the 16th of April, Governor Curtin had appointed Major-Generals Robert Patterson and William H. Keim to the command of the troops called out by the Proclamation of President Lincoln of the preceding day, and shortly after, General Patterson was appointed by Lieutenant-General Scott, then General-in-chief, to command the Department of Washington, embracing the States of Pennsylvania, Delaware, and Maryland, and the District of Columbia, with headquarters at Philadelphia. Before the route to Washington through Baltimore had been closed, General Patterson, acting upon the advice of Mr. Felton, had selected the Annapolis route, and had sent his aide, Hon. John Sherman, of Ohio, to Washington, to recommend it to the attention of the Government. The dispatches brought through by Mr. Lowry gave him authority to act, and he immediately took measures to make it abundantly secure, placing General Butler with the Massachusetts Eighth, and Colonel Lefferts with the New York Seventh, upon the road, who not only held it, but proceeded to repair the track and disabled engines, skilled mechanics being readily found in the ranks.

The number of troops required from Pennsylvania under this first call was sixteen regiments of infantry, afterwards reduced to fourteen. When several of the border States refused to furnish men, the number from the States willing to contribute was increased, and twenty-five regiments were finally accepted. "Such was the patriotic ardor of the people," says Adjutant-General Russell, "that the services of about thirty regiments had to be refused, making in all more than one-half the requisition of the President." When the communication with Washington was severed, which remained so for several days, General Patterson was left without orders, and was obliged to act upon his own judgment. Foreseeing the desperate nature of the contest upon which the country was entering, and convinced that the small force called for three months would be unable to effect the purpose for which they were summoned, and fearful that at the expiration of their term no troops would be in readiness to take their places, he assumed the responsibility of authorizing the formation of an additional force in the following words, addressed to the Governor of Pennsylvania: "I feel it my duty to express to you my clear and decided opinion that the force at the disposal of this Department should be increased without delay. I, therefore, have to request of your Excellency to direct, that twenty-five additional regiments of infantry and one regiment of cavalry be called for forthwith, to be mustered into the service of the United States." Steps were immediately taken to raise this force, and considerable progress had been made, when communication with the Capital was restored, and the Government, not feeling itself warranted in calling more troops, revoked the General's order, accompanying the notice of revocation with the statement "that it was more important to reduce than enlarge the number" already ordered.

The first duty after securing the Annapolis route, was to open that by way of Baltimore, and as soon as the troops were organized and sufficiently in hand, it was promptly undertaken. The forces selected for this purpose were the Seventeenth Pennsylvania regiment, known in the militia as the First Artillery, T. W. Sherman's Light Battery, and five companies of the Third Regular Infantry, all under command of Colonel Francis E. Patterson, son of the General. By this time, however, the rebellious element in Baltimore had lost strength and daring, and the Union sentiment had assumed a power and a vitality which made itself felt. Colonel Patterson's force, therefore, marched in without opposition. The National authority thus established was maintained, and the tide of volunteers, which soon after began to flow towards the Capital, was not again interrupted.

From the first dawning of the Rebellion, it was seen that Pennsylvania, by its long line of border contiguous to rebellious territory, was exposed to the invasion, or sudden sallies of the enemy. Pittsburg was a city of great wealth, and here were cast the heavy guns for the navy, siege guns for the army, and here much of the material for the war was manufactured. It lay, too, upon the track of a great thoroughfare for the passage of troops to the Eastern army. It would, at any time, have been an important strategic point for the enemy to have held. But West Virginia proved true to the flag, thus interposing loyal territory, and the city was too far away from the eastern rebellious armies to tempt them to make a difficult campaign to reduce it.

But the Shenandoah Valley, of Virginia, leads naturally into the Cumberland Valley, of Pennsylvania. Indeed, one is but a continuation of the other. A heavy Union force was kept to guard the approaches to the Capital, and consequently the enemy sought to avoid exposing himself to a flank attack from that direction in moving for the invasion of the North, by interposing a great mountain range. The Shenandoah Valley, therefore, became the great natural highway for a hostile advance. How best to shut its mouth, and secure it against egress, was the first care of the Union leaders. Hence, when upon Virginia soil, the armies of Rebellion began to gather, General Patterson was sent into the Cumberland Valley to establish a camp and organize a force to guard the frontier, or if need be, drive back the enemy. His camp was formed at Chambersburg. With the exception of the Fourth and Fifth regiments, which were sent to Washington, the Twelfth, which was employed on the line of the Northern Central Railroad, and the Eighteenth, Nineteenth, and Twenty-second, which were stationed at Baltimore and vicinity, the entire twenty-five Pennsylvania regiments were gathered in Patterson's column. Upon his staff, and of his brigade and division commanders, were some of the ablest of the Union soldiers, who subsequently achieved a world-wide reputation. George H. Thomas, Abner Doubleday, David B. Birney, James S. Negley, and J. J. Abercrombie were among his subordinates, while Fitz John Porter and John Newton served upon his staff, and Keim, Cadwalader, and Stone led his divisions.

Beauregard, who commanded the rebel army being marshalled on the plains of Manassas, early sent a force into the Shenandoah Valley, under the afterwards famous Stonewall Jackson, who was subsequently superseded in chief command by General Joseph E. Johnston, Jackson remaining with him in a subordinate capacity. Johnston posted his forces at Harper's Ferry, and from that point, as headquarters, held the Valley in his firm grasp. Patterson's first care was to drive Johnston back, and after opening the Baltimore and Ohio Railway and Canal, to push forward towards Winchester. When Johnston discovered that it was the intention of Patterson to cross and offer battle, he evacuated Harper's Ferry. So soon as General Scott learned this, he discouraged an advance by Patterson, apprehending that Johnston would be forced back and form a junction with Beauregard, thus increasing the complications in front of Washington. He accordingly ordered all the available field artillery, Regulars, and General Burnside's fine Rhode Island regiment, to Washington. When this order came, Patterson was already across the Potomac, and advancing confidently. Without artillery he could do nothing, and much to his chagrin, he was obliged to retire to the Maryland shore, at the same time remonstrating vigorously against being thus stripped of artillery and trained troops, and pleading earnestly to have them returned to him; but the order was imperative. Referring to this action, Hon. John Sherman, in a letter to General Patterson, said: "The great error of General Scott undoubtedly was, that he gave way to a causeless apprehension that Washington was to be attacked before the meeting of Congress, and therefore weakened you when you were advancing. No subsequent movement could repair that error." And General Patterson, in commenting upon this, says: "This, I venture to say, will be the conclusion of any one who dispassionately examines the subject. I was mortified and humiliated at having to recross the river without striking a blow. I knew that my reputation would be grievously damaged by it; the country could not understand the meaning of this crossing and recrossing, this marching and countermarching in the face of the foe, and that I would be censured without stint for such apparent vacillation and want of purpose."

A few days after this, on the 20th of June, General Scott requested General Patterson to submit a plan of operations. This the latter did on the following day, just one month before the battle of Bull Run, and it was, in substance, to fortify and garrison Maryland Heights, transfer the depot of supply and reserve force to Hagerstown, and then move with the whole remaining force, horse, foot, and artillery, across the Potomac to Leesburg,—then to threaten the enemy in the Valley should he attempt to advance to or cross the Potomac,—or join McDowell at Manassas the moment needed. This plan was rejected, and Patterson was ordered on the 25th to remain in front of the enemy, and if, in superior or equal force, to cross and attack him. As soon as his troops could be put in order he did cross, came up with Stonewall Jackson at Falling Waters, fought and defeated him, and pushed forward to Martinsburg and Bunker Hill. Patterson was ordered to hold Johnston in the Valley by making a demonstration on the day of the contemplated battle at Manassas. General Scott gave notice that the battle would be fought by McDowell on Tuesday, the 16th of July, and accordingly General Patterson made an active and noisy advance towards Winchester, causing Johnston, who was well entrenched there, to be reinforced from Strasburg, and who, as subsequently ascertained, was expecting an attack, and had his entire force in battle array. General Patterson had received, on the 13th, a telegram from General Scott, in these words: "I telegraphed you yesterday, if not strong enough to beat the enemy early next week, to make demonstrations so as to detain him in the Valley of Winchester; but if he retreats in force towards Manassas, and it be hazardous to follow him, then consider the route *via* Keyes' Ferry, Leesburg, etc." Well knowing that he was vastly inferior to Johnston in numbers, who, in addition to being well entrenched, had abundance of field and siege artillery, supposing that the contemplated battle at Bull Run was being fought on the 16th and 17th of July, as he had been advised it would be, and as he had been informed by telegram it had actually been begun on the latter day,* having seen his demonstration successful, he commenced on the 18th moving towards Keyes' Ferry, as he had been directed to do, and as the best officers in his column, in council of war, had advised.

But the battle of Bull Run was not fought until the 21st, and Johnston, thus left free to join Beauregard, having a direct route open, and a railroad upon which to move, abandoned Winchester, and arrived upon the field of Bull Run in time to take an active part in the fight. It resulted disastrously to the Union arms, and General Patterson was blamed, and charged with the defeat. It was claimed that he should have attacked Johnston, or followed him, or reinforced McDowell, each of which was impracticable. General Abercrombie, a regular army officer, who commanded a brigade in Patterson's column, in March, 1862, rode over the ground occupied by Johnston, at Winchester, and thus wrote to General Patterson: "I rode over the ground occupied by Johnston in July, and after a careful examination, I found that I had no reason to change my opinion as to the course you adopted. The works themselves were of no great strength, but the judicious disposition made of them, the favorable character of the ground, size, and number of guns, and numerical strength of force, ought to have defeated double the number. I think you may rely on this: Johnston had 26,000 volunteers that were mustered into the service, and between 6000 and 7000 of what they call militia, making some 32,000 or 33,000 men. The trenches extend some four or five miles. They commence at the turnpike leading to Charlestown, due east from Winchester, and run to the base of the hills west of the town, and at every few hundred paces we found platforms for heavy pivot guns, some of them rifled, so I am told. On the hills alluded to, some very heavy guns were admirably arranged, and commanded the whole valley. These, also, were made to traverse in every direction. Most of the earth-works were constructed with regard to the Martinsburg route. On the 16th, Johnston had his whole force under arms in battle order, and waited some hours, under the impression that you were approaching from Bunker Hill to attack him, and has since said he regrets not having attacked you. General Johnston had not less than 32,000 men, a very strong position, and between sixty and seventy guns, eleven of them pivot and of heavy calibre. I have conversed with a number of intelligent persons on the subject, and all agree very nearly as to the strength of Johnston's force and number of guns, and my own observations and personal inspection of the abandoned earthworks satisfy me of the correctness of their statements."

---

* McDowell's first day's work has driven the enemy beyond Fairfax Court-House. The Junction will probably be carried to-morrow.—*Telegram of General Scott to General Patterson, of July* 17.

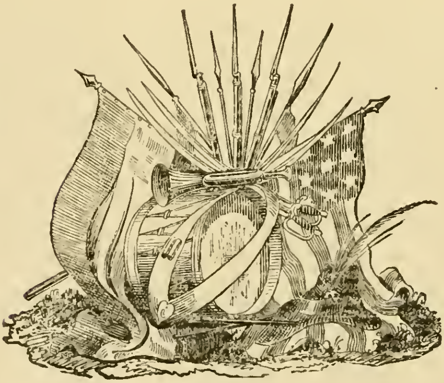
On the other hand, General Patterson was operating with a force much inferior, deficient in cavalry, artillery and transportation, a considerable body of men ordered to him, for some cause having failed to reach him. "I was," General Patterson says, "probably operating with a force less by twelve regiments than the General-in-chief intended; a fact sufficient to explain his exaggerated ideas of the strength of my command. My largest force was accumulated at Martinsburg, about 18,200 men. When I marched from there, I had to leave two regiments, taking about 16,800 men with me, and deducting from them the sick, the rear, and wagon guards, I could not have gone into action with more than 13,000 men, and at the time Johnston marched from Winchester I could not have taken into action 10,000 men."

Under these circumstances, to have attacked would have been fool-hardy, and sure to have entailed defeat. To have remained and made more determined demonstrations would have availed nothing, as Johnston could have left his militia to man the intrenchments, and have moved away the moment he was needed, and Patterson would have been powerless to prevent it. It would have been equally impossible for the latter to have attempted to follow, for he could not have known when the movement would take place. Indeed, the advance of so weak a force in the face of one powerful as was that of Johnston, who could at any moment have been strongly reinforced from Manassas, was a most hazardous one, and one which the Government and country should have regarded itself well out of when Patterson brought off his forces in safety to Harper's Ferry. Another circumstance which made the situation of the Union commander all the more delicate was, that the term of service of nearly his entire command had either fully expired or would expire in a few days. So great was the difficulty of maintaining himself until he could be reinforced by fresh troops to supply the place of those retiring, that he was obliged to appeal to the latter to remain in the field, which they did. But instead of bestowing upon these troops the meed of praise, which by their patriotism they richly merited, and regarding their commander with gratitude, the vials of denunciation and wrath were opened upon them in unstinted measure.

General Patterson, in 1865, after the war was over, prepared a narrative of the campaign, with all the correspondence which passed between himself and the General-in-chief. In one of the opening paragraphs he says: "The arms of the country had recently met with a severe disaster at Bull Run, and the public, whose expectation of success had been of the most sanguine character, were correspondingly depressed. Although conscious that I had executed, as far as lay in my power, every order that I had received, and was in no degree responsible for a disaster that I could not prevent, I was not surprised that I, as well as every other officer holding any command of importance at the time, should be the object of popular clamor. I was quite satisfied, however, to await the returning sense of the people, and to abide by their decision, when the natural passion and disappointment of the hour should pass away, and the full knowledge of the facts should enable them to form an intelligent and dispassionate judgment. . . . It was of course desirable for those who had directed the movements at Bull Run to refer their defeat to an occurrence for which they were not responsible, and not allow it to be attributed to any want of foresight or military skill on their part."

The fault of the positions of Patterson's and McDowell's armies in that first campaign of the war is now generally recognized. A hostile army cannot be confined and guarded like a flock of sheep. Instead of stationing forces at various points to check its motion, the true theory is to keep all the guarding forces in one compact body in readiness to move and fight as exigences may require. To get the most power out of an army depends upon bringing the greatest accumulation of strength to bear upon the point of impact. If a stone mason desires to break a tough rock, he selects a hammer of sufficient weight to effect the purpose, and brings it to bear with the requisite force at some one point, instead of employing the same weight of metal in a number of small hammers, and applying them in futile attempts in several opposite directions.

The two armies of Patterson and McDowell were separated by the two armies of Beauregard and Johnston, so posted, however, as to be practically one. The latter could, therefore, choose either of the opposing forces for attack, unite their strength, and defeat that one, and then turn upon and demolish the other. This is precisely what happened at Bull Run. Beauregard and Johnston formed a junction, and defeated McDowell, and would then have turned upon Patterson, had he not opportunely withdrawn. For this separation of force in the plan of the campaign, neither Patterson nor the troops of Pennsylvania, who served under him, were responsible.



CHAPTER VI.

THE GREAT UPRISING.

DANGERS now rapidly multiplied, and complications hourly thickened. On the 20th of April, 1861, the day following that in which the Massachusetts soldiers and General Small's Brigade of Pennsylvanians were attacked in Baltimore, Governor Curtin, recognizing the gravity of the dangers with which the State was threatened, issued the following Proclamation: "Whereas, an armed rebellion exists in a portion of the States of this Union, threatening the destruction of the National Government, perilling public and private property, endangering the peace and security of this Commonwealth, and inviting systematic piracy; and Whereas, adequate provision does not exist by law to enable the Executive to make the military power of the State as able and efficient as it should be for the common defence of the State and General Government, and Whereas, an occasion so extraordinary requires prompt legislative power, Therefore, I, by virtue of the power vested in me, do hereby convene the General Assembly of this Commonwealth, and require the members to meet at their respective Houses at Harrisburg, on Tuesday, April 30th, at noon, then to take into consideration and adopt such measures in the premises as the present exigences may demand." The seriousness of the situation was greatly enhanced by the fact that on the night previous to the issue of this call, all the lines of telegraph, and also all the great railroad thoroughfares leading to Washington, had been destroyed. The State was thus left open to attack, the General Government being unable to defend even its own Capital.

In his Message at the opening of this extra session, the Governor said: "The insurrection must now be met by force of arms; and to re-establish the Government upon an enduring basis by asserting its entire supremacy, to repossess the forts and other Government property so unlawfully seized and held, to ensure personal freedom and safety to the people and commerce of the Union, in every section, the people of the loyal States demand, as with one voice, and will contend for, as with one heart, and a quarter of a million of Pennsylvania's sons will answer the call to arms, if need be, to wrest us from a reign of anarchy and plunder, and secure for themselves and their children, for ages to come, the perpetuity of this Government and its beneficent institutions. . . . It is impossible to predict the lengths to which the madness that rules the hour in the rebellious States shall lead us, or when the calamities which threaten our hitherto happy country shall terminate. . . . To furnish ready support to those who have gone out, and to protect our borders, we should have a well-regulated military force. I, therefore, recommend the immediate organization, disciplining, and arming of at least fifteen regiments of cavalry and infantry, exclusive of those called into the service of the United States. As we have already ample warning of the necessity of being prepared for any sudden exigency that may arise, I cannot too much impress this upon you."

A bill was accordingly drawn, which after being duly considered and matured, was passed on the 15th of May, that gave the Governor the means and the authority to put the State in attitude to defend its southern border against the sudden incursions of the enemy, and to fly to the aid of the General Government in an emergency. By its terms the borrowing of $3,000,000 on the faith of the Commonwealth was authorized; the appointment of one Major-General and two Brigadier-Generals, and a grand staff; the terms of service of the Adjutant, Quartermaster, and Commissary-Generals were fixed for three years; soldiers were forbidden to leave the State to volunteer, and troops were prohibited from moving beyond the limits of the Commonwealth until fully armed and equipped; Associate Judges and County Commissioners were constituted a Board to meet monthly and provide relief at the expense of the county, for any in destitute circumstances dependent upon soldiers called into the military service, to meet which demands the Commissioners were empowered to make temporary loans; pensions were granted to the widow or minor children of one falling in the service; county and municipal officers who wished to enlist were allowed to appoint deputies; and the establishment of a military professorship in universities, colleges, and academies of the Commonwealth was authorized. These provisions indicate the earnestness which, at that early period, the Legislature manifested, and the enlarged and humane views by which it was swayed.

But the most important provision of the law was that, in compliance with the recommendation of the Governor, which authorized the formation of the Reserve Volunteer Corps of the Commonwealth, that eventually achieved a wide reputation as the Pennsylvania Reserves. The duty of raising this corps was entrusted to the Commander-in-chief, and the officers of the grand staff. It was to consist of thirteen regiments of Infantry, one of Cavalry, and one of Light Artillery, to serve for three years unless sooner discharged, to be liable to be called into the service of the State to suppress insurrection or to repel invasion, and further, to be liable to be mustered into the service of the United States at the call of the President. The Governor was to establish camps of instruction, and armories, and was to designate the time when the soldiers should attend upon instruction. When not in camp, nor in the field, they were to hold themselves in readiness to rendezvous upon the instant of warning.

The plan as provided in this bill would have given the Commonwealth the advantage of the instant service of a body of 15,000 picked troops, trained and disciplined by frequent and efficient drills, had it been executed as intended. Camps were established at West Chester, at Easton, at Harrisburg, and at Pittsburg, and George A. McCall, an experienced soldier, was appointed Major-General, under whose direction the corps was rapidly organized. Under the order of General Patterson for twenty-five regiments, while he was in command of the Department of Washington, and while cut off from communication with the Government, considerable progress had been made in recruiting, and when that order was countermanded, the work was not arrested, as there seemed a certain prospect that more troops would be needed; and when on the 15th of May, three weeks after the order of Patterson, the act providing for the Reserve Corps was passed, many troops were in readiness to enter it. To make it really the representative of the entire State, the Commander-in-chief made an estimate of the number, apportioned according to population, which could be received from each county.

But an event was soon to occur which eclipsed in pressing necessity the immediate defence of the southern border of the State. On the 21st of July was fought the first battle of Bull Run, in which the Union arms suffered a disastrous defeat. The field was within hearing of the National Capital, and the beaten army was largely composed of troops whose time had already ended, or would soon expire. Great consternation prevailed lest the foe, animated by victory, should immediately march upon the Capital, while few troops were left to defend it, and capture or disperse the officers of the Government. In this extremity the President called for the Reserve Corps, which, thanks to the intelligent policy of Pennsylvania, was in readiness to march. It arrived upon the front at a moment of dire extremity, and entered the breach, assuring safety to the city and Government. Having thus been taken into the service of the United States, and incorporated with the National army, it never again returned to the exclusive service of Pennsylvania; and during the three years of its duty, whether upon the march, or on the field of carnage, wherever hardships were to be borne or danger met, it maintained a reputation for courage and gallantry unsurpassed, the name of Reserves carrying gladness to friend and terror to foe.

Thus the enterprise of the authorities of Pennsylvania in providing for State defence, was circumvented upon the very threshold of its inception, and the border was left unprotected, except by the enrolled militia and volunteers who came at the Executive's call. Previous to the passage of the act for the organization of the Reserves, the President had called for thirty-nine regiments of infantry and one of cavalry to serve for three years or the war, and under this requisition four regiments were recruited and organized from Pennsylvania, which were mustered into the

United States service in advance of the Reserves. Hence, in numbering the new levies after the twenty-five regiments of three months' troops, these four were interposed, which caused the First of the Reserves to be the Thirtieth of the line. The Thirteenth of the Reserves was a rifle regiment known also as the Bucktail, which was consequently the Forty-second of the line, the artillery, the Fourteenth Reserve, the Forty-third, and the cavalry, the Fifteenth, the Forty-fourth. This duplicate numbering occasioned some confusion and was the source of numberless mistakes. To add to the complication, there were two of the three months' regiments, the Eleventh and the Twenty-third, which, when they came to be organized and recruited for three years, though composed for the most part of new men, like a knife with a new blade and a new handle, retained their old designations. Hence when the Eleventh regiment was spoken of, there was always doubt whether the Eleventh three months', the Eleventh three years', or the Eleventh Reserve, Fortieth of the line, was meant, and there was a possibility that the Eleventh cavalry, One Hundred and Eighth of the line, or the Eleventh militia, might be intended. In making up the records of the men belonging to the several regiments, frequent errors were discovered in official documents traceable to this cause, and some instances occurred in which it was impossible, with the data at hand, to decide with certainty to what regiment they belonged. To render this subject intelligible a table is given in which a statement of the entire force of the Commonwealth is exhibited, to which the reader is referred.

In a message addressed, on the 8th of May, to the Legislature at its extra session of 1861, the Governor informed that body that the Society of the Cincinnati of Pennsylvania had presented to him the sum of $500 to be used towards arming and equipping its volunteer troops, and asked that the manner of its use should be directed by statute. That Society was one whose original members were the representatives of the most exalted patriotism. They were the surviving soldiers of the Revolutionary army, who, when they saw the great work to which they had addressed themselves accomplished, when a long and sanguinary struggle, borne by a people meagre in numbers and with insignificant resources, finally had terminated triumphantly, gathered themselves together and pledged lasting friendship, and hearts responsive to the woes and wants of any who should be left destitute, or his widow, or his orphans. WASHINGTON was at its head, and MIFFLIN, and WAYNE, and REED, and CADWALADER, sainted names, were of them. That gift, though small in amount, was like a voice from patriot tombs, conjuring the soldiers of the present to fidelity to their trust. It was appropriately devoted to the purchase of flags to be carried at the head of the regiment, an inspiration in battle, and a perpetual reminder of the heroism of the men to which it allied them.

The following resolutions were passed on the 16th: "Whereas, in the present unprecedented circumstances of the country, suffering under a treasonable assault upon our constitutional liberties, this expression of patriotism, by a society founded by Washington and the illustrious chiefs of the Revolution, and embracing in its present organization their immediate and lineal descendants, and which is so honorably, closely associated with the hallowed memories which cluster around the early struggles and checkered history of our Republic, demands special recognition and approval, therefore, *Resolved*, That the Governor be and is hereby directed to expend the said money in the purchase of regimental flags having the coat-of-arms of the State. . . . That the Governor be authorized and directed to convey to the patriotic donors the acknowledgments of this Legislature, for the generous contribution thus spontaneously made towards the preservation of that Union which was established by the labors and sacrifices, and cemented by the blood of the gallant founders of their honored Association."

That the gift might be made the more significant, and might be a perpetual witness to all the soldiers of the State of its origin, a joint resolution was adopted instructing the Governor to ascertain how the regiments from Pennsylvania, during the war of the Revolution, of 1812, and of Mexico, were numbered, among what divisions of the service they were distributed, and where they distinguished themselves in action, and to procure regimental standards for troops now in the field or that may hereafter be recruited, and have them inscribed with the numbers of the aforetime regiments, have painted thereon the arms of the Commonwealth, and the names of the actions in which those regiments had won renown, and providing that all these standards, "after this unhappy Rebellion is ended, shall be returned to the Adjutant-General of the State, to be further inscribed, as the valor and good conduct of each particular regiment may have deserved, and that they then be carefully preserved by the State, to be delivered to such future regiments as the military necessities of the country may require Pennsylvania to raise."

When, at the conclusion of the war, these flags were returned to the hands of the Governor, their condition gave little hope that this last provision would be executed. On that bright May morning, in 1861, when this resolution was discussed and moulded into form, the actors in the scene had little conception of the countless multitude, making the solid earth tremble with their tread, who were to be called to the field, of the roar of battle, filling the heavens with sulphurous smoke, which was to resound from one end of this broad continent to the other, for the space of four long years, of the whole land filled with mourning for the myriads who, on the one side or the other, were to fall, or that these same flags would be rent and seamed with the hail of battle, and wrapt in the fiery billows of the conflict until many of them should be unrecognizable, and have not a shred left whereon to emblazon their story.

The attempt to hold the Shenandoah Valley by detached troops posted at Winchester or at Harper's Ferry, even though numbered by many thousands, to prevent the advance of the enemy across the Potomac, as in the case of Patterson in 1861, proved fruitless whenever an invasion of Maryland was attempted in force, and disasters of the most startling character to the Union arms were of frequent occurrence there throughout the greater portion of the war. On the 25th of May, 1862, a force of the enemy under Generals Ewell, Edward Johnson, and Stonewall Jackson, advancing down the valley, attacked General Banks who had been left at Winchester with about 4000 men. Spirited actions were maintained with the rebel vanguard, but from paucity of numbers the Union troops were speedily compelled to give way. Banks had with him a train of 500 wagons. These he struggled to save, and finally succeeded in crossing the Potomac with about 450, the remainder having been destroyed to keep them from the enemy's hands, but with the loss of nearly a quarter of his force in killed, wounded, and missing. The moment this concentrated attack of the enemy was discovered at Washington, presuming that the movement was for invasion, the President called on the Executive for the militia of Pennsylvania to meet the threatened danger. An order was promptly issued to the Major-Generals, and other officers of the State forces, and with alacrity and promptitude the citizen soldiery came flocking to the standard. But before they could be brought together at the camp of rendezvous, it was ascertained that the enemy's column had been checked by movements upon either flank by the forces under Fremont and McDowell, and that the necessity for immediate aid from the militia was past, when, on the 27th, the order was countermanded, and an acknowledgment of the patriotic zeal which had been shown was tendered.

But early in September, the rebel Army of Virginia in all its force, having beaten McClellan upon the Peninsula, and routed Pope upon the plains of Manassas, did cross the Potomac, and the danger of a protracted invasion of Pennsylvania, and the making it the seat of war, seemed imminent. As threatened twice before, the passage of the Potomac was made from the Shenandoah Valley. The rebel Commander-in-chief, General Robert E. Lee, had no sooner planted his army on Maryland soil, than he addressed a proclamation to the people of that State, in which he said: "The people of the Confederate States have long watched with the deepest sympathy the wrongs and outrages that have been inflicted upon the citizens of a Commonwealth allied to the States of the South by the strongest social, political, and commercial ties. They have seen with the profoundest indignation their sister State deprived of every right, and reduced to the condition of a conquered province. . . . Believing that the people of Maryland possessed a spirit too lofty to submit to such a Government, the people of the South have long wished to aid you in throwing off this *foreign yoke*, to enable you to enjoy the inalienable rights of freemen, and restore independence and sovereignty to your State. In obedience to this wish, our army has come among you, and is prepared to assist you with the power of its arms in regaining the rights of which you have been despoiled."

From the tenor of this proclamation it will be seen that a general uprising by the people of Maryland was anticipated, and the purpose of a permanent occupation foreshadowed. For how could they hope to "throw off the foreign yoke," and "restore independence and sovereignty," that is the independence and sovereignty of the rebel Government, unless a force of arms was maintained in their midst sufficient to repel any power which could be brought against them? But though the rebel leader was supreme in the State, and for many days held absolute sway, there was no rallying to his support, as he had anticipated. No foreign yoke was felt which they desired to throw off, as they already enjoyed that independence and sovereignty which was their choice. They gave him unmistakably to understand that his offer was gratuitous, and the grey-haired Barbara Fritchie, of "Fredericktown," whose courage the poet Whittier has immortalized in song, dared even to shake the Union flag in the leader's face.

A force of nearly 14,000 Union troops, under Colonel Dixon H. Miles, had been occupying the mouth of the Shenandoah Valley, which retired, as the enemy advanced, to Harper's Ferry, where they were shut up and the place invested by an army under Stonewall Jackson, and General Hill, estimated at 35,000 men. After a feeble resistance Miles surrendered, and, at the very moment of yielding, was instantly killed by the explosion of a shell. By this act, commonly regarded as one of disgraceful cowardice, or worse, nearly 12,000 men were surrendered prisoners of war, involving a loss of 11,000 stands of small arms, 1800 horses, and seventy-three pieces of artillery. Again was the futility of attempting to hold this highway of invasion by detached force demonstrated.

As soon as the result of the second battle of Bull Run was known, attention was at once directed to the defenceless condition of Pennsylvania. It was an hour of gloom for the whole country, and especially so to this State. The drain upon the population by the frequent and heavy calls for troops to fill the national armies, had left but a small part of the men fit for military duty to carry on the ordinary avocations of life. On the 4th of September, the day following that on which the combined Union forces fell back to the defences of Washington, Governor Curtin issued his proclamation, calling upon the people throughout the Commonwealth to rally for organization and drill, and to hold themselves in readiness to move at the moment of need. He recommended the formation of squadrons and companies, and that there might be opportunity for regular and systematic drill, advised that all business be suspended after three o'clock of each day, and that all classes, irrespective of rank or condition, should unite in the work of preparation.

To the counsel of the Executive good heed was given. The lawyer left his briefs, the judge the bench. The voice of wisdom was hushed in the schools. The furrow stood half turned. The water flowed lazily by the mills, whose spindles it was wont to keep whirling in endless attune. The hammer at the forge was silent, and in all the walks of business where was accustomed to be heard the steady hum of industry, a Sabbath silence reigned. On the field of rendezvous stood shoulder to shoulder the man of rare culture and he with the horny hands of toil.

On the 5th, the enemy crossed the Potomac at the various fords, and stood in force upon the Maryland shore; but authentic intelligence of his movements was slow in reaching the North. On the 10th, the Governor issued a General Order, calling on all able-bodied men to enroll, effect complete organizations, supply themselves with arms and sixty rounds of ammunition to the man, tendering arms to such as were unable to procure them; and, on the following day, acting under the authority of the President, he called for 50,000 men, directing them to report by telegraph for orders to march. "This call," says the Governor, in his message to the Legislature, "was promptly responded to, and a large force was sent forward to the Cumberland Valley and its vicinity. The first part of this force, consisting of one regiment and eight companies of infantry, moved from Harrisburg on the night of the 12th of September, and was followed by other regiments as rapidly as they could be organized and transportation provided. The command of the whole force was taken by Brigadier-General John F. Reynolds, who left his corps in the Army of the Potomac at my urgent request, and hurried to the defence of his native State, for which he is entitled to the thanks of the Commonwealth. Of the volunteer militia, 15,000 were pushed forward to Hagerstown and Boonsboro, in the State of Maryland; 10,000 were posted in the vicinity of Greencastle and Chambersburg; and about 25,000 were at Harrisburg, on their way to Harrisburg, or in readiness and waiting for transportation to proceed thither."

In the meantime, the advance of the invading army was arrested by the prompt movement of the Army of the Potomac. On the 14th, the enemy, who had taken possession of the passes of the South Mountain, was met and routed. Pushing rapidly forward, the Union Army came up with the main body of the foe, concentrated upon a neck of ground partially encircled by the Potomac and Antietam streams, and during the afternoon and evening of the 16th, and day of the 17th, a fierce battle was fought, in which the enemy was worsted, and driven back into Virginia, the field, with the rebel dead and wounded, remaining in the hands of the victorious Army of the Union.

The militia of the Commonwealth, though unable to participate in the struggle, reached the neighborhood of the field of strife in time to have been called into action, had their services been needed, proving their patriotism by their prompt response to the call and the readiness with which they seized the musket and transformed themselves from citizens to soldiers. On the 20th, General Reynolds issued an order for the return of these troops to Harrisburg, where had been established the general camp of rendezvous, and on the 24th they were disbanded and returned to their homes.

A few days after the battle General McClellan addressed, from his headquarters at Sharpsburg, the following letter of acknowledgment, to Governor Curtin, and through him to the people of Pennsylvania: "I beg to avail myself of almost the first moment of leisure I have had since the recent battles, to tender to you my thanks for your wise and energetic action in calling out the militia of Pennsylvania for its defence, when threatened by a numerous and victorious army of the enemy. Fortunately, circumstances rendered it impossible for the enemy to set foot upon the soil of Pennsylvania, but the moral support rendered to my army by your action was none the less mighty. In the name of my army, and for myself, I again tender to you our acknowledgments for your patriotic course. The manner in which the people of Pennsylvania responded to your call, and hastened to the defence of their frontier, no doubt exercised a great influence upon the enemy."

Governor Bradford, of Maryland, on whose soil the great struggles had occurred, and whose people the rebel General had proclaimed he had come to assist in throwing off a foreign yoke, issued a general order, dated at the Executive Department at Annapolis, September 29th, 1862, in which he said: "The expulsion of the rebel army from the soil of Maryland should not be suffered to pass without the proper acknowledgment and cordial thanks of her authorities, to those who were chiefly instrumental in compelling that evacuation. I would tender, therefore, on behalf of the State of Maryland, to Major-General McClellan, and the gallant officers and men under his command, my earnest and hearty thanks for the distinguished courage, skill, and gallantry with which that achievement was accomplished. It reflects a lustre upon the Commander-in-chief, and the heroism and endurance of his followers, that the country everywhere recognizes, and that even our enemies are constrained to acknowledge. To Governor Curtin, of Pennsylvania, and the militia of his State, who rallied with such alacrity at the first symptoms of an invasion, our warmest thanks are also due. The readiness with which they crossed the border, and took their stand beside the Maryland brigade, shows that the border is, in all respects, but an ideal line, and that in such a cause as now unites us, Pennsylvania and Maryland are but one."

A tribute could not have been more cordially or gracefully rendered to the promptitude and patriotism displayed by the citizens of Pennsylvania, who thus came to the rescue in this critical emergency than was this, and its value was enhanced by the evident sincerity and heartfelt gratitude which pervaded its every utterance. But if the words of the Governor, the chosen representative and mouthpiece of the people of the State, were pleasing to Pennsylvania, to the army, and indeed to the entire North, with what leaden weight must they have fallen upon the ears of the foe, who had been led to believe that Maryland was rendering unwilling obedience to Union rule, and was ready for revolt when the opportunity should be afforded? The result of this invasion dissipated a delusion which had been filling the minds of the insurgents from the time when the mob in Baltimore had cut off communication with the North, to the triumph of the Union arms on the field of Antietam, and with which they were never afterwards troubled.

For nearly six weeks the Union army remained upon the north bank of the Potomac. On the 19th of October, General Stuart, of the rebel army, with 1800 horsemen, under command of Generals Hampton, Lee, and Jones, and four pieces of flying artillery, crossed the Potomac at McCoy's, between Williamsport and Hancock, and headed for Pennsylvania. As he struck the national road he learned that General Cox, with six Ohio regiments and two batteries, had just passed in the direction of Cumberland. Pushing forward he passed through Mercersburg at noon, and arrived before Chambersburg after dark. Determining not to wait until morning to attack, he sent in a flag of truce demanding its surrender. He found the town defenceless, and immediately entered; 275 Union sick and wounded soldiers were found in hospital and paroled. The troopers were busy gathering horses; but with this exception, the night was passed in quiet. On the following morning the column was early astir, Hampton, who led, taking the road towards Gettysburg. Before departing, the rear guard notified the citizens living in the neighborhood of the warehouses to remove their families, as they were about to fire all public property. In one of these was a large amount of ammunition, captured from General Longstreet's train, but which was for the most part worthless. There were also stored some Government shoes and clothing, and muskets. At eleven o'clock the station-house, round-house, and machine shops of the railroad, and the warehouses near, were fired, and the last of the rebels took their departure. Fire companies were quickly brought out, but it was dangerous to approach. In a little time a terrible explosion told that the flames had reached the powder, and for hours shells were exploding incessantly. After crossing the South Mountain, the rebel column turned back eight or ten miles in the direction of Hagerstown, and then entered Maryland by way of Emmittsburg. Before reaching Frederick, it crossed the Monocacy, passed at night through Liberty, New Market, and Monravia, cutting the line of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad at the latter place, intercepted at Hyattstown a portion of McClellan's wagon train, and after a sharp skirmish near Poolsville, escaped across the Potomac at White's Ford, incurring scarcely any loss, and carrying off all his booty.

Some incidents of the rebel stay at Chambersburg were pleasantly narrated by Mr. Alexander McClure, in an article contributed at the time to the Chambersburg *Repository*, which paper he then edited. It was evening, and in the midst of a drenching rain, that they came. After going out with two others, Messrs. Kennedy and Kimmell, on behalf of the citizens, to respond to the demand of the rebels for the surrender of the town, and informing them that there was no military force there to oppose them, Mr. McClure hastened to his own home. "It was now midnight," he says, "and I sat on the porch observing their movements. They had my best cornfield beside them, and their horses fared well. In a little while one entered the yard, came up to me, and after a profound bow, politely asked for a few coals to start a fire. I supplied him, and informed him as blandly as possible where he would find wood conveniently, as I had dim visions of camp-fires made of my palings. I was thanked in return, and the mild-mannered villain proceeded at once to strip the fence and kindle fires. Soon after, a squad came and asked permission to get some water. I piloted them to the pump, and again received a profusion of thanks.

"Communication having thus been opened between us, squads followed each other closely for water, but each called and asked permission before getting it, and promptly left the yard. I was somewhat bewildered at this uniform courtesy, and supposed it but a prelude to a general movement upon everything eatable in the morning. It was not a grateful reflection that my beautiful mountain trout, from twelve to twenty inches long, sporting in the spring, would probably grace the rebel breakfast table; that the blooded calves in the yard beside them would most likely go with the trout; and the dwarf pears had, I felt assured, abundant promise of early relief from their golden burdens.

"About one o'clock, half a dozen officers came to the door and asked to have some coffee made for them, offering to pay liberally for it in Confederate scrip. After concluding a treaty with them on behalf of the colored servants, coffee was promised them, and they then asked for a little bread with it. They were wet and shivering, and seeing a bright, open wood-fire in the library, they asked permission to enter and warm themselves until their coffee should be ready, assuring me that under no circumstances should anything in the house be disturbed by their men. I had no alternative but to accept them as my guests until it might please them to depart, and I did so with as good grace as possible. Once seated around the fire, all reserve seemed forgotten on their part, and they opened a general conversation on politics, the war, the different battles, the merits of generals in both armies, etc. They spoke with entire freedom upon every subject but their movement into Chambersburg. Most of them were men of more than ordinary intelligence and culture, and their demeanor was in all respects eminently courteous. I took a cup of coffee with them, and have seldom seen anything more keenly relished. They said they had not tasted coffee for weeks before, and then they had paid from six to ten dollars per pound for it. When they were through, they asked whether there was any coffee left, and finding that there was some, they proposed to bring some more officers and a few privates who were prostrated by exposure to get what was left. They were, of course, as welcome as those present, and on they came in squads of five or more, until every grain of browned coffee was exhausted. They then asked for tea, and that was served to some twenty more. . . .

"In the meantime, the officers who had first entered the house had filled their pipes from the box of Killickinick on the mantel —after being assured that smoking was not offensive—and we had another hour of free talk on matters generally. When told that I was a decided Republican, they thanked me for being candid; but when, in reply to their inquiries, I told them that I cordially sustained the President's Emancipation Proclamation, they betrayed a little nervousness, but did not for a moment forget their propriety. They admitted it to be the most serious danger that had yet threatened them, but they were all hopeful that it would not be sustained in the North with sufficient unanimity to enforce it. . . . They all declared themselves heartily sick of the war, but determined never to be reunited with the North. At four o'clock in the morning the welcome blast of the bugle was heard, and they rose hurriedly to depart. Thanking me for the hospitality they had received, we parted, mutually expressing the hope that should we ever meet again, it would be under more pleasant circumstances."

The year 1862 proved one of endless activity. The camps at Harrisburg, at Pittsburg, and in the neighborhood of Philadelphia were kept constantly alive with troops, preparing for the field, and reminded one of hives at swarming time. From the middle of April, 1861, to the close of the year 1862, a period of a little more than twenty months, there were recruited and organized, 111 regiments for a service of three years, including eleven regiments of cavalry and three of artillery; twenty-five regiments for three months, seventeen volunteer regiments for nine months, fifteen of drafted militia, and twenty-five of militia called out for the emergency—a grand aggregate of 193 regiments, embracing in their ranks over 200,000 men. In the work of bringing out so vast a body from the peaceful avocations of life, to swell the ranks of the National armies, there was exhibited a patriotism and a firmness unsurpassed. Mothers encouraged their sons to enlist, and sisters wrought industriously in preparing the outfit of the departing ones, exemplifying the stern heroism of that matron of old who brought forth the shield, and giving it her son, bade him return *with* it, or *on* it. Nor was it a stoical resolve that actuated them. The tenderest emotions were stirred, and it was not without the most bitter pangs that loved ones were seen directing their footsteps to the field. They were daily remembered at the hearthstone, and followed by the prayers of purest and holiest affection.

A voice heard above the stirring appeals of the Executive of the Commonwealth, or of the Nation, a voice more potent than that of the rostrum, or the promptings of honor on the field of strife, moved all hearts. The song of Bryant in his thrilling strain, *Our Country's Call*, which seemed more aptly addressed to Pennsylvania, from its physical figuration, than to any other State, expressed the sentiment which inspired and moved the gathering hosts:

"Lay down the axe; fling by the spade;
Leave in its track the toiling plough;
The rifle and the bayonet blade
For arms like yours are fitter now.
And let the hands that ply the pen
Quit the light task, and learn to wield
The horseman's crooked brand, and rein
The charger on the battle-field.

"Our country calls; away! away!
To where the blood-stream blots the green;
Strike to defend the gentlest sway
That Time in all his course has seen.
See, from a thousand coverts—see,
Spring the armed foes that haunt her track;
They rush to smite her down, and we
Must beat the banded traitors back.

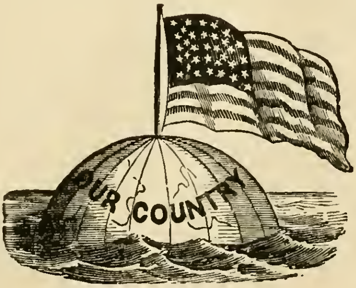
"Ho! sturdy as the oak ye cleave,
And moved as soon to fear and flight,
Men of the glade and forest, leave
Your woodcraft for the field of fight.
The arms that wield the axe must pour
An iron tempest on the foe;
His serried ranks shall reel before
The arm that lays the panther low.

"And ye who breast the mountain storm
By grassy steep or highland lake,
Come, for the land ye love, to form
A bulwark that no foe can break.
Stand like your own grey cliffs that mock
The whirlwind, stand to her defence:
The blast as soon shall move the rock,
As rushing squadrons bear you thence.

And ye whose homes are by her grand,
Swift rivers, rising far away,
Come from the depths of her green land
As mighty in your march as they;
As terrible as when the rains
Have swelled them over bank and bourne,
With sudden floods to drown the plains,
And sweep along the woods uptorn.

"And ye who throng beside the deep
Her ports and hamlets of the strand,
In number like the waves that leap
On his long murmuring marge of sand,
Come, like that deep, when, o'er his brim,
He rises all his floods to pour,
And flings the proudest barks that swim
A helpless wreck against the shore.

"Few, few were they whose swords of old
Won the fair land in which we dwell;
But we are many, we who hold
The grim resolve to guard it well.
Strike for that broad and goodly land,
Blow after blow, till men shall see
That Might and Right move hand in hand,
And glorious must their triumph be."

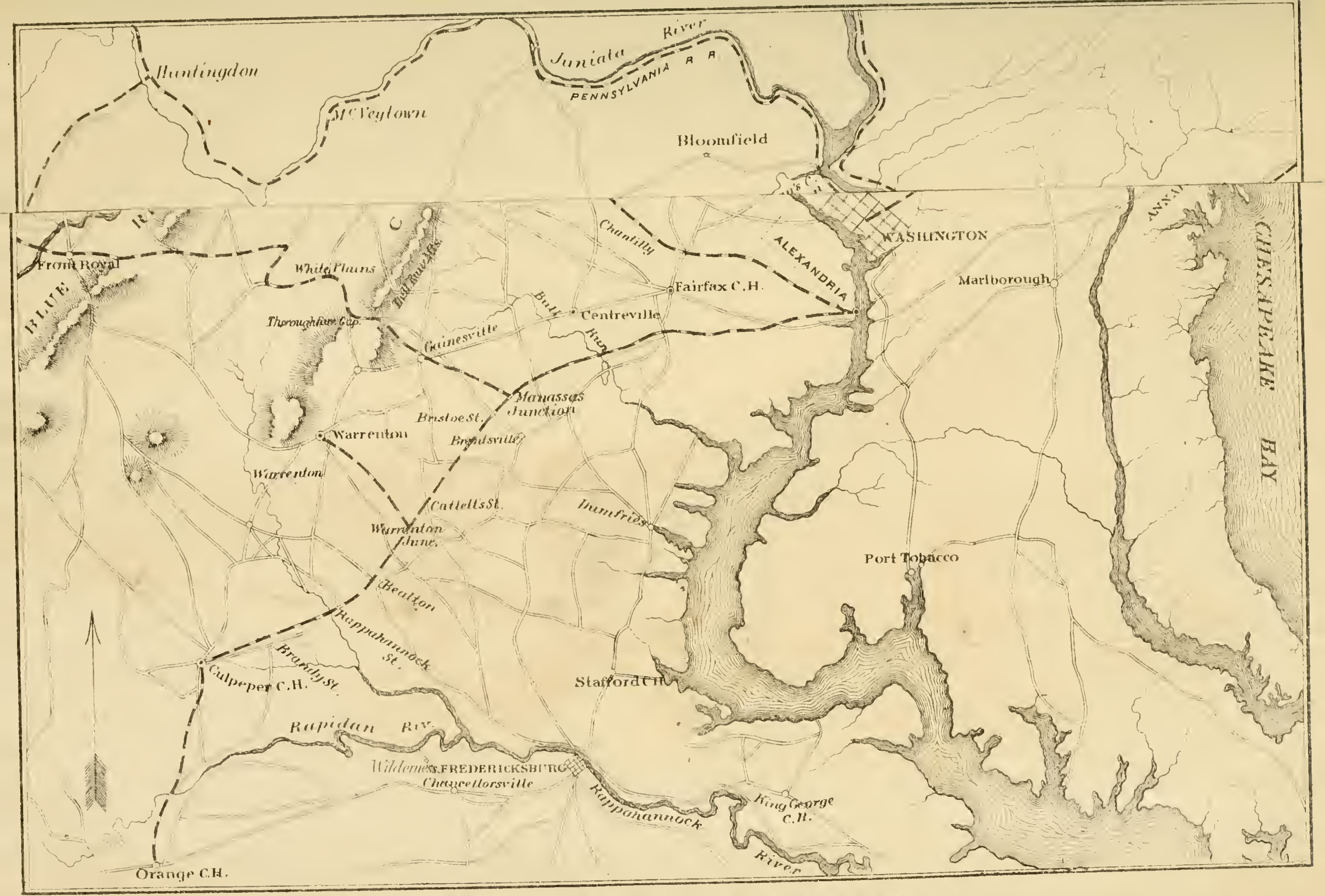


CHAPTER VII.

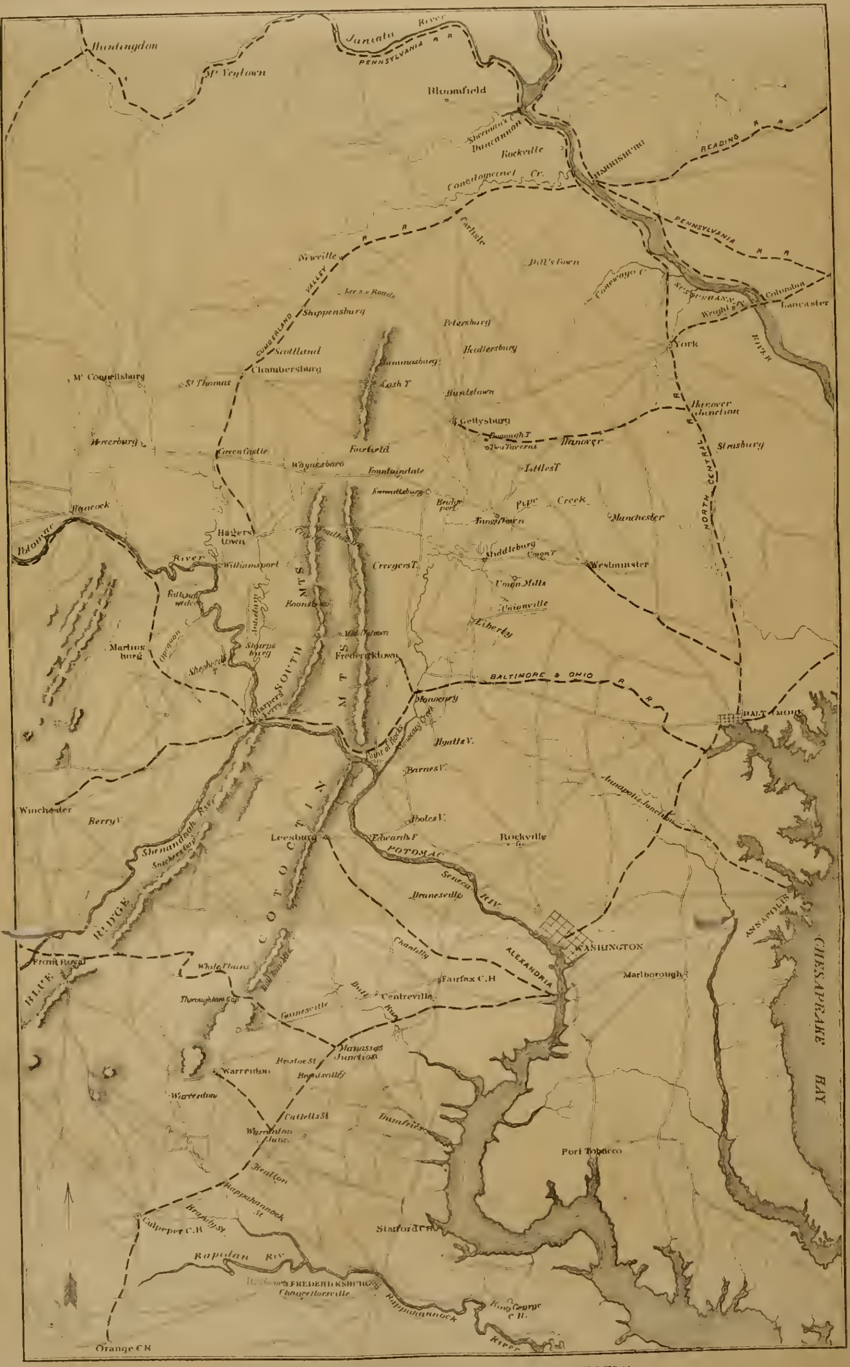
PRELIMINARIES TO THE BATTLE OF GETTYSBURG UNDER HOOKER.

NO part of Virginia, which in the late war was everywhere ploughed by battle, has more stirring associations, than that bordering upon the Rappahannock. At the head of navigation, upon the right bank of this stream, is Fredericksburg, and a dozen miles above this, on the same side, but a little back from the river, is Chancellorsville. For nearly a year, from October, 1862, to June, 1863, the two contending armies, that of the Potomac, and that of Northern Virginia, had lain stretched out upon the opposite banks, warily watching each other, but principally concentrated about the town of Fredericksburg. Twice during that time the Army of the Potomac had crossed and offered battle, first under General Burnside at Fredericksburg, on the 13th of December, 1862, a most inclement season, and again under General Hooker, at Chancellorsville, on the 2d and 3d of May. In both of these engagements, that army had been repulsed, and had returned decimated and dispirited to its old camps.

In the latter battle, the rebel army had achieved a victory with only a part of its ordinary strength, heavy columns, upwards of 40,000 men, having been sent away under some of its most trusted Generals, Longstreet, Hill, Picket, Hood, Garnett, Anderson, Jenkins, and Pettigrew, to operate against the Union troops south of the James, principally at Little Washington, North Carolina, and at Suffolk, Virginia, with the design of regaining all that coast. Failing in carrying either of those places either by assault or by direct approaches, the siege of the latter, which had been conducted by Longstreet in person, had been raised on the very day that the most desperate fighting was in progress at



FROM FREDERICKSBURG TO GETTYSBURG.



FROM FREDERICKSBURG TO GETTYSBURG

Chancellorsville. The new rebel department which had been erected in that locality, and over which General Longstreet had been placed, was broken up, and the troops thus released were hurried away to join General Lee upon the Rappahannock.

Elated by two great victories, and made confident by the large accessions of strength he was receiving, the rebel chieftain at once began to meditate a systematic invasion of the North. In this he was seconded by the Government at Richmond. If a permanent lodgment could be made on Northern soil, great advantages were promised, and the hope, from the beginning cherished, of transferring the theatre of war to that section, would be realized; the great network of railroads concentring at Harrisburg could be broken up; the supply of coal from the anthracite regions of Pennsylvania, the almost sole reliance for the entire navy of the Union, could be deranged; the casting of heavy guns for both the army and navy, at Pittsburg, could be impeded; and foreign Governments, seeing the vitality displayed, might thereby be induced to recognize the new power as a nation. Doubtless political considerations at home also urged on the leaders to this enterprise. But greater than all these, the rebel President had learned that Vicksburg must fall before the victorious armies of Grant, and he hoped by a brilliant campaign on Northern soil to break the crushing weight of the blow thus impending from the West.

An invasion seemed to promise some if not all of these advantages. Having gained victories so easily upon the Rappahannock, General Lee argued that he could gain them with equal ease upon the Susquehanna. Turning to the Union army, now commanded by General Hooker, he saw in its condition ample matter of encouragement. It was dispirited by defeat. There was a want of harmony among its Generals, and especially between its Commander and the General-in-chief of all the armies, Halleck. Besides, the time of about 40,000 nine-months' men had expired, and the places which they had left vacant had not been filled. But there was one untoward circumstance, the importance of which, in his overweening self-confidence, he had failed to recognize. On that evening in May, at Chancellorsville, when with the force of an avalanche his massed columns had been precipitated upon the Union army, Stonewall Jackson, that thunderbolt in war, who had led his legions victorious in almost every battle, had fallen, mortally wounded, and was borne forever from the theatre of mortal strife.

In his confidence the whole army and the entire South shared, and on the morning of the 3d of June, just one month from the close of the Battle of Chancellorsville, Lee put his columns in motion for a campaign in the North. He, however, skilfully masked his movements, leaving Hill's corps to occupy his old camps upon the immediate Union front, upon the Rappahannock, and to hold, apparently with his accustomed strength, the intrenchments along all the heights, and sending clouds of cavalry to hover upon his right flank. He also exercised unceasing vigilance to prevent any one from crossing the river who could carry intelligence of his purposes into the Union lines, and all of Hooker's scouts who had been sent across to ascertain what movements were in progress were seized, not one of them returning.

But nothing could escape the keen eye of Hooker. The most insignificant change of camp was noted, and its interpretation divined. As early as the 28th of May, he telegraphed to Secretary Stanton: "It has been impossible for me to give any information concerning the movements of the enemy at all satisfactory. I have had several men over the river, but, as they do not return, I conclude that they have been captured. The enemy's camps are as numerous and as well filled as ever. It was reported to me this morning, by General Gregg, that the enemy's cavalry had made their appearance in the vicinity of Warrenton, on the strength of which I have ordered on to that line Buford's division, to drive them across the river and to keep them there. If necessary, I will send up additional forces. . . . In the event a forward movement should be contemplated by the enemy, and he should have been reinforced by the army from Charleston, I am in doubt as to the direction he will take, but probably the one of last year, however desperate it may appear—desperate if his force should be no greater than we have reason to suppose. The enemy has always shown an unwillingness to attack fortified positions; still, you may rest assured that important movements are being made, and, in my opinion, it is necessary for every one to be watchful. The enemy has all his cavalry force, five brigades, collected at Culpeper and Jefferson. This would indicate a movement in the direction of the Orange and Alexandria Railroad, and this it is my duty to look after."

We see in this dispatch already prefigured in the mind of Hooker the probable course which the rebel army would take. Intimations continued to come to him from various sources strengthening this opinion. A Savannah paper had published an outline of the contemplated invasion, which had reached the Northern press. The movement of rebel troops northward was also discovered and reported to him from a signal station in the First corps.

To enable the rebel army to move with assurance of success, its commander had been allowed to draw every available man, taking the armies from before Suffolk, from North Carolina, from Virginia in the direction of Tennessee, and from the rebel Capital. A like concentration was not attempted on the Union side. Dix was at Fortress Monroe, Peck at Suffolk, Foster in North Carolina, Heintzelman in the Department of Washington, Schenck at Baltimore, Tyler at Harper's Ferry, and Milroy at Winchester. Over the troops in these several districts, General Hooker had no control, and when a detachment from one of them near Harper's Ferry received an order from him, its commander refused to obey it, as did General Slough at Alexandria, when a brigade of the Pennsylvania Reserve corps was ordered up to the front. Against this isolation Hooker remonstrated repeatedly. In concluding an important dispatch of the 5th of June, he said: "In view of these contemplated movements of the enemy, I cannot too forcibly impress upon the mind of his Excellency, the President, the necessity of having one commander for all the troops whose operations can have an influence on those of Lee's army. Under the present system all independent commanders are in ignorance of the movements of the others—at least such is my situation. I trust that I may not be considered in the way to this arrangement, as it is a position I do not desire, and only suggest it as I feel the necessity for concert, as well as vigor of action." But his appeal was not heeded, whether from lack of confidence in his ability to direct operations on so large a scale, or whether it was deemed better to have minor movements under the control of the head of the army at Washington, is not apparent.

In the midst of his efforts to harmonize counsels, and centralize the Union forces, intimations thickened from all sides tending to the one conclusion, that Lee's army had been largely reinforced, and that it was secretly moving on an important campaign, either of invasion, or to turn the right flank of the Union army. Should he find the former supposition to be correct, General Hooker, in the communication quoted from above, desired permission to cross the Rappahannock, and fall upon the isolated portion left in his front. The reply of Mr. Lincoln is characteristic, and illustrates remarkably the clearness of his conceptions, and the homely but pointed similes with which he enforced them: "Yours of to-day," he says, "was received an hour ago. So much of professional military skill is requisite to answer it that I have turned the task over to General Halleck. He promises to perform it with his utmost care. I have but one idea which I think worth suggesting to you, and that is, in case you find Lee coming to the north of the Rappahannock, I would by no means cross to the south of it. If he should leave a rear force at Fredericksburg tempting you to fall upon it, it would fight in intrenchments, and have you at a disadvantage, and so, man for man, worst you at that point, while his main force would be getting an advantage of you northward. In one word, I would not take any risk of being entangled upon the river, like an ox jumped half over a fence and liable to be torn by dogs front and rear, without a fair chance to gore one way or kick the other. If Lee would come to my side of the river, I would keep on the same side and fight him, or act on the defensive according as might be my estimate of his strength relatively to my own. But these are mere suggestions, which I desire to be controlled by the judgment of yourself and General Halleck."

The opinion of Mr. Lincoln, expressed in his quaint but forcible way, must be acknowledged remarkably just, and withal is so modestly propounded that it cannot fail to commend itself to the most violent advocate of the opposing view. A small force in the intrenchments, upon those frowning heights which had been before attacked with such disastrous results, would have been equal to a much larger one in the attacking column.

That he might, however, discover what was really behind the works on his front, the Sixth corps was ordered down to Franklin's crossing of the Rappahannock a little below Fredericksburg, on the morning of the 6th of June, and a portion of it, under command of General Howe, was thrown across. A strong demonstration showed that the enemy was in heavy force in front, and that the heights, for a distance of twenty miles, were still firmly held, Hill's entire corps of 30,000 men being present. But that he might seem to threaten the rebel rear and retain his troops as long as possible, Hooker kept the Sixth corps in position at the river, with the Fifth at Banks' and United States Fords, and as late as the 12th threw across two pontoon bridges as if to pass over. Lee, in his official report, says: "General Hill disposed his forces to resist their advance, but as they seemed intended for the purpose of observation rather than attack, the movements in progress were not arrested."

Determined to be satisfied of the real position of the rebel infantry, Pleasanton, who commanded the cavalry, was ordered to cross the Rappahannock at the fords above, at daylight on the morning of the 9th, with a strong column, stiffened by 3000 infantry, and attack the enemy's cavalry camp,—supposed to be located in the direction of Culpeper. A severe battle ensued in the neighborhood of Brandy station, in which the enemy was roughly handled. But the rebel infantry coming to the rescue, Pleasanton was obliged to withdraw. From information obtained and official papers captured, it was learned that the enemy's cavalry, which, by accessions from the Shenandoah Valley and from North Carolina, now numbered 12,000 men, and had, the day before, been reviewed by General Lee, was on the following morning, the 10th, to have started on a raid into Maryland and Pennsylvania.

The result of this reconnoissance was two-fold, and proved very important to the Union commander. It crippled the enemy's cavalry in such a manner that it did not recover so as to be effective in the campaign upon which it was about entering, giving an evil omen to its opening scene; and it disclosed the fact that two corps of the enemy, those of Ewell and Longstreet, were well on their way towards the Shenandoah Valley. It also demonstrated the very unpleasant fact that Lee's cavalry was at least a third stronger than Hooker's. Having abundant force to seize and hold all the fords of the river, the enemy was secure from attack while on the march, and when the valley was reached, by holding the passes of the Blue Ridge, he was completely protected by this great natural wall.

Convinced that the movement of the opposing army was not a feint, but the opening of a real campaign northward, on the morning of the 12th, Hooker ordered General Reynolds to assume command of the right wing of the Union army, consisting of the First, his own, Third, and Eleventh corps, and all the cavalry, and proceed with it along the line of the Orange and Alexandria Railroad, to Manassas, a movement correspondent to that which the enemy was making, though upon an inner circle, with Washington as a centre; and on the following day ordered the Second, Fifth, Sixth, and Twelfth corps into motion northward. The moment the Union forces disappeared behind the hills of Stafford, Hill withdrew from his position and followed Lee. Ewell, who was in the advance, had crossed the Shenandoah river at Front Royal and passed down behind the great mountain range which walls it in on the south; but Longstreet, seeing the Union army moving away from him, felt secure in marching by the more direct route on this side of the Blue range, and entered the valley by Snicker's Gap. Hill moved upon the track of Ewell. That his left flank might be protected from incursions from West Virginia, Lee sent Imboden with a body of cavalry towards Romney, who destroyed the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, effectually cutting off communication from Union forces operating in that direction.

The old counsel of keeping a force at Harper's Ferry to guard the mouth of the valley, and prevent incursions into Maryland and Pennsylvania, had been persevered in, and when the enemy's cavalry sent forward under Jenkins approached, closely followed by the infantry of Ewell, they found a Union force at Winchester of 7500 men under General Milroy, and another at Harper's Ferry under General Tyler of 10,000,—too many troops to throw away, and too few to cope with the numbers brought against them, enough to tempt to enterprise, and give zest to the play. Again was this the field of shame, disaster, and defeat. By a strange oversight, neither General Halleck nor the Secretary of War had informed General Milroy, who was first to be struck, that the rebel army was moving in force down the valley, and he had no intimation of the fact until the head of Ewell's column was upon him. He made such resistance as was possible, but was speedily routed, and all his guns and many of his men fell into the enemy's hands. On the night of the 14th, having ascertained that two corps of the rebel army, numbering 60,000 men, were upon his front, and being convinced that further resistance was useless, he had determined, in council of war, to cut his way out. He accordingly spiked his guns, and leaving all his trains which had not already been sent away, marched at two in the morning of the 15th; but at a point four miles out on the Martinsburg pike, he encountered a heavy column under Johnson posted to intercept him, and though making a gallant fight was unable to move the foe. His forces were broken, and while many of them escaped and made their way into the Union lines, the killed, wounded, and missing numbered more than half of his command.

That Lee should not out-manœuvre him, and by powerful demonstrations northward, suddenly turn and come in upon his rear, Hooker moved slowly, keeping himself constantly informed of the progress of the main body of his antagonist's force, and sending the Second corps to Thoroughfare Gap, and a division of cavalry supported by the Fifth corps, to Aldie. At this point a brisk action occurred with the cavalry of Stuart, wherein the latter was pushed back through Upperville into Ashby's Gap, by the division of General Gregg, supported by General Kilpatrick. "We took," says General Pleasanton, "two pieces of artillery, one being a Blakeley gun, together with three caissons, besides blowing one up. We also captured upwards of sixty prisoners, and more are coming in, including a Lieutenant-Colonel, Major, and five other officers, besides a wounded Colonel, and a large number of wounded rebels in the town of Upperville. They left their dead and wounded upon the field. Of the former I saw upwards of twenty. We also took a large number of carbines, pistols, and sabres. In fact, it was a most disastrous day for the rebel cavalry. Our loss has been very small both in men and horses. I never saw the troops behave better, or under more difficult circumstances."

It was now thoroughly apparent to Hooker that the rebel army was intent not merely on crossing the Potomac but on pushing the invasion as far north as the Army of the Potomac would allow. He had, on the 15th, six days before this latter engagement, telegraphed to the President: "I now feel that invasion is his settled purpose. If so, he has more to accomplish, but with more hazard, by striking an easterly direction after crossing than a northerly one. It seems to me that he will be more likely to go north and to incline to the west. He can have no design to look after his rear. It is an act of desperation on his part, no matter in what force he moves." Hooker never appears to better advantage than in the few sentences here quoted, except it be in the manœuvres preliminary to Chancellorsville. He seems as conversant with his adversary's plans and purposes as does that adversary himself, and his movements are timed with a skill unexampled to completely shield Washington, and to be in readiness to strike should the opportunity be presented. This is now made apparent by General Lee's own report. "The position occupied by the enemy," he says, "opposite Fredericksburg, being one in which he could not be attacked to advantage, it was determined to draw him from it. The execution of this purpose embraced the relief of the Shenandoah Valley from the troops that had occupied the lower part of it during the winter and spring, and, if practicable, the transfer of the scene of hostilities north of the Potomac. . . . In addition to these advantages, it was hoped that other valuable results might be attained by military success."

What those valuable results were, may be inferred from the rumors which found their way into the Southern press, and were commented on in the most extravagant and visionary manner. The Richmond *Whig*, of July 1st, counting confidently on success, said: "If it be true that the Confederate forces occupy Harrisburg, the attention of the Commanding General will no doubt be directed to the coal-fields, which lie within forty or fifty miles of that city. His first aim will be to cut all the railroad connections, and thus put a stop to the transportation of fuel. His next will be to destroy the most costly and not easily replaced machinery of the pits. Whether he would stop at this is questionable. He might set fire to the pits, withdraw the forces sent out on this special duty, and leave the heart of Pennsylvania on fire, never to be quenched until a river is turned into the pits, or the vast supply of coal is reduced to ashes. The anthracite coal is found in large quantities in no other part of the world but Pennsylvania. Enormous quantities are used in the United States navy, the countless workshops and manufactories of the North, in the river boats and even upon locomotives. It cannot well be replaced by any other fuel. The bituminous coal which is found near Pittsburg would not answer the purpose, even if it would bear the cost of transportation. Our troops already hold the railroads and canals leading from the Cumberland coal-fields. All that is needed is to seize the anthracite fields, destroy the roads and machinery of the pits, set fire to the mines and leave them. Northern industry will thus be paralyzed at a single blow. These views may have induced General Lee to move upon Harrisburg. We doubt whether he would fire the mines, but the destruction of the Mauch Chunk Railroad and pit implements would be as legitimate as blowing up tunnels and aqueducts, or burning bridges. Of one thing we may be sure, that whatever is best to be done will be done by General Lee, and if he thinks proper to destroy the Pennsylvania mines they will certainly be destroyed."

Three days before this was written, General Lee records in his report: "Preparations were now made to move on Harrisburg," showing that the Richmond papers, though mistaken as to the result, were correctly informed of the purposes of the Confederate chieftain.

While the armies of Hooker and Lee were moving northward, only separated from each other by a mountain chain, the States north of the Potomac, which lay directly in their way, began to take the alarm. But a narrow section of Maryland had to be traversed before the southern border of Pennsylvania would be reached, a country luxurious with waving grain, plenteous flocks and herds, and orchards bending with mellow fruit, tempting the hand of the spoiler. For the defence of the border no preparations had been made, and no power existed capable of arresting the march of the veteran army of the enemy, other than an equally strong and well disciplined force. The attempt to have kept a body of militia, or even of trained soldiers unskilled in battle, to guard it, would have been as impracticable as it would have been useless. But to prepare for temporary defence, and to succor the army of the Union in its grapple with its adversary, which was sure to come, was now the part of discretion; and accordingly, on the 9th of June, two military departments were erected, one embracing all that part of Pennsylvania east of Johnstown and the Laurel Hill range, with headquarters at Harrisburg, at the head of which Major-General Darius N. Couch was placed, and the other, the portion of the State west of that line, together with parts of West Virginia and Ohio contiguous, with headquarters at Pittsburg, and to the command of which Major-General William T. H. Brooks was assigned. These officers were charged with organizing troops within their respective districts, under the title of departmental corps. In this work they were powerfully aided by Governor Curtin, who issued his proclamation on the 12th, assuring the people of the danger impending, and urging them to enlist in the proposed organizations, and on the 14th, especially called upon citizens of African descent to rally around the standard of the State.

But little progress was made in the work of gathering troops. Men were slow to come. It was at a season of the year when every laboring man was needed to gather the maturing crops, and every walk of life had been already depleted to swell the ranks of the National armies. It would seem, too, that even those in authority were not impressed with the belief that an invasion by the whole rebel army was meditated. In his proclamation, Governor Curtin said: "Information has been obtained by the War Department, that a large rebel force, composed of cavalry, artillery, and mounted infantry, has been prepared for the purpose of making a raid into Pennsylvania;" and General Couch, in his order announcing the formation of his corps: "To prevent serious raids by the enemy, it is deemed necessary to call upon the citizens of Pennsylvania to furnish promptly all the men necessary to organize an army corps of volunteer infantry, cavalry, and artillery, to be designated the Army Corps of the Susquehanna."

Unfortunately for getting an immediate strong force to act for the emergency, it was announced by General Couch that the troops "would be mustered into the service of the United States, to serve during the pleasure of the President, or the continuance of the war." The majority of men were deterred, by this condition, from enlisting, who, to meet the emergency, if one really existed, would have come promptly forward. The inference derived from the language of Governor Curtin, and of General Couch, left the impression that no invasion in force was anticipated, but that the General Government was desirous of taking advantage of the threatened rebel advance to obtain soldiers for the National armies. In the two former years, these rumors had been frequent, but had never resulted in any material harm to the State, and it was now scarcely credited that the enemy would be so adventurous as to come, with all his legions, upon Pennsylvania soil.

But the disposition of the enemy to advance became daily more apparent. On Sunday evening, June the 14th, affrighted contrabands from the Shenandoah Valley commenced arriving in Greencastle, the first town in Pennsylvania over the border, and soon after reached Chambersburg, bringing intelligence of the route of Milroy, and the rapid advance of the head of the conquering rebel column. As it was known that at Winchester and Harper's Ferry there was a strong army corps, it was now perceived that the enemy was coming in earnest. "On Monday morning," says Mr. McClure, in an article published in the Chambersburg *Repository*, "the flood of rumors from the Potomac fully confirmed the advance of the rebels, and the citizens of Chambersburg and vicinity, feeling unable to resist the rebel columns, commenced to make prompt preparation for the movement of stealable property. Nearly every horse, good, bad, and indifferent, was started for the mountains as early on Monday as possible, and the negroes darkened the different roads northward for hours, loaded with household effects, sable babies, etc., and horses, wagons, and cattle crowded every avenue to places of safety."

The hegira thus commenced received a fresh impetus at nine o'clock on that morning, by the arrival of the advance of Milroy's wagon train, which had escaped across the Potomac, and was making haste to put itself beyond the reach of the enemy. As the long dusky train wound through the town, and for hours continued to wend its weary way, affright seized the inhabitants and spread wildly through the country. Valuable stock of all descriptions was put upon the road northward, and did not halt in its course until the Susquehanna had been left behind. The more common and less valuable was hurried away to the mountains and by-places. The great covered bridge across the Susquehanna at Harrisburg presented a scene of endless activity, and never was such a toll business done there before. Milroy's train reached it first, and in its rear came an endless stream of human beings of every age and size, and beasts and four-footed things innumerable. By night the steady tramp and rumble of the heavy teams lulled the senses of the weary, and through the long hours of the sultry June day, a cloud of dust rose constantly far down the valley, reaching forward and across the stream, as far in the opposite direction as the eye could penetrate. With the fine impalpable particles settling down ceaselessly, rider and horse, vehicle and occupants, flocks, herds, all were enveloped, until thick folds wrapped them like a garment.

Not until the 15th did the General Government seem to be fully impressed with the seriousness of the situation, or realize that the predictions of Hooker, made ten days before, were the words of truth and soberness. On that day, the President issued a proclamation for 100,000 men from the States immediately menaced, to serve for six months, unless sooner discharged; 50,000 from Pennsylvania, 30,000 from Ohio, and 10,000 each from Maryland and West Virginia. Governor Curtin seconded the call by a proclamation, in which he said: "That it is the purpose of the enemy to invade our borders with all the strength he can command is now apparent. Our only defence rests upon the determined action of the citizens of our Commonwealth. I therefore call on the people of Pennsylvania, capable of bearing arms, to enroll themselves in military organizations, and to encourage all others to give aid and assistance to the efforts which will be put forth for the protection of the State, and the salvation of our common country." Indications of mischief thickened so rapidly at Harrisburg, that preparations were commenced for removing the archives of the Government, and in the hours of a short summer night, the papers of all the departments, even to the 28,000 volumes of the State Library, and the fine old portraits of the Governors, were securely put upon cars and moved to Philadelphia. The excitement likewise ran high at Pittsburg. Fears were entertained that the rebel army, or at least a strong detachment, might bear westward, especially if, in a general battle, the enemy should prove victorious. Engineers were accordingly employed in locating and planning forts, and thousands of busy hands were at work in constructing them. The merchants and mechanics organized themselves into military companies for the defence of the city; business was suspended, all the bars, restaurants, and drinking saloons were closed, and the sale or giving away of liquors stopped.

On the 15th, General Jenkins crossed the Potomac, and cautiously made his way northward. The rebel army was in need of transportation and supplies, and Jenkins from the first kept a sharp look out for these. Greencastle was possessed without opposition, and in due time Chambersburg. Of his entrance to the latter place Mr. McClure, in the article above quoted, gives a facetious account, though it was to his own sore spoliation. "Jenkins," he says, "had doubtless read the papers in his day, and knew that there were green fields in the 'Green Spot;' and what is rather remarkable, at midnight he could start for a forty-acre clover-patch belonging to the editor of the *Repository* without so much as stopping to ask where the gate might be found. Not even a halt was called to find it; but the march was continued until the gate was reached, when the order 'file right!' was given, and Jenkins was in clover. Happy fellow, thus to find luxuriant and extensive clover, as if by instinct. By the way of giving the Devil his due, it must be said that, although there were over sixty acres of wheat, and eighty acres of corn and oats, in the same field, he protected it most carefully, and picketed his horses so that it could not be injured. . . . For prudential reasons the editor was not at home to do the honors at his own table; but Jenkins was not particular, nor was his appetite impaired thereby. He called upon the ladies of the house, shared their hospitality, behaved in all respects like a gentleman, and expressed very earnest regrets that he had not been able to make the personal acquaintance of the editor. We beg to say that we reciprocate the wish of the General, and shall be glad to make his acquaintance personally—'when this cruel war is over.' . . . General Jenkins also had the fullest information of the movements of the editor of this paper. He told, at our house, when we had left, the direction we had gone, and described the horse we rode."

For nearly a week, Chambersburg and all the southern part of Franklin county was occupied by the rebel forces, busy in gathering horses, which were regarded as contraband of war, and in seizing whatever goods of every variety that could be of use to them, pretending payment by delivering in exchange their worthless Confederate scrip. Though falling upon all this afflicted region with a crushing weight, yet in telling the story, their chronicler, Mr. McClure, yields to a grim humor. "True," he says, "the system of Jenkins would be considered a little informal in business circles; but it's his way, and our people agreed to it perhaps, to some extent, because of the novelty, but mainly because of the necessity of the thing. But Jenkins was liberal—eminently liberal. He didn't stop to higgle about a few odd pennies in making a bargain. For instance, he took the drugs of Messrs. Miller, Spangler, Nixon, and Heyser, and told them to make out a bill, or if they could not do that, to guess at the amount and the bills were paid. Doubtless our merchants and druggists would have preferred greenbacks to Confederate scrip, that is never payable and is worth just its weight in old paper; but Jenkins hadn't greenbacks, and he had Confederate scrip, and such as he had he gave unto them. Thus he dealt largely in our place. To avoid jealousies growing out of rivalry in business, he patronized all the merchants, and bought pretty much everything he could conveniently use and carry. Some people, with antiquated ideas of business, might call it stealing to take goods and pay for them in bogus money; but Jenkins calls it business, and for the time being what Jenkins calls business was business. . . . Jenkins, like most doctors, don't seem to have relished his own prescriptions. Several horses had been captured by some of our boys, and notice was given by the General commanding that they must be surrendered or the town would be destroyed. The city fathers, commonly known as the town Council, were appealed to in order to avert the impending fate threatened us. One of the horses, we believe, and some of the equipments were found and returned, but there was still a balance in favor of Jenkins. We do not know who audited the account, but it was finally adjusted by the Council appropriating the sum of $900 to pay the claim. Doubtless Jenkins hoped for $900 in 'greenbacks,' but he had flooded the town with Confederate scrip, pronouncing it better than United States currency, and the Council evidently believed him; and, desiring to be accommodating with a conqueror, decided to favor him by the payment of his bill in Confederate scrip. It was so done, and Jenkins got just $900 worth of nothing for his trouble. He took it, however, without a murmur, and doubtless considered it a clever joke."

Of a piece with the above is the account of Jenkins himself: "He graduated at Jefferson College in this State, in the same class, we believe, with J. McDowell Sharpe, Esq., and gave promise of future usefulness and greatness. His downward career commenced some five years ago, when in an evil hour he became a Member of Congress from Western Virginia, and from thence may be dated his decline and fall. From Congress he naturally enough turned fire-eater, secessionist, and guerilla. He is of medium size, has a flat but good head, light brown hair, blue eyes, immense flowing beard, of a sandy hue, and rather a pleasant face. He professes to cherish the utmost regard for the humanities of war, and seemed sensitive on the subject of his reputation as a humane military leader."

The sudden removal of horses, flocks, and herds, into the mountains, and across the Susquehanna before his arrival, greatly interfered with the purposes of Jenkins; yet he succeeded in sweeping together a vast body of plunder, which he hurried away to the Potomac, and into the folds of the main force. He came down upon the fairest and wealthiest portion of Franklin county, and, as he retired, separated into squadrons, which scoured every road and byway, spending some time at Greencastle, Waynesboro, and Welsh Run, and at Mercersburg a detachment crossed Cove Mountain and penetrated to McConnellsburg, passing on down the valley from that point. It would appear that Lee had hoped by this demonstration to have induced Hooker either to rush forward and cross the Potomac, and thus uncover Washington, or to have tempted him to attack the rebel army while on the march northward, when a rapid concentration would have been made, and a defensive battle fought, in which Lee felt confident of a victory. These purposes are plainly disclosed in Lee's report. He says: "With a view to draw him (Hooker) further from his base, and at the same time to cover the march of A. P. Hill, who, in accordance with instructions, left Fredericksburg for the valley as soon as the enemy withdrew from his front, Longstreet moved from Culpeper Court House on the 15th, and advancing along the east side of the Blue Ridge, occupied Ashby's and Snicker's Gaps. . . . As these demonstrations (Jenkins') did not have the effect of causing the Federal army to leave Virginia, and as it did not seem disposed to advance upon the position held by Longstreet, the latter was withdrawn to the west side of the Shenandoah, General Hill having already reached the valley."

But Hooker was too wary to be caught in either of these traps, and while beating back the enemy through the passes of the minor range of mountains which still interposed between himself and Longstreet, and guarding well his flank, he was in no haste to advance into Maryland. Mr. Lincoln, in his great anxiety to protect the entire territory of the North, and to ward off the disgrace of invasion, had telegraphed to Hooker on the 16th: "Your idea to send your cavalry to this side of the river may be right, probably is; still, it pains me a little that it looks like the defensive merely, and seems to abandon the fair chance now presented of breaking the enemy's lengthy and necessarily slow line stretched from the Rappahannock to Pennsylvania." But to this Hooker says: "With all deference to the views of his Excellency, the President, it appeared to me that the wisest course for me to pursue was to move the army on a concentric but inner circle to the one followed by the enemy, and endeavor to keep abreast of his main column. This would relieve me from all embarrassment concerning my communications and supplies, and would enable me to act promptly, with my force concentrated, in thwarting the general designs of the enemy. To have followed the plan suggested, it seemed to me that I would be marching the army away from the point at which it was most needed."

Close upon the heels of Jenkins followed Ewell, who, with 12,000 men and sixteen pieces of artillery, crossed the Potomac at Williamsport on the 15th, the same day that the former reached Chambersburg. He did not advance far, however, remaining between the bank of the stream and the borough of Hagerstown, and, like an attentive gallant, gracefully handing the plunder of Jenkins across to Lee. From the 15th to the 22d, this delightful work was continued without material change, Lee receiving much needed stores, and bringing up the rear of his army.

In the meantime, the troops called out to meet the emergency gathered slowly. On the 16th, Governor Curtin addressed an appeal to the people of Philadelphia, in which he exhorted them to come forward at once, to close their places of business, and apply their hearts to the work. But the apparent halt in the rebel column at the Potomac, and its inactivity beyond that of gathering supplies, created the impression that the main body was not coming. The leading editorial of the Philadelphia *Press* on the morning of the 17th contained the following view: "As we understand the situation, as it appears at midnight, there is less ground for alarm than prevailed during the day. The rebels have occupied Chambersburg; but beyond that point no force is known to be advancing. . . . This suggests to us that the rebels have too great a dread of Hooker to divide themselves in his front, and that, while they might rejoice in the opportunity of occupying and holding Pennsylvania, they would not dare to do so with a powerful army on their line of communications."

Great consternation, however, prevailed at Harrisburg, and endless trains still continued to move out of the valley across the Susquehanna. Rifle-pits were thrown up in Harris' Park to command the ford just below the island. A large fort, inclosing several acres, was surveyed by competent engineers on the bluff just above the heads of the bridges leading to the city, and messengers were sent through every street requesting the inhabitants to set out empty barrels upon the side-walks to be used in constructing it. Day and night the work was vigorously pushed. Just beneath the soil was a loose shale, not of sufficient solidity to require blasting, but so much so as to render the labor difficult. A heavy earthwork was finally completed, with dry ditch and numerous platforms for guns. Half a mile in advance was a minor work erected upon a bold spur which commanded the valley on all sides. The few clumps of trees which dotted the fields here and there were swept away, as was also the grove, grateful for shade, and relief of the prospect from the city's side which stood upon the utmost summit, where the main fort was located. A span of each bridge was severed, ready for instant destruction, but supported by props until the necessity should arrive for its demolition.

Jenkins, having brought in his cattle and horses gathered during the week to the Potomac, worshipped on Sunday with Ewell at Hagerstown, and early Monday morning, the 22d, headed again towards Chambersburg, now accompanied by the infantry of Ewell's corps. Rodes and Early, the division commanders of Ewell, moved in advance, the former reaching Chambersburg on the 23d, followed by Johnson. Maryland was by this time thoroughly aroused. The Councils of Baltimore had appropriated, on the 16th, $400,000 for defence, and the labor of fortifying was vigorously pushed, earthworks being erected around the north and west sides of the city. To provide against a sudden incursion of cavalry, the streets were barricaded with barrels and hogsheads filled with bricks and sand, where it could be effectually stopped. At Harrisburg, the camp which had been established began to swarm with volunteers, and the white tents were spread out far and wide. On the 19th, Captain William H. Boyd, who had been instrumental in saving Milroy's train, was dispatched with his company from Harrisburg on cars to Shippensburg, where, finding the road impassable, he mounted and rode to Greencastle, back to Chambersburg, and forward again to Greencastle before he found an enemy. Here he had a smart skirmish with the head of the hostile column, now on its second advance. Boyd continued upon its front, observing and reporting its progress, and dashing in upon its trains at every favorable point. On the 20th, a force under the command of Brigadier-General Knipe, consisting of E. Spencer Miller's Battery and two regiments of militia, moved down the Cumberland Valley to occupy Chambersburg. But, finding on his arrival near that the rebel cavalry were already there, with infantry advancing to their support, he fell back, skirmishing as he went, until he reached Carlisle. In the meanwhile, General Imboden, of the rebel cavalry, who had been sent out by Lee upon the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, having broken up that line and rendered the canal useless, thus preventing troops from West Virginia from coming suddenly upon the flanks of the rebel main force, in obedience to his orders struck boldly out towards Fulton county, and after a short skirmish with a fragment of the First New York Cavalry, occupied McConnellsburg.

Early on Sunday morning, the Philadelphia City Troop, an organization which had been preserved since the days of the Revolution, and which in that struggle acted as body-guard to Washington, now composed of about forty members, some of them the descendants of its original members, with holy memories of that early service, arrived in Gettysburg, and in company with a small body of mounted militia, under Captain Bell, moved out upon the Chambersburg Pike towards the South Mountain. At Monterey, a little village on the way, they came up with a party of rebel skirmishers, with whom they exchanged shots. These reconnoissances were repeated on the 23d, and on the following day Colonel William W. Jennings, with the Twenty-sixth regiment of the Pennsylvania militia, one company of which, under Captain F. Klinefelter, was composed principally of students from the Pennsylvania College and from the Theological School, both located at Gettysburg, arrived in town. Major Granville O. Haller, of General Couch's staff, had been sent by that officer to represent him at this point, and assume command of all the Union forces. His conduct of affairs was most unfortunate. At the moment when veterans of the enemy were advancing on the town, he ordered this regiment of undisciplined men out to meet them—a most suicidal policy, which must have resulted in its certain capture had not Colonel Jennings, who was an officer of experience, skilfully withdrawn it in time. Major Haller was subsequently dismissed from the service, "for disloyal conduct," strengthening the belief which was entertained at the time, that he was not devoted to the cause he represented.

At Chambersburg, General Ewell separated his two advance divisions, sending Early in the direction of Gettysburg, and Rodes towards Carlisle and Harrisburg. Early reached Gettysburg on the afternoon of Friday, the 26th, with Gordon's brigade of 5000 men, and took possession unopposed, having been preceded by a battalion of cavalry, which dashed in, uttering demoniac yells, and delivering an indiscriminate fire from their pistols. He made large demands for sugar, coffee, flour, salt, bacon, whisky, onions, hats, and shoes, amounting in value to $6000, or in lieu thereof, $5000 in money. The town council pled poverty, and he appearing to be satisfied that the place was poverty-stricken, abandoned his suit, getting neither goods nor money. Early remained in town over night, but his forces hurried on to Hanover and York, that they might come upon those places before all the valuables they contained had been spirited away, and they be found as bare as was Gettysburg. At Hanover Junction the work of destruction on the Northern Central Railroad began, as it had likewise been practised on the Gettysburg branch. Bridges were burned, tracks torn up, rails twisted, and rolling stock demolished. Soon after the departure of Early from Gettysburg, on Saturday the 28th, three mounted Union scouts came in from Emmittsburg, where the advance of Pleasanton's cavalry then was, who captured two of the enemy, one of them a chaplain, bearing a dispatch from Ewell, then at Shippensburg, to Early, cautioning the latter about advancing too fast. At noon of the following day two regiments of Union cavalry, under General Cowpland, arrived from Emmittsburg, on a reconnoissance. They encamped for the night near by, and departed on the following morning in the direction of Littlestown.

The Twentieth regiment of emergency militia had been sent out from Harrisburg, under Colonel Thomas, to guard the Northern Central Railroad and the Wrightsville branch. But as the veteran troops of Early advanced, Thomas was obliged to fall back, a part of his regiment, under Lieutenant-Colonel Sickels, towards Wrightsville, and the remainder towards Harrisburg. Major Haller, with the City Troop, had also retired before the rebel advance, and had reached Wrightsville for the purpose of defending the passage of the magnificent bridge which there spanned the Susquehanna. Early was likewise eager to grasp that rich prize, as it would afford, if once securely in rebel hands, ready means of throwing Lee's entire army across a wide and difficult stream, that would otherwise prove a formidable barrier in his way. Its importance had been recognized by General Couch, who had four days before sent Colonel Frick, with the Twenty-seventh emergency regiment, with instructions to hold it to the last extremity, and subsequently ordered, if likely to fall into the enemy's hands, to destroy it. Upon his arrival, he was met by the City Troop and a part of the Twentieth, under Lieutenant-Colonel Sickels, and was joined by four companies of militia, three white and one colored, from Columbia, situated at the eastern head of the bridge, a detachment of convalescent soldiers from the hospital at York, and the Petapsco Guards, in all less than 1500 men. Frick took position on commanding ground, a half mile back from the western head of the bridge, and proceeded to fortify.

Early, who was doubtless kept constantly advised of the number and character of the forces set to guard the bridge, had no sooner reached York, than he hurried forward Gordon's brigade, well provided with artillery, to seize it. Frick made a stubborn resistance, and in the fighting which ensued, had several wounded. Having no artillery with which to meet that of the enemy, and being greatly outnumbered by veteran troops, he soon saw that he would be compelled to yield. He had ordered his engineer to prepare one span of the bridge to be blown up in case it became necessary to abandon it. When, therefore, he was forced back, he ordered the match to be applied; but the train failed to ignite the powder, and the only alternative remaining was to apply the torch, and that immense structure, more than a mile and a quarter in length, lighting up the heavens for many miles around with its flames, was utterly consumed.

At York, Early found a profusion of those things which he had failed to obtain at Gettysburg. He had come with five brigades of infantry, three batteries of artillery, and part of two regiments of cavalry. Being prepared to enforce his demands, and having a rich old city in his grasp, he made a requisition for supplies similar to that at Gettysburg, and in addition, for $28,000 in money. Should it be complied with promptly, he agreed to spare all private property; otherwise, he would take what he could find, and would not be responsible for the conduct of his troops while in the city. There appearing to be no other alternative, the stores and money were delivered, and he scrupulously kept his word, order being strictly enforced, and private property left untouched.

A few facts recorded by Mr. Gall, of the Sanitary Commission, respecting the condition and habits of Early's men, as seen at this point, will serve as a fair specimen of the make-up of the entire rebel army: "Physically," he says, "the men looked about equal to the generality of our own troops, and there were fewer boys among them. Their dress was a wretched mixture of all cuts and colors. There was not the slightest attempt at uniformity in this respect. Every man seemed to have put on whatever he could get hold of, without regard to shape or color. I noticed a pretty large sprinkling of blue pants among them, some of those, doubtless, that were left by Milroy at Winchester. Their shoes, as a general thing, were poor; some of the men were entirely barefooted. Their equipments were light, as compared with those of our men. They consisted of a thin woollen blanket, coiled up and slung from the shoulder in the form of a sash, a haversack swung from the opposite shoulder, and a cartridge-box. The whole cannot weigh more than twelve or fourteen pounds. Is it strange, then, that with such light loads, they should be able to make longer and more rapid marches than our men? The marching of the men was irregular and careless, their arms were rusty and ill kept. Their whole appearance was greatly inferior to that of our soldiers. . . . There were no tents for the men, and but few for the officers. The men were busy cooking their dinner, which consisted of fresh beef, part of the York levy, wheat griddle cakes raised with soda, and cold water.

No coffee nor sugar had been issued to the men for a long time. . . . The men expressed themselves perfectly satisfied with this kind of food, and said they greatly preferred the bread prepared in the way they do it, to the crackers issued to the Union soldiers. I asked one of the men how he got along without a shelter tent. His answer was, 'First rate.' 'In the first place,' said he, 'I wouldn't *tote* one, and in the second place, I feel just as well, if not better, without it.' 'But how do you manage when it rains?' I inquired. 'Wall,' said he, 'me and this other man has a gum blanket atween us; when it rains we spread one of our woollen blankets on the ground to lie on, then we spread the other woollen blanket over us, and the gum blanket over that, and the rain can't tech us.' And this is the way the rebel army, with the exception of a few of the most important officers, sleeps. Everything that will trammel or impede the movement of the army is discarded, no matter what the consequences may be to the men. . . . In speaking of our soldiers, the same officer remarked: 'They are too well fed, too well clothed, and have far too much to carry.' That our men are too well fed, I do not believe, neither that they are too well clothed; that they have too much to carry, I can very well believe, after witnessing the march of the Army of the Potomac to Chancellorsville. Each man had eight days' rations to carry, besides sixty rounds of ammunition, musket, woollen blanket, rubber blanket, overcoat, extra shirt, drawers, socks, and shelter tent, amounting in all to about sixty pounds. Think of men, and boys too, staggering along under such a load, at the rate of fifteen to twenty miles a day. On Tuesday morning, 30th, at about four o'clock, the last remaining brigade passed through the city, with flags flying and band playing, and took the road to Carlisle."

While Early was demonstrating in the direction of Columbia, the remainder of the corps, and much the larger part, under Ewell's immediate command, proceeded towards Harrisburg. As it went, the Cumberland Valley Railroad was destroyed. The militia, who had taken post at Carlisle, were quickly driven before the strong columns of Rodes and Johnson, and the town was occupied. Here many of the rebels were at home; for some had been educated at Dickinson College, others had been stationed at the United States barracks, and a few had even married their wives here. But their visit now was not so agreeable as of yore, when, as gallant young collegians, or spruce officers, they had escorted the blushing maidens of the city, and been welcome at the firesides of its people.

General Knipe, who was still in command of the force of observation, had fallen back before the rebel advance, until the night of the 28th, when he reached Oyster Point, within four miles of Harrisburg. The enemy having approached, apparently with the design of pushing on still nearer to the city, Knipe opened upon them with the guns of Miller's battery with good effect, causing a rapid movement to the rear. This was the nearest approach to the capital of Pennsylvania of the enemy in force, though his scouts were captured in and about the city. One, a powerful man, with a sinister face, and evidently a person of great daring, was taken in the vicinity of Camp Curtin, and was held under guard at the head-quarters of General Couch, where he was gazed upon by the curious. Another was seized while in the act of making drawings of the fort and its armament opposite the town. A little flat boat was overhauled in the Susquehanna river, on the night of the 1st of July, in which was a rebel with an ingenious contrivance for discovering the fords of the stream. He had a small stone suspended by a cord which, as he floated on down the main channel, would not impede his progress; but the moment he came to a shoal place, less than three or four feet deep, it would drag upon the bottom and stop his craft. In this way, the fords of the river were noted. A map was found upon his person, containing a draft of the river, with the fords above and opposite the city marked on the Cumberland shore for their entrance.

In the meantime, troops had been rapidly assembling at the camps at Harrisburg, Pittsburg, and Philadelphia, and regiments were daily organized. As the enemy advanced, he broke up all means of communication, and was careful to spread false rumors. In the midst of the wild excitement which prevailed, it was difficult to sift the true from the false, and arrive at a just conclusion respecting the numbers, position, or purpose of the rebel army. A judgment could be formed by balancing probabilities, and the most favorable view, the wish sometimes being father to the thought, was entertained. As late as the morning of the 26th, the New York *Herald* contained the following judgment: "We have no idea that General Lee meditates an advance upon either Harrisburg or Baltimore. In the one case, the trip would not pay expenses, as the broad, rocky Susquehanna river is in his way, and in the other case, his army, in getting into Baltimore, would get into a trap, from which Lee would never extricate it." And the Philadelphia *Press* of the 27th, but three days before the great battle began at Gettysburg, expressed the following opinion: "Our intelligence as to what force of rebels has entered Pennsylvania is still unsatisfactory and unreliable. Probably Ewell's corps, which is estimated to number about 34,000 men, is alone in this aggressive movement; although it would not greatly surprise us to learn that General Lee's entire force, having crossed the Potomac, is within supporting distance."

So threatening, however, had the aspect of affairs become on the 26th, that Governor Curtin issued his proclamation calling for 60,000 State militia. He said: "Pennsylvanians! The enemy is advancing in force into Pennsylvania. He has a strong column within twenty-three miles of Harrisburg, and other columns are moving by Fulton and Adams counties, and it can no longer be doubted that a formidable invasion of our State is in actual progress. The calls already made for volunteer militia in the exigency have not been met as fully as the crisis requires. I therefore now issue this my proclamation, calling for 60,000 men to come promptly forward to defend the State. . . . The time has now come when we must all stand or fall together in defence of our State, and in support of our Government."

As the enemy approached Harrisburg, and the dangers of occupation thickened, preparations for meeting them were hastened. One of the wealthiest and most powerful corporations in the State, and one which was contributing immensely to the support of the National Government, the Pennsylvania Railroad Company, had its property of many millions exposed to destruction. Vigorous measures were taken to save it. Block houses of sufficient strength to resist infantry attacks were erected so as to cover the bridges, and the great number of valuable locomotives and vast quantities of rolling stock, kept at Harrisburg, were moved to Philadelphia.

As soon as the advance-guard of the rebel army, consisting of Ewell's corps and Jenkins' cavalry, had commenced its march for the Susquehanna, striking for the bridges at Columbia and Harrisburg, Lee, who now had his remaining force in hand, prepared to follow, and on the 24th and 25th crossed the Potomac, Hill near Shepherdstown, and Longstreet at Williamsport. The two columns reunited at Hagerstown, and moved thence to Chambersburg, where they arrived and encamped on the 27th. Hooker had no sooner seen that his antagonist was about to cross the Potomac than he prepared to execute the corresponding movement; and on the 25th and 26th, one day behind Lee, he likewise passed over, effecting the crossing upon pontoons at Edward's Ferry.

The Union General now realized that a battle could not long be delayed, and he was filled with anxiety lest his force should be insufficient to fight it with a fair prospect of success. He had ascertained by the most trustworthy testimony that the actual strength of the enemy's army then moving forward into Pennsylvania, was 91,000 infantry, 5000 with the artillery numbering 280 pieces, and 11,000 cavalry, a grand aggregate of 107,000. This was a larger number by several thousands than he then had in hand, and would be fully equal to his with all the additions he could receive from the neighboring departments. He, accordingly, dispatched his Chief-of-staff, Major General Butterfield, to Washington to obtain the returns of soldiers under General Heintzelman there, and under General Schenck at Baltimore; and from these two departments to organize a column of 15,000 troops to move without delay to Frederick, Maryland. Though he found under General Heintzelman over 36,000 men, yet it was deemed inadvisable by General Halleck, in view of the immense depots of material there accumulated, and the necessity of guarding the Capital, to lessen it. At Baltimore he found but a small force, there being 12,000 of Schenck's command at Harper's Ferry, and 7500 at Winchester, the latter having been already broken and nearly destroyed. Of the force under immediate command, General Schenck promptly ordered out Lockwood's Brigade, consisting of 2500 men. The force at

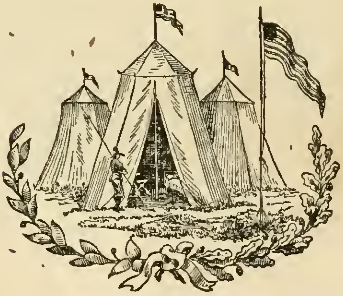
Harper's Ferry, now under the command of General French, was the only considerable one which Hooker could therefore hope to obtain.

Accordingly, as soon as his army was across the river, he directed General Reynolds, in command of the right wing of the army, to send detachments to seize the passes of the South Mountain, at Turner's and Crampton's Gaps; and with the First, Third, and Eleventh corps to follow and take position at Middletown, across the Cotocton range, his object being to confine the rebel line of advance to the one valley in which he then was, and to bring a strong force within supporting distance should the enemy turn back from Pennsylvania and offer battle to the force which Hooker was about to send upon his rear. The Second and Sixth corps he ordered to Frederick. The Twelfth he directed to move to Harper's Ferry, which he accompanied in person, there to be joined by two strong brigades from General French's command, thence to march upon the enemy's line of communications at Williamsport, destroy his pontoon bridge at that point, and stop the enormous quantities of flour, grain, horses and horned cattle which were steadily flowing into Virginia. After visiting Harper's Ferry and Maryland Heights, and finding the point to possess no strategic value, presenting no obstacle to the invaders, defending no ford of the river, and being itself indefensible, he decided to abandon the post, and transfer the material collected there to Washington. This would release 10,000 good troops to join his army. "After ascertaining," he says, "that the public property could all be removed before twelve o'clock at night, I seated myself, and was engaged in writing an order for the abandonment at daylight."

But what was his surprise and disappointment to receive at that moment a dispatch from General Halleck, saying: "Maryland Heights have always been regarded as an important point to be held by us. . . . I cannot approve of their abandonment except in case of absolute necessity." And this, after Halleck had himself placed the troops at this point under Hooker's control in the following words, telegraphed on the 22d: "In order to give compactness to the command of troops in the field covering Washington and Baltimore, it is proposed to place that part of the Middle Department east of Cumberland, and commanded by General Schenck, under your direct orders. The President directs me to ask you if that arrangement would be agreeable." To this Hooker answered: "Yes, provided the same authority is continued to me that I now have, which is to give orders direct to the troops in the departments of Generals Schenck and Heintzelman." To send the Twelfth corps alone to Williamsport, without the addition of French's troops, he did not regard advisable, as the enemy might suddenly turn upon and overwhelm it before he could bring up his supporting forces. He accordingly abandoned the movement, and ordered that corps to countermarch and follow the other troops to Frederick.

He now felt that to have his plans thus interfered with, and his movements in the face of the enemy cut short when in full progress by one far from the field, who could not know the exigences of the moment, would only result in shame and defeat to the army. He accordingly telegraphed, at one P. M. of the 27th, to General Halleck: "My original instructions were to cover Harper's Ferry and Washington. I have now imposed upon me, in addition, an enemy in my front of more than my numbers. I beg to be understood, respectfully, but firmly, that I am unable to comply with these conditions with the means at my disposal, and I earnestly request that I may be at once relieved from the position I occupy." This desire was immediately granted, and at four o'clock on the following morning, Colonel Hardie, a special messenger from Washington, arrived in camp bearing an order relieving General Hooker from duty, and directing him to turn over the command of the army to General Meade, then at the head of the Fifth corps.

Of General Hooker's ability as displayed in the preliminary movements at Chancellorsville, and in the movements up to the moment of yielding his authority, the best military critics award him very high praise. That he was right in demanding the use of the troops at Harper's Ferry, and in abandoning the post, is undisputed, and was virtually acknowledged by General Halleck himself, inasmuch as he allowed the successor of Hooker to take them. But Halleck, it appears, had distrusted the ability of Hooker from the first, and when it was proposed, in September, 1862, to make the latter the successor of General McClellan instead of General Burnside, and the President and five members of the cabinet were of that mind, Halleck opposed it, and, with the remainder of the President's advisers, succeeded in defeating him. Of this opposition to him Hooker was aware, when, finally, he was placed in chief command of the Potomac army, and in accepting the position, he made but one request of the President, that he would stand between Halleck and himself.



CHAPTER VIII.

PRELIMINARIES TO THE BATTLE OF GETTYSBURG UNDER MEADE.

GETTYSBURG, upon the slopes and hills around which the great battle was fought, a quiet village of 2500 inhabitants, is the capital of Adams county, Pennsylvania. For miles around, the country is for the most part gently rolling. The soil is fertile, and kept under a high state of cultivation, little timber being left standing. To the northwest, eight or ten miles away, is the South Mountain chain, extending from northeast to southwest, until lost to view in the dim distance. "From an elevation a little below the Monterey House on the summit of South Mountain," says one long schooled by European travel, "the view of the flat lands extending towards the Susquehanna, as far as the eye can reach, is magnificent in the extreme. I have seen few views in Italy which exceed it in romantic beauty."

In the neighborhood of Gettysburg are several minor ridges, parallel to this principal one. That to the west of the town, and but half a mile away, is known as Seminary Ridge, from the fact that upon its brow, where it is crossed by the Chambersburg Pike, are located the buildings of a Theological School of the Lutheran denomination. It is also known as Oak Ridge. Beyond this, at intervals of a quarter of a mile, or less, are two or three other slight ridges, and a mile and a half out is Willoughby Run.

To the east and south of the town is a ridge whose general direction is parallel to the others, but broken and quite irregular, at some points rising into much higher and bolder outline than the opposite Seminary Ridge, and at others falling away to a level, or even lower than the intervening plain. This is desig-

Geo. G. Meade

[illegible]

nated Cemetery Ridge, from the beautiful Evergreen Cemetery located upon the summit of its nearest approach to the town, and by the side of which is the National ground where now sleep those who there fell. A little to the west and south is Zeigler's Grove, a half acre or more of forest oaks. From this the ridge, which presents a shelving rock on the west of a few feet in height, is well defined for a mile south, when it falls away, and for at least another half mile is low, wet, clay soil, where it is entirely lost, but again suddenly breaks out into bold, rugged, rocky, wooded ground, and terminates in a granite spur known as Little Round Top. Beyond this, and separated from it by a narrow valley, is Round Top, much more rugged and precipitous than its neighbor, and attaining a height of four hundred feet above the waters of neighboring streams. "When the force which folded and raised up the strata," says Professor Jacobs, in his "Later Rambles at Gettysburg," "which form the South Mountain was in action, it produced fissures in the strata of red shale, which covers the surface of this region of country, permitting the fused material from beneath to rise and fill them, on cooling, with trap dykes, or greenstone and syenitic greenstone. This rock, being for the most part very hard, remained as the axes and crests of hills and ridges, when the softer shale in the intervening spaces was excavated by great water-currents into valleys and plains."

Science thus renders a reasonable account of the huge masses of rock which are reared in the most various and fantastic shapes upon the sides and summits of these bold mounts, the casting about of which, in a superstitious age, may well have been regarded as the sport of the giants. At a little way beyond the Cemetery, in the opposite direction, the ridge makes a sharp turn nearly at right angles to its main course, and at less than half a mile distant reaches up into a bold and precipitous headland, looking towards the town, known as Culp's Hill; and further to the right is Rock Creek, which stream cuts through the ridge at less than a mile away, separating Culp's from Wolf's Hill, still farther to the right. At the time of the battle, all this beautiful country was clothed in verdure; the fields were covered with waving grain, whitening for the harvest; the flocks and herds, revelling in abundant pasturage and sated by cool fountains, rested beneath refreshing shade; the whole presenting with all its innumerable concomitants a rare picture of repose and peace.

General Lee had, for several days, been halting at Chambersburg, while the main body of his army was concentrating about that place, and his advance corps under Ewell was reaching out towards the Susquehanna, approaching the stream at Columbia and Harrisburg, evidently feeling for a crossing. When his purposes were thwarted at the former point by the burning of the bridge, the division sent in that direction was ordered to march to Carlisle, plainly indicating the intention of moving the entire army that way. General Hooker had concluded, from the fact that he did not take a pontoon train along with him, that Lee did not design to cross the Susquehanna, and so expressed himself to General Meade. But at this season of the year that stream is shallow and fordable at many points. His scouts were already searching for them, as has been shown in the case of the one captured. But of his purposes we are not left to conjecture. In his official report he says: "Preparations were now made to advance upon Harrisburg; but on the night of the 29th, information was received from a scout that the Federal army, having crossed the Potomac, was advancing northward, and that the head of the column had reached the South Mountain."

Of Hooker's intention to march upon Williamsport, and break up his communications, or even of the passage of the Potomac by the Union army, up to this time, Lee knew nothing. That he should have so long remained in ignorance of these movements was due to the mishaps which befell the operations of that division of his cavalry under Stuart. When about to cross the Potomac, Lee had ordered that daring cavalry leader to remain on guard at the passes of the Blue Ridge, leading to the Shenandoah Valley, and observe the movements of the Union forces, and should they attempt to cross the Potomac, he was to make demonstrations upon their rear, so as to detain them as long as possible in Virginia. But, in the event of their passage, he was also to cross, either on the east or west side of the Blue Ridge, as to him should seem best, and take position upon the right flank of the main rebel column. So far south had his demonstrations carried him, however, that Stuart determined to cross at Seneca, some distance to the east of the point where the Union army had passed. When once over he found it impossible to reach his chief, and take position upon the flank as ordered, the Union army being interposed. He accordingly kept northward, passing through Hanover, and did not arrive at Carlisle, where he expected to find the main rebel column, until the 1st of July, after Ewell had been recalled from that place and was on his way to Gettysburg. He was at Carlisle met by a messenger from Lee ordering him forward to the scene of conflict, but did not arrive until the result of the battle had been well-nigh decided, and the star of his chief had gone down in blood. The need of cavalry was sorely felt by Lee in the manœuvres preliminary to the fight, as he was thereby stripped of the means for ascertaining the whereabouts of his antagonist, and his flanks and rear were indifferently protected. Thus are the plans even of great leaders the sport of fortune.

The moment Lee became aware of the position of the Union army he initiated movements to checkmate it. "As our communications," he says in his report, "with the Potomac were thus menaced, it was resolved to prevent his further progress in that direction by concentrating our army on the east side of the mountains. Accordingly Longstreet and Hill were directed to proceed from Chambersburg to Gettysburg, to which point General Ewell was also instructed to march from Carlisle." Thus on the evening of the 29th, orders went out for a concentration, and on the following morning the whole rebel army was marching on Gettysburg.

This point had been well reconnoitred by the enemy's forces while on their way to York, Early having passed the night there four days before. It possessed great strategic value. So easily are the rugged features which surround it shunned, that great highways approach it from almost every point of the compass, centring here like spokes in the hub of a wheel, those from Shippensburg and Carlisle on the north, from Harrisburg, York, and Hanover on the east, from Baltimore, Littlestown, Taneytown and Emmittsburg on the south, and from Fairfield and Chambersburg on the west. Several of these roads were macadamized, and there was in addition a railroad leading out to the Northern Central Road by way of Hanover. Should Lee concentrate his army here, he would secure a route to his base at Williamsport, much shorter than by Chambersburg, over which he could bring up his ammunition, and in case of disaster, hold it for retreat. It would give him the control of a complete system of roads, any one of which, he could move upon at will as policy should dictate. In case of being attacked and forced to fight a battle there, he would have an abundance of good solid ways in his rear, on which to manœuvre his troops, and take his heavy guns from one part of the line to another,—a consideration of great importance, as a battle is not unfrequently lost by the delay imposed in constructing a road over some brook or impassable slough, or in cutting through an impenetrable wood for the passage of guns and ammunition.

But it was not alone the rebel commander who had regarded with a soldier's eye the strategic value of Gettysburg. General Pleasanton says: "I may say here that I had studied that whole country the year before very carefully indeed, all its roads and topographical features, and was probably about as well posted in regard to it as any officer in the army. . . . I was satisfied from my general knowledge of the country—and so mentioned to General Meade several times—that there was but one position in which for us to have a fight, and that was at Gettysburg."

At the moment when these orders went out from Lee for the rebel army to concentrate at Gettysburg, the Union army was reposing at Frederick, and was upon the eve of marching to find the enemy, under the belief that he was still moving towards the Susquehanna. The 28th was the Sabbath, and "that day," says General Hooker, "I designed to give my army to rest," an example of regard for the Sabbath as noble as it is unusual in military operations. But at dawn on the morning of that day he was relieved of command. To the army his removal came like a thunder-clap from a cloudless sky. To the rank and file he had become greatly endeared, for he had brought his command from a condition of demoralization to one of great efficiency. To strike down a popular commander in the very face of the enemy, and on the eve of a great battle, was an act, that in almost any other country, would have been attended with extreme hazard. But the temper of that army was known to be one of intense devotion to the National cause, and full confidence was felt that it would fight under any commander, or even without a commander if need be. The course of General Hooker at this critical moment was one of most disinterested patriotism and gallantry. In his farewell order he says: "Impressed with the belief that my usefulness as the commander of the Army of the Potomac is impaired, I part from it, yet not without the deepest emotions. The sorrow of parting with the comrades of so many battles is relieved by the conviction that the courage and devotion of this army will never cease nor fail; that it will yield to my successor, as it has to me, a willing and hearty support." By the testimony of General Butterfield, General Hooker had advised, in case he was relieved, that General Meade should be appointed in his place, and when the officers who had served under him called in a body to bid him farewell at his departure, he said that "General Meade was a brave and gallant man, who would undoubtedly lead them to success, and that he hoped that all who regarded him, or his wishes, or his feelings, would devote every energy and ability to the support of General Meade."

The new commander had made a good record. He had been with that army from its organization, and at Beaver Dam Creek. at Gaines' Mill, at Charles City Cross Roads, at the second Bull Run, and more especially at Fredericksburg, he had exhibited the qualities of an able soldier. In his order, he said: "By direction of the President of the United States, I hereby assume command of the Army of the Potomac. As a soldier, in obeying this order—an order totally unexpected and unsolicited—I have no promises nor pledges to make. The country looks to this army to relieve it from the devastation and disgrace of a hostile invasion. Whatever fatigues and sacrifices we may be called upon to undergo, let us have in view constantly the magnitude of the interests involved, and let each man determine to do his duty. leaving to an all-controlling Providence the decision of the contest. It is with just diffidence that I relieve in the command of this army an eminent and accomplished soldier, whose name must ever appear conspicuous in the history of its achievements;

but I rely upon the hearty support of my companions in arms to assist me in the discharge of the duties of the important trust which has been confided to me."

His first care was to acquaint himself with the late movements, and exact position of the enemy, and the plans and purposes of General Hooker. To this end he retained the officers who had formed General Hooker's military family—General Butterfield, chief of staff, General Warren, chief of engineers, General Hunt, chief of artillery, and General Williams, adjutant-general. He himself had a conference with General Hooker, before his departure, respecting his plan of campaign; but that he might be fully assured of the latter's purposes, he requested General Butterfield to have another official conversation with the retiring chief, and make himself thoroughly conversant with the movements in contemplation.

The operations indicated by Hooker were in the main adopted. General Meade very cogently inferred from the movements of the enemy that it was his intention to cross the Susquehanna, a purpose which Lee declares he was acting on up to the evening of the 29th. Accordingly, in his telegram accepting the position to which he had been assigned, he said: "Totally unexpected as it has been, and in ignorance of the exact condition of the troops and position of the enemy, I can only now say that it appears to me I must move towards the Susquehanna, keeping Washington and Baltimore well covered, and if the enemy is checked in his attempt to cross the Susquehanna, or if he turns towards Baltimore, to give him battle. I would say that I trust that every available man that can be spared will be sent to me, as, from all accounts, the enemy is in strong force." In response to this latter request, not only the garrison at Harper's Ferry, which had been the bone of contention between Hooker and Halleck, and the withholding of which was the immediate cause of the former's resignation, was placed at his disposal, but also the entire force of militia at Harrisburg, under General Couch, and such forces as could be used from the departments of West Virginia, Baltimore, and Washington, from Fortress Monroe, and even the returning troops from North Carolina, were hurried forward to his support, thus proving conclusively that it was not a necessity of holding the troops at Harper's Ferry, but a distrust of Hooker's ability as a soldier, which made Halleck unwilling to give them to him.

Orders were accordingly issued on the 28th, for the army to move forward on the following morning, in fan shape, in three columns, from Frederick, where it had been principally concentrated, on to a line represented by the road running from Emmittsburg to Westminster, the First and Eleventh corps being directed to Emmittsburg, the Third and Twelfth to Taneytown, Second to Frizelburg, Fifth to Union Mills, and the Sixth to New Windsor; the cavalry, likewise in three columns, moving upon the flanks of the infantry—Buford upon the left, Gregg upon the right, and Kilpatrick in advance—and this order of march was continued on the 30th. On this latter day Stuart, who, with the main body of the enemy's cavalry, had been hanging upon the rear of the Union army, and having crossed the Potomac at Seneca, was moving up on the right flank, fell in with Kilpatrick at Hanover, and had a sharp encounter, in which the enemy was worsted, and one battle-flag and a number of prisoners were taken.

The order of march issued on the 30th, for the movement of the army on the 1st day of July, was for the Third corps to go to Emmittsburg, Second to Taneytown, Fifth to Hanover, Twelfth to Two Taverns, First to Gettysburg, Eleventh to Gettysburg in supporting distance, and Sixth to Manchester. General Reynolds had been continued in command of what had been the right wing, now getting into position upon the left, consisting of the First, Third, and Eleventh corps, and the cavalry, and as he was now approaching the enemy, he had turned over the command of his own corps, the First, to General Doubleday, and was himself directing the general movements.

In the meantime, the orders issued by General Lee on the evening of the 29th, for all his forces to concentrate at Gettysburg, were being executed, but not with the usual enterprise and daring, the rebel commander sorely feeling the need of his cavalry, that which he had depended on having been isolated, as we have seen, and by the fight at Hanover been pushed still farther away towards the Susquehanna. He says in his report:

"The march towards Gettysburg was conducted more slowly than it would have been, had the movements of the Federal army been known." Had his cavalry been present, those movements would have been observed, and constantly reported to him. Thus, precisely what had happened to Hooker at Chancellorsville, the absence of cavalry, and which lost him the battle, befell Lee in this campaign. The strategic prize was Gettysburg. Whichever party should seize that, would strike with great advantages in his favor.

But while the two armies were approaching, each with imperfect knowledge of the other's movements, for a death grapple, the Union commander was unaware of the change which had occurred in the plans of his antagonist, and supposed him still pushing forward to cross the Susquehanna. Hence, while Lee was making all possible speed to concentrate on the Union flank, Meade, all unsuspicious of danger, was moving, much scattered, to catch Lee before he should get across. But the moment Ewell's forces began to fall back from before Harrisburg, they were followed up by the militia at that place, under General William F. (Baldy) Smith, who had been assigned by General Couch to that duty. As Ewell withdrew from Carlisle, Smith entered it, but, as the enemy thought, in too much haste, and turned upon him. A sharp skirmish ensued, and the solid shot from the enemy's battery, planted upon an eminence to the south of the place, tore wildly through the astonished city. No great injury was done, but the anger of the foe at the obstinacy of Smith, in not again surrendering the town, was vented in firing and utterly destroying the United States barracks, near that place, and the arsenal of supplies. This determination of Smith to press upon the rear of the rebels disclosed their purpose of concentrating, and the intelligence was flashed over the wires to Washington, and thence to Westminster, which had now become the base of intelligence as well as of supply to the Union force. On the 30th, Couch telegraphed to Halleck: "My latest information is that Early, with his 8000 men, went towards Gettysburg or Hanover, saying they expected to fight a great battle there. At Carlisle, they said they were not going to be outflanked by Hooker." No man was more active or successful in gaining accurate information, or divining the purposes of the enemy, than the Hon. Thomas A. Scott, Vice-President of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company, and subsequently Assistant Secretary of War. In this, as in the management of the great corporation with which he is associated, he showed Napoleonic vigor. On the same day, Couch, from information furnished by Scott, again telegraphed: "Lee is falling back suddenly from the vicinity of Harrisburg, and concentrating all his forces. York has been evacuated. Carlisle is being evacuated. The concentration seems to be at or near Chambersburg; the object, apparently, a sudden movement against Meade, of which he should be advised by courier immediately;" and at a little past midnight Couch sent still another telegram: "Information just received, leads to the belief that the concentration of the forces of the enemy will be at Gettysburg, rather than at Chambersburg. The movement on their part is very rapid and hurried. They retired from Carlisle in the direction of Gettysburg, by the way of the Petersburg pike. Firing about Petersburg and Dillstown this P. M., continued some hours. Meade should, by all means, be informed and prepared for a sudden attack from Lee's whole army."

At about the same hour, July 1st, at a quarter before one in the morning, General Schenck telegraphed from Baltimore: "Lee, I think, is either massing his troops, or making a general retreat towards Cumberland Valley. Most likely the former. They are so near that I shall not be surprised if a battle comes on to-day."

Up to the moment of receiving these messages, which did not reach him until the morning of the 1st of July, General Meade had been moving his army forward by rapid marches towards the Susquehanna under the apprehension that Lee was intent on crossing that stream. It is true that he had obtained reports which induced him, on the evening of the 30th, to issue a circular to each corps commander, saying: "The Commanding General has received information that the enemy are advancing, probably in strong force, on Gettysburg. It is the intention to hold this army pretty nearly in the position it now occupies until the plans of the enemy shall have been more fully developed. . . . Corps commanders will hold their commands in readiness at a moment's notice, upon receiving orders, to march against the enemy. . . . The men must be provided with three days' rations in haversacks, and with sixty rounds of ammunition in the boxes and upon the person."

It would seem from the following telegram from Meade to Halleck, sent at seven o'clock on the morning of the 1st of July, that Meade had not yet been apprised of the important messages from Schenck and Couch, quoted above, and which were dispatched to Washington at a little after midnight: "My positions to-day are, one corps at Emmittsburg, two at Gettysburg, one at Taneytown, one at Two Taverns, one at Manchester, one at Hanover. These were ordered yesterday, before receipt of advices of Lee's movements. . . . The point of Lee's concentration, and the nature of the country, when ascertained, will determine whether I attack him or not."

Thus it will be seen that thirty-six hours had elapsed from the time Lee had issued orders for all his forces to concentrate at Gettysburg, before Meade became fully aware that such a concentration was in progress, and during all those hours, pregnant with the gravest issues, he was moving on, "fan-shape," as he terms it, by this time sweeping a broad belt of more than thirty miles, intent upon striking the enemy before he should cross the Susquehanna, or while entangled upon the stream. This is evident from his telegram to General Halleck of the 29th, in which he says: "If he [Lee] is crossing the Susquehanna, I shall rely upon General Couch, with his force, holding him until I can fall upon his rear and give him battle, which I shall endeavor to do." The purpose here expressed is confirmed by his testimony before the committee of Congress on the Conduct of the War: "I determined," he says, "and so notified the General-in-chief, that I should move my army as promptly as possible on the main line from Frederick to Harrisburg, extending my wings on both sides of that line as far as I could consistently with the safety and the rapid concentration of that army, and should continue that movement until I either encountered the enemy, or had reason to believe that the enemy would advance upon me; my object being at all hazards to compel him to loose his hold on the Susquehanna, and meet me in battle at some point. It was my firm determination, never for an instant deviated from, to give battle wherever, and as soon as I could possibly find the enemy, modified, of course, by such general considerations as govern every general officer—that when I came into his immediate neighborhood some manœuvres might be made by me with a view to secure advantages on my side in that battle, and not allow them to be secured by him."

As soon, however, as it became evident to him that the enemy had let go of the Susquehanna, and was rapidly concentrating on his flank, he instantly realized that a change of policy was necessary.

He accordingly issued a circular on the morning of the 1st of July, of which the following extracts indicate the purport: "From information received the Commanding General is satisfied that the object of the movement of the army in this direction has been accomplished, viz: the relief of Harrisburg and the prevention of the enemy's intended invasion of Pennsylvania beyond the Susquehanna. It is no longer his intention to assume the offensive until the enemy's movements or position should render such an operation certain of success. If the enemy assume the offensive and attack, it is his intention, after holding them in check sufficiently long to withdraw the trains and other *impedimenta*, to withdraw the army from its present position, and form line of battle with the left resting in the neighborhood of Middleburg, and the right at Manchester, the general direction being that of Pipe Creek. For this purpose General Reynolds, in command of the left, will withdraw the force at present at Gettysburg, two corps [First and Eleventh] by the road to Taneytown and Westminster, and after crossing Pipe Creek, deploy towards Middleburg. The corps at Emmittsburg [Third] will be withdrawn, by way of Mechanicsville, to Middleburg. General Slocum will assume command of the two corps at Hanover and Two Taverns [Fifth and Twelfth] and withdraw them by Union Mills. . . . The *time* for falling back can only be developed by circumstances. Whenever such circumstances arise as would seem to indicate the necessity for falling back and assuming this general line indicated, notice of such movement will at once be communicated to these headquarters, and to all adjoining corps commanders. . . . This order is communicated that a general plan, perfectly understood by all, may be had for receiving attack if made in strong force upon any portion of our present position. Developments may cause the Commanding General to assume the offensive from his present positions."

Against the movements contemplated in this circular, which was merely a notification of a purpose which would be followed by an order when the trains of the several corps could be disposed of, and the movements of the enemy should make it advisable, some of Meade's officers entered vigorous protests. But to the adoption of this plan he was incited by many weighty considerations. He was convinced, from information hourly reaching him, that the whole rebel army, numerically stronger than his own, was rapidly concentrating, and was probably within striking distance of Gettysburg. Should he push the two corps which he had approaching that place into the town, and attempt to hold it, the probabilities were that they would be fallen upon and annihilated before he could bring up the balance of his army to their support, one corps of which, the Sixth, was over thirty miles away. It was his intention, therefore, that these two corps, instead of resolutely fighting the whole rebel army, should simply hold the attacking force in check, in case the enemy should assume the offensive, sufficiently to bring off the trains, and then concentrate his whole army before engaging in a general battle. He was convinced, besides, that however excellent the position at Gettysburg might be, and however great its strategic value, it was then absolutely beyond his power to keep it from the enemy's grasp. The sequel shows that both these catastrophies, which the quick military eye of Meade saw impending, did actually follow, the two corps being crushed with a loss of 10,000 of their number, and the town falling into the enemy's hands. Meade did not know, having never been at Gettysburg, nor could any one in his army have known, until he reached the ground, nor does any one now claim to have been aware, that there was a position outside the town which could be taken up after the town itself had fallen, that would prove more favorable for gaining a victory than the possession of Gettysburg itself, though counted upon as of so great value. The whole advantage, to the Union side, of Gettysburg as a battle-ground, after the town was lost, consisted in the fact that a position was found near there which proved to be a good one from which to fight a defensive battle. Not knowing that any such ground existed, and not having been advised by any of those who are now most loud-mouthed in claiming the credit of indicating Gettysburg as a favorable battle-field, the design of Meade to concentrate, made known in this circular, was a proper one, and dictated by the highest considerations of military policy. Besides, if he could withdraw the isolated wing, now shown for the first time by the telegrams of Couch and Schenck to be threatened with destruction, and take the position a few miles to the rear, which he had selected, he would be brought nearer his own base, at Westminster, which could be held with only slight diminution of his strength for guard. He would at the same time be drawing his antagonist still farther from his base, and would thereby make him so much the more vulnerable.

It is true that to that portion of the army which was at the moment in advance of the line he had selected, the contemplated movement would appear like a falling back, and in that view might have a demoralizing effect. General Butterfield says: "When General Meade presented this order to me, which was in his own handwriting, I stated to him that I thought the effect of an order to fall back would be very bad upon the morals of the army, and that it ought to be avoided if possible. General Meade seemed to think that we were going ahead without any well understood plan, and that, by reason of that, we might be liable to disaster." But the effect here deprecated by Butterfield would not have applied to the main body of the army, which was already on or near the line selected, and could have had no serious influence upon the wing touched.

The only fault then that can be imputed to Meade in regard to this order, which was probably more a misfortune than a fault, was that he had allowed his antagonist to be thirty-six hours concentrating, before he discovered the fact, and he, in the meantime, marching on with corps scattered, and allowing a contingency to occur which necessitated such an order.

There was, however, one consideration, which subsequent disclosures show to have been of the highest importance, that failed to impress the mind of the Union leader. Suppose he had fallen back, and found a strong position, and got his army concentrated, would the enemy come forward and attack him in it? General Lee says, in his official report: "It had not been intended to fight a general battle at such a distance from our base, unless attacked by the enemy." Swinton, in his "Campaigns of the Army of the Potomac," says that after the conclusion of the war he had a conversation with General Longstreet, concerning this battle, in which the latter declared that "General Lee expressly promised his corps commanders that he would not assume a tactical offensive, but force his antagonist to attack him." It would seem, therefore, that any strong position selected and fortified by Meade would have been futile, as he would have been obliged, in the end, to have come out from behind his fastnesses, and have attacked. But this does not militate against the soundness of his order for concentration, as that was imperative, before, with the hope of success, he could attack an enemy who had had thirty-six hours the start in drawing in his legions and compacting them for the onset.

But a power above human wisdom was controlling events which set at nought the counsels of the wise. Buford, who had been charged with moving upon the left flank of the Union army, with one of the divisions of cavalry, having encamped at Fountain Dale on the night of the 29th of June, started in the morning towards Gettysburg; but unexpectedly coming upon a detachment of the enemy's infantry, while on the way, which proved to be a part of Pettigrew's brigade of Heth's division of Hill's corps, which recoiled before him, he retraced his steps, not having orders to attack, to Fountain Dale, and thence moved to Emmittsburg, where he received orders to march to Gettysburg, from Pleasanton, chief of cavalry, and to hold the town to the last extremity, receiving assurance of support from the infantry. On the same morning a portion of Heth's division of Hill's corps, which had crossed the mountains some days before, and had been engaged in gathering supplies of beef, flour, and grain, approached Gettysburg, accompanied with artillery, and a train of fifteen wagons, the whole, several thousand in number, forming a line a mile and a half in length, apparently having been ordered out to take possession of the town. The head of this column had reached the crest of Seminary Ridge, and the pickets as far down as Mr. Shead's house, in the outskirts of the place, when it was halted. After the officers, with their field glasses, had ridden back and forth for some time, reconnoitring and conversing with the inhabitants, the column countermarched, and at half-past ten had disappeared. It is not difficult to account for this singular manœuvre, for Buford, with his resolute cavalry division, was rapidly approaching. As the enemy withdrew, they attempted an ambuscade when arrived at Marsh Creek, hiding themselves to right and left of the road, under cover of a wood that skirts the stream, while a minor force was thrown forward as a decoy. But the disguise was too thin for the practised eye of Buford.

In an hour after the rebels had departed, the magnificent column of Buford arrived, and to the gladdened eyes of the inhabitants, unused to gaze on hostile pageants, it seemed indeed "terrible as an army with banners." With firm tread it moved up the main street of the town, and out upon the Chambersburg pike. It consisted, at the time, of only two brigades, a third under Merritt being at Mechanicstown with the trains, one commanded by Colonel J. M. Gamble, composed of the Eighth Illinois, Eighth Indiana, and Eighth New York, the other by Colonel Thomas C. Devin, embracing the Sixth New York (Ira Harris), Ninth New York, and the Seventeenth Pennsylvania, and a battery of light guns of the Second Artillery, under Lieutenants Clark and Calef. It was reputed to contain 4000 men, and probably bore that number upon its rolls; but when drawn up for action could only present 2200 muskets. At the distance of a mile and a half from the town it was deployed, Gamble across the Chambersburg, and Devin across the Mummasburg and Carlisle roads.

Thus was the column of the enemy, which had approached the town in the early morning evidently for the purpose of taking forcible possession, foiled, and the advantage in the preliminary manœuvre was with the Union side, an augury of ultimate triumph. Gamble threw out his scouting parties towards Cashtown, and Devin towards Hunterstown, which scoured the country, capturing stragglers from the enemy, from whom important information was obtained. Buford now became satisfied that the mass of the rebel army was converging towards Gettysburg, and that heavy columns were already in close proximity.

A Lieutenant, who was signal officer of Buford's Division, reports the conversation of the chiefs on the occasion, which is published by General De Peyster in his "Decisive Conflicts": "On the night of the 30th," he says, "General Buford spent some hours with Colonel Tom Devin, and while commenting upon the information brought in by Devin's scouts, remarked that 'the battle would be fought at that point,' and that 'he was afraid it would be commenced in the morning before the infantry would get up.' These are his own words. Devin did not believe in so early an advance of the enemy, and remarked that he would 'take care of all that would attack his front during the ensuing twenty-four hours.' Buford answered: 'No, you won't. They will attack you in the morning and they will come *booming*—skirmishers three deep. You will have to fight like the devil to hold your own until supports arrive. The enemy must know the importance of this position and will strain every nerve to secure it, and if we are able to hold we will do well.' Upon his return, he ordered me, then First Lieutenant and signal officer of his division, to seek out the most prominent points and watch everything; to be careful to look out for camp-fires, and in the morning for dust. He seemed anxious, more so than I ever saw him."

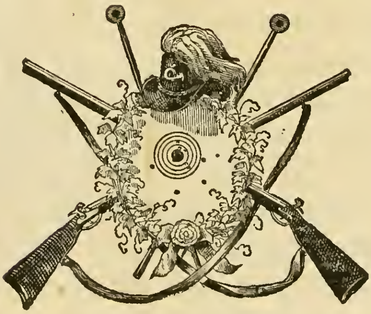
The judgment of Buford was just, showing that he was possessed of remarkable discernment and penetration. Two divisions of Hill's corps were already across the mountains, the last to leave the Rappahannock, and the first to appear upon the front of the new field, while his remaining division and two divisions of Longstreet's corps were already upon the western slope ready to cross at dawn, and the body of Ewell's corps was in bivouac at Heidlersburg, only nine miles away.

The Union army, too, had been moving thitherward, and at the moment when Buford was holding this conversation in the tent of Colonel Devin, Reynolds was bivouacing on the bank of Marsh Creek, four miles away, with the First corps; Howard with the Eleventh was on the Emmittsburg road some miles farther back, Sickels with the Third corps was at Emmittsburg, Hancock with the Second at Frizelburg, Slocum with the Twelfth at Littlestown, Sykes with the Fifth at Union Mills towards Hanover, and Sedgwick with the Sixth at Manchester.

The army was now on Northern soil or verging upon it. As they crossed the Pennsylvania line the fact was announced to the men from the heads of the columns, and the passage was signalized by the wildest enthusiasm, and demonstrations of joy. Caps flew in air, shouts of rejoicing resounded, bands struck up the National airs, and the heavens echoed with patriot songs. General Meade, recognizing the importance of exciting the fervor of his men, and intent on seizing every opportunity to heighten it, issued the following earnest appeal: "The Commanding General requests that, previous to the engagement soon expected with the enemy, corps, and all other commanding officers will address their troops, explaining to them briefly the immense issues involved in the struggle. The enemy are on our soil; the whole country now looks anxiously to this army to deliver it from the presence of the foe; our failure to do so will leave us no such welcome as the swelling of millions of hearts with pride and joy at our success would give to every soldier of this army. Homes, firesides, and domestic altars are involved. The army has fought well heretofore; it is believed that it will fight more desperately and bravely than ever if it is addressed in fitting terms. Corps commanders are authorized to order the instant death of any soldier who fails in his duty at this hour."

General Reynolds, having been kept aware of the movements of the enemy by the ever watchful Buford, had taken up a strong position on the heights beyond Emmittsburg, on which, should he be assailed, he could make a good defence, and here he had passed the night of the 29th. On the 30th he moved forward only a few miles, where he again formed his camp on ground from which he would fight if attacked, until he could withdraw to his position of the night before near Emmittsburg. But the night of the 30th passed peacefully, and on the morning of the 1st—the last of earth's mornings for him—he was early astir, having been apprised of the near approach of the foe.

Seeing that Buford was about to be attacked, he put Wadsworth's division, accompanied by Hall's Maine battery in motion towards Gettysburg, and sent for Doubleday, who was in command of the First corps. After reading and explaining his telegrams, he directed Doubleday to move with the remaining two divisions close upon the footsteps of Wadsworth. He then mounted his horse and rode rapidly towards the front.



CHAPTER IX.

FIRST DAY OF THE BATTLE OF GETTYSBURG.

BEING well assured that the enemy was about to attack him, Buford was early in the saddle, and had made the most imposing disposition to meet them which his little force would admit. Had he had at his back the half million of troops, that a farmer's wife, in reply to inquiries of rebel officers, had declared were in Gettysburg, he could have scarcely made one more so. But in addition to being imposing it had the virtue of being effective, and when the rebels came on "booming, skirmishers three deep," as Buford had predicted, they met a stubborn resistance.

His skirmish line extended from the point where the Millerstown road crosses Willoughby Run, following the somewhat tortuous bluff bordering the left bank of that stream across the Chambersburg way, and thence around crossing the Mummasburg, Carlisle, and Harrisburg pikes, and the railroad, reaching quite to Rock Creek, thus covering all the great highways entering the town from the north and west. In rear of this, upon a ridge running parallel with Seminary Ridge, and a half mile from it, were posted the rest of his forces dismounted. Covering the roads on which the enemy was expected first to advance were planted the guns of his light batteries.

Having every disposition made, he watched eagerly for any indication which could disclose the purpose of the foe. He had not long to wait; for the enemy, being in strong force, and intent on seizing the coveted prize, which he now believed was within his grasp, moved up his skirmishers. The first shot was delivered by the enemy at a little before ten o'clock, which was responded to on the Union side by three single shots, the signal for a general discharge along the skirmish line, and the Battle of Gettysburg was begun.

As Buford's men for the most part fought dismounted, the enemy at first took them for infantry, and consequently moved tardily, and with much circumspection, giving time for the First corps, which was now rapidly approaching, to come up. So from the opening, fortune favored the Union arms. A constantly increasing skirmish fire was continued for half an hour, when the enemy, having brought up his artillery, opened with much spirit. The guns of Buford answered promptly, and maintained the contest gallantly, preserving the delusion that he was well supported. The fury of the fight increased at every moment, and Buford saw that the weight of numbers bearing on him would soon press him off the field; but not an inch was yielded, though he had every preparation made for retiring to Cemetery Hill when he could hold out no longer. It was a moment of gloom and anxiety to that true heart. Would he be left to his fate, and be at last obliged to sacrifice that vantage ground he had striven so hard to hold?

The signal officer, above quoted, had early in the morning taken his station in the cupola of the Theological Seminary, whence the country for many miles around lay open to view. "The engagement," he says, "was desperate, as we were opposed to the whole front of Hill's corps. We held them in check fully two hours, and were nearly overpowered when, in looking about the country, I saw the corps flag of General Reynolds. I was still in the Seminary steeple, but being the only signal officer with the cavalry, had no one to communicate with, so I sent one of my men to Buford, who came up, and looking through my glass, confirmed my report, and remarked: 'Now we can hold the place!'" With what joy was the eye of the leader gladdened as he beheld the folds of that flag floating upon the morning air, and read in its bright emblems the assurance of succor! "General Reynolds," continues the signal officer, "and staff came up on a gallop in advance of the corps, when I made the following communication: 'Reynolds, himself, will be here in five minutes. His corps is about a mile behind.' Buford returned and watched anxiously my observations made through my signal-telescope.

GEN JOHN F. REYNOLDS.

When Reynolds came up, seeing Buford in the cupola, he cried out: 'What's the matter, John?' 'The devil's to pay,' said Buford; and going down the ladder, Reynolds said: 'I hope you can hold out until my corps comes up.' 'I reckon I can,' was the characteristic reply. Reynolds then said: 'Let's ride out and see all about it,' and mounting we rode away. The skirmishing was then very brisk, the cavalry fighting dismounted. Buford said: 'General, do not expose yourself so much;' but Reynolds laughed, and moved nearer still."

Having closely reconnoitred the field, he requested Buford to hold fast the position he had, and said that he would bring up the whole right wing of the army of which he had been put in formal command on the previous morning by the new chief, as rapidly as it could be concentrated. He then dispatched his staff officers, one to Howard, who was already on the way, with orders to bring up his corps with all possible dispatch; another to Sickles. to look for the Third corps; and a third to hasten on the divisions of the First corps. Having shown his determination by these orders to concentrate and to fight, Reynolds again mounted and rode back to meet the head of his column. As he was descending the hill, after having passed the Seminary, accompanied by his escort, he met an old man, possessing an air of authority, whom Reynolds asked if he could not point out a shorter way back to the Emmittsburg road than by the centre of the town, by which he had come. The old man was John Burns, who had been entrusted by his fellow citizens with the office of Constable, and for several days had been watching for suspected persons, having already a number of rebel spies and messengers locked up in the Gettysburg jail. Burns assented to the request of the General, and recognizing the need of haste, at once started down a by-street on a rapid run, the cavalcade dashing on after him. Burns' blood was now up, and he watched eagerly for Reynolds' return. Having come near the town with the leading division, Reynolds determined to strike across the fields by the most direct route to the Seminary, and ordered the fences levelled. "The pioneers," says Burns, who watched every movement with the greatest interest, "made the fences fly with their bright axes."

When General Reynolds arrived at the front, the enemy were pressing the cavalry with much energy, and he accordingly led his troops at once to its support. Cutler's brigade of Wadsworth's division had the advance. Three regiments of this brigade, the Seventy-sixth and One Hundred and Forty-seventh New York, and the Fifty-sixth Pennsylvania, Reynolds ordered Wadsworth, accompanied by Cutler, to take to the right of the line facing westward, north of the bed of an old unfinished railroad, while Reynolds himself took the two remaining regiments, the Ninety-fifth New York and the Fourteenth Brooklyn, with Hall's battery to the south of the railroad grading, and posted them on a line with, but a little in advance of the other regiments of the brigade, the battery being placed upon the pike. As the infantry moved up, the cavalry retired. The regiments to the right of the cut had scarcely got into position before they were heavily engaged with superior numbers. General Cutler, in a letter to Governor Curtin, written soon after the battle, said: "It was my fortune to be in advance on the morning of July 1st. When we came upon the ground in front of the enemy, Colonel Hofmann's regiment, the Fifty-sixth Pennsylvania, being the second in the column, got into position a moment sooner than the others, the enemy now advancing in line of battle in easy musket range. The atmosphere being a little thick, I took out my glass to examine the enemy. Being a few paces in the rear of Colonel Hofmann, he turned to me and inquired, 'Is that the enemy?' My reply was, 'Yes.' Turning to his men he commanded, 'Ready, right-oblique, aim, fire!' . . . The fire was followed by other regiments instantly; still, that battle on the soil of Pennsylvania was opened by her own sons, and it is just that it should become a matter of history. When Colonel Hofmann gave the command, 'aim,' I doubted whether the enemy was near enough to have the fire effective, and asked him if he was within range; but not hearing my question, he fired, and I received my reply in a shower of bullets, by which many of the Colonel's men were killed, and wounded. My own horse, and those of two of my staff, were wounded at the same time."

Hill's corps, a force of 30,000 men in three divisions, had crossed the South Mountain in the order of Heth's, Pender's, and

Anderson's; and Longstreet's corps, of like strength and divisions, was following in the order of McLaws', Hood's, and Pickett's; the latter, however, left for one day at Chambersburg to hand forward the ammunition, reserve artillery, and trains safely, and to hold itself in readiness to come up the moment the battle should wax warm. Ewell, who commanded the remaining corps, and was coming in from Carlisle and York, had started from Heidlersburg early on the morning of the 1st, and with his three divisions was marching in the order of Early's, Rodes', and Johnson's. The divisions of Heth and Pender were the first to strike the head of the Union army. As they arrived upon the field they were deployed upon the bluff overlooking the west bank of Willoughby Run, Heth upon the right and Pender upon the left, and at commanding points along this bluff the artillery was planted. At the point where the rebel line was formed, there is a cross-road running north, and from it another branching east and approaching the town in general course nearly parallel with the Chambersburg pike. On this, Pender advanced and finally reached out towards Oak Hill, a commanding eminence, destined to be an important point in the day's battle, and in the direction in which Ewell was approaching.

General Doubleday, who had been directed to bring up the two remaining divisions of the First corps, having seen them fairly in motion, galloped forward and overtook the First division just as it was filing through the fields at the foot of Seminary Ridge, and immediately sent his aid, Lieutenant Martin, to General Reynolds for instructions. The aid returned bringing orders for Doubleday to attend to the Millerstown road, the next south of the Chambersburg. Midway between these two roads was a triangular piece of woods, the base resting on Willoughby Run, and the apex reaching up towards the Seminary Ridge, the elevation on which Cutler's troops were forming, cutting through its upper extremity. "These woods," says Doubleday, "possessed all the advantages of a redoubt, strengthening the centre of our line, and enfilading the enemy's columns should they advance in the open space on either side. I deemed the extremity of the woods, which extended to the summit of the ridge, the key of the position." To seize and hold this, therefore, was of prime necessity.

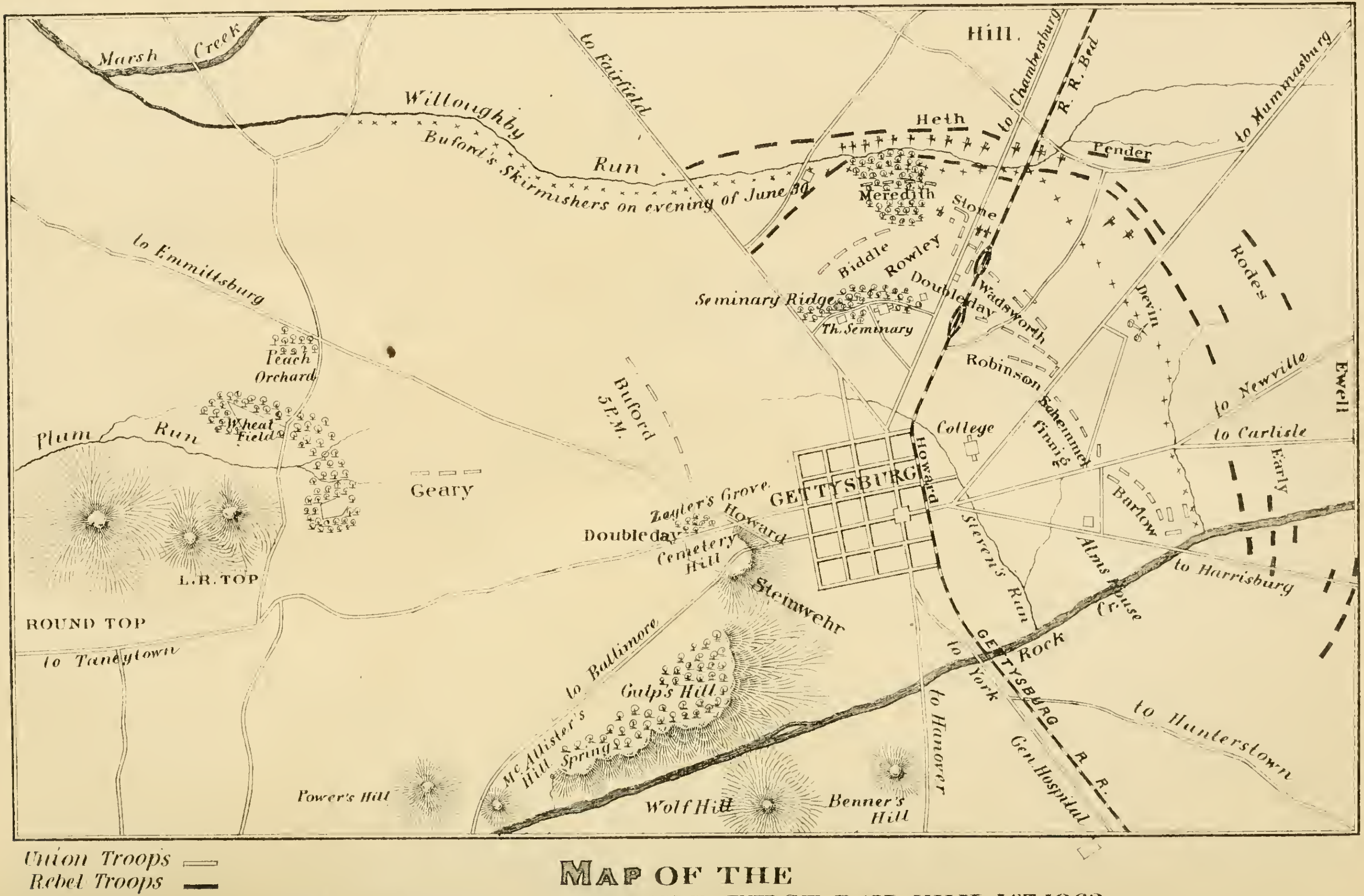
The brigade of Meredith followed close upon that of Cutler, and the latter had scarcely got into position, before it also came upon the field. It was composed of Western men, gallant soldiers, and gallantly led. It was known as the Iron Brigade. This tongue of wood, the importance of which General Doubleday had recognized, was also coveted by the enemy, and Archer's brigade of Heth's division had been sent across the run to occupy it, and was already advancing upon its base when Meredith arrived. Not a moment was to be lost, if it was to be saved to the Union side. Doubleday detached one regiment, the Sixth Wisconsin, to remain as a reserve, and immediately ordered the others to form and charge into the woods. "I urged them," says Doubleday, "to hold it to the last extremity. Full of the memory of past achievements, they replied cheerfully and proudly, 'If we can't hold it, where will you find the men who can?'" Led by the Second Wisconsin in line, under Colonel Fairchild, since Governor, and followed, *en echelon*, by the Seventh Wisconsin, Nineteenth Indiana, and Twenty-fourth Michigan, this sturdy body of men dashed forward. As the leading regiment was approaching the wood, General Reynolds, accompanied by two aids, Captains Mitchell and Baird, and an orderly, Charles H. Veil, rode up, and ordering it to advance at double-quick, joined in the charge. As it moved he exclaimed, "Forward! men, forward! for God's sake, and drive those fellows out of the woods." He then turned to look for his supports and to hasten them on. The woods were full of the enemy's sharp-shooters, and as he turned he was struck in the brain, and never spoke more. An abler or more devoted soldier perished not in the Union cause. His fall was not noticed by the troops, who swept on, and pressing Archer's brigade closely, compelled it to surrender, taking 1000 prisoners, and Archer himself, who was brought in by private Patrick Maloney of Colonel Fairchild's regiment, who afterwards fell on the field of his heroic exploit. The enthusiasm of the charge was so great that the brigade was carried across the run, and was formed on the high ground beyond. Seeing that this was too far in advance of the main line, it was ordered back and posted in the woods.

General Doubleday was now informed of the fall of Reynolds, by which sad event the whole responsibility of maintaining the fight was thrown upon him. At about this time, and before Doubleday could communicate with his officers, other disasters fell upon his little force. The enemy having formed in two lines in front, and to the right of Cutler's brigade, advanced upon it in vastly superior numbers, while another force charged up the railroad cut, and attacked the guns of Hall's battery. So overwhelming was this onset, that Wadsworth was induced to order Hall to retire with his guns to the Seminary Ridge, and also to withdraw the three regiments of Cutler's brigade posted north of the cut. One of these regiments, the One Hundred and Forty-seventh, under Major Harney, failed to receive the order, and remained upon the front battling with the swarming foe until nearly annihilated, and so far surrounded as to preclude the possibility of withdrawing. Hall had again been ordered forward, and the guns of his battery did fearful execution by the free use of canister. He had held in check the charging columns for some time; but seeing his supports withdrawn and his guns in danger of being lost, and receiving a summons from Wadsworth, he fell back. The last gun to retire lost all its horses, and before the men sent to rescue it could accomplish the purpose, they were either shot or taken prisoners, and the gun was for the time left upon the field.

At this juncture Doubleday was for the first time able to give attention to that part of the ground. Seeing that the right of his line had been crushed, and that the disaster, if not speedily repaired, would work the ruin of his corps, he sent for his reserve regiment, the Sixth Wisconsin, and forming it upon the enemy's flank, at right angles to the line of battle, ordered a charge. To save themselves from the determined front presented by this regiment the enemy sprang into the railroad cut near by, and commenced a murderous fire from this sheltered position. As the Sixth moved it was joined by the two regiments of Cutler, which had been originally posted on the left of the cut. The struggle for a time was desperate, and while some of the enemy gave token of surrender, the more resolute still held out. Finally, Colonel Dawes of the Sixth threw a squad into the cut upon his right, so as to enfilade the enemy's line, and pressing him in front, carried the position at the point of the bayonet. A portion of two regiments of Davis' brigade with their battle flags were taken prisoners, and marched off to the rear. This relieved the One Hundred and Forty-seventh, which had been surrounded and had suffered fearful losses, and the gun of Hall's battery, that had been left, was rescued.

So bold a manœuvre astonished the enemy, and gave assurance to the troops which Wadsworth had ordered back, insomuch that the line was reëstablished, and one of Tidball's batteries was advanced to take the place of Hall. Tidball's guns were soon hotly engaged, and after replying to the enemy with spirit and effect for some time, they were relieved by Captain Reynolds'.

Though suffering severe losses in killed and wounded, this single division of only two brigades had achieved a marked success, two brigades of Heth's division, Archer's and Davis', having been broken and large numbers captured, and the ground originally taken triumphantly held. This furnished a favorable opportunity to have retired, and taken position on more defensible ground. But Doubleday, who was still in chief command on the field, did not deem it wise to withdraw until a more determined fight had been made. He believed that General Reynolds, who had been placed in command of the whole right wing of the army, and who enjoyed the full confidence of his chief, had taken this position with the intention of holding it until supports should come up, which had been already ordered and whose arrival was hourly expected, and of preventing the enemy from gaining possession of the town. He was aware that the remaining divisions of his own corps were near at hand, that the Eleventh corps was approaching, and that the Third and Twelfth corps were within striking distance. He accordingly determined to hold fast and breast the storm. A passage of his official report discloses the patriotic devotion with which, at this perilous moment, he was actuated. "A retreat," he says, "without hard fighting has a tendency to demoralize the troops who retire, and would in the present instance, in my opinion, have dispirited the whole army, and injured its *morale*, while it would have encouraged the enemy in the same proportion. There never was an occasion in which the result could have been more momentous upon our national destiny. Final success in this war can only be



MAP OF THE
GETTYSBURG BATTLEFIELD, FIRST DAY, JULY 1ST 1863.

obtained by desperate fighting, and the infliction of heavy loss upon the enemy."

But the successes thus attained were not suffered to remain long undisputed. New actors were rapidly coming upon the scene. Pender's division, which had not yet been engaged, was now deployed, and on the Union side, the two remaining divisions of the First corps, Rowley's and Robinson's, arrived on the field. Robinson was at first ordered to hold his men in reserve, and to throw up a barricade in front of the Seminary, to which, in case of necessity, the line of battle could retire. Rowley's—Doubleday's own before taking the corps—was divided. One brigade, commanded by Colonel Chapman Biddle of the One Hundred and Twenty-first Pennsylvania, was sent to the left to cover the Millerstown Road, and the left flank of the Iron brigade. Biddle made a skilful disposition of his troops, sending two companies of skirmishers forward to occupy a brick house and stone barn considerably to the front of his line, who did fearful execution upon the advancing enemy, without being themselves exposed. Later in the day they were obliged to abandon this coigne of vantage to escape capture as the enemy in overwhelming numbers advanced, and the buildings were finally burned.

Stone's brigade, which was composed of the One Hundred and Forty-second, One Hundred and Forty-ninth, and One Hundred and Fiftieth Pennsylvania regiments, and was known as the Bucktail Brigade, sturdy men from the forest region, was posted on open ground to the right of Meredith, where they were much exposed. Stone was a man of undaunted courage, and accustomed to manœuvre troops in the face of the enemy, having led a battalion of the original Bucktail regiment upon the Peninsula with eminent skill. Doubleday had great confidence in this fine body of men, and assigned it to this most critical portion of the field. "The men," says Doubleday, "were in very fine spirits, and were elated to the highest degree. One division that I had [Rowley's] was composed almost entirely of Pennsylvanians. I made short speeches to each regiment as it passed and went into action, and the men were full of enthusiasm. I had assigned one brigade under Colonel Stone to quite an open position, where they were shelled pretty severely. Colonel Stone remarked, as he took the position, 'We have come to stay.' This went quickly through his brigade, the men adopting it as a watchword; they all said, 'We have come to stay,' and a very large portion of them never left that ground."

In gaining his position, Stone showed the most determined spirit. The skirmish line which he sent forward to occupy a fence on his front towards Willoughby Run, had to meet unshielded the deliberate fire of a heavy line of the enemy's skirmishers, who already had possession of it. But disregarding the rapid fall of companions they rushed on, drove out the foe, and held the fence against every attempt to regain it.

But now a new terror threatened. The veteran troops of Ewell, Stonewall Jackson's old corps, men who had rarely been led but to victory, had been marching since early morn from Heidlersburg, and the head of the column was already deploying, the skirmishers pushing into every nook and sheltered way where they could come unobserved upon the Union line. Devin's brigade of cavalry was there, and though its commander had expressed his confidence the night before that he could hold his own for twenty-four hours, before midday he found himself hard pressed. Never was a line of cavalry put to severer strain. The ground whereon it stood was open, with no advantageous positions from which to fight. The advance of Ewell was first felt on the Hunterstown Road. The instant the firing commenced, Devin disposed his men so as to strengthen that part of the line. "Shortly after this," says the signal officer, "the prophecy of Buford was fulfilled. 'Booming skirmishers three deep' came, nearly a mile long, and it seemed that a handful of men could not hold them in check an instant. But taking advantage of every particle of fence, timber, or rise in the front, they held the forces of Ewell temporarily in check." The fighting on the part of Devin was dismounted, and proved very effective, that whole front, looking northward, being held by that small cavalry force aided by the light guns of Calef, until relief came.

Reynolds had early on the morning of the 1st ordered Howard, who was in the neighborhood of Emmittsburg, to move up to Gettysburg in compliance with Meade's order of march for this day. "I am very clear and distinct," says Captain Rosengarten of Reynolds' staff, "in my recollection of the fact that one of General Howard's aids [Captain Hall] reported to General Reynolds as we were near Gettysburg, the early arrival of the Eleventh corps on the Taneytown Road. General Reynolds made some inquiries as to the condition of the men, and the distance of the divisions from each other, and then desired the aid to return to Howard, with orders to move on rapidly to Cemetery Hill where he would be put in position. When Reynolds got to the front, and found the pressing need for troops, and the long intervals between the arrival of successive divisions, he sent back to Cemetery Hill, and to the Eleventh corps, to bring the head of Howard's column up to the front. He was killed long before the return of the aid who carried this message."

Howard's corps had rested in the neighborhood of Emmittsburg on the night of the 30th, but had moved early, and finding the road leading to Gettysburg occupied by the trains, and by Robinson's division of the First corps, had moved to the right on a by-way leading to the Taneytown Road, and was still on this way eleven miles from Gettysburg, when the messenger of Reynolds met him. General Buford, ever watchful, remained near his signal officer, regarding every movement of friend and foe. "One of my men at the glass," says the signal officer, "came down to me with a message, saying that they saw another infantry corps, and thought that it must be Howard's. This proved to be the case. Buford then ordered me to ride as fast as my horse could carry me, and ask Howard to come up on the double-quick. I did so. He ordered his batteries forward, but his men came slowly."

Howard had ridden up, when he found that the First corps was engaged, in advance of his column, arriving at about one o'clock, and, ranking Doubleday, assumed command of the field. Doubleday continued in command of the First corps, that of the Eleventh being turned over to Carl Schurz. The Eleventh was composed of three divisions, commanded by Generals Von Steinwehr, Barlow, and Schemmelfinnig. The division of Von Steinwehr, with the artillery, was posted on Cemetery Hill, in accordance with the order of Reynolds, and the divisions of Barlow and Schemmelfinnig were moved forward, and relieved the cavalry brigade of Devin, north of the town, Barlow on the right, reaching around to Rock Creek, and Schemmelfinnig extending towards Seminary Hill, but not quite reaching the right of the First corps.

In the meantime the divisions of Pender and Heth, of Hill's corps, had developed their full strength, nearly three times that of the entire First corps, and the troops of Pender had extended their line upon the left until they grasped the hands of Rodes' division of Ewell's corps. At the point where these two corps joined, Oak Hill rises to a considerable altitude. This hill is really a part of Seminary Ridge, but a little to the west of it. Here powerful batteries were planted so as to enfilade the First corps line of battle. This necessitated a change of the Union front. The whole line might have been withdrawn to Seminary Ridge; but as that ridge is in some parts open, a line of battle would have there been enfiladed from Oak Hill. Accordingly, Doubleday ordered Wadsworth to retire his force north of the railroad bed to the crest of Seminary Ridge, which was wooded, and Reynolds' battery was also withdrawn. Captain Reynolds himself had received a shot in the eye, but refused to leave the field. This modification of the line necessitated a change of position of Rowley's division. Stone, leaving Wister's regiment facing westward, brought his two remaining ones, first Lieutenant-Colonel Dwight's, and finally Colonel Dana's, into the Chambersburg pike so as to face northward. This left a considerable interval between Stone and Cutler. Through this, Cooper's battery, which had been posted in the wheatfield in rear of Stone, also facing northward, answered the enemy's heavy guns on Oak Hill. At the same time Biddle's brigade was likewise faced northward to support the guns of Cooper.

Though Howard had arrived on the field and was now in chief command, he was wholly occupied in directing his own corps, leaving the First entirely to the management of Doubleday. "General Buford now reported to me," says Doubleday, "that the rebel General Ewell, with his whole corps, was coming down from York on my right flank, making another 30,000. I sent word to General Howard and requested him to keep Ewell off my flank, as I had as much as I could do to attend to A. P. Hill. About the same time I received an order from General Howard, to this effect: 'Tell Doubleday to fight on the left, and I will fight on the right.' A little later, he sent word to me that if forced back I must try and hold on to the Seminary. These were all the orders I received from him during the day, that I remember."

The First corps, with Buford's two brigades of cavalry, had borne the brunt of the battle. It was destined still to do so. There had been a lull in the storm, the enemy apparently preparing to crush at one blow the small force which they had now learned was checking them. This they were well able to do. For they had in hand Heth's and Pender's divisions of Hill's corps, and Rodes' and Early's of Ewell's, a full half of the entire rebel army, with the remainder in supporting distance. "At about half past one in the afternoon," says Colonel Stone in his official report, "the grand advance of the enemy's infantry began. From my position I was enabled to trace their formation for at least two miles. It appeared to be a nearly continuous double line of deployed battalions, with other battalions in mass as reserves." As this powerful body advanced, its formation being continuous, it could not conform to the Union line, which as we have seen was irregular. In consequence of this the rebel left became first engaged, striking the northern extremity of the First corps line. As there was here a gap between the First and Eleventh corps, Doubleday ordered Robinson, who had been held in reserve, to send one of his brigades, that of Baxter, to fill it. The latter arrived in time to meet the enemy's advance; but his small brigade proved insufficient to measure the open space, and though fighting gallantly, driving back the enemy, and taking many prisoners and three battle-flags, he was constantly outflanked and exposed to a hot enfilading fire. Recognizing the danger which threatened at this point, Doubleday ordered General Robinson himself with Paul's brigade, his last remaining reserve, to this part of the field. Stewart's battery of the Fourth United States Artillery was also sent to the assistance of Robinson. Although Robinson was still unable to close the opening at the angle made by the two corps, yet by swinging his right around upon the Mummasburg road, he was enabled to protect the flank and prevent the enemy from marching in.

The battle now waxed warm, the enemy attacking with the most determined valor. At that point in his long line, as it originally advanced, opposite that where Cutler's left ended, it had separated, the southern extremity holding back before Meredith and that part of Stone's brigade which looked westward, and the northern portion sweeping up to meet Cutler and Baxter. This gave that part of Stone's line which looked northward, and Cooper's battery, a good opportunity to attack upon the flank as the hostile lines swept past, and, though at long range for infantry, with excellent effect; and when the troops of Baxter dashed gallantly forward, the rebels seeing themselves pushed on three sides, surrendered in large numbers and were swept into the Union lines. Repeated assaults were made upon Paul and Baxter with ever fresh troops, as if determined to break through and bear down all before them. But more daring or skilful leaders than Robinson, Paul, and Baxter were not in the whole army, and their men were of the same spirit; and though suffering grievously at every fresh onset, hurled back the foe and maintained their ground intact. In one of these fierce assaults, General Paul, the veteran commander of the First brigade, while gallantly encouraging and directing the fight, was severely wounded, losing both his eyes.

While the chief force of the attack fell upon Robinson and Wadsworth, Stone was able to effectually supplement their operations; but when the enemy, unable to make an impression, turned upon Stone, Robinson and Wadsworth were too far away to return the compliment, and the blow fell with withering effect. In two lines, formed parallel to the pike, and at right-angles to Wadsworth, the enemy first advanced upon Stone, who, anticipating such a movement, had thrown one of his regiments under Colonel Dwight forward to the railroad cut where the men awaited the approach. When arrived at a fence within pistol shot, Dwight delivered a withering fire. Nothing daunted, the hostile lines crossed the fence, and continued to move forward. By this time Dwight's men had reloaded, and when the advancing foe had arrived close upon the bank, they delivered another telling volley. They then leaped the bank and vaulted forward with the bayonet, uttering wild shouts, before which the rebels fled in dismay. On returning, Dwight found that the enemy had planted a battery away to the west, so as to completely enfilade the railroad cut, making it untenable; whereupon he returned to his original position on the pike.

At this juncture, Colonel Stone fell, severely wounded, and was borne off, the command devolving upon Colonel Wister. Foiled in their first attempt, with fresh troops the rebel leaders came on from the northwest, that if possible the weak spot in the Bucktail line might be found. But Wister, disposing the regiment which in part faced the north to meet them, checked and drove them back from this point also. Again, with an enthusiasm never bated, they advanced from the north, and now crossing the railroad cut, which the rebel guns guarded, rushed forward; but a resolute bayonet charge sent them back again, and that front was once more clear. Believing that a single thin line unsupported, unrenewed, and unprotected by breast-works, must eventually yield, a determined attack was again made from the west; but with no better results than before, being met by the intrepid Colonel Huidekoper, who had succeeded to the command of Wister's regiment, and though receiving a grievous wound from the effect of which he lost his right arm, the ground was firmly held, and the enemy was sent reeling back.

But the wave of battle as it rolled southward reached every part in turn, and the extreme Union left, where Biddle's brigade was posted, at length felt its power. A body of troops, apparently an entire division, drawn out in heavy lines, came down from the west and south, and overlapping both of Biddle's flanks, moved defiantly on. Only three small regiments were in position to receive them; but ordering up the One Hundred and Fifty-first Pennsylvania, which had been detached for special duty, and throwing it into the gap between Meredith's and his own, and wheeling the battery into position, Biddle awaited the approach. As the enemy appeared beyond the wood, under cover of which they had formed, a torrent of death-dealing missiles leaped from the guns. Terrible rents were made; but closing up, they came on undaunted. Never were guns better served; and though the ground was strewn with the slain, their line seemed instantly to grow together. The infantry fire was terrific on both sides; but the enemy, outflanking Biddle, sent a direct and a doubly destructive oblique fire, before which it seemed impossible to stand. But though the dead fell until the living could fight from behind them as from a bulwark, they stood fast as if rooted to the ground.

It was upon this part of the field, and soon after Stone's brigade had come into position, that an old man with hair of grizzly grey, dressed in a long swallow-tailed coat, and a silk hat badly battered and worn, carrying a musket, came up at a rapid walk through the wheatfield, from the direction of the town, and desired permission to fight. Colonel Wister, to whom he addressed himself, asked him if he knew how to shoot. He answered that he would show them whether he could or not if they would give him a chance. "Where is your ammunition?" inquired Wister. Slapping his hand upon his pocket, he replied: "I have it here." Colonel Wister told him that he could have a chance to fight, but advised him to go to the woods where the Iron brigade was posted, as he could there shelter himself. This did not suit the old man's idea of fight, and he persisted in going forward to the skirmish line at the fence, upon the extreme front, and here he fought so long as that fence was held. Few were the useless shots he fired, and many a foeman was made to bite the dust before the sweep of his faithful rifle. When that skirmish line retired he was the last to leave. He subsequently fought with the Iron brigade until the end of the battle, and was left wounded upon the field. That old man was constable John Burns, the only civilian, so far as known, who fought in the battle of Gettysburg.

While the battle was raging with such fury on the First corps front, it was warmly maintained on the right, where two divisions of the Eleventh corps had been posted. When General Howard first arrived on the field, and became aware that the enemy was advancing in great force from the north, he saw at a glance that Seminary Ridge would not for a moment be tenable, unless the descent from this direction could be checked. Early, who was upon that front, seemed indisposed to make a determined assault until the bulk of his corps was up, and he could act in conjunction with the forces of Hill, advancing from the west. He accordingly pushed Rodes with the advance division over upon the right until it formed a junction with Hill. He likewise sent the division of Early upon the left until he flanked the position which the cavalry of Buford was holding. Howard saw the great disadvantages of the field which he would be obliged to contend upon, and doubtless from the first realized that sooner or later both corps would have to fall back, unless he should receive timely and powerful support. In his anxiety to hold the town until evening, and until the balance of the army could come up, he committed the fatal error of attempting to string out his two divisions in one thin, continuous line, so as to cover the whole open front, upon any part of which the enemy could mass and easily break through, or by planting his artillery in commanding positions, could rake with an oblique and even an enfilading fire. Had Howard, instead of attempting to cover the whole front with an attenuated line, selected some commanding positions on which to have planted his artillery, and instantly have thrown up simple works for the protection of the pieces, and so posted his infantry as to have charged upon any force that should have attempted to wedge its way through the unoccupied spaces, as was done in the case of the First corps; or, had he made the north bank of the north branch of Stevens' Run his main line, making the Almshouse a fortified point, which would have enabled him to hold a strong reserve ready to meet any assault from whatever direction it should come, there is no doubt that the ground would have been longer and more successfully held, perhaps with the fruits of captives and standards. Bloody work may have been entailed; but with skilful management the enemy would likely have suffered much greater losses, as he would have been forced to be the attacking party.

But, notwithstanding this seeming error, the fact must ever remain apparent, that the task attempted by Howard was a difficult one. When he came upon the field, he found the First corps on ground of its own selection, skilfully posted for meeting a front attack, but incapable of holding its own when pressed upon its flanks, and indeed at that moment most seriously threatened with capture. The position left for him to take, and which he was forced to occupy to save the First corps, was one not easily defensible, and by the time his corps arrived upon the field the enemy was already upon the front and flanks of that position, or in easy supporting distance, in numbers treble those he could bring to oppose to them. It is evident, therefore, that he went there with the expectation of playing a losing game; that he realized that he could only interpose a temporary check, and thereby be enabled to withdraw to a more favorable position; and though he might by a more skilful disposition of his forces have made a more stubborn resistance and have withdrawn his little army with less loss, yet the possibility of permanently holding that position unaided could not reasonably have been entertained.

But there was one labor which was being executed at this time under the direction of General Howard which proved of vital importance in the final cast of the battle: it was the fortifying of Cemetery Hill. This is the boldest and most commanding ground upon the central portion of the line where the struggle during the two succeeding days occurred. Reynolds had noticed the great advantage it presented, and had designated it as the position on which to hold his reserves, and as a rallying point in case he was forced back from the more advanced position in front of the town where he had made his stand, and had himself early fallen. When Howard came up he left one division under General Alexander Von Steinwehr upon this hill, with directions to have it posted most advantageously to hold the position, and to cover retiring troops. Around the base of this hill were low stone walls, tier above tier, extending from the Taneytown Road around to the westerly extremity of Wolf's Hill. These afforded excellent protection to infantry, and behind them the soldiers, weary with the long march and covered with dust, threw themselves for rest. Upon the summit were beautiful green fields, now covered by a second growth, which to the tread had the seeming of a carpet of velvet.

Von Steinwehr was an accomplished soldier, having been thoroughly schooled in the practice of the Prussian army. His military eye was delighted with this position, and thither he drew his heavy pieces, and planted them on the very summit, at the uttermost verge towards the town. But the position, though bold and commanding, was itself commanded, and Steinwehr instantly realized that there would be blows to take as well as to give. No tree, no house, no obstruction of any kind shielded it from the innumerable points on the opposite hills, from Benner's on the extreme right, beyond Wolf's Hill, around far south on Seminary Ridge to the left; but it stood out in bold relief, the guns presenting excellent targets for the enemy's missiles the moment he should come within artillery range. However powerful and effective his own guns might prove, while unassailed, Steinwehr saw that they would be unable to live long when attacked, unless protected. Nor would any light works be of avail. There was no time to build a fort, for which the ground was admirably adapted. He accordingly threw up lunettes around each gun. These were not mere heaps of stubble and turf, but solid works of such height and thickness as to defy the most powerful bolts which the enemy could throw against them, with smooth and perfectly level platforms on which the guns could be worked. If the First and Eleventh corps performed no other service in holding on to their positions, though sustaining fearful losses, the giving opportunity for the construction of these lunettes and getting a firm foothold upon this great vantage ground, was ample compensation for every hardship and misfortune, and the labor and skill of Steinwehr in constructing them must ever remain subjects of admiration and gratitude.

When Barlow, who commanded the division of the Eleventh corps which took the right of the line in front of the town, was going into position, he discovered a wooded eminence a little to the north of the point where the Harrisburg road crosses Rock Creek, and here he determined to make his right rest. It was the ground which the skirmish line of Devin had held. But as the cavalry retired the enemy had immediately thrown forward a body of skirmishers to occupy it. To dislodge these, Barlow sent forward Von Gilsa's brigade. At the Almshouse the line halted, and knapsacks were thrown aside. It was then ordered to advance at double-quick. The order was gallantly executed, and the wood quickly cleared. Dispositions were made to hold it, and Wilkinson's battery of the Fourth United States was advanced to its aid. The watchful Von Gilsa, however, soon discovered that the enemy was massed upon his flank, the brigades of Gordon and Hayes of Early's division being formed under cover of the wooded ground on either side of Rock Creek, and ready to advance upon him. He was very much in the situation of the right of the Eleventh corps at Chancellorsville, the enemy massed and ready to come down, as did Jackson, upon front, flank, and rear. Barlow found it impossible to hold this advanced position, and was obliged to allow that wing to fall back to the neighborhood of the Almshouse.

On the left, in the direction of the First corps right, the brigade of Colonel Von Amesburg was placed, with Dilger's and Wheeler's batteries. The extreme left was occupied by the Seventy-fourth Pennsylvania. This regiment was much reduced in numbers, and in attempting to cover a long space it could present little more than a skirmish line, which rested at a fence, by a cross-road connecting the Carlisle and the Mummasburg ways. The Eleventh corps line had hardly been established, before the enemy, whose dispositions had been mainly perfected previous to its arrival, came down upon it with overwhelming might.

On the southern slope of Seminary Ridge, on a prolongation of the First corps line northward, was a commanding position which the enemy could not be prevented from occupying, and where he now planted his artillery so as to send an oblique and very destructive fire upon the left of the Eleventh corps. From this point also, having massed his infantry, he came on, sweeping past the right of the First corps, and breaking and crumpling the left of the Eleventh. The right of the First being thus turned was obliged to retire, and was carried back. At this juncture, Early, who was already massed on the extreme right flank of the Eleventh, also advanced. Near the Almshouse he met a stubborn resistance, and in the midst of the fight the gallant Barlow was wounded, and fell helpless into the enemy's hands. Shemmelfinnig, too, while attempting to stay his troops, and hold them up to the fight, was taken prisoner, but subsequently managed to escape, and rejoined his command. Stands were made at intervals, and the enemy held in check; but it was impossible to stay the onset. Until the town was reached the retirement was comparatively deliberate and orderly; but when arrived there, being huddled in the narrow streets, subjected to a rapid fire from batteries which raked them, and the enemy's swarming infantry intent on their destruction or capture, the men fell into confusion. Their officers strove to save them by ordering them into the cross alleys. But this only added to the confusion, the men either not understanding the commands, or hoping to escape the fire of the foe, and over 1200 were made prisoners in less than twenty minutes.

While this was passing upon the right, the enemy assaulted upon the left with no less vigor, but not with the same success. Though the First corps had now been five hours in the fight, some portions of it six, and without supports or reliefs, it still stood fast, determined to make good the cry which they at the first had raised, "We have come to stay." But when it was known that the right of the corps had been turned, and that the Eleventh corps was falling back, it became evident that the position which had been so long and so gallantly held, and withal with such substantial fruits, would have to be given up. Baxter's brigade, which had fought with stubborn bravery upon the right, was brought to the rear of the ridge at the railroad cut, where it defended a battery and still held the enemy advancing from the north in check. Paul's brigade having lost its commander, in retiring became entangled, and a considerable number fell into the enemy's hands. On the left, Meredith's and Biddle's brigades were ordered to fall back and cover the retirement of the balance of the line. Wister, who had succeeded to the command of Stone's brigade upon the fall of the latter, had likewise received a severe wound, and had turned over the brigade to Colonel Dana. At a barricade of rails which had been thrown up early in the day by Robinson's men, a final stand was made, and here the chief of artillery, Colonel Wainwright, had posted his batteries, those of Cooper, Breck, Stevens, and Wilbur, thus concentrating twelve guns in so small a space that they were scarcely five yards apart. Captain Stewart's battery was also in position on the summit, two pieces on either side of the railroad cut.

Encouraged by this falling back, the enemy was brought up in masses, as to an easy victory, and forming in two lines, swept forward. As they approached, the artillery opened upon them, Stewart's guns being so far to right and front that he could enfilade their lines. Their front line was by this concentrated fire much broken and dispirited, but the second, which was also supported, pressed on. When arrived within musket range their advance was checked, and the firing for a short time was hot. The rebels, who greatly outnumbered the small Union line, now began to show themselves upon the left flank. Seeing that the position could not much longer be held, Doubleday ordered the artillery to retire, and it moved in good order from the field, wending its way back to Cemetery Hill. But before the pieces were all away the enemy had gained so far upon the flank as to reach it with his musketry fire, shielding himself behind a garden fence which runs within fifty yards of the pike. Before the last piece had passed, the fire had become very warm, and the horses attached to this gun were shot. The piece, consequently, had to be abandoned, together with three caissons.

The infantry held its position behind the barricade, successfully checking the enemy in front, the men showing the most unflinching determination, Captain Richardson, of General Meredith's staff, riding up and down the line waving a regimental flag, and encouraging them to duty. But the enemy was now swarming upon the very summit of the ridge upon the left flank of Doubleday. So near had they approached, that Lieutenant Colonel McFarland while reconnoitring to discover their exact position, received a volley which shattered both legs. "When all the troops at this point," says General Doubleday, "were overpowered, Captain Glenn, of the One Hundred and Forty-ninth Pennsylvania, in command of the Head-quarter Guard, defended the building [Seminary] for full twenty minutes against a whole brigade of the enemy, enabling the few remaining troops, the ambulances, and artillery, to retreat in comparative safety."

And now was seen the great advantage in the position of Steinwehr's reserves. As the begrimed cannoniers, and the beasts foaming with the excitement of battle, and the sadly thinned ranks of infantry exhausted by six hours of continuous fighting, filed through the town and approached Cemetery Hill, they came as to the folds of an impregnable fortress. Here at length was rest and security. Whenever the foeman attempted to follow, they came immediately into range of Steinwehr's well-posted guns, and at every stone wall and building was an abattis of bayonets. The heroic Buford, who had first felt the shock of battle, and during the long hours of this terrible day had held his troops upon the flanks of the infantry, joining in the fierce fighting as opportunity or necessity required, and who, from his watchtower had scanned and reported every phase of the battle, was now at the critical moment a pillar of strength. The insignificant division of Steinwehr would alone have presented but a narrow barrier to a powerful and triumphant foe, intent on pushing his advantage, and, to the left where the country is all open, and nature presents no impediment to an advance, it could have been flanked and easily turned out of its position. But here, like a wall of adamant, stood the veterans of Buford, with guns skilfully posted, ready to dispute the progress of the enemy. His front was tried, and the attempt was made to push past him along the low ground drained by Steven's Run, where some severe fighting occurred. But he maintained his ground intact, and that admirable position, where the army at length fought and won the battle, was again saved. General Warren, the Engineer-in-chief of the army, who first came upon the field at this crisis, says in his testimony: "General Buford's cavalry was all in line of battle between our position there and the enemy. Our cavalry presented a very handsome front, and I think probably checked the advance of the enemy." Indeed the spirit of Buford, like a good angel, seemed to be constantly hovering over the entire field of that first day. One of the best read of our military critics says of him: "He not only showed the rarest tenacity, but by his personal capacity made his cavalry accomplish marvels, and rival infantry in their steadfastness, not only in the battle itself, but afterwards, when deployed in the intervale drained by Steven's Run, west of Gettysburg." He died not long after from the effect of protracted toil and exposure in this campaign. "On the day of his death," says the "American Cyclopedia of 1863," "and but a little while before his departure, his commission as Major-General was placed in his hands. He received it with a smile of gratification that the Government he had defended appreciated his services, and gently laying it aside soon ceased to breathe."

On the right of Steinwehr's position were the rugged heights of Wolf's Hill, a natural buttress, unassailable in front from its abruptness, and though susceptible of being turned, as it was on the following evening, yet so curtained by an impenetrable wood as to convey the suspicion of danger lurking therein. Early, who was in front of this hill, made some attempts to carry it, but, finding it apparently well protected, did not push his reconnoissance.

As the two broken corps of the Union army ascended Cemetery Hill, they were met by staff officers, who turned the Eleventh corps to the right and the First corps to the left, where they went into position along the summit of the ridge stretching out on either hand from the Baltimore pike. A ravine to the right of Cemetery Hill, and between that and Wolf's Hill, seemed to present to the enemy a favorable point of attack, and hither was at once sent Stevens' Maine battery and Wadsworth's division of the first corps. Here Wadsworth immediately commenced substantial breast-works along the brow of the hill, an example which other troops followed, until the whole front extending to Spangler's Spring was surmounted by one of like strength. Through that ravine the enemy did assail, but the preparations to meet him were too thorough to admit of his entrance.

Thus ended the fighting of the first day. It had proved a sad day for those two weak corps, battling as they had been obliged to against a foe nearly thrice their numbers. The First corps had gone into the battle with 8200 men, and had come out with only 2450. The Eleventh corps went in with 7400, only two divisions of which, however, being actually engaged, and retired with a little more than half that number. But though the losses had been grievous and the survivors were worn out with the severity of the fight, yet was not honor lost. A most heroic and determined stand had been made. Prisoners to the number of 2500 had been taken, and the enemy had sustained a still greater loss in killed and wounded than had the Union side. A position of great natural strength had been gained, and was now firmly held.

Of the generalship displayed on the first day of fighting at Gettysburg there has been much speculation, and we can only judge by the official records, the dispositions upon the field, and by the results attained. The questions have been raised, was the fighting at Gettysburg an accidental collision, unforeseen and unpremeditated? Was General Reynolds justified in precipitating a battle there, and Doubleday and Howard in continuing it? In one sense the collision was accidental. Not until the evening of the 30th, and after the order for the movement of each corps of the army on the 1st day of July had been issued, was Meade made aware of the purpose of the enemy to let go the Susquehanna and concentrate. It was not until the morning of the 1st of July that he learned that Lee was marching on Gettysburg. It must be borne in mind, in considering the movements of the army, that the orders which were emanating from the brain of the leader had to be communicated to corps scattered over a belt of more than thirty miles. During the day these corps were in motion, and hence it was impossible to arrest and change their courses as the movements of a single person or even a compact body of men could have been. Time thus enters as an important element in the game. A circular had been sent out indicating a cautious policy, and prefiguring what would be the order of the following day,—a concentration on Pipe Creek. But the positive orders for the movement of July 1st carried the First corps to Gettysburg, the Eleventh to Gettysburg or supporting distance, the Third to Emmittsburg, the Second to Taneytown, the Twelfth to Two Taverns, the Fifth to Hanover, and the Sixth to Manchester, and the cavalry to front and flank well out in all directions. The tone of the circular afterwards issued indicated that Meade would not have given the order for the march on the 1st had he known the purposes of the enemy sooner. Hence we must conclude, that though he did not anticipate meeting the enemy when he issued the order, yet he received information on the morning of the 1st, when the movement of the corps was about to commence, that it was likely to result in a collision.

On the side of the enemy, it would appear that General Lee had not expected a battle on this day. He had become aware that the Union army was much scattered, and he did not suppose that a small fragment of that army would dare to bring on an engagement. Lee's own account of it was this: "The leading division of Hill met the enemy in advance of Gettysburg on the morning of the 1st of July. Driving back these troops to within a short distance of the town, he there encountered a large force, with which two of his divisions became engaged. Ewell, coming up with two of his divisions by the way of the Heidlersburg road, joined in the engagement." Moreover, it would appear that if either Lee or Meade had anticipated a battle, he would have been at the front to direct it.

But though Meade was aware before the collision did actually occur, that it was likely to, he seems to have hoped, and indeed have confidently expected that the effect of his cautionary circular would be to induce Reynolds to interpose only such resistance as became necessary to enable him to withdraw his corps in safety. To understand why Reynolds disappointed this hope, and by a stubborn stand in an offensive position, brought on a general engagement, several circumstances must be taken into the account. There appear to have been at this time at the head of the several army corps two classes of men, in temper and policy quite opposite to each other. The one class was for pushing forward, and attacking and fighting the enemy wherever he could be found, and never ceasing to manœuvre and fight until a victory was gained. This party was totally opposed to falling back, but the rather intent on falling forward, and eagerly counselled against Pipe Creek, and in favor of Gettysburg. On the other hand, Meade seemed inclined to a cautious policy, in which he received countenance, and was at this moment anxious to take up a defensive position in the hope of inducing the enemy to attack and allow him to fight a purely defensive battle. That Reynolds was of the former class there can be no doubt. "When we crossed the river," says General Doubleday, "at Edwards' Ferry, I rode on to Poolesville, and while waiting for the troops to come up, had a conversation with Reynolds. He was clearly of opinion that it was necessary to bring the enemy to battle as soon as possible. He wished to put an immediate stop to the plundering by the enemy of Pennsylvania farms and cities. He said if we gave them time by dilatory measures, or by taking up defensive positions, they would strip the State of everything. Hence he was in favor of striking them as soon as possible. He was really eager to get at them."

But Reynolds was too true a soldier to disobey orders, however much he may have differed in judgment from his chief, and though he must have known the temper and inward wish of that chief, he still had ample authority for pursuing the course he did. In the first place, the circular was only admonitory. The order of march for the day was absolute. That order carried Buford's cavalry, and the First and Eleventh corps to Gettysburg. The cavalry, which reached there first, had positive orders from Pleasanton to hold the town to the last extremity. Reynolds found upon his arrival the cavalry heavily engaged. There was no alternative but to go to its relief; and doubtless believing the position a good one from which to fight, immediately ordered up the three corps of the army under his command, well knowing that there were three other corps within supporting distance. But, besides the order carrying Reynolds to Gettysburg, he had certain discretionary powers as to bringing on a battle, if not directly conferred, at least implied. Among the instructions contained in the very order for the march of the army on this day are these : "The telegraph corps to work east from Hanover, repairing the line, and all commanders to work repairing the line in their vicinity between Gettysburg and Hanover. Staff officers report daily from each corps, and with orderlies to leave for orders. Prompt information to be sent into head-quarters at all times. All ready to move to the attack at any moment." In the circular to which frequent reference has been made, Meade says : "Developments may cause the Commanding General to assume the offensive from his present positions." And in a communication to General Reynolds, dated on the very morning that the battle opened, in which Meade freely unbosoms himself and discloses how much trust and confidence he reposes in Reynolds, he says : "The Commanding General cannot decide whether it is his best policy to move to attack, until he learns something more definite of the point at which the enemy is concentrating. This he hopes to do during the day. Meanwhile he would like to have your views upon the subject, at least so far as concerns your position. . . . If the enemy is concentrating in front of Gettysburg, or to the left of it, the General is not sufficiently well informed of the nature of the country to judge of its character, either for an offensive or defensive position. . . . The

General having just assumed command in obedience to orders, with the position of affairs leaving no time to learn the condition of the army as to *morale* and proportionate strength compared with its last return, would gladly receive from you any suggestions as to the points laid down in this note. He feels that you know more of the condition of the troops in your vicinity and of the country than he does." Thus, in three successive communications that came to Reynolds, the last before opening the battle, and one of these in the form of a positive order for his guidance, Meade urges his troops to be ready to move to the attack at any moment, states that developments may cause him to assume the offensive from the present positions, and finally discloses his indecision, and frankly declares that Reynolds is better able to judge of affairs on that part of the field than he is himself.

Reynolds, accordingly, opened the battle in earnest and summoned his troops, doubtless with the expectation that he would be promptly supported by all the army as fast as it could be brought up. What the result would have been had Reynolds lived, is impossible to divine. He had scarcely marshalled his first battalions before he was slain. The chief command upon the field then devolved upon General Doubleday, which, for upwards of two hours he continued to exercise. It was during this time, and under his immediate direction, that the chief successes of the day were achieved, a large number of prisoners and standards having been captured in successive periods of the fight, and at widely separated parts of the field. To any one who will traverse the ground held by the First corps from ten in the morning until after four in the afternoon, will note the insignificance in the number of its guns and of its muskets, as compared with those of the two divisions of Hill and one of Ewell which opposed it, and will consider the triumphs won, and how every daring attempt of the enemy to gain the field was foiled, it must be evident that the manœuvring of Doubleday was admirable, and that it stamps him as a corps leader of consummate excellence. For, mark how little equality of position he enjoyed, the opposing ridge and Oak Hill affording great advantage for the enemy's artillery, and how his own infantry stood upon open ground with no natural or artificial protection except in a short distance upon his extreme right, where was a low stone wall. Where, in the whole history of the late war, is this skill and coolness of the commander, or this stubborn bravery of the troops, matched?

The chief losses of the day in killed, wounded, and prisoners occurred in the act of retiring to Cemetery Hill. In conducting this, General Howard was responsible. It was a difficult movement to execute. The whole country where the fighting of the first day occured, is so open that no movement could take place on the Union line that was not plainly visible from almost every part of the rebel line, affording ample opportunity to instantly checkmate any advantage in manœuvre. At twenty minutes past three in the afternoon, about the time that the onset of Rodes upon the point of junction of the First and Eleventh corps had penetrated the Union line and was carrying back the flanks of both, Buford, who had been watching everything from the signal-station in the cupola of the Seminary, wrote the following message to Meade through Pleasanton: "I am satisfied Longstreet and Hill have made a junction. A tremendous battle has been raging since half past nine A. M., with varying success. At the present moment the battle is raging on the road to Cashtown, and in short cannon range of this town; the enemy's line is a semicircle on the height from north to west. General Reynolds was killed early this morning. *In my opinion there seems to be no directing person.*" And then after his signature, he adds what doubtless seemed to his practical mind the cure-all for this trouble, "We need help now."

To his practised eye the outlook appeared gloomy. The whole rebel army was now rapidly concentrating, and already swarming upon his immediate front, and there seemed wanting a controlling spirit on the field. It was doubtless apparent to him, as it now is to every careful observer, that the time for the prompt action of the commander upon the field was fast passing, if not already gone. If, when Howard found that he was no longer able to hold his advanced position, he had ordered some demonstrations on different parts of the field, and planting some pieces to have commanded the main thoroughfares over which his troops should retire, had withdrawn the two corps before the enemy advanced in overwhelming numbers and *compelled* him to go back, it is probable that he might have rescued the greater portion of his men who were eventually engulfed in the streets of the town, and were swept back as prisoners, and have saved many who were killed and wounded.

Howard is without excuse for holding out so long, when the evidence was spread out on all sides before his eyes, that the enemy was coming down upon him with resistless power. Some time before his forces were driven back, Doubleday sent his Adjutant-general, Halsted, to Cemetery Hill, to implore him either to send reinforcements from Steinwehr's division, or else order the hard-pressed troops at the front to fall back. Halsted pointed out to him the advance of vastly superior forces on all sides, which he could plainly discern through his field glass. But Howard even then refused to order a retreat, and said to Halsted: "You may find Buford and use him," although Buford had been fighting from early morning, and was still engaged. It seems that Howard, at a council of corps commanders held at Chancellorsville just before the army retired across the river, voted to remain and fight, giving as a reason that the misconduct of his corps forced him always to vote for assaulting, whether it was the best thing to be done or not. That senseless policy appeared to influence him here, and the troops of both corps had to pay the penalty of his temerity. The commander of the First corps, according to his sworn statement, never received any orders to fall back, and it is a noticeable circumstance confirming this, that the First corps was the last to leave the ground, and it seems almost miraculous that it was brought off in tolerable order, and with insignificant loss in prisoners.

The idea has been advanced that the fighting on this first day constitutes no part of the Battle of Gettysburg. General Sickles says, "We in the army do not regard the operations of the two corps under General Reynolds as properly the Battle of Gettysburg. We regard the operations of Thursday and Friday, when the whole army was concentrated, as the Battle of Gettysburg." But wherefore? Did not Reynolds fall in the Battle of Gettysburg? Are the dead who there perished to be despoiled of their part in that great victory? Shall the works and watchings of Buford be turned into nothingness? Is the matchless heroism of that First corps on that blood-washed field to count for nought in the final winning? Shall Doubleday, and Howard, and Steinwehr, have no credit for taking and holding that impregnable fortress on Cemetery Hill, where the battle was finished? Is the taking up and fortifying that ground no part of that great struggle? Ay! rather was the fighting of that first day, and the planting immovable footsteps on the fastnesses of Cemetery Hill, THE BATTLE OF GETTYSBURG. As well might it be said that the fight made by the gallant Sickles himself, and the glorious Third corps, baptized in blood as it was, constitutes no part of the battle. As well might the struggles of McCook and Johnson, and Davis and Sheridan, and Rosseau and Negley be gainsayed in the Battle of Stone River; or the opening of the contest by Hooker in the Battle of Antietam. No, no! The glories of that battle cannot be divided, and apportioned, and parcelled. They are parts of one great whole. Who knows of the battle of Oak Ridge! How does it become the mouth to say that Reynolds fell at the battle of Willoughby Run!

Is it asserted that the army was not all up on that first day? Neither were they all up on the second or the third. That glorious company who had gone down in the fight, and who, could they have been more promptly and cordially supported, might have been saved to come, were not up. Is it said that the leader himself was not present? His orders had carried those troops upon that ground and involved them in the fight, and any honors which were there finally gained are due to the stubborn execution of those orders. Side by side on the now peaceful hillside, in order indiscriminate, lie the victims of that immortal field, reminding the pilgrim as he treads lightly by, that they are *all* the slain in the Battle of Gettysburg.

CHAPTER X.

MARSHALLING FOR THE SECOND DAY AT GETTYSBURG.

BUT where, during all this long day of carnage, was the rest of the army? Why were these two feeble corps left from early morn, until the evening shadows began to set, to be jostled and torn without succor? Were there no troops within call? Was not the very air laden with the terrible sounds of the fray? Was not the clangor of the enemy's guns more persuasive than the summon of staff officer?

The order of General Meade for the march of the several corps of the army on the 1st would carry the Third corps to Emmittsburg. But General Sickles says in his testimony, that he had reached Emmittsburg on the night of the 30th. This place is ten miles from Gettysburg. The Third corps had been placed under the command of Reynolds as the leader of the right wing of the army, and he had sent a staff officer on the morning of the 1st, to summon it forward. It had no farther to march than had Howard's corps, and following the course that Howard went—the by-way leading to the Taneytown road—not so great a distance. But Sickles had that morning received the circular of Meade, indicating the purpose to concentrate on Pipe Creek, though containing no order. It was his plain duty, therefore, to have responded, had the message reached him, to the call of Reynolds. But to this he seems to have paid no attention. In his testimony, Sickles says: "I was giving my troops a little repose during that morning. . . . Between two and three o'clock in the afternoon, I got a dispatch from General Howard, at Gettysburg, informing me that the First and Eleventh corps had been engaged during the day with a superior force of the enemy, and that Gen-

Winfd S. Hancock

MAJ. GEN. W. S. HANCOCK

eral Reynolds had fallen; that he (Howard) was in command, and was very hard pressed, and urging me in the most earnest terms to come to his relief with what force I could. I, of course, considered the question very anxiously. My preliminary orders in going to Gettysburg were to go there and hold that position with my corps, as it was regarded as a very important flanking position, to cover our rear and line of communication." In this testimony, Sickles ignores the early summons of Reynolds, which a staff officer, Captain Rosengarten, asserts was sent by an aid with great dispatch and immediately after Reynolds had reached the front. But Sickles says, "My preliminary orders in going to Gettysburg." Is this a misprint in the testimony, and should it read Emmittsburg? If Gettysburg, then to what order does he refer? General Meade had given no such order. If Gettysburg, he must refer to an order which he had received from Reynolds, which he disobeyed, probably allowing the circular of Meade, which had no binding effect, and which bore that declaration in so many words on its face, to override it. But when, between two and three o'clock he received the summons of Howard, he concluded to respond to it. Moreover, it would seem that besides the order of Reynolds and the appeal of Howard, other messages had reached Sickles before he decided to go to Gettysburg. An article, published in the "Rebellion Record," vol. viii., page 346, contains this statement: "Besides numerous reports, the following brief communication reached him [Sickles], which accidentally fell into my hands: 'July 1, Gettysburg. General Sickles: General Doubleday [First corps] says, For God's sake, come up with all speed, they are pressing us hard. H. T. Lee, Lieut. A. D. C.'"

It is but justice to Sickles, however, to say, that when he had once decided to go, he moved rapidly, and that his character as a soldier, established on many a bloody field, was never to shun a fight. He was among the few officers in the army who evidently relished one. He says: "I therefore moved to Gettysburg on my own responsibility. I made a forced march, and arrived there about the time that General Howard had taken position on Cemetery Hill. I found his troops well posted in a secure position on the ridge. The enemy, in the meanwhile, had not made any serious attack upon him during my march." The concluding statement is a mistake, as the time between two and five o'clock marked the most severe and disastrous struggle of the day.

The Twelfth corps, according to Meade's programme, was to march from Littlestown, ten miles from Gettysburg, to Two Taverns, which would bring it within five miles of the battlefield, four and a quarter from Cemetery Hill. The march was commenced at six in the morning, and, after passing Two Taverns, a line of battle was formed. The following is from the diary of an officer who commanded a regiment in Kane's brigade: "July 1st, marched at six A. M., a short distance; passed Two Taverns; formed line of battle; heavy firing in front; a report that the First and Eleventh corps are engaged with the enemy." The enemy's Whitworth gun could have sent a bolt nearly this distance. The smoke from the field must have been plainly visible. The roar of the battle was constantly resounding. But here the corps remained idle during the whole day.

It is the first duty of a soldier to obey the orders of his superiors. "All inferiors are required to obey strictly and to execute with alacrity and good faith, the lawful orders of the superiors appointed over them." This is the fundamental principle of military discipline, the foundation stone on which the whole superstructure of an army rests. The order was to move from Littlestown to Two Taverns, and, moreover, there was the intimation from General Meade that he desired, in case any part of the army was attacked, that it should hold the enemy in check until it could fall back on the line of battle selected.

But notwithstanding all this, there is enough in the orders and circulars of Meade to have warranted General Slocum in moving up to the support of these distressed corps. In his order for July 1st, Meade enjoins upon his officers to be at all times prepared, "all ready to move to the attack at any moment." In his circular proposing the concentration on Pipe Creek, he says: "Developments may cause the Commanding General to assume the offensive from his present positions." The order issued to the commander of the Fifth corps, at seven o'clock on the evening of the 1st, is in these words: "The Major-General commanding directs that you move up to Gettysburg at once upon receipt of this order, if not already ordered to do so by General Slocum. The present prospect is, that our general engagement must be there. Communicate with General Slocum, under whose directions you are placed by the orders of this morning. The General had supposed that General Slocum would have ordered you up." From all this it would seem that General Meade anticipated, that if the forces in advance were attacked, any corps within supporting distance would go to their assistance; that it would act upon the Napoleonic principle, "March to the sound of the enemy's guns." Indeed, the order to the Fifth corps indicates clearly that Meade not only expected that Slocum himself would move up, but that he would have ordered the Fifth corps forward. It appears that Slocum did finally move on his own responsibility, but not until the fighting was over; for Hancock, in his testimony, says: "General Slocum arrived about six or seven o'clock. His troops were in the neighborhood, for they apparently had been summoned up before I arrived, by General Howard possibly, as well as the Third corps." But why so tardy in his movements? It is of little moment at what hour Howard summoned him, if he summoned him at all. The guns of the foe had been sounding the call all the day long. A fifteen minutes' ride would have carried him to Cemetery Hill, where he could have overlooked the whole field, or by his staff he could have held almost momentary communication with the front.

The Fifth corps had marched on the 30th through Liberty, Union Bridge, and Uniontown, and had encamped for the night two miles beyond the latter place. It moved at five o'clock on the morning of the 1st, and at two in the afternoon halted near the Pennsylvania State line. At dark the march was resumed, and not until two of the following morning was the column halted, having passed through Hanover, to which place the order of Meade carried it, McSherrystown, and Brushtown, between which and the field it bivouacked. This corps was therefore beyond call, unless it could have been put upon a more direct route than that by Hanover.

The Second corps, General Hancock, rested at Uniontown during the 30th, and on the morning of the 1st moved up to

Taneytown, arriving there at eleven o'clock, where were General Meade's headquarters. This place was fourteen miles away, and this corps was therefore not available.

The Sixth corps, General Sedgwick, the only remaining one, was at Manchester, thirty-four miles away.

Intelligence did not reach Meade of the fighting at Gettysburg until after noon. In his testimony he says: "The moment I received this information, I directed Major-General Hancock, who was with me at the time, to proceed without delay to the scene of the contest; and having in view this preliminary order [circular] which I had issued to him, as well as to other corps commanders, I directed him to make an examination of the ground in the neighborhood of Gettysburg, and to report to me, without loss of time, the facilities, and advantages and disadvantages of that ground for receiving battle. I furthermore instructed him that in case, upon his arrival at Gettysburg—a place which I had never seen in my life, and had no more knowledge of than you have now—he should find the position unsuitable and the advantages on the side of the enemy, he should examine the ground critically as he went out there, and report to me the nearest position in the immediate neighborhood of Gettysburg where a concentration of the army would be more advantageous than at Gettysburg." This order was issued to General Hancock at ten minutes past one, P. M., of the 1st. It would seem from the reference to his preliminary circular that General Meade had been confidently anticipating a mere checking of the enemy's advance at Gettysburg, and a final concentration either upon Pipe Creek or upon some intermediate position, where his army could all be brought up and marshalled before the work of battle should begin. In that circular the details of the whole movement were sketched, and that evening would have brought to each corps an order for the march in accordance therewith, had not the battle been precipitated. For the execution of such a movement, his headquarters at Taneytown were in the right position. It is upon the supposition that he entertained a confident expectation that this movement would be finally executed, that we can explain his refusal to go earlier to the field himself, and that he delayed so long the sending any one to represent him.

To this cherished purpose of Meade, his Chief of staff, General Butterfield, was strongly opposed. Against the original issue of the circular he had exerted his influence both with Meade, and also with officers high in command, who had the latter's confidence. And now, as General Hancock was about to proceed to the front, clothed with ample powers to act, Butterfield urged the importance of a forward rather than a retrograde movement. In his testimony he says: "Before General Hancock left for Gettysburg, I stated to him my views of the matter. I told him that I hoped as he was vested with this authority, he would not, if circumstances were such that it could be avoided, have the army fall back; that I thought the effect upon the morale of the army would be bad." Leaping into an ambulance, that he might have an opportunity to consult his maps, Hancock went forward. Warren, Chief of engineers, upon information received from Buford that the enemy were moving down upon him from the direction of Fairfield, had been sent by Meade, some time earlier to Gettysburg to examine the ground. It appears, besides, that before he started, news had come that Reynolds had been killed. This would indicate that Meade was kept well informed throughout the day of what was passing at the front. As he was only fourteen miles away, an hour and a half would suffice to bring him intelligence, or have carried him upon the field. Warren mistook his road and went by the way of Emmittsburg. He arrived upon the field shortly after Hancock, and they were soon joined by Sickles of the Third corps, and Slocum of the Twelfth. The presence of so many corps commanders was hailed with satisfaction. It gave assurance that their troops were on the way, and that the brave men who had battled heroically through that terrible day were not to be wholly abandoned to their fate.

General Hancock in his testimony says: "I found that, practically, the fight was then over. The rear of our columns, with the enemy in pursuit, was then coming through the town of Gettysburg." If such was the fact, it must have been between four and five o'clock when he arrived. By virtue of his order from Meade he at once assumed command on the field, though he was outranked by both Howard and Sickles, and had they resisted his assumption he would have found himself powerless. Upon this point General Hancock says: "However, I did not feel much embarrassment about it, because I was an older soldier than either of them. But I knew that legally it was not proper, and that if they chose to resist it, it might become a troublesome matter to me for the time being."

He proceeded to post the troops as they came up, accepting the general disposition of Howard. General Geary of the Twelfth corps, who had come on in advance of General Slocum, was posted upon the high ground towards Round Top. "The enemy," says Hancock, "evidently believing that we were reinforced, or that our whole army was there, discontinued their great efforts. . . . There was firing of artillery and skirmishing all along the front, but that was the end of the day's battle." Soon after arriving, Hancock informed Meade that he could hold the ground until dark, and at twenty-five minutes past five he sent the following despatch: "When I arrived here an hour since, I found that our troops had given up the front of Gettysburg and the town. We have now taken up a position in the Cemetery, which cannot well be taken; it is a position, however, easily turned. Slocum is now coming on the ground, and is taking position on the right. But we have as yet no troops on the left, the Third corps not having yet reported; but I suppose that it is marching up. If so, his flank march will in a degree protect our left flank. In the meantime, Gibbon [in whose command the Second corps had been left] had better march on so as to take position on our right or left to our rear as may be necessary, in some commanding position. . . . The battle is quiet now. I think we shall be all right until night. I have sent all the trains back. When night comes it can be told better what had best be done. I think we can retire; if not we can fight here, as the ground appears not unfavorable with good troops."

Soon after sending this note, General Hancock turned over the command to General Slocum, who had now arrived, who outranked him, and to whom he had been instructed before leaving headquarters to deliver it, and returned to Taneytown. Before his arrival, Meade, acting upon the information he had received, had decided to fight at Gettysburg, and had sent out orders to all the corps to march for that place. To Sedgwick, who had the largest corps, and was farthest away, frequent messengers were dispatched at intervals through the night, urging him to hasten his march with all practicable speed. His trains he ordered back to Westminster, and here he established his base of supply, a railroad leading to this place being utilized for the purpose. Having thus set his whole army in motion, he broke up his headquarters at Taneytown at a little before midnight, and pushed forward to Gettysburg. It was one o'clock on the morning of the 2d of July before he arrived upon the field. The centre of the line passed through the Cemetery, and the soldiers who had battled through the fearful day were sleeping amid the graves. As the numerous cavalcade entered the place of the dead, and now of the living also, the sleepers started up as if in resurrected forms, but quickly settled back to their slumbers, overcome by the weariness that was oppressing them.

While these things were passing in the Union camps, what was transpiring in the rebel? Lee, as well as Meade, had not been present during the fighting of the first day. He also arrived at the front during the night, and vigorously addressed himself to the task of preparing his army to continue the battle. As we have already seen, he had promised his Lieutenants, before leaving Virginia, that he would not fight an offensive battle. But the game had been precipitated in his absence, and it was now difficult to decline the wager. The result of that day's work had, on the whole, been encouraging to him. Though he had lost some prisoners he had captured more, and though he had suffered grievously in killed and wounded, he had likewise inflicted severe losses upon the Union corps, which he had driven from their position. He had also gained possession of the field, and of the town with all its network of ways. He says in his report: "The attack was not pressed that afternoon, the enemy's force being unknown, and it being considered advisable to await the arrival of the rest of the troops. Orders were sent back to hasten their march, and in the mean time every effort was made to ascertain the number and positions of the enemy, and find the most favorable point of attack. It had not been intended to fight a battle at such a distance from our base, unless attacked by the enemy; but finding ourselves unexpectedly confronted by the Federal army, it became a matter of difficulty to withdraw through the mountains with our large trains. At the same time the country was unfavorable for collecting supplies, while in the presence of the enemy's main body, as he was enabled to restrain our foraging parties by occupying the passes of the mountains with regular and local troops. A battle thus became, in a measure, unavoidable. Encouraged by the successful issue of the engagement of the first day, and in view of the valuable results that would ensue from the defeat of the army of General Meade, it was thought advisable to renew the attack."

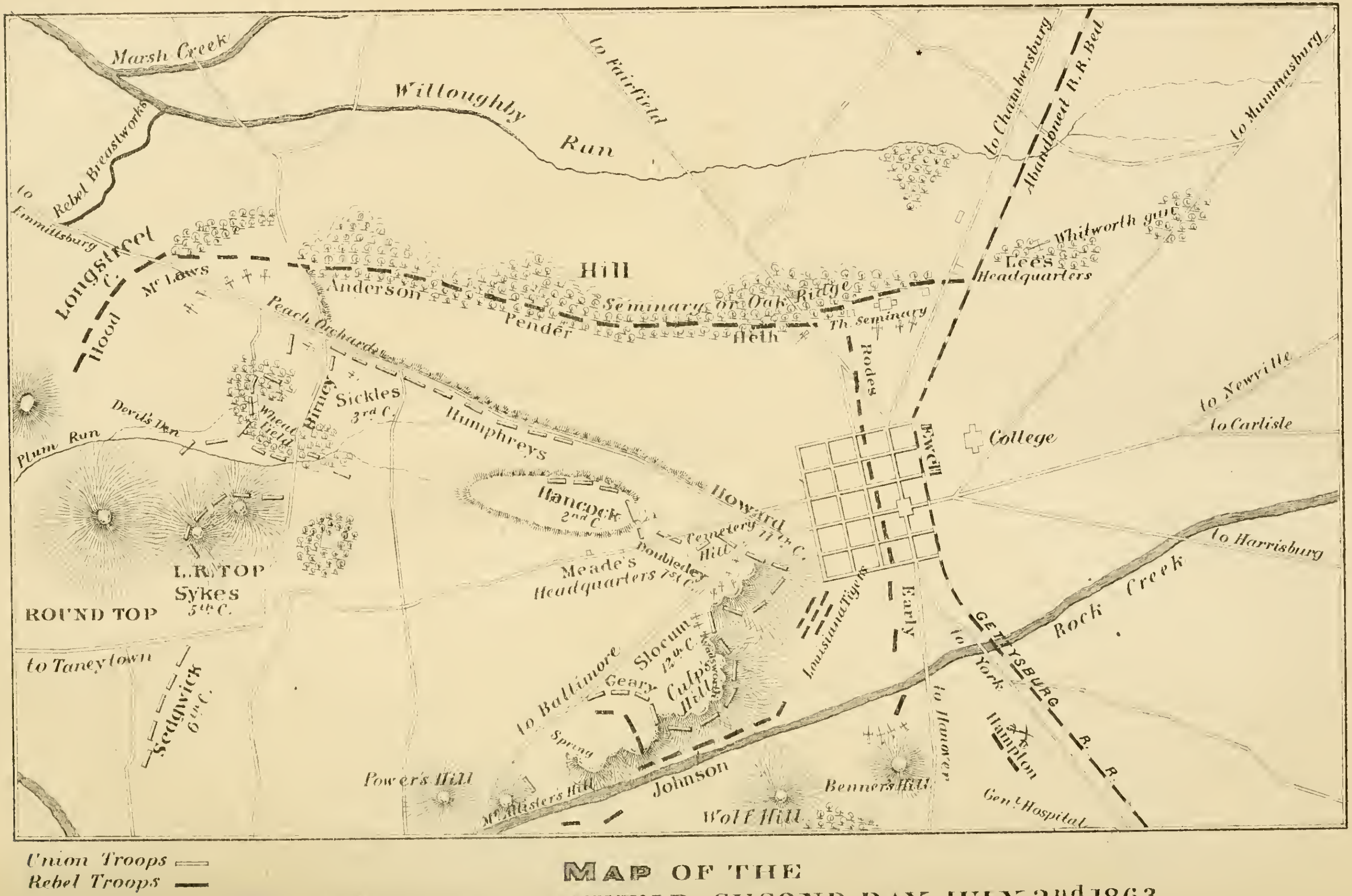
He could not reasonably have expected to invade the North, and make a campaign in an enemy's country without fighting whenever occasion offered. He could hardly have been so credulous as to have indulged the hope of moving at his own sweet will to despoil and ravage, of flitting from city to city and making requisitions upon a defenseless people, unopposed. His army, moreover, was full of fight, and now more than ever believed itself invincible. It is true that it was forced to acknowledge that the Army of the Potomac had never been known to fight so stubbornly before as on this day; but the assurance of all was unshaken. Prof. Jacobs, who was a citizen of Gettysburg, and was at his home throughout the mighty throes of the conflict, in his hand-book of the battle, says: "The portion of Rodes' division which lay down before our dwelling for the night, was greatly elated with the results of the first day's battle, and the same may be said of the whole rebel army. They were anxious to engage in conversation—to communicate their views and feelings, and to elicit ours. They were boastful of themselves, of their cause, and of the skill of their officers; and were anxious to tell us of the unskilful manner in which some of our officers had conducted the fight which had just closed. When informed that General Archer and 1500 of his men had been captured, they said, 'Tomorrow we will take all these back again; and having already taken 5000 (!) prisoners of you to-day, we will take the balance of your men to-morrow.' Having been well fed, provisioned, and rested, and successful on this day, their confidence knew no bounds. They felt assured that they should be able, with perfect ease, to cut up our army in detail,—fatigued as it was by long marches and yet scattered, for only two corps had as yet arrived. Resting under this impression, they lay down joyfully on the night of the first day."

With soldiers impelled by such feeling, Lee could not well withhold battle when thrust in his face. Besides, his pride as a soldier would not allow him now to show a timid front. Mr. Swinton very justly remarks upon this point: "What really compelled Lee, contrary to his intent and promise, to give battle, was the animus and inspiration of the invasion; for, to the end, such were the 'exsufflicate and blown surmises' of the army, and such was the contempt of its opponent engendered by Fredericksburg and Chancellorsville, that there was not in his ranks a barefoot soldier in tattered gray but believed Lee would lead the Confederate army into Baltimore and Washington, if not into Philadelphia and New York. To have withdrawn, therefore, without a battle, though materially easy, was morally impossible; for to have recrossed the Potomac without a blow, and abandoned the invasion on which such towering hopes had been built, would have been a shock beyond endurance to his army and the South."

The leaders of both armies being now on the field, and both having decided to fight there, we may well conclude that they were deeply solicitous and busy in maturing their plans. General Lee established his headquarters at the little stone house of Mrs. Thompson, on the right of the Chambersburg road, where it crosses Seminary Ridge. The rebel army consisted of nine divisions, as already noticed. Of the three under Ewell, two, Rodes' and Early's, had been in the first day's conflict. The other, Johnson's, did not arrive until the fighting was over, and too late to assist in renewing it, which was contemplated. This corps was posted on the rebel left, Rodes' division occupying Middle street, the crest of the eminence on which the town is built, and extending to the Seminary Ridge, Early taking position next, stretching through the eastern part of the town, and upon his left was Johnson. Hill's corps was formed upon the right of Ewell's, the point of junction forming almost a right-angle, with Heth upon the left, Anderson upon the right, and Pender in the centre, Heth and Pender having sustained the brunt of the hard fighting of the first day. Upon the right of Hill, and joining

Anderson, were two divisions of Longstreet's corps, McLaw's first, and next him Hood's. These two divisions of Longstreet encamped during the night of the 1st within three miles of Gettysburg on the Chambersburg road, and hence did not get into position until late in the forenoon of the 2d. Longstreet's third division, Pickett's, did not come up until the 3d. Thus the entire rebel infantry, with the exception of this last division, was practically on the field ready for action early on the morning of the 2d, and had not been worn by long marches.

The Union army, in this particular, was less fortunate. For two days the corps had been stretching away at their best movement to overtake the enemy before he should cross the Susquehanna, and now they had imposed the added duty of a sudden and unlooked-for concentration upon the very extremity of a line over thirty miles in length. General Meade, soon after coming upon the field, took up his headquarters at a little frame house on the Taneytown road, just in rear of, and to the south of Zeigler's Grove. It was sheltered from infantry fire by the swell in the ground, but much exposed to artillery, as the sequel proved. As soon as it was light, Meade was in the saddle, and proceeded to examine the ground and to post his forces. General Howard, with what was left of his corps, was directed to remain upon the Cemetery Hill to the right and left of the Baltimore pike. His men were sheltered by the stone walls and houses about the foot of the hill, upon the summit of which Steinwehr had planted his guns. Upon Howard's right was Wadsworth's division of the First corps, which held the western section of the wooded, and towards the enemy, precipitous and rocky Culp's Hill. To the right of Wadsworth the Twelfth corps, General Slocum, was assigned, and a portion of it was in position that night. Geary's division had, however, been brought upon the field late in the afternoon, and two brigades of it posted in the neighborhood of Round Top, on the extreme left. Two divisions of the First corps, which had been led in the fight of the previous day with so much gallantry by Doubleday, Rowley's and Robinson's, were held in reserve in rear of Cemetery Hill. The Second corps, General Hancock, which had been in bivouac three miles from the field on the Taneytown road during the



MAP OF THE
GETTYSBURG BATTLEFIELD. SECOND DAY. JULY 2nd 1863.

night, arrived early in the morning, and was placed to the left of Howard, its line stretching along the crest of Cemetery Ridge from Zeigler's Grove, where its right rested, in the direction of the Round Tops.

The Third corps, General Sickles, as it arrived on the evening of the 1st, was massed for the night to the left of the Eleventh corps. Two brigades of this corps and two batteries were left at Emmittsburg to guard that line, but were relieved during the night and arrived at the front at about day-break. A singular adventure occurred to the division of General Humphreys, while upon this march. It was after four o'clock in the afternoon before he started from Emmittsburg. He took the road running nearly two miles to the west of the main road, and moved up upon that flank. Having been cautioned by a note from Howard against running into the enemy as he approached the field, General Humphreys, when about half way to Gettysburg, desired to move over to the east, and thus avoid that ground where the enemy was known to be; but Colonel Hayden, who had been sent as guide, insisted that Sickles had directed him to conduct the column by the way leading to the Black Horse tavern, the very ground where the enemy lay. Humphreys unwillingly consented to move on, but ordered the column to close up, and directed the men to move silently as they approached the neighborhood of Gettysburg. At midnight he suddenly found himself confronting the enemy in his camps. "We found," says Humphreys, "that the enemy were posted there in force. They were not aware of my presence, and I might have attacked them at daylight with the certainty of at least temporary success; but I was three miles distant from the remainder of the army, and I believed such a course would have been inconsistent with the general plan of operations of the Commanding General. As soon as I found what was the exact condition of things, I retraced my steps, and moved my command by the route I have already indicated, bivouacking near Gettysburg about one A. M. on the 2d of July. . . . It shows what can be done by accident. If any one had been directed to take a division to the rear of the enemy's army and get up as close as I did unperceived, it would have been thought exceedingly difficult, if not impossible, to do it."

In the morning General Geary's division, which had remained during the night near Round Top, was ordered over to Culp's Hill, where the rest of the Twelfth corps was in position, the Third corps was moved out farther to the left to the ground which had been occupied by Geary, and the Second corps was interposed between the Third and the Eleventh.

The Fifth corps as it arrived was held in reserve in rear of Cemetery Hill, but was eventually moved over to the extreme left occupying the Round Tops and supporting the Third corps. The Sixth corps, General Sedgwick, not getting upon the march until eight o'clock on the evening of the 1st, coming by the way of Westminster, and having thirty-four miles to move, did not arrive on the field until two in the afternoon of the 2d. It was held in reserve, for the most part, in rear of the left flank.

The general form of the line thus established and which, though varied somewhat in the course of the fight, was finally settled down upon, has been compared by De Peyster to a Limerick fish-hook. The head, where the cord is attached, is exactly represented by the Round Tops. The point is at the easterly extremity of Culp's Hill, where is Spangler's Spring. The centre of the curve is represented by the Cemetery Hill, where the dead of the battle now repose, and directly opposite the town. The short curve from the point to the centre of the curve of the hook is one and three-fourths miles; the long curve or shank, two and three-fourths. Oak, or Seminary Ridge, along which the enemy's right lay, is opposite the shank and at a distance of from a mile to a mile and a half away. Opposite the Cemetery Hill the rebel line left Seminary Hill, passing through the town and resting upon Benner's Hill opposite Culp's Hill. If the position of the cavalry upon the two flanks be included, the length of the Union line was over five miles, and that of the enemy, forming the segment of a concentric circle, over seven.

In rear of the Union line were the Taneytown and Baltimore pikes, connected by cross roads, which afforded admirable means for moving troops and guns quickly from one part of the line to another, thus offering all the advantages in this respect which could have been enjoyed by holding the town itself. On one of these cross roads was parked the reserve artillery. To complete the requirements of a fortified camp, in rear of Cemetery Hill, are Power's and McAllister's Hills, gentle eminences, on which were planted powerful batteries to protect the reserve artillery, and which were eventually used to admirable advantage, in driving back the enemy upon the right flank.

After examining the field, General Meade decided to assume the offensive, and to attack from his right. The enemy's position was here plainly visible, and his line at several points appeared to be vulnerable. Opposite the Union left, the enemy's movements were screened by a curtain of wood, and to attack directly on that side would have necessitated a movement over a long stretch of perfectly open ground, where the advancing troops would have been raked from front and flanks by interminable lines of the enemy's guns. Meade's intention was to use the Twelfth, Fifth, and Sixth corps for the attacking column. But the latter corps was still upon the march, and would not reach the field for several hours. He accordingly ordered General Slocum, who was to lead the assault, to prepare to move with his own and the Fifth corps.

But to any one who has been on the ground, or who has regarded attentively an intelligible description of it, the difficulty of moving troops, and the impossibility of taking artillery forward from that flank will be apparent, and when once out upon the open ground it will be observed how every rood is commanded from eminences on all sides. Slocum, after making a careful study of the position, reported that he did not think that an attack would have promise of success, which opinion was concurred in by Warren, who had been sent by Meade for the purpose of examining it, and the design was abandoned. It is not apparent why Meade should ever have thought of attacking from that flank; for had he driven the enemy he would have encountered a great obstacle at the town itself; and had he driven him to Seminary Ridge, he would have been attacking him in an exceedingly strong position, thus reversing the Battle of Gettysburg. Besides, had the enemy been driven from this stronghold, he would have been pushed over upon the left flank of the Union army, the most dangerous and menacing position into which he could have been forced, as he would have been nearing his base, and been getting upon direct lines to Washington, which would have inevitably forced the Union leader into a change of base. No more encouraging outlook was presented from the left centre. Upon the extreme left was wooded, rugged ground, which also presented obstacles to an attack.

It appears, from the testimony of several officers high in command, that the mind of General Meade at this juncture was much exercised. He had concentrated his army within a very small compass. Should he remain inactive the enemy might, by keeping up a show of strength upon his front, flank him upon the left, and gain a great advantage over him. Indeed the very excellence of his position for defence was in itself a weighty argument for believing that the enemy would decline the offer of battle, and seek by adroit manœuvring, to turn the Union army out of its stronghold. Military critics have descanted with much warmth upon Lee's lack of skill and judgment in making a direct attack upon Meade in this formidable position. "With the groans of the victims of Malvern Hill," says De Peyster, "repeating in thunder tones the condemnation of Magruder, Lee exposed himself to a severer judgment for a greater act of reckless disregard of the commonest military—and common—sense. He had heard the whole world resound with the censure heaped upon Burnside for giving into his hand to work his will upon it, the army of the Potomac, wasted in attempting to storm the heights of Fredericksburg, and yet he imitated the action. The French military critic, Roussillon, remarks, 'Lee, like Burnside at Fredericksburg, committed the fault of attacking in front, a position at once very strong in itself and vigorously defended.' . . . Imagine the effect of a similar turning movement on the part of Lee. It would not only have placed him upon the roads constituting our lines of supplies, and have given him the major part of our trains, but have planted him between the Northern army of succor and Washington and Baltimore. In other words, it would have delivered up everything in the rear of the army of the Potomac into the hands of the rebels."

What these critics censure Lee for not doing, Meade, during the ominous stillness of that long summer day, strongly suspected he was doing. Hence when he found by the report of Slocum and his own observations that he was in a bad position for assuming the offensive, he appears to have been casting about for a more favorable outlook, and, in case he found that the enemy was seeking to turn his position, that he might be in condition to defend himself, and prevent his trains and base from being cut off. Accordingly, as soon as his Chief of staff, General Butterfield, who had been left at Taneytown during the night to hasten the march of the Sixth corps, arrived at headquarters, he was directed to prepare an order for the withdrawal of the army from this position, should circumstances render it necessary. Butterfield objected that he was unacquainted with the location of the different divisions and corps of the army with relation to the roads it would be proper for them to take, and would need to go over the field first. Meade replied that he could not wait for that; and to remove the objection made a draft of the field, showing the position of all the troops, and the roads in their vicinity. With this, and by the aid of maps, Butterfield drew the order, which, on being shown to Meade, received his approval. As it was of the greatest importance that in case it was issued, it should be accurate, permission was obtained from Meade to show it to corps commanders, to solicit any suggestions they might make for improving it. It was shown to General Gibbon, among others. On seeing it, he was struck with astonishment, exclaiming: "Great God! General Meade does not intend to leave this position?" inferring that the order had been drawn with the intention of issuing it. The preparation of this order rests upon the testimony of Butterfield. General Meade testified that he had no recollection of directing it to be drawn, or of having seen it after it was drawn, but that he only ordered his Chief of staff to familiarize himself with the location of the troops, so that if in any contingency he should need to issue such an order, it could be readily prepared. That preparations were made for executing this order is supported by the following instructions promulgated by Meade, at or before ten o'clock on the morning of the 2d: "The staff officers on duty at headquarters will inform themselves of the positions of the various corps—their artillery, infantry, and trains—sketch them with a view to roads, and report them immediately, as follows: Third corps, Colonel Schriver; Second corps, Lieutenant Colonel Davis; First corps, Lieutenant Perkins; Twelfth corps, Lieutenant Oliver; Fifth corps, Captain Cadwalader. It is desired to know the roads on or near which the troops are, and where the trains lie, in view of movements in any direction, and to be familiar with the headquarters of the commanders."

It is, therefore, of small moment whether the order was actually prepared or not. Nor is it any disparagement to General Meade, if the order was prepared and approved by him. As a precautionary measure it was eminently proper, and instead of being imputed to him as a reproach, should be, in view of the uncertainty as to the designs of the enemy, accredited as an act of wise generalship. That it was merely a precautionary measure is clearly apparent from the following dispatch sent to General Halleck, at three o'clock in the afternoon: "I have to-day, up to this hour, awaited the attack of the enemy, I having a strong position for defence. I am not determined as yet in attacking him till his position is more developed. He has been moving on both my flanks apparently, but it is difficult to tell exactly his movements. I have delayed attacking to allow the Sixth corps and parts of other corps to reach this place, and to rest the men. Expecting a battle I ordered all my trains to the rear. If not attacked, and I can get any positive information of the position of the enemy which will justify me in so doing, I shall attack. If I find it hazardous to do so, or am satisfied the enemy is endeavoring to move to my rear, and interpose between me and Washington, I shall fall back to my supplies at Westminster. I will endeavor to advise you as often as possible. In the engagement yesterday the enemy concentrated more rapidly than we could, and towards evening, owing to the superiority of numbers, compelled the First and Eleventh corps to fall back from the town to the heights on this side, on which I am posted. I feel fully the responsibility resting on me, and will endeavor to act with caution."

CHAPTER XI.

SEVERE FIGHTING ON THE LEFT AT GETTYSBURG.

WHEN, upon the night of the 1st, General Sickles had brought his corps upon the field, he had thrown out the Sixty-third Pennsylvania regiment to picket along the Emmittsburg pike, its left covering the cross-road leading from the Peach Orchard to Little Round Top. Early on the morning of the 2d, this regiment was pushed forward upon the skirmish line to a fence running parallel with the pike, in rear of Joseph Sherfy's house. As early as nine o'clock in the morning, fire was opened upon this regiment, and a company of sharp-shooters was sent out to feel the enemy in a piece of wood in front, which soon returned, reporting that it was swarming with the foe. Skirmishing continued active, until finally the enemy's sharp-shooters crawled stealthily up to a low stone fence just in front of the line of the Sixty-third, when his fire became hot and very destructive.

The order sent to Sickles on the morning of the 2d, was to bring his corps into position upon the left of Hancock, on ground vacated by Geary. As Geary had simply bivouacked in mass without deploying in line, Sickles reported to Meade that Geary had no position, and that there was no position there, meaning that it was low and commanded by ground in its front, rendering it untenable. Meade repeated his general instructions; whereupon Sickles went to headquarters, and representing the great disadvantages of the position indicated, asked Meade to go with him over that part of the field. This Meade excused himself from doing, nor could he spare General Warren for that purpose; but General Hunt, Chief of artillery, did go, to whom Sickles pointed out the ground, more elevated and commanding, a half or three-quarters of a mile in front, which he proposed to occupy.

It should here be observed that between Seminary and Cemetery ridges, which run nearly parallel with each other, is a diagonal ridge connecting them, which, touching Cemetery Hill at its northern extremity, and extending past the Peach Orchard, soon strikes Seminary Ridge, and along the crest of which runs the Emmittsburg pike. It nowhere attains to any great eminence, but affords excellent ground for artillery. From the Peach Orchard to Round Top is broken, rugged, and in part wooded surface, which it was exceedingly desirable to hold, inasmuch as it would have afforded cover for the enemy to have worked his way up very near to the position which is now known as Cemetery Ridge, and from which he could have assaulted with great advantage. In fact, there is a space from a half to three-quarters of a mile to the right of the Little Round Top swell, where there is no ridge at all, but low, swampy ground instead, easily commanded from the Emmittsburg Ridge, with a curtain of woods to the left reaching out in front of the Round Tops. Sickles believed this ground ought to be occupied, and seems to have had the sanction of Hunt in that opinion; but receiving no direct order from Meade to do so, he held his columns back, momentarily expecting the final mandate of his chief. At eleven o'clock the firing between the skirmishers on the Emmittsburg road being very sharp, General Birney, who commanded the division holding the extreme left of the line, by direction of General Sickles, sent a regiment and a battalion of sharp-shooters to reconnoitre. This reconnoissance showed that the enemy was moving in three columns under cover of the woods to the left. At length General Sickles, finding his outposts gradually driven back, determined to await no longer for more explicit orders, and moved out his whole corps upon the advance ground, Birney's division stretching from a point near the Devil's Den, in front of Round Top somewhat *en échelon* over the rough wooded heights, his right bending back and resting at the Peach Orchard, and Humphreys' division extending along the Emmittsburg pike from Peach Orchard to a point nearly opposite, but a little in advance of Hancock's left, thus leaving a slight break in the line at that

D. B. Birney

point. Technically, this fulfilled the direction of Meade. His left rested at Round Top, and his right connected with Hancock; but being so much advanced, it was necessarily very long and presented too much front for so small a corps to cover. Besides, it formed an angle at the Peach Orchard, where was open ground, which was consequently a source of weakness.

He had scarcely got his corps out upon the line he had decided to take, when he was summoned to a council of officers at Meade's headquarters. Perceiving that the enemy was about to attack him, and feeling the necessity of his personal supervision, he excused himself from attending, in the meantime hastening forward his troops and posting his batteries; but he soon after got a peremptory order to report, and turning over the command of the corps to General Birney, he hastened back with all speed. Before he had reached headquarters the battle opened; but spurring on, he was met at the door by Meade, who excused him from dismounting, and said he would soon join him on the field, the council having broken up as the guns announced the opening of the fight. On reaching the ground and hastily examining the position which the corps had taken, General Meade remarked that it was too much advanced, and expressed his doubt about being able to hold it. Sickles observed that it was not too late to withdraw; but to this Meade objected and said he would send up the Fifth to put in upon the left, and to the right troops could be called from General Hancock, while a free use of the reserve artillery was tendered. General Meade's headquarters were not over a three minutes' walk from a position on Hancock's front, where the whole ground, both the advance and more contracted lines, was plainly visible. Why General Meade did not give explicit orders for the formation on the left early in the day and himself see that the proper dispositions were made, seems inexplicable, and can only be accounted for on the supposition that he did not anticipate that the enemy would attack from that direction. In the document above quoted it is reported that in answer to Sickles' urgent need of preparation to meet the enemy, Meade remarked: "Oh! Generals are all apt to look for the attack to be made where they are." No possible business of the Commander-in-chief could have been more important or more pressing than this.

Unfortunately for General Sickles, Buford's cavalry, which had been posted on the left flank of his corps, was ordered away at a time when the enemy was moving in that direction, and its place was left unsupplied until it was too late to be of any use on that day. General Pleasanton in his testimony says: "On the 2d of July, Buford's division having been so severely handled the day before, was sent by me back to Westminster, our depot, to protect it, and also to recruit." These were worthy objects, and Buford had well earned a claim to repose; but at the moment when the enemy was swarming forth upon that flank which had been reported by Hancock as the one most vulnerable, it is almost beyond belief that General Pleasanton should have ordered the cavalry entirely away, before other and equally reliable troops were ready to relieve them. It left unchecked the whole power of the enemy's force to be employed in turning that flank.

Lee had early seen the importance of the ground which General Sickles had been so intent to occupy, and had determined to make his main attack to regain it. He says in his report: "In front of General Longstreet the enemy held a position, from which if he could be driven, it was thought that our army could be used to advantage in assailing the more elevated ground beyond, and thus enable us to reach the crest of the ridge. That officer was directed to carry the position, while General Ewell attacked directly the high ground on the enemy's right, which had already been partially fortified. General Hill was instructed to threaten the centre of the Federal line, in order to prevent reinforcements being sent to either wing, and to avail himself of any opportunity that might present itself to attack."

This plan was studiously carried out, though the attack of Ewell was not coincident with that of Longstreet, being nearly two hours delayed, perhaps designedly, in the hope that troops would be taken from his front to strengthen other parts of the line, and would leave him an easier task in carrying it, an event which did actually transpire. As it was planned that the weight of the attack should be made by Longstreet, he was active all through the early part of the day in getting his troops and his guns upon that part of the field where he could make it with the hope of success. It has been asserted that Longstreet vigorously opposed the making this attack until his division under Pickett, which was still at Chambersburg, should come up, significantly saying that he did not wish to be compelled to walk with one boot off. But, having been peremptorily ordered by Lee to fight, he did not hesitate. Having only two divisions, those of Hood and McLaws, he led them around upon the extreme Union left. Instead of being able, as perhaps he had hoped, to wedge his way in upon the rear of the Union column, which to him appeared to be holding the line of the Emmittsburg road, he found a line refused, and nearly at right angles to that road stretching away to Round Top. To face that refused line he formed his own line, with Hood upon the right and McLaws upon the left, leaving the front occupied by Graham and Humphreys to be faced by Anderson's division of Hill's corps, and along the commanding ground upon the left he planted thick his artillery. To face these two powerful divisions of Longstreet, Sickles could only oppose the two weak brigades of Ward and De Trobriand. Ward, who was upon Sickles' left, opposite Hood, had posted his brigade across the open ground covering the approach to Little Round Top, his left extending across the front of Round Top, and his right reaching up into the wooded ground beyond the wheat-field. De Trobriand had posted two of his regiments, the One Hundred and Tenth Pennsylvania and the Fifth Michigan, upon the front in line with Ward; but with his right refused and reaching back towards the Peach Orchard, making it conform to the advantages of the ground. He held two of his regiments in reserve, the Fortieth New York and the Seventeenth Maine, while the Third Michigan was deployed as skirmishers to cover the open ground to his right and connect with the left of Graham.

Between three and four o'clock in the afternoon, General Birney, who was in temporary command of the Third corps, having for some time been watching the columns of the enemy, now plainly visible, ordered Clark's rifled battery in position to the left of the Peach Orchard, to open on them. It did so with good effect. The enemy's guns, which had been brought up in large numbers, were wheeled into position, and answered; and soon after, along all that ridge, where he had advantageously posted battery upon battery, seemingly an interminable line, the fire was terrific, and the very air was filled with shots and bursting shells, like hail in the thick coming storm. The brigade of Graham, in rear of which the Union guns were posted, was fearfully exposed, as it occupied both legs of the angle.

For some time the fire of artillery was appalling. But this was only the prelude to more desperate work. Longstreet had formed his lines under cover, and was now moving down to strike the extreme Union left a stunning blow and if possible crush it. But he found the troops of Ward prepared. With screeches and yells the foe pressed on; but before the deliberate aim of that veteran brigade they were forced to fall back. Ward realized from the strength of the attack that his weak line would be unable to withstand another, and called for supports. De Trobriand sent the Seventeenth Maine, which took position behind a low stone wall, to the left of the wheatfield, where its fire would have a deadly effect if the line of Ward should be forced back. Soon afterwards the Fortieth New York, the last reserve, was hurried away to the support of Ward, and took position, on his extreme left and front, so as to block the way to Little Round Top, which was now in imminent danger of falling into the enemy's hands. But the foe did not stop to carry that part of the line at once, but bore down in succession upon one part after another along Birney's whole front, rapidly reaching forward towards the Peach Orchard. The front of Ward had hardly been reinforced before De Trobriand was struck. "*Allons-y ferme, et tenons bon! Il n'y a plus rien en réserve*," was the word of that well schooled and skilled leader. Knowing full well that the storm would soon reach them, his men had brought together the rocks and trunks of trees which they found lying about, and when the men in grey came swarming on not twenty paces distant, a crash of musketry, like the crack of a thunderbolt, arrested for a moment their progress; but recovering themselves they answered the fire, and the fusilade was rapid. "*Des deux côtés, chacun visait son homme, et malgré toutes les protections du terrain, morts et blessés tombaient avec une effrayante rapidité.*" It was an unequal struggle; for the enemy were thrice their strength; but the accuracy of their fire was unsurpassed. "Never have I seen," says De Trobriand, "our men strike with equal obstinacy. It seemed as though each one of them believed that the destiny of the Republic depended upon the desperate vigor of their efforts."

But if the assault proved deadly to De Trobriand's men, who had a good position and were shielded by some works, how fared the troops of Graham, who were on open ground, and had no protection except such as accidentally fell to their lot? The position at the Peach Orchard was a commanding one for artillery, and could the pieces have been protected by lunettes, as were those of Steinwehr, they could have defied the whole weight of opposing metal from right to left, that was brought to bear upon them. But they were naked, and were forced to endure the brunt of a concentric fire. As for the infantry, the cut where the roadbed makes up to the Emmittsburg way afforded some protection while the artillery fire was hottest; but when that slackened, and a charge of the enemy's infantry came, there was no alternative but to boldly face it. Then it was that Greek met Greek, and bayonets were crossed in the deadly encounter. The One Hundred and Forty-first Pennsylvania, of Graham's brigade, was posted in support of these guns, facing south, when this charge came. They were lying down, and apparently were not seen by the foe as they swept forward, looking only to the guns, which they confidently regarded as their certain spoil. But waiting until they had come near, the tried men of this regiment sprang to their feet, and pouring in a well-directed volley, dashed at them with the bayonet. Swept down by ranks, and bewildered by the suddenness of the apparition, the enemy halted and for a moment attempted to beat back their assailants. But the tide was too strong to stem, and they fled with precipitation. The horses of the Union artillery had all been killed, and many of the officers and men had fallen. The ammunition was well nigh spent. The guns were accordingly seized and drawn back by the infantry to the rear of the road-bed.

Fortunately for the rest of Graham's line, and for that of Humphreys, the order of General Lee to Hill was only to threaten the force in his front and watch for a favorable opportunity to attack, and consequently that officer for some time contented himself with simple demonstrations, and a vigorous fire of artillery.

While this wave of battle, commencing at Round Top, rolled on towards the Peach Orchard and dashed with such fearful violence against the faces of that devoted Third corps, the calls for reinforcements were long and loud. Every man of the Third corps was almost from the first put in, making altogether barely one single thin line, and not a musket in reserve. It is no wonder that the time seemed long, and the troops summoned appeared tardy in coming. General Birney says: "I sent a staff officer to General Sykes, asking him to send me up at once the division that had been ordered from his corps to support me; that an attack by the enemy was imminent, and that I thought it would be made at once. The staff officer saw him, and he returned for answer that he would come up in time; that his men were making coffee and were tired, but that he would be up in time. He came up with one of his divisions in about an hour." General Sykes may have made the answer attributed to him; but he was a regular army officer, and he was not the man to disregard an order upon the field of battle, or execute it tardily. He had a long distance to march, and what, in his extremity seemed a full hour to Birney, may have actually been less.

General Warren, after proceeding with Meade to inspect the position of Sickles, just after the battle opened, had, by the direction of the latter, proceeded to Little Round Top. "From that point," Warren says, "I could see the enemy's lines of battle. I sent word to General Meade that we would at once have to occupy that place very strongly. He sent, as quickly as possible, a division of General Sykes' corps; but before they arrived the enemy's line of battle, I should think a mile and a half long, began to advance, and the battle became very heavy at once." The first onset, as we have seen, was stayed by Birney's division. But the fiery and impetuous Hood, he who attacked Sherman with such daring before Atlanta, had discovered that Little Round Top was not occupied, and that only a thin curtain, composed of the Ninety-ninth Pennsylvania, hung in its front. This rocky fortress was the great prize of the day. Could he break through the feeble force which held its front and plant himself amid the rocks and fastnesses of that precipitous height, the whole army of Meade might beat itself against it in vain attempts to dislodge him. Taking only his most trusted men he formed them for the death grapple and led them forth. He pointed to the dark ground whereon he desired them to plant their footprints. It was enough. Where had their bold leader ever led them, that was not to victory? But before they had reached the thin line which they thought easily to brush away, supports had come. The Fortieth New York was there, the Sixth New Jersey and the Fourth Massachusetts had been gathered in, and now the path across Plum Run, which they had hoped to stealthily pass, they found closed. But they were desperate men, formed with ample supports, and as the repeated blows of the battering ram will finally loosen the strongest wall, and topple it down, so did the head of this column by the mere weight of numbers force its way through, and press rapidly forward to climb the heights unopposed. But as they dash heedlessly on, suddenly a sheet of flame leaps out from the very roots of the mountain, that sweeps down the boldest and the bravest, and throws back that fiery column in disorder and confusion. Whence so suddenly have come these bold defenders? Ten minutes before and not one was there; but the hill all peaceful and unguarded was inviting approach.

When General Warren arrived upon this hill, as the battle opened, he found there only some officers who had been using it for a signal station. When these signal officers saw the long lines of the enemy sweeping on, inferring that Sickles would be totally unable to check them, they commenced folding their flags to make way for the men in grey. But Warren, knowing instinctively that all was lost if that hill was lost, bade them unfurl their flags and signal on the supports that were approaching. Eagerly he had watched that first assault, and when he saw the enemy's line broken and driven back, he secretly rejoiced; for now he knew that hope still remained. He saw at a glance, what a terrible effect the plunging fire of artillery would have, delivered from this eminence, if guns could once be got upon its summit. Hazlett's battery in the neighborhood was immediately ordered up, and by almost superhuman exertions was brought upon the glad crest. And now seeing the head of Barnes' division of the Fifth corps approaching on the double quick to reinforce the Third, he assumed the responsibility of detaching Vincent's brigade, and ordering it upon Little Round Top. Passing rapidly to the rear of the mountain, Vincent hastened his men into position at its very base; the Sixteenth Michigan, Lieutenant Colonel Welch, upon the right, facing the wheat field; next it the Forty-fourth New York, Colonel Rice, facing the Devil's Den; by its side its twin regiment, the Eighty-third Pennsylvania, Captain Woodward, facing the little valley between the two mounts, and not inaptly called the Valley of the Shadow of Death; and upon the extreme left, looking towards the rear of Round Top, was the Twentieth Maine, Colonel Chamberlain. So hastily had they been brought upon the field that they had not stopped to load. The work of formation was momentary, and before the men had been five minutes settled behind the huge boulders which lie scattered over all its broad breast, away to the left was heard, says Captain Judson of the Eighty-third, "a loud, fierce, distant yell, as if all pandemonium had broken loose, and joined in the chorus of one grand, universal war-whoop." Three lines deep, at double-quick, with bayonets fixed, on came that mass of Hood's impetuous men. It was the supreme moment, and the stoutest held his breath, grasping with firmer grip his trusty piece. Not upon the Old Guard in its most desperate hour ever rested a graver trust. The weight of the shock fell upon the Forty-fourth New York, and the Eighty-third Pennsylvania. The first impulse was scarcely broken, ere the line was new formed, and from behind rocks and trees, at close quarters, a most deadly fire was poured in. Again and again with fresh troops and ever increasing numbers did the enemy assault; but each time to be thrown back broken and bleeding. "Hundreds of them," says Judson, "approached even within fifteen yards of our line, but they approached only to be shot down or hurled back covered with gaping wounds. It was a death grapple in which assailant and assailed seemed resolved to win or fall in the struggle."

As soon as Colonel Vincent had discovered that this assault was coming, he dismounted, and sent an aid to General Barnes requesting immediate reinforcements. "Tell him," said he, "the enemy are coming in overwhelming force." When the enemy found himself spending his strength in futile attempts to carry the centre of Vincent's line, he moved over to the left and attacked with renewed vigor the Sixteenth Michigan. That regiment had a weaker position and was less protected than the rest of the line, and when the pressure upon it became heavy, it yielded somewhat to the current and was fast giving way, exposing that flank to sudden turning. At that instant, the One Hundred and Fortieth New York, of Weed's brigade, which had been sent to support and reinforce Vincent, came upon the field, and moved down to the wavering line. In doing so it was much exposed, receiving a volley by which the gallant O'Rourke, who commanded the regiment, was killed, and large numbers of the rank and file were laid low. Confusion followed, and it seemed for the moment that it, too, would give way. But Vincent, seeing the peril of the hour, rushed from point to point, threatening and encouraging by turns, and by the aid of his officers, finally succeeded in bringing order out of confusion, and the enemy was again foiled. When once the line had become settled, and felt in a measure protected, it was invincible. The personal courage and activity of Vincent saved the brigade from what promised inevitable destruction. But his tireless intrepidity made him a mark for the enemy's sharp-shooters, and he paid the forfeit with his life. He was standing upon a rock part way down the declivity, watching the movements of the enemy, when he was struck in the groin by a minié ball, and was borne helpless and bleeding with a mortal hurt from the field. He was succeeded by Colonel Rice, of the Forty-fourth, who on assuming command immediately passed along the line, encouraging the men to strike for their fallen leader a deadlier blow, and insisting that they must hold the position to the very last extremity.

In making his assaults thus far, the foe had done so with a strong hand, his ranks having been well filled. But now they were visibly weakened, many having fallen, and many others having chosen secure positions behind rocks, were loth to leave them; some even climbed into the tree tops, and hid themselves in the thick foliage of the branches, keeping up from their concealments a most galling fire. But the enemy had not yet reached the left of the brigade line, and, finding the valley open, he determined to again marshal his forces and make one more resolute struggle for the mastery. Forming under cover of the wood, they advanced, and now with a fury apparently inspired by desperation. The Twentieth Maine met them, as had the other regiments, with a volley which had a staggering effect; but though fearful destruction followed the deadly missiles, the survivors rushed on unchecked, and were soon upon Chamberlain's men. In the haste of coming into position, they had neglected to fix bayonets; but clubbing their muskets and with the might of mad men, braining their assailants, these hardy sons of the forest beat back the foe, and finally succeeded in shaking them off. But now a new peril threatened. The enemy had been repulsed, though not destroyed. He was still defiant, and the left flank of the Twentieth was entirely unprotected and unsupported. Early in the fight, Colonel Chamberlain, seeing the danger to which he was exposed from this cause, had swung the left battalion around until it faced in the opposite direction to the other extremity of the brigade line. The enemy saw his advantage, and, immediately pushing through, vigorously attacked this battalion. Chamberlain called upon Captain Woodward for a company to support him in this dire extremity. This the Captain was unable, from paucity of his own numbers, to do, but sent word that he could stretch out his line, which relieved a part of Chamberlain's regiment, and enabled him to maintain his ground and to protect the flank. The enemy's bullets were now falling in the rear of the right of the brigade line, coming from exactly the opposite direction from what they had in the earlier part of the contest. But the force of the enemy's daring was by this time in a measure spent, and in fifteen minutes his fire began to slacken. Chamberlain now saw that his time had come, and ordering his left battalion to fix bayonets, he led it with the greatest gallantry, and with inspiriting cheers—in which the voices of the whole brigade joined—in a counter-charge which swept the dispirited foe back in utter rout. At this juncture, a brigade of the Pennsylvania Reserves, also of the Fifth corps, which had been sent to the support of Vincent, charged up the hill and helped to swell the shout of victory. The enemy, believing that heavy reinforcements had arrived, gave up the contest, and Colonel Chamberlain, swinging his whole regiment around upon the front, cleared the valley between the Round Tops, his left sweeping the declivity of Round Top. Over five hundred prisoners were taken by this brigade alone, including two Colonels and fifteen other commissioned officers, and over a thousand stands of arms. That narrow valley was strewn with the dead and the wounded, mangled in every conceivable way in which relentless battle leaves its victims. Behind one single rock were found, after the battle, twenty-five dead bodies, many wounded, doubtless, having crawled behind it for shelter and there yielded their lives.

The severely wounded, who were taken prisoners, were in the main boastful and defiant. The attacking column was principally composed of Alabama and Texan troops. They spoke in a manner dissatisfied with the result, which they had in no way anticipated. They acknowledged that they had been badly cut up; but said that only one brigade had yet been engaged, while there were two others behind them ready to follow up the assault. One experience, however, of that dark valley was enough, and no further advances were made to enter it.

No prouder victory was achieved on any part of that bloody field, nor one which more largely contributed to the accomplishment of the final triumph, than that of this small brigade of Vincent, composed of less than twelve hundred muskets, supported and aided by Weed's brigade and Hazlett's battery; but principally fought by this handful of men. No valor could have exceeded theirs. Their spirit is illustrated by an incident which occurred at a moment when the fight was at its climax. An overgrown, uncouth but resolute young man, belonging to company F, of the Eighty-third regiment, who had a sheltered position behind a rock, was noticed to rise up when he fired in such a manner as to expose nearly his whole body. He was repeatedly cautioned, and called to, to "get down." Finally, irritated by the reprimand, he drew himself up to his full proportions, and swaying his brawny arm in an impressive gesture, at the same time calling upon God to witness, he exclaimed: "I am on the soil of old Pennsylvany now, and if they get me down they'll have to shoot me down." The feeling prevailed throughout the army that it was now on northern soil, and to the last man they would fight before they would yield an inch.

The losses upon the Union side in this struggle, on account of the shelter, was in numbers small in proportion to that inflicted on the enemy. But upon the officers the blow fell with cruel force. General Weed, who commanded the brigade which had come to the support of Vincent, received a mortal wound, and while Captain Hazlett, whose battery had been brought upon the summit with so much difficulty, was bending over his prostrate form, endeavoring to catch his last broken accents, he also was struck by the fatal bullet, and fell lifeless upon the gasping form of his dying chief. Thus fell Vincent, Weed, and Hazlett, the three chief commanders on the hill, and O'Rourke, the leader of a regiment, besides numbers of others of a less degree.

When we consider the small chance by which this hill was saved to the Union arms, and its vital importance to the integrity of the whole army, the inquiry strongly presses itself, Why was it left so late unoccupied, and why was the opportunity of grasping it allowed to remain open all the day long, and until its summit was casting fitful shadows? Is it answered, that General Meade had given Sickles orders to occupy it, and that he supposed it was firmly held? This can hardly be accepted as a satisfactory answer. For, from the window of General Meade's headquarters, Little Round Top is plainly seen, and by using his glass he could have verified the belief at any moment, or by means of an aid he could have examined each nook and cranny of the hill every half hour in the whole day. But General Sickles says, when he was ordered to relieve General Geary, he proceeded to do so, and notified General Meade that Geary had been simply massed and not in position, that he had executed the first order, and was awaiting further directions. Finally, says Sickles, "Not having received any orders in reference to my position, and observing, from the enemy's movements on our left what I thought to be conclusive indications of a design on their part to attack there, and that seeming to me to be our most assailable point, I went in person to headquarters and reported the facts and circumstances which led me to believe that an attack would be made there, and asked for orders. I did not receive any orders, and I found that my impression as to the intention of the enemy to attack in that direction was not concurred in at headquarters;

and I was satisfied, from information which I received, that it was intended to retreat from Gettysburg."

The testimony of General Meade conflicts somewhat with this statement. He says: "I had sent instructions in the morning to General Sickles, commanding the Third corps, directing him to form his corps in line of battle on the left of the Second corps, commanded by General Hancock, and I had indicated to him in general terms, that his right was to rest upon General Hancock's left; and his left was to extend to the Round Top mountain, plainly visible, if it was practicable to occupy it. During the morning I sent a staff officer to inquire of General Sickles whether he was in position. The reply was returned to me that General Sickles said there was no position there. I then sent back to him my general instructions which had been previously given. A short time afterwards General Sickles came to my headquarters, and I told him what my general views were, and intimated that he was to occupy the position that I understood General Hancock had put General Geary in, the night previous. General Sickles replied that General Geary had no position, as far as he could understand. He then said to me that there was in the neighborhood of where his corps was, some very good ground for artillery, and that he should like to have some staff officer of mine go out there and see as to the posting of artillery. He also asked me whether he was not authorized to post his corps in such manner as, in his judgment, he should deem the most suitable. I answered, 'General Sickles, certainly, within the limits of the general instructions I have given to you; any ground within those limits you choose to occupy I leave to you.' And I directed Brigadier-General Hunt, my Chief of artillery, to accompany General Sickles, and examine and inspect such positions as General Sickles thought good for artillery, and to give General Sickles the benefit of his judgment." General Sickles held his corps back until the last moment, and at length, when his outposts had been driven in, and the enemy was about to attack, took what has been called the advanced position, which General Meade expressed his disapprobation of, when he came upon the ground. "I am of the opinion," says General Meade, "that General Sickles did what he thought was for the best; but I differed from him in judgment. And I maintain that subsequent events proved that my judgment was correct, and his judgment was wrong."

General Sickles, in his testimony, says upon this point: "I took up that position which is described in the report of General Halleck as a line from half to three-quarters of a mile in advance, as he says, and which, in his report, he very pointedly disapproves of, and which he further says I took up through a misinterpretation of orders. It was not through any misinterpretation of orders. It was either a good line or a bad one, and, whichever it was, I took it on my own responsibility, except so far as I have already stated, that it was approved of in general terms by General Hunt, of General Meade's staff, who accompanied me in the examination of it. I took up the line because it enabled me to hold commanding ground, which, if the enemy had been allowed to take—as they would have taken it if I had not occupied it in force—would have rendered our position on the left untenable; and, in my judgment, would have turned the fortunes of the day hopelessly against us. I think that any General who would look at the topography of the country there would naturally come to the same conclusion."

Thus we perceive that in respect to the two positions in general, the opinions of Meade and Sickles are diametrically opposed to each other. But we should recollect that all this is testimony given after the event, when the questions at issue were under sharp discussion, when much feeling on the one side and on the other existed, and when the opinions were naturally colored by prejudice. Enough is however brought to light by the reports made at the time, and by this testimony, to enable us to form an intelligent conclusion concerning the occupation of Little Round Top.

In his testimony, General Meade says "his left [Sickles'] was to extend to Round Top mountain, plainly visible, if it was practicable, to occupy it." Two facts are deducible from this statement; first, that this commanding position was visible from his headquarters, and he was able for himself to have any moment determined whether it was occupied or not; and second, that he was in ignorance whether it was practicable to occupy it.

There are no principles of military strategy more fundamental, more apparent to even the casual observer, or more vital to the safety of an army when deployed in line of defensive battle, than these: first, that the flanks of the infantry should be firmly posted, with some natural or artificial protection; and second, that the flanks should be well guarded by cavalry, ready at all times to make a stand and to give notice of the movements of the enemy. Both these principles were violated in this instance. The whole left wing was unstable until the last moment, and the line was actually formed and the position finally taken, after the battle had begun, and Little Round Top, a fortress in itself, formed and fashioned by the fiat of the Almighty, ready for its armament and its defenders, was left entirely unoccupied until after the battle had begun to rage with great fury, and was finally saved from the clutches of the foe by the most determined and bloody fighting of troops which gained their position but five minutes in advance of their assailants. The cavalry, too, was removed just before the battle opened, and was left unsupplied at a time when it was most needed. It would seem as though the gates were swung wide open deliberately and purposely to allow the enemy to walk in.

Is it offered, in defence of the Commander-in-chief, that he had ordered Sickles to occupy this ground? This is not enough. It was his duty to know that it was occupied and made firm. Hour after hour passed, and he knew that it was *not* occupied; for he had the direct testimony of his senses, and Sickles was repeatedly informing him that he was not in position, both by messenger and in person, and begging that the chief, or some member of his staff, would examine the ground and give definite orders. To the last moment no such orders were given, and Sickles was finally compelled to take position upon his own responsibility, and by the testimony of General Meade himself, under a discretion which was accorded him. Sickles' forces were insufficient to cover his line and occupy Little Round Top; but he covered the front of that position and the approaches to it by causing his line to abut upon Round Top, which was impracticable for offensive or defensive purposes. Troops were at the disposal of Meade, with which Little Round Top might have been covered early in the day; for the Fifth corps had arrived at two o'clock in the morning within easy call. The responsibility of the non-occupation of this stronghold, so vital to the integrity of his position and the safety of his whole army, must rest with the Commander-in-chief, and it must ever remain an inexplicable mystery how he could have permitted the hours to pass,—after the bloody experience of the preceding day, knowing that the whole rebel army was close in upon his front,—with his left wing in the disorganized condition in which the opening of the battle found it.

Respecting the ordering away of the cavalry, no question has ever been made in the inquiries into the conduct of the battle. But it was no less a grave violation of principle, and should have received the severest censure. The fault cannot be imputed to General Pleasanton who commanded the cavalry, for having given the order without the knowledge of his chief; for had such been the case, why was not Pleasanton at once cashiered, as he would have richly merited? As the latter received no censure, we must conclude that it was either the direct order of Meade, or that it received his sanction.

The enemy, in guarding his flank, exercised a commendable care, in marked contrast with the negligence of his opponent. The extreme right of his line was, from the nature of the country, exposed and weak. Accordingly, at the point where the Emmittsburg pike crosses the Seminary Ridge, which it does about three-quarters of a mile beyond the Peach Orchard, he built, as soon as he felt himself menaced, a strong and quite elaborate fortification with re-entrant angles so as to sweep the ground in all directions, and here he planted his heavy guns.

Leaving the citadel that guards the left of the Union line in the firm grip of the gallant men who so heroically defended it, turn now to the further conduct of the fight on Sickles' front. As soon as it was apparent that the enemy was intent on making a determined fight upon the Union left, realizing the danger which was threatening Sickles' thin line, General Meade exerted himself to the utmost to succor these hard-pressed men. General Hancock, who had been called on for help, promptly sent an entire division composed of four brigades under General Caldwell.

General Humphreys, though expecting every moment to be himself attacked, and having a difficult position to hold, detached one of his regiments, having previously parted with one of his brigades, and hurried it away, in response to the urgent appeals of the aids of both Sickles and Birney. The divisions of Barnes and Ayers of the Fifth corps were also brought up.

While Hood was making his desperate onslaught upon the defenders of Little Round Top, McLaws, with the aid of Anderson's division of Hill's corps, was making a no less determined and far more successful assault upon Birney's right. It fell with the greatest weight upon that part of the line about the Peach Orchard; and here it was first broken. But the brigade of De Trobriand had originally been formed principally facing westward, and as the enemy advanced to follow up the retiring forces on his front at the Peach Orchard, De Trobriand was still able to maintain his position, and to do good execution. But the pressure soon became too great for him to withstand, and he was obliged to give ground. The enemy having forced his way in upon the wheatfield, was pressing upon his flank and rear. It was a critical moment. Instantly rallying the remnants of the Fifth Michigan, and the One Hundred and Tenth Pennsylvania, and by the aid of General Birney, who brought the Seventeenth Maine and a New Jersey regiment under Colonel Burling into line, he made a determined charge, and regained the lost ground and the stone wall which had afforded him protection. This was the last effort of this brigade, for it was shortly after relieved by Zook's brigade of Caldwell's division.

In the meantime, Barnes, with the divisions of Tilton and Sweitzer, had moved forward and taken position in a wood on the right of the wheatfield, Sweitzer upon the left and Tilton upon the right. The ground occupied by the latter was rocky and wooded, while the left extended into an open ravine. Barnes' division had scarcely gained its position, when the enemy was seen advancing up this ravine. In danger of being outflanked, Sweitzer wheeled the several regiments of his brigade to the left and rear, giving the advantage of three lines supporting each other. Sweitzer was thus able easily to hold his position. But Tilton, having been less fortunately posted, was unable to maintain his ground. This left Sweitzer in a perilous situation, and he likewise fell back. The rugged country to the west and south of the Peach Orchard was now the dark and bloody ground, and over it the tide of battle swayed with destructive force. The enemy had gained possession, and was doubtless settling down upon it to console himself for his grievous losses, when the division of Caldwell came to the rescue. With the brigades of Cross and Kelley in advance, supported by Brooke and Zook, Caldwell swept forward. No troops ever evinced greater valor, and the enemy was driven before them; but their losses were fearful, as the irregularities of the field enabled the enemy, who was concealed in advantageous positions, to rise up from unexpected quarters and pour in a most destructive fire. Indeed, the contest had been so long and stubbornly maintained, that the foe was becoming desperate and impatient of further resistance. The First brigade was commanded by the gallant Colonel Cross of the Fifth New Hampshire, who, while leading his troops in the most intrepid manner, was slain. The situation was every moment becoming more and more complicated, as the enemy, having broken the line, was able to dispose his troops under cover so as to sweep the ground from several directions. The wheatfield and the broken surface to its west had become a slaughter-pen. As the second line, composed of the brigades of Brooke and Zook, came up, it was discovered that a battery had been so posted by the enemy as to greatly annoy the Union troops. Determined to capture or silence it, Colonel Brooke led a charge of his brigade. But though it was vigorously made, and with the most unwavering intrepidity, Brooke soon found his flanks exposed to a withering fire, which, if continued, would annihilate his line, and he was forced to withdraw, himself receiving a severe wound.

The original position of Sickles, facing south, which had been held by Birney with such stubborn valor, had finally to be yielded, the supports which had been sent forward from the Second, Fifth, and Humphreys' division of the Third corps, being unable with all their strength to preserve it. As Caldwell's division was gradually retiring, having been engaged in the most deadly encounters, and having sustained severe losses, Ayres' division of the

Fifth corps moved in, and though assailed with a fury that was appalling, it steadily fought its way forward, routing the enemy and succeeded in holding the important wooded ground in front and to the right of Little Round Top, which Sickles had regarded as so important to the retention of the field. In the midst of the desperate fighting, which, like fiery billows swept over that devoted ground, General Sickles, who had exercised ceaseless vigilance and a tireless energy in maintaining the position and beating back the foe, fell, severely wounded, and was carried from the field, the command devolving upon General Birney.

While these struggles were continued in the wooded and broken ground which enveloped in its dark folds the little wheatfield, now tangled and torn, and blood-washed, as masses of living valor were borne over it, the line facing west, composed of Humphreys' division and a part of Graham's brigade, did not escape unscathed. Humphreys had sent out, early in the day, working parties who had levelled all the fences in his front, giving the opportunity for perfect freedom in manœuvring his troops, and, at a little after four o'clock, had taken position along the diagonal ridge on which runs the Emmittsburg pike. Little beyond occasional demonstrations had thus far occurred upon his front. But the time was rapidly approaching when the favorable moment for attack, directed by the order of Lee, would come. At a little after six, Humphreys received notice from Birney that Sickles had fallen, and that he was in command of the corps, that he was about to fall back from his position facing south, which was nearly at right-angles to Humphreys' line, and requesting the latter also to fall back, so as to connect with his right. In other words, Humphreys and Graham were expected to swing back with Birney so as to keep the line intact. This was accomplished in tolerable order, Birney's men maintaining a resolute front, and gallantly checking any undue forwardness of the enemy in following up. But this movement left the right of Humphreys' division, where he clung to the Emmittsburg pike, in an exceedingly perilous position. The enemy were not slow in discovering it, and now pressed upon him with terrible earnestness. The interval between Humphreys' right and Hancock's left had been filled by the Fifteenth Massachusetts and the Eighty-second New York, and subsequently two other regiments, all from the Second corps, were hurried forward to the support of Humphreys' hard-pressed line. Humphreys says: "I was attacked on my flanks as well as on my front. I never have been under a hotter artillery and musketry fire combined. I may have been under a hotter musketry fire. For a moment, I thought the day was lost. I did not order my troops to fall back rapidly, because, so far as I could see, the crest in my rear was vacant, and I knew that when troops got to moving back rapidly, it was exceedingly difficult to stop them just where you wanted to stop them. At that moment I received an order to fall back to the Round Top ridge, which I did, slowly, suffering a very heavy loss."

As will be seen by an examination of the position in which Humphreys found himself at this juncture, he could have scarcely been in a worse condition to receive a determined attack. His division was almost in the shape of the side and the two ends of a parallelogram, and upon front and both flanks the enemy were rushing with the impetuosity of some demon guide. They were some of the best troops of Anderson's fresh division, which had escaped the fight of the preceding day, and had been held in hand through the long hours of that terrible struggle upon the extreme left, ready to spring forward with the agility of a tiger leaping upon his prey. These were the brigades of Wilcox, Perry, and Wright. Posey and Mahone stood next, and then the division of Pender. It is asserted on the authority of a correspondent of the Richmond *Enquirer*, that these also had been ordered to advance. But as the movement of each brigade upon the rebel right was to be the signal for the next upon the left to move, the failure of Posey caused all the others to be withheld. The powerful brigade of Wright did come down with overwhelming force. Humphreys was a soldier by profession, and skilled in hard fighting, and to his cool courage and determination is due the preservation of his line as it retired to the Cemetery Ridge. So sudden was the onset, and so strong the pressure, that he was obliged to abandon three of his guns, the horses of which had all been killed.

But as the enemy came within range of the Second corps, crouched behind the low stone wall on the Cemetery Ridge, in their pursuit of Humphreys' retiring troops, an oblique and very destructive fire was poured in upon them, producing terrible slaughter. At a clump of trees, a little in advance of the Union line where a battery had been posted, the enemy had swarmed in considerable numbers, as they here found some protection from the rapid fire of the infantry. Here they had seized a brass piece from which the cannoniers had all been killed or driven away. Finding ammunition, they had loaded it and were turning it upon Owen's brigade, temporarily under command of General Webb. The regiments upon the front line were instantly ordered by Webb to charge and recapture the piece. With a gallantry habitual to that brigade, the order was executed, and after a sharp and sanguinary struggle, the enemy was routed and the piece retaken. It was instantly turned upon the retiring foe with deadly effect, helping them to make good time back to their lines.

The enemy felt keenly this last repulse; for when they saw Humphreys' line falling back, they believed the day was won, confidently anticipating that he would be unable to stay its backward course, and reform it so as to present any considerable opposition to their own victorious and impetuous assault. How great was their disappointment, the wails of their wounded, and the bitter reproaches of the survivors against their comrades who failed to support them, but too plainly tells. The correspondent of the Richmond *Enquirer*, who was present upon this part of the field and witnesssed the struggle, says: "We now had the key to the enemy's stronghold, and, apparently, the victory was won. McLaws and Hood had pushed their line well up the slope on the right; Wilcox had kept well up on his portion of the line; Wright had pierced the enemy's main line on the summit of McPherson's [Zeigler's] heights, capturing his heavy batteries, thus breaking the connection between their right and left wings. I said that, apparently, we had won the victory. It remains to be stated why our successes were not crowned with the important results which should have followed such heroic daring and indomitable bravery. Although the order was peremptory that all of Anderson's division should move into action simultaneously, Brigadier-General Posey, commanding a Mississippi brigade, and Brigadier-General Mahone, commanding a Virginia brigade, failed to advance. This failure of these two brigades to advance is assigned, as I learn upon inquiry, as the reason why Pender's division of Hill's corps did not advance—the order being, that the advance was to commence from the right and be taken up along our whole line. Pender's failure to advance caused the division on his left—Heth's—to remain inactive. Here we have two whole divisions, and two brigades of another, standing idle spectators of one of the most desperate and important assaults that has ever been made on this continent—fifteen or twenty thousand men resting on their arms, in plain view of a terrible battle, witnessing the mighty efforts of two little brigades (Wright's and Wilcox's, for Perry had fallen back overpowered), contending with the heavy masses of Yankee infantry, and subjected to a most deadly fire from the enemy's heavy artillery, without a single effort to aid them in the assault, or to assist them when the heights were carried. . . . It was now apparent that the day was lost—lost after it was won—lost, not because our army fought badly, but because a large portion did not fight at all."

Had all the enemy's troops advanced, as is here shown that they were ordered to do, it is doubtful whether the Union line, disorganized and broken as it was, and before the new and more contracted one had been fairly taken, would have been able to withstand the shock, and the impression of Humphreys, "For a moment I thought the day was lost," would have been realized. In addition to the reason here given by the rebel correspondent for the failure of Pender and Heth to move, there is another far more weighty which probably influenced them: After the rough handling they received from the First corps on the day before, it is probable they had little stomach for another fight.

There is no doubt that the successes which the enemy supposed he had gained here, by the unaided strength of one brigade, that of Wright, emboldened and encouraged him to make a second attempt at this very point on the following day.

Upon the fall of Sickles, General Hancock was ordered to turn over the command of his own corps to General Gibbon, and himself to assume the general supervision of the Second and Third corps. This he did, establishing his headquarters midway between the Cemetery and Little Round Top, and proceeded to patch up the new line with such troops as were at hand. The divisions of Doubleday and Robinson, of the First corps, were brought up and posted to the left of the Second corps. Doubleday's division had been strengthened by ordering to it Stannard's brigade of Vermont troops some days before, but only joined on this day. The enemy had been repulsed before Doubleday reached the front; but he sent forward part of the Thirteenth Vermont under Colonel Randall, and the One Hundred and Forty-ninth and One Hundred and Fiftieth Pennsylvania regiments, which together rescued six pieces of artillery, that in retiring had been abandoned. The First Minnesota regiment also came up opportunely, which General Hancock led in person against a detachment of the enemy that was pushing through a part of the line under cover of a wood, and drove it back. General Williams, who had succeeded to the command of the Twelfth corps, ordered Ruger's division forward, to which Lockwood's Maryland brigade was attached, and put it in upon the left of the First corps troops. Williams also ordered Geary's division, with the exception of Green's brigade, over to the left; but, through some strange oversight in the direction of march, it never reached the point indicated.

The fighting upon the left continued with terrible earnestness until evening. Ayers' division of regulars was the last to advance into the mazes of this masquerade of death. Sickles, Barnes, Caldwell, and Ayers had gone out upon this ground in their pride of strength; but they had all been forced back finally by reason of the break at the Peach Orchard, where the enemy had penetrated, and had thus been able to flank every fresh reserve that had been sent against him; and for this cause Humphreys, upon the right, had finally been compelled to retire. All these disasters were the result of the loss of the key point, the little eminence at the Peach Orchard. An angle in the line of battle formed as was this, is intrinsically weak, inasmuch as the direct impact can be brought to bear upon it from two directions. But the same objection may be urged against the position of Steinwehr at the Cemetery. Could

Sickles have taken this ground early in the day, and had lunettes and rifle-pits thrown up, he would have been invincible.

But though the advance position on the Emmittsburg pike had to be given up, the wooded ground in front of Round Top, from the occupation of which by the enemy Sickles feared so much, was held. It was just at dusk, and when Ayers, after having sustained severe losses and fought with the most determined valor, was retiring before a resolute and hopeful foe, that a brigade from Crawford's division of the Pennsylvania Reserves, which he had formed upon the fringe of Little Round Top, came dashing through the low ground drained by Plum Run, and with a chorus peculiar to this noted body of men, went to his relief. Crawford had seized the brigade colors at the moment of moving, and, riding up and down the line, had called upon the men to make Pennsylvania their watchword, and to quail not upon its soil. McCandless, of the Second Reserve, commanded, and led them on. They had scarcely emerged from the hill, and begun to cross the low, swampy ground, when they were hailed by a shower of bullets. But to such a welcome had they been inured on many a gory field, and it only had the effect to quicken their onward pace. The rebels were ensconced behind a low stone wall at the edge of the wood. But the bayonets and bullets of the Reserves were directed by hands too steady and resolute for successful resistance, and they were swept back. Under this stone wall McCandless formed his line, and threw out his skirmishers to the edge of the Wheatfield.

This ended substantially the fighting for the day on this part of the field. The other brigade of the Reserve corps, under Fisher, as we have seen, went to the support of Vincent's and Weed's brigades, and during the night, with the Twentieth Maine in the lead, climbed to the summit of Round Top, and with the aid of the Eighty-third Pennsylvania, established a line and erected a substantial stone breastwork from the loose boulders and broken fragments that cover the breast of the mountain. The enemy were at the westerly base of the hill, and were also fortifying, holding as far north as the Devil's Den, in the rocky cavern of which they took shelter.

CHAPTER XII.

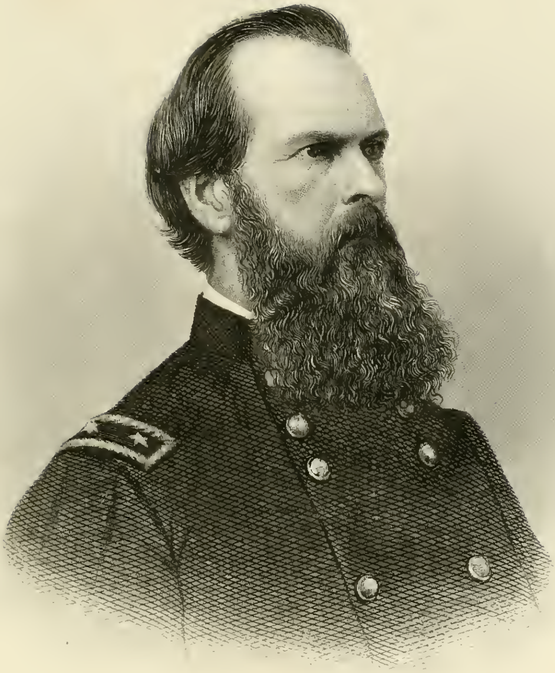
FIGHTING ON THE UNION RIGHT AT GETTYSBURG.

WHILE these momentous events of the battle were transpiring upon the left, the enemy made no less desperate and well directed efforts to carry the right of the Union line. General Lee's order, as already noted, required that Ewell should "attack the high ground on the enemy's right, which had already been partially fortified." This was to be done simultaneously with the attack of Longstreet on the left. But Ewell did not move until the fierce fighting by Longstreet had been more than two hours in progress. This delay was evidently by design, as his corps had been in position and in entire readiness since the night before. The heat of the engagement on the left had thoroughly aroused the Union Commander, and he had hurried on corps after corps, and detachment after detachment, to the support of that wing. On the extreme right, a strong position had been taken, and well fortified by the Twelfth corps. The position and fortification of that flank was such as to fulfil the principle in strategy to which reference has already been made, that the flanks of the infantry line should so rest as to be either by nature or by art made firm. But in his zeal to feed the left, the right flank was completely stripped, the whole of the Twelfth corps, with the exception of Greene's brigade of Geary's division, having been hurried away. Free course was thus given to the enemy to enter. This action seems the more inexplicable, inasmuch as the Sixth corps, the strongest in the whole army, had arrived on the ground at two P. M., two full hours before the fighting for the day had commenced, and it was neither used to reinforce the left until the fighting had nearly ceased, nor was it put into the breastworks upon the right to supply the place made vacant by the withdrawal of the Twelfth. A worse blunder could not have been committed, for Greene's brigade was left hanging in the air, and would have been utterly routed, had a man of less nerve than Greene commanded, or troops less resolute and daring occupied that ground.

Ewell was not long in discovering the advantage offered him, and at a little before sunset, he put his troops in motion. It was composed of soldiers who had so often followed the indomitable and tireless Stonewall Jackson to victory.

The Union line, commencing at the Baltimore pike, extended around the breast of the Cemetery Hill, the artillery, Weiderick's and Ricketts' batteries, upon the summit, and the infantry, a part of the Eleventh corps, under cover of the stone walls. To the right of the Cemetery Hill is a little ravine or depression, marking the end of Cemetery and the beginning of Culp's Hill. Upon the little table-land, at this extremity of the latter, was posted Stevens' Maine battery, which had played so important a part in the action of the first day. His pieces looked across this ravine and the approaches from the town to Cemetery Hill. Just at his right commenced the heavy breastworks, built by Wadsworth, upon the very brow of Culp's Hill, overhanging the steep, rugged acclivity which reaches down almost to the bank of Rock Creek that runs at its base. This breastwork was carried around the hill, and was taken up by Greene, whose right rested at a ravine that descends to a considerable wooded plateau. Greene had refused his right, and carried his breastwork back so as to protect his flank, and from which he could command the passage up this ravine—the ravine itself being left open. On the opposite side the breastworks were again taken up and carried around nearly to Spangler's spring. But beyond this little ravine at Greene's right, no troops were in position.

Upon Benner's Hill, opposite to Cemetery Hill, Ewell had planted his artillery, which opened with great vigor when the battle commenced. But the guns on Cemetery Hill had no sooner got the range, than they speedily silenced it. A gentleman "residing near Gettysburg," as related by De Peyster, "on the road past Benner's, said to have been an eye-witness, stated



Jno W Geary

that the Union batteries on Cemetery Ridge knocked the rebel batteries, on Benner's Hill, into *pi* in twenty minutes after the former got the range." The superiority of the Union guns here was no doubt largely due to the fact that they were protected by lunettes, while the rebel guns stood all uncovered. As soon as he discovered his artillery fire slackening, Ewell prepared his infantry to advance. The sun was already near his setting, and the evening shades were gathering. Lines of rebel troops were discernible from Cemetery Hill, away to the right of Culp's Hill, apparently moving to attack. Soon a small column was seen proceeding from the town, across the Union front, away towards Benner's Hill, as if to join the troops already there. Colonel Von Gilsa, whose brigade was posted at the foot of Cemetery Hill, detached a regiment and sent it forward to observe the movements of this force, and what was passing farther to the right beyond his view. This regiment had not proceeded far, before there suddenly emerged from behind a hill to the left of the town, a long line of infantry formed for an assault, which moved onward in magnificent array. This isolated regiment could do nothing but hasten back to its position; but this grand column, reaching from near the town to Rock Creek, moved with the steadiness and precision of parade. They were the brigades of Hayes and Hoke, led by the famous Louisiana Tigers. The instant they emerged to view, Stevens to the right opened with all his guns, and Weiderick and Ricketts joined in the chorus. The slaughter was terrible. Ricketts charged his guns with canister, and with four shots per minute, was, at every discharge, hurling death and confusion upon their ranks. Stevens' fire was even more effective, as it enfiladed the enemy's line. As the rebels came within musket range, Howard's infantry, who had lain completely protected by the stone wall, poured in volley after volley, sweeping down the charging host. But that resolute body of men believed themselves invincible, and now, with the eyes of both armies upon them, they would not break so long as any were left to go forward. The stone walls were passed at a bound, and when once among the Union men, Stevens was obliged to cease firing for fear of killing friend and foe alike, and Weiderick was unable to withstand the shock, his supports and his own men being swept back with the whirlwind's force. But Ricketts quailed not, upon whom the force of the blow now fell. "With an iron hand," says the chronicler of this battery, "he kept every man to his post and every gun in full play. The giving way of our line upon the left brought the Tigers upon his flank. Pouring in a volley from behind a stone wall that ran close to his left piece, they leaped the fence, bayonetted the men, spiked the gun, and killed or wounded the entire detachment, save three, who were taken prisoners. But the remaining guns still belched forth their double rounds of canister, the officers and drivers taking the places of the fallen cannoniers. The battery's guidon was planted in one of the earthworks, and a rebel Lieutenant was pressing forward to gain it. Just as he was in the act of grasping it, young Riggin, its bearer, rode up and shot him through the body, and seizing the colors, he levelled his revolver again, but ere he could fire, he fell, pierced with bullets, and soon after expired. The rebels were now in the very midst of the battery, and in the darkness it was difficult to distinguish friend from foe. A struggle ensued for the guidon. It had fallen into the hands of the rebel. Seeing this, Lieutenant Brockway seized a stone and felled him to the ground, and the next instant the rebel was shot with his own musket. A scene of the wildest confusion ensued. The men at the batteries were outnumbered, and were being overpowered by a maddened and reckless foe. But still they clung to their guns, and with handspikes, rammers, and stones, defended them with desperate valor, cheering each other on, and shouting, 'Death on our own State soil, rather than give the enemy our guns.' At this critical moment, Carroll's brigade came gallantly to the rescue, and the enemy retreated in confusion. The men again flew to their guns, and with loud cheers gave him some parting salutes, in the form of double-shotted canister. Thus ended the grand charge of Early's division, headed by the famous Louisiana Tigers, who boasted that they had never before been repulsed in a charge. They came forward, 1700 strong, maddened with liquor, and confident of crushing in our line, and holding this commanding position. They went back barely 600, and the Tigers were never afterwards known as an organization."

But while this daring and desperate struggle was being fought out for the possession of Cemetery Hill, a no less persistent and far more formidable force was breaking in upon the extreme right flank. This was Johnson's division of Ewell's corps, led by the old Stonewall brigade which had given Jackson his sobriquet, full of the spirit of its old leader, and now that he was fallen nerved to strike for his sake. Johnson was supported by the division of Rodes. Crossing Rock Creek, which at this season is easily fordable at all points, the rebel line advanced through the forest which covers the whole plateau that spreads out at the base of the hill. The Union skirmishers who had been thrown out to the front were quickly driven in, and, following them up rapidly, the enemy soon came under fire from the breastworks where the brigade of Greene, and farther to the left the division of Wadsworth, were posted. Before this fire the rebels recoiled; but they were not long in discovering that the strong breastworks to Greene's right, built with much engineering skill and with great labor, were vacant, and with alacrity they sprang forward and occupied them unresisted. As has been already noted, when, on the evening of this day the pressure was at its height upon Sickles' front, Ruger's and Geary's divisions, with the exception of Greene's brigade of the latter, had been withdrawn from this flank, and sent to reinforce the left. They had not long been gone when this advance of the enemy was made, and these works fell into their hands. The principal resistance they encountered was from Greene; but they were confident of their ability to sweep him away, and take the whole Union line in reverse. Fortunately, Greene had caused his flank to be fortified by a very heavy work, which the make of the ground favored, extending some distance at right-angles to his main line. Against this the rebel commander sent his cohorts. The men behind it swept the assailants with swift destruction. Again and again did the rebels attack in front and flank; but as often as they approached they were stricken down and disappeared. To a terrible ordeal was this little brigade of the intrepid Greene subjected; but he was a veteran soldier, and he made a most gallant fight, which saved the left flank of the army from disaster. Passing over the abandoned breastworks further to the right, the enemy found nothing to oppose him, and pushed out through the woods in their rear, over the stone fences that skirt the fields farther to the south, and had nearly gained the Baltimore pike. Indeed, the reserve artillery and ammunition, and the headquarters of General Slocum, the commander of the right wing of the army, were within musket range of his farthest advance.

But darkness had now come on, and Ewell was disposed to be cautious, lest he might fall into a trap. Had he known the advantage which was open to him, and all that we now know, he might, with the troops he had, have played havoc with the trains, and have set the whole army in retreat. But he was ignorant of the prize that was within his grasp. To break and drive the right flank of the Union line, occupied by Greene, was legitimate and proper work, and here he spent his strength, but in futile and vain efforts.

Why Slocum, who was particularly charged with the command of this part of the field, ever allowed these works to be entirely stripped of defenders, or why Meade, whose headquarters were in sight of this natural stronghold, and the importance of which he must have become perfectly familiar with during the morning hours, when he was meditating an attack upon the enemy from that very ground, should have called them away, are questions which, if answered at all, must be by some new school of strategy.

It was fortunate for the Union army, that fast-coming darkness drew its curtain around the vulnerable parts everywhere spread out, and that under its cover opportunity was given to mend that which was broken and disjointed. Geary's division was ordered back to occupy its abandoned works, and having marched to a point opposite, on the Baltimore pike, was making for them directly across the fields, all unsuspicious of danger, when it was suddenly arrested by a volley from behind a stone wall, by which one officer and three men of the Twenty-ninth Pennsylvania were killed, and ten wounded. Believing that he was being fired into by men of the First brigade, General Kane, who was in advance, withdrew to the pike, and marching up nearer the Cemetery Hill, again proceeded towards the breastworks, and after connecting with the right of Greene, sent forward skirmishers, who soon met the enemy, and then for the first time he realized that the foe, in strong force, was in full possession of all of the eastern part of Culp's Hill.

Geary immediately formed on the right of Greene, stretching out nearly at right-angles to the main line of battle, taking advantage of the ground which was here quite broken, covered with loose rocks and ledges, and a medium growth of forest trees. The men slept upon their arms, only disturbed by occasional firing of skirmishers. During the night, Ruger's division was brought back and posted upon the flank and rear of the enemy, and General Williams assumed chief command. At three o'clock on the morning of the 3d, objects could be seen moving cautiously about on the rebel line, and it soon became evident that the foe was preparing for a charge. General Kane was upon the alert, and quickly divined the purpose. His men were aroused, and the whole line was prepared for action. General Geary discerned the advantage which would be gained by opening the battle himself, instead of allowing the enemy to charge with the impression that he was surprising the Union line. Hence, at twenty minutes before four, he discharged his pistol, which was the signal for opening along his whole front. "The Confederate General Johnson's division led," says General Kane, in his official report, "followed by Rodes. The statement of our prisoners is, that they advanced in three lines, but they appeared to us only as closed in mass. Every advantage was taken of rock and tree and depression, on both sides, the lines being within close range, and the fight, for the most part, partook of the nature of sharp-shooting on a grand scale. Occasionally the enemy formed in heavy lines and charged; but before they could reach the Union front, so terrible was the slaughter, that the survivors would not respond to the frantic appeals of their officers to advance."

As the day wore on, the heat from the fire and smoke of battle, and the scorching of the July sun, became so intense as to be almost past endurance. Men were completely exhausted in the progress of the struggle, and had to be often relieved; but, revived by fresh air and a little period of rest, again returned to the front. "We ceased firing, occasionally," says Kane, "for a minute or two, to induce the enemy to come out of advantageous positions, when they paid for their temerity; but with this exception, kept up a fire of unintermitting strength for seven hours."

As soon as it was light, and the position of the Union forces was sufficiently determined to fire with safety, the artillery, posted on little eminences to the rear, opened upon the points where the rebels were supposed to be, for friend and foe were hidden from view by the dark foliage of the wood. Whitelaw Reid, now Editor of the New York *Tribune*, who was upon the field throughout the last two days, as chronicler of the battle, says: "I had gone down the Baltimore pike at night, to find a resting place. Coming up between four and five, I heard clearly on the right the old charging cheer. Once, twice, three times I counted it, as my horse pushed his way for less than a mile through the curious or coward throng that ebbed and flowed along the pike. Each time a charge was made, each time the musketry fire leaped out from our line more terrific than before, and still the ground was held. To the left and centre, firing gradually ceased. All interest was concentred on this fierce contest on the right; the rest of the line on either side was bracing itself for still more desperate work. From four to five, there was heavy cannonading also, from our batteries nearest the contested points, but the artillery fire diminished and presently ceased. The rebels made no reply; we were firing at random, and it was a useless waste of ammunition. A cloud of smoke curled up from the dark woods on the right; the musketry crash continued with unparalleled tenacity and vehemence, wounded men came back over the fields, a few stragglers were hurried out to the front, ammunition was kept conveniently near the line. In the fields to the left of the Baltimore pike stood the reserve artillery, with horses harnessed to the pieces and ready to move on the instant. Cavalry, too, was drawn up in detachments here and there. Moved over already within supporting distance of Slocum's line, stood a part of Sedgwick's corps, the reserve of to-day, ready for the emergency that seemed likely soon to demand it. . . . The Rodman guns on the hill [Powers', Slocum's headquarters], were all manned, and the gunners were eager to try their range, but it still seemed useless. . . . As I rode down the slope and up through the wheatfields to Cemetery Hill, the batteries began to open again on points along our outer line. They were evidently playing on what had been Slocum's line of yesterday. The rebels, then, were still in our rifle-pits. Presently the battery on Slocum's hill gained the long-sought permission, and opened, too, aiming apparently in the same direction. Other batteries along the inner line, just to the left of the Baltimore pike [McAllister's Hill], followed the signal, and as one after another opened up, till every little crest between Slocum's headquarters and Cemetery Hill began belching its thunder, I had to change my course through the wheatfields to avoid our own shells. Still no artillery response from the rebels. Could they be short of ammunition? Could they have failed to bring up all their guns?"

To one conversant with the ground, it is now apparent why the enemy did not reply. The creek, the forest, and the steep acclivities, made it utterly impossible for him to move up his guns, and this circumstance constituted the weakness of his position, and the futility of his occupation of this part of the line. Could he have supported his advance with powerful artillery, he might have made a more serious break, and defied all attempts to rout him from this ground. But though he fought with a determined bravery well worthy the name of the old-time leader, yet he gained no ground, and had sustained terrible losses. Unwilling to accept the hopelessness of their situation, or the possibility of ultimate failure, the rebel leaders gathered in their scattered strength and prepared to deliver a final charge, with such determined might as they confidently anticipated would utterly break down and scatter any force which could oppose them. The men were encouraged with the hope of victory, and were appealed to, by the memories of other fields. Every incentive was employed to stimulate their zeal. The charge was made full upon the line held by Kane's brigade. With little intermission, his men had been engaged since early dawn; but, though exhausted by fatigue and oppressive heat, they were as resolute and full of fight as at the first. There had been a lull in the battle, a brief respite, and the dense cloud of sulphurous smoke had lifted, giving place to a gust of sweet air. It was the calm that precedes the storm. Suddenly the quiet was broken by a yell bursting from thousands of lungs, and the next instant their grey lines emerged in sight, dashing madly on. Singularly enough, they were preceded a few yards by a rabid dog, with vengeful eyes and teeth, yelping and sounding defiance. They had scarcely come into easy musket range, when the men in blue along the line sprang to their feet and poured in a deliberate volley. The shock was terrible. The on-coming force was staggered, and for a moment sought shelter behind trees and rocks; but obedient to the voices of their officers they struggled on, some of the more desperate coming within twenty paces of the Union front. "It cannot be denied," says Kane, "that they behaved courageously." They did what the most resolute could do; but it was all in vain, for never were men more firmly rooted to the ground, and less in the mood to be torn from it than were Kane's forces. Broken and well nigh annihilated, the survivors of the charge staggered back, leaving the ground strewn with their dead and desperately wounded. "Then did the shouts of victory," says a soldier, who bore a musket and shared in the triumph, "resound and echo from all parts of the line on the right flank, telling our comrades miles away of the result, and Lee's discomfiture. Men cheered themselves hoarse, laughed, rolled themselves upon the ground, and threw their caps high in air, while others shook hands with comrades, and thanked God that the Star Corps had again triumphed."

Though this was the last of the enemy's determined assaults, a vigorous fusilade was kept up along his whole front. But now a cordon was being drawn about him, which was beginning to threaten his way of retreat. A brigade was thrown in upon his flank on Rock Creek, which sent a few well directed volleys into his rear, and when, soon after, Geary charged from the front, the foe easily yielded to the pressure, and the breastworks were again joyfully occupied, after a struggle rarely paralleled for prolonged severity. This flank was now secure; but the enemy still held a barricade in the immediate front of the breastworks, and kept a skirmish line well advanced, from which a deadly fire was directed upon any object which showed itself above the defences. Beyond this, no further offensive movements were made.

But, what a field was this! For three hours of the previous evening, and seven of the morning, had the most terrible elements of destruction known to modern warfare been wielded with a might and a dexterity rarely if ever paralleled. The wood in which the battle had been fought was torn and rent with shells and solid shot, and pierced with innumerable minié balls. Trees were broken off and splintered, and that entire forest, where the battle raged most furiously, was, on the following year, leafless, the stately but mute occupants having yielded up their lives with those whom they overshadowed. The ground, as it presented itself when the battle was over, bore a mournful spectacle. "We awoke early on the 5th," says the soldier above quoted, "as we had done on the three preceding mornings, and discovered that the foe had disappeared from our front. A number of us immediately sprang over the breastworks, and descended the hill towards the creek. Before advancing many paces, we came upon numberless forms clad in grey, either stark and stiff or else still weltering in their blood. It was the most sickening and horrible sight I had yet witnessed. Many of the dead bodies had lain here for twenty-four hours, and had turned to a purplish black, being greatly distended and emitting a horrible stench. Turning whichever way we chose, the eye rested upon human forms, lying in all imaginable positions, some upon their backs, others upon their faces, and others still upon their knees. the body supported against a rock. Not a few were killed while in readiness to discharge their pieces, the bodies still in position. Some of them had erected a slight protection of stone against the front and right flank fire, yet the fatal bullet reached them even there. We were surprised at the accuracy, as well as the bloody results of our fire. It was indeed dreadful to witness. Further down the hill, we found Major Light, Assistant Adjutant-General on Ewell's staff, dead, as well as his horse. which lay partly upon him. One of the rebel wounded, informed us that he had been killed while superintending one of the advances made against us during the night. We turned from the sickening spectacle of the dead to the wounded, of whom there were many, all helpless; those who could be, having already been removed. To these we gave the contents of our canteens. Their haversacks were better filled than our own, for they had good bacon and pork, which they had foraged from the farmers of the Cumberland Valley." General Geary relates that while passing over the field after the battle, his attention was called to one of the enemies killed who must have been an anomaly among men. The dead, after lying in the hot sun for a day, always appear distorted. But this man was nearly seven feet in stature, of giant proportions, and his body was completely covered with hair like an animal. He had apparently belonged to a Virginia organization, and had fallen in one of those desperate charges which the old Stonewall brigade had delivered. Of such commanding figure, his body was a target for the unerring rifles of Geary's men.

Thus ended the fighting upon the right, which, though interrupted by a few hours of darkness, and made to reach into two days, was really one battle; but in considering the influences which swayed the two commanders, the aspects of the field at the close of the second day should alone be regarded.

The results of that day on the part of the enemy were, in a measure, successful, but not to that extent which had been hoped. Longstreet had made his assault with great power. He had driven the Union line back from the Peach Orchard, and the rugged position to the south and east of it, and from the whole length of the Emmittsburg road, gaining ground nearly three-quarters of a mile in width at the centre, and running out to a point at either end. But he had failed to gain Little Round Top, which was the great advantage craved; and he had likewise been unable to grasp the wooded eminence to the right and front of Little Round Top, and the heavy wooded ground northeast of the wheatfield, which served as outposts to the citadel. At Cemetery Hill he had been signally repulsed, suffering severe losses and gaining no advantage whatever. On the extreme Union right, he had effected a lodgment, and had pushed forward in dangerous proximity to the very vitals of the army; but darkness fell before the fruits of the manœuvre could be gathered, and the night was sure to give opportunity for dispositions which would oust him from his already dear-bought advantage. The outlook was not, therefore, particularly encouraging. A good share of the potential force of his army had been spent, and on no part of the field had any real, substantial gain been made. In his official report Lee, says: "After a severe struggle, Longstreet succeeded in getting possession of and holding the desired ground. Ewell also carried some of the strong positions which he assailed, and the result was such as to lead to the belief that he would ultimately be able to dislodge the enemy. The battle ceased at dark. These partial successes determined me to continue the assault next day." It will be seen that he does not speak in very strong terms of the results of the day's work, terming them "partial successes."

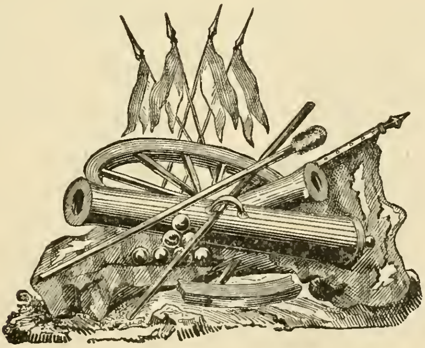
Curiosity is excited to know the feelings of the citizens of Gettysburg during these days of terror and destruction, as they were now entirely within the enemy's lines. Professor Jacobs, who gives many interesting experiences, says: "To us, however, who were at the time within the rebel lines, the result seemed doubtful; and gloomy forebodings filled our minds as we laid ourselves down, to catch, if possible, a little sleep. The unearthly yells of the exultant and defiant enemy had, during the afternoon, been frequently heard even amidst the almost deafening sounds of exploding cannon, of screaming and bursting shells, and of the continuous roar of musketry; and it seemed to us, judging from the character and direction of these mingled noises, that the enemy had been gaining essentially on our flanks. At about six P. M., it is true, we heard 'cheering' different from that which had so often fallen dolefully upon our ears; and some of the rebels said to each other, 'Listen! the Yankees are cheering.' But whilst this—which we afterwards found to have been the cheering of General Crawford's men, as they charged down the face of Little Round Top—afforded us temporary encouragement, the movement of Rodes' division, which we saw hurried forward on a double-quick for the purpose of uniting in a combined attack upon our right centre and flank, the incessant and prolonged musketry fire, and the gradual cessation of the reports of our artillery on Cemetery Hill, caused us to fear that our men had been badly beaten, and that our guns had either been captured or driven back from the advantageous position they had occupied. . . . The rebels returned again to our street at ten P. M., and prepared their supper, and soon we began to hope that all was not lost. Some of them expressed their most earnest indignation at the foreigners—the Dutchmen—for having shot down so many of their men. . . . We afterwards found the explanation of this indignation when we learned what had taken place that evening on the eastern flank of Cemetery Hill. Then again, soon after this, some were heard to say: 'The Yankees have a *good* position, and we must drive them out of it to-morrow.' This assured us that our men had been able to hold their position, and that our lines were unbroken. There seemed now to be an entire absence of that elation and boastfulness which they manifested when they entered the town on the evening of the 1st of July. Still later at night, one said to another in tones of great earnestness, 'I am very much discouraged,' from which we learned that the results of the day were not in accordance with their high expectations, although they said, during the evening, they had been driving us on our right and our left."

If such was the aspect at the rebel headquarters and in the town, what was it within the Union lines? On the left severe fighting had occurred. Terrible losses had been sustained, and though driven back from the advanced line, a new one had been taken that was strong in itself throughout many of its parts, and had now been made doubly strong by art. It had the advantage of being much shorter than the first, and hence required a less number of men to hold it. At the centre, where Howard was, the killed and wounded were numerous, but not an inch had been lost, and there was very good assurance from the result of the mad attempt upon it, that such temerity would not be repeated. On the extreme right, works which had been left without a defender had been occupied, the foe walking coolly in and taking undisputed possession. But the troops who were in position, and who had been struck by the enemy, held their own with a stubbornness and a heroism that will shed a halo over this part of the field, as long as the struggles of Gettysburg shall be recounted. Hence no ground, that was defended even here had been lost. Could this ground, which had unopposed been occupied, be repossessed, and this slight break be repaired, the Union situation for delivering a defensive battle would be admirable. There had, indeed, been severe losses during the two days of fighting. The First corps, the Eleventh, the Third, parts of the Second and the Fifth, and one brigade of the Twelfth, had been subjected to the most terrible shocks, and at least a third of their numbers had been blotted out; but what remained were more defiant and full of stubborn valor than ever, and would everywhere make a gallant stand, while the whole of the Sixth corps, most of the Twelfth, and parts of the Second and Fifth were comparatively fresh.

But though this hopeful view in reality existed, there appears to have been entertained a despondent one at headquarters. Just previous to the opening of the battle on the afternoon of the 2d, a council of corps commanders had been summoned, which, before proceeding to business, or even before all the officers had arrived, had been broken up by the roar of the artillery which heralded the fight. What the object of that meeting was, and what business would have been transacted, has never transpired. But later in the evening, and before the fighting had entirely subsided on the right, another council was held at which General Butterfield, General Meade's Chief of staff,-reports that the only question put was, "Whether our army should remain on that field and continue the battle, or whether we should change to some other position." The minutes of that council appear to have been lost; but the majority voted to stay and fight it out there, though General Newton is reported to have said that "he was not prepared to vote to leave it, but he wanted the council to understand that he had objections to it." "After the council had finished," says Butterfield, "General Meade arose from the table, and remarked that in his opinion, Gettysburg was no place to fight a battle." General Meade in his supplementary testimony declares that the object of this council was not to consider the question of withdrawal, but, "first, whether it was necessary for us to assume any different position from what we then held; and secondly, whether, if we continued to maintain the position we then held, our operations the next day should be offensive or defensive."

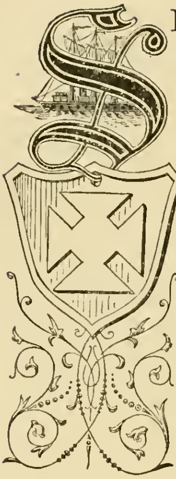
With the exception of General Butterfield, General Hancock is the only officer who gives a clear and connected account of this council, though all agree, that such a question was propounded. General Hancock testifies: "There was a council held that evening at General Meade's headquarters. All the corps commanders were sent for. I was present. Some of this fighting was going on at twilight, and after we had assembled. . . . After each corps commander had reported the actual condition of things along his front, the question was submitted to the council, General Meade being present, and General Butterfield questioning the members, whether we should remain there or the army fall back to a better position—I understood with a view of protecting our supplies. One corps commander, I think it was General Newton, said he did not think the position of Gettysburg a very good one. General Gibbon, who was the junior officer, I believe, and voted first, said that he had not seen the entire ground, but he had great confidence in General Newton's military eye for these matters, and he voted in accordance with that view of the case, except that he objected to anything that looked like a retreat. I understood afterwards that General Newton really had the same view, and did not propose to make a retreat. But all the other commanders, I understood, said they wished to fight the battle there, and General Meade announced that to be the decision. The council then adjourned, and that was the last operation of the second day of the fight." This testimony of General Hancock may be taken as a correct statement of the business transacted. For offensive operations the field was not favorable, and if the enemy had succeeded in making a permanent lodgment in rear of the right wing, the position of the Union army would have been an anomalous one, calling for wise consideration. It was this uncertainty in the mind of General Meade, and the desire to have the explanations of his corps commanders who knew the ground each on his own part of the field much better than he himself could, that induced him to call the council. The question of staying or retiring involved in its discussion the information which he sought.

In the first grey of the morning of the 3d, opened the struggle for the mastery of the right, as has been already related, which ended in the complete rout of the enemy, and the reëstablishment of that flank. From a little after ten, when the battle on this part of the line gradually died away, until after one P. M., there was a complete lull in the fighting. But it was apparent by the movement of troops and guns on the part of the enemy, which could be plainly detected from various points in the Union line, that preparations were in progress for another attack. Dispositions were accordingly made to meet the onset from whatever quarter it might come. Batteries were repaired and replaced, ammunition was brought up in convenient distance, and the infantry line was revised and strengthened. Nor was the cavalry idle. Kilpatrick, who had encountered Stuart at Hanover, was on the lookout for the latter as he returned from Carlisle. At Hunterstown, on the evening of the 2d, they had met, and there ensued a warm artillery engagement in which the enemy was driven; Kilpatrick then moved over to the Baltimore pike, and was thence ordered on the morning of the 3d to the extreme left, where he was joined by Merritt, who had come up from Emmittsburg. It was here posted to guard against any flank movement in that direction. Gregg was sent out upon the right between the York and Bonaughtown roads, where he encountered the enemy and drove him back.



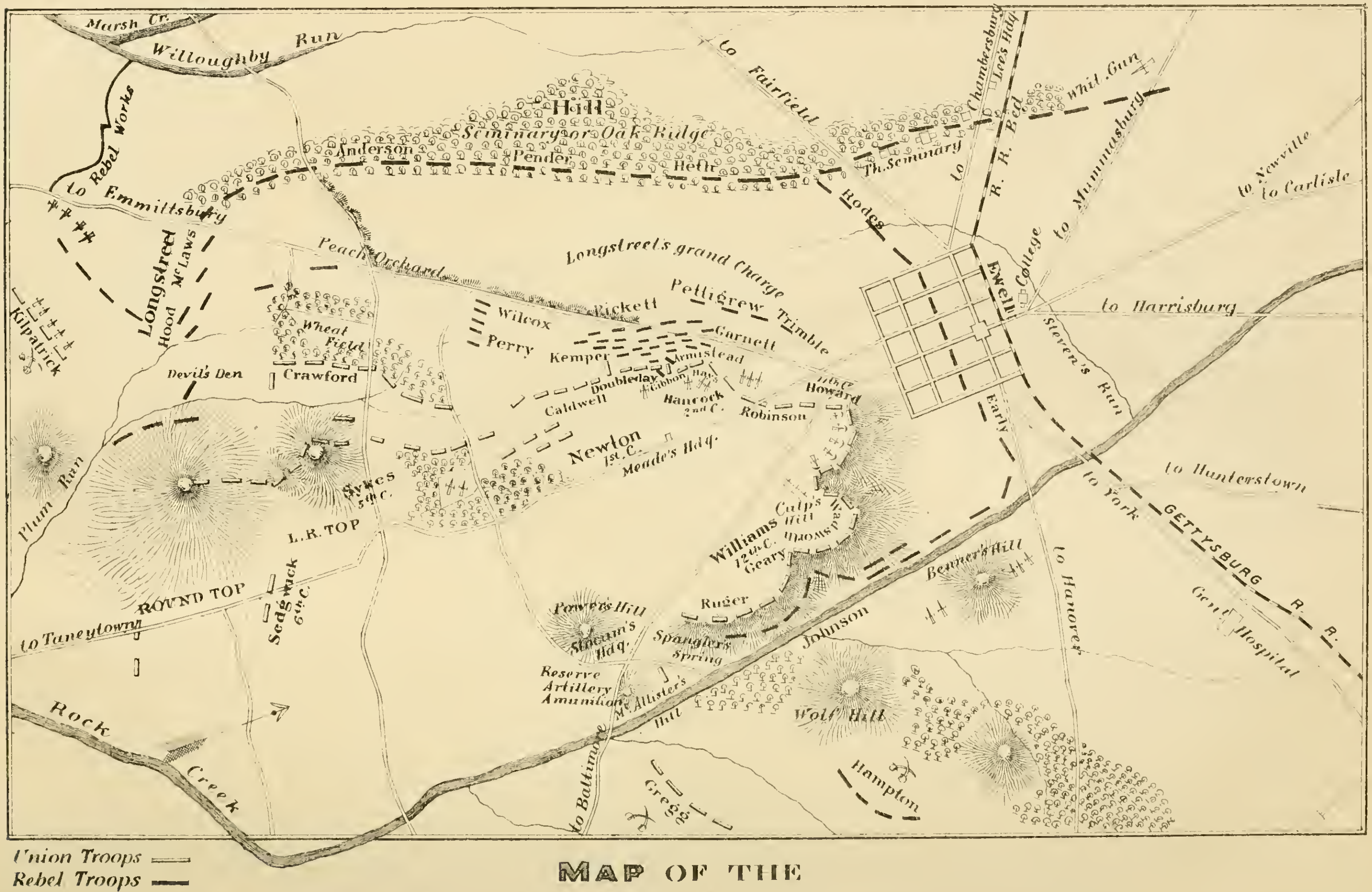
CHAPTER XIII.

THE FINAL STRUGGLE AT GETTYSBURG.



SINCE the Union army had come into its present position, on the evening of the 1st of July, the rebel leader had exerted his utmost efforts to put it to rout. He had, with much skill and daring, attempted, first to break the left flank and gain that commanding ground. With equal pertinacity, he had striven to break and hold the left centre. On the right centre he had made a bold, yea, reckless attack, with some of the most daring troops in his army. Finally, he had sent the major part of a corps to fall upon the extreme right, where he made an entrance, and for more than twelve hours held it. But in all these operations he had been foiled, and for all the extravagant waste of the strength of his army, he had no substantial advantage to show. Unless he could strike his antagonist at some vital point, and send home the shaft, the battle to him was hopelessly lost, and he would no longer be able to remain on Northern soil. To stand on the defensive, or attempt to manœuvre in presence of a victorious foe, would be fatal; for he had no supplies except what he foraged for.

He accordingly determined to hazard all on one desperate throw. He had one division, that of Pickett of Longstreet's corps, which had not yet been in the fight, having just come up to the front from Chambersburg. This, with other of the freshest and best of his troops, he determined to mass on his right centre, opposite the point where Wright's brigade had, the night before, made so gallant a charge on Humphreys' division, and, after having disposed all the artillery he could use to advantage on the two miles of line from which he would concentrate its fire,



MAP OF THE
GETTYSBURG BATTLEFIELD, THIRD DAY, JULY 3rd 1863.

and had subjected the fatal spot on the Union line to a terrific cannonade, to hurl this mass of living valor upon that scourged, and as he hoped, shattered front, with the expectation of breaking through by the weight and power of the shock. To this end, artillery was brought up from the reserve and from his extreme left. The infantry was likewise gathered in, Pickett's division having a place between Anderson's and Heth's of Hill's corps, Hill being charged with supporting Pickett when the time of action should come, and Longstreet over all.

On the Union side, the space from which artillery could be used was much shorter than that which the enemy held, and hence a proportionately less number of pieces was brought into play. On the right, commencing with Cemetery Hill, was Major Osborne with the batteries of Ricketts, Weiderick, Dilger, Bancroft, Eakin, Wheeler, Hill, and Taft. But few of these, however, from their location, could be used to advantage. Next him, directly in front of Meade's headquarters, commencing at Zeigler's Grove, and extending south along Hancock's front, was Major Hazzard with the batteries of Woodruff, Arnold, Cushing, Brown, and Rosty. Still further to the left, reaching down to the low ground where, by training the guns obliquely to the right, a raking fire could be delivered on the assaulting lines, were the batteries of Thomas, Thompson, Phillips, Hart, Sterling, Rock, Cooper, Dow, and Ames, under Major McGilvray. Away to the left, on the summit of Little Round Top, were those of Gibbs and Rittenhouse. "We had thus," says General Hunt, Chief of artillery, "on the western crest line, seventy-five guns, which could be aided by a few of those on Cemetery Hill." From eighty to ninety guns were hence in position for effective service. Later, when the enemy's infantry charged, Fitzhugh's, Parson's, Weir's, Cowan's, and Daniel's batteries were brought up to reinforce the line and take the place of disabled and unserviceable guns. Of infantry, there was the division of Robinson of the First corps at Zeigler's Grove, and to his left were the divisions of Hays and Gibbon of the Second corps, and that of Doubleday of the First corps. Still farther to the left, were Caldwell of the Second corps, and parts of the Third, Fifth and Sixth corps.

At about one o'clock P. M., the enemy, having perfected all his plans, made the attack. Silence, for more than two hours, had reigned, when, of a sudden, 150 guns were run to the front. No sooner were they planted and sighted, than from their mouths tongues of flame leaped forth throughout the whole lurid circumference, and the ground rocked as in the throes of an earthquake. For an instant, the air was filled with a hissing, bursting, fiery cloud, and a torrent, as if suddenly let loose in mid-sky, hitherto all glorious and serene, descended, in its death-dealing mission, upon the long lines of the living crouched below. Nor was it the casual dash of a fitful April day; but in steady torrents it descended. The Union guns were not unprepared, and from eighty brazen throats the response was made, in tones

> "That mocked the deep-mouthed thunder."

The Union infantry officers had cautioned their men to hug closely the earth and to take shelter behind every object which could afford them protection, well knowing that this cannonade was only the prelude to an infantry attack. The enemy's infantry was out of harm's reach. But notwithstanding every precaution was taken to shelter the Union troops, the destruction was terrible. Men were torn limb from limb, and blown to atoms by the villainous shells. Horses were disembowelled, and thrown prostrate to writhe in death agonies. Caissons, filled with ammunition, were exploded, cannon rent, and steel-banded gun-carriages knocked into shapeless masses. Solid shot, Whitworth, chain shot, shrapnell, shells, and every conceivable missile known to the dread catalogue of war's art, were ceaselessly hurled upon that devoted ground. Major Harry T. Lee relates an incident that occurred while lying prostrate near General Doubleday, whose aid he was, which illustrates the indifference with which one long schooled in military duty may come to look upon the most appalling dangers. The General, having been busy manœuvring his troops, had had no dinner. He had already had two horses killed, and having thrown himself upon the ground, had pulled from his pocket a sandwich, which he was about to eat, when a huge missile from one of the enemy's guns struck the ground within a few feet of his head, deluging his sandwich with sand. Coolly turning to the Major, he remarked, "That sandwich will need no pepper," and immediately proceeded with his lunch.

Scarcely had the battle opened, ere the powerful missiles began to fall in the very midst of the little farmhouse, where General Meade had made his headquarters. As the shots began to strike about him, the General came to the door and told the staff who were in waiting, that the enemy manifestly had the range of his quarters, and that they had better go up the slope fifteen or twenty yards to the stable. "Every size and form of shell," says Mr. Wilkinson, in his correspondence from the field to the New York *Times*, "known to British and American gunnery, shrieked, moaned, and whistled, and wrathfully fluttered over our ground. As many as six in a second, constantly two in a second, bursting and screaming over and around the headquarters, made a very hell of fire that amazed the oldest officers. They burst in the yard—burst next to the fence, on both sides garnished as usual with the hitched horses of aids and orderlies. The fastened animals reared and plunged with terror. Then one fell, then another. Sixteen lay dead and mangled before the fire ceased, still fastened by their halters, which gave the impression of being wickedly tied up to die painfully. These brute victims of cruel war touched all hearts. Through the midst of the storm of screaming and exploding shells, an ambulance, driven by its frenzied conductor at full speed, presented to all of us the marvellous spectacle of a horse going rapidly on three legs. A hinder one had been shot off at the hock. A shell tore up the little step at the headquarters cottage, and ripped bags of oats as with a knife. Another soon carried off one of its two pillars. Soon a spherical case burst opposite the open door. Another ripped through the low garret. The remaining pillar went almost immediately to the howl of a fixed shot that Whitworth must have made. During this fire, the horses at twenty and thirty feet distant were receiving their death, and soldiers in Federal blue were torn to pieces in the road, and died with the peculiar yells that blend the extorted cry of pain with horror and despair."

For an hour and three-quarters this angry storm continued. During this space, which seemed an age to the unhappy victims upon whom it beat, the enemy had delivered a ceaseless fire.

General Howe, an accomplished soldier, testifies: "I have never heard a more furious cannonade, nor one where there was greater expenditure of ammunition on both sides." The Union guns did not, however, continue to answer the whole time; but, that the guns might have time to cool, and ammunition be saved for the emergency which was sure to follow, the order was given to cease firing. "I ordered them," says General Hunt, Chief of artillery, "commencing at the Cemetery, to slacken their fire and cease it, in order to see what the enemy were going to do, and also to be sure that we retained a sufficient supply of ammunition to meet, what I then expected, an attack. At the same time, batteries were ordered up to replace those guns which had been damaged, or which had expended too much ammunition."

The enemy, perhaps interpreting this silence in part to the accuracy and telling effect of his fire, soon after ordered his own to cease. And now was discovered the indications of the part which his infantry was to play. Just in front of the rebel fortified line, which was concealed from view by a curtain of wood, a mass of infantry suddenly appeared, and were quickly marshalled in battle array. Pickett's fresh division was formed in two lines, Kemper and Garnett leading, supported by Armistead, with Wilcox and Perry of Hill's corps upon his right, so disposed as to protect his flank, and Pettigrew commanding Heth's division, and Trimble with two brigades of Pender, also of Hill's corps, for a like purpose upon his left. Thus compactly formed, presenting as it were three fronts, this powerful body, estimated at 18,000 men, moved forward to the assault.

> "Firm paced and slow a horrid front they form,
> Still as the breeze but dreadful as the storm."

No obstacle intervened to prevent the sight of the enemy's formation and advance by nearly the entire Union line, so that the dullest private, alike with the General, saw plainly from the start the cloud that was gathering over him. Each as he grasped his weapon, felt that the impact of that well-wrought and high-tempered mass would be terrible. Was there strength enough in that thin line against which it was hurrying, to withstand the dreadful shock, and send it back in fatal rebound?

The position of that portion of Hays' troops, commencing near Bryan's well, just south of Zeigler's Grove, was favorable for resistance. For a shelving rock crops out along the ridge, three or four feet in height, looking towards the Emmittsburg pike upon the crest of which, extending a quarter of a mile, is a low stone fence composed of loose boulders, and behind this, affording very good shelter, they were lying. To the left of Hays the fence makes a sharp angle jutting out towards the pike, for a few rods, when the same low stone fence, surmounted by a single rail, continues on towards the left along the ridge which gradually falls away, and at the plain it is met by a post-and-rail fence, in front of which a slight rifle-pit had been thrown up. Commencing at the angle and extending south was General Owen's brigade, now temporarily commanded by General Webb, comprising the Sixty-ninth Pennsylvania, Owen's own,—composed mostly of Irishmen, whose fighting qualities had been proved in many desperate conflicts, and who had received the commendations of Kearney, and Sumner, and Hooker, upon the Peninsula for their gallantry,—the Seventy-first, originally recruited and led by the gallant Edward D. Baker, untimely cut off at Ball's Bluff, since commanded by Wistar the friend and associate of Baker, and now by Colonel R. Penn Smith; and the Seventy-second, Colonel Baxter. The two former were upon the front; the latter held in reserve, in a second line just under the hill to the rear. To the left of this brigade were Hall and Harrow, and General Doubleday, who that day, in addition to Stone's (now Dana's), and Rowley's, had Stannard's brigade of Vermont troops, of which the Thirteenth, Fourteenth, and Sixteenth were present for duty. Doubleday had put the One Hundred and Fifty-first Pennsylvania and the Twentieth New York State militia upon the front, with the remainder in two lines in rear, except Stannard's men, whom he had thrown out to a little grove several rods in advance of the whole line, where they were disposed to resist a front attack.

As the rebel infantry began to move forward, its direction was such that Pickett's centre would strike Stannard; but when half the distance had been passed over, the column suddenly changed direction, and, moving by the left flank till it had come opposite

Owen's brigade, again changed front and moved forward. Whether this manœuvre was premeditated, or whether the discovery of Stannard's position, and strong front, or the fire of the batteries away to the Union left, caused this veering of the rebel line, is uncertain. Unfortunately for the enemy, when he made this turn, Wilcox, who commanded the right flanking column or wing, instead of moving to the left with Pickett, kept straight on leaving Pickett's right uncovered, and open to a flank attack. Fortunately for the Union side, Stannard was thrown out a considerable distance in front, so that when Pickett came forward, Stannard was precisely in the right place to deliver a telling fire full upon Pickett's exposed flank. Unfortunately again for the enemy, Pettigrew's men, who formed Pickett's left flanking column, were raw troops who were ill fitted to stand before the storm which was to descend upon them, and had been frightfully broken and dispirited in the first day's fight. But Pickett's own men were of the best, and they moved with the mien of combatants worthy of the steel they confronted, obedient to their leader's signal, and ready to go as far as who goes farthest

This infantry column had no sooner come within cannon range, than the batteries to the right and left opened with solid shot, but, as it came nearer, shells, shrapnell, and canister were poured upon it in unstinted measure. Never was a grander sight beheld upon a battle-field than that of this devoted body of men, unflinching in their onward march, though torn by the terrible fire of artillery, and executing with the utmost precision the evolutions of the field. As they came within musket range the Union infantry, who had reserved their fire, poured it in with deadly effect. So decimated was the front line, that for an instant it staggered, but, recovering itself, and being closely supported by the second, moved on. When it came near, the fire was returned: but to what effect? The Union men were crouching behind the stone wall on the shelving rock, and few bullets could reach them. Nothing daunted, the enemy kept boldly on, crossed the Emmittsburg pike, and rushed madly upon that part of the line where the Sixty-ninth and Seventy-first regiments were. Two or three rods to the rear of this was a little clump of small forest trees on the very summit of the ridge. Towards this they rushed as though it had been the mark set for them to reach. Cushin's guns, which stood just in rear of the Sixty-ninth, had been for the most part disabled, the gunners having all been killed or wounded; but two of these were still serviceable, and the men of the Sixty-ninth and Seventy-first had wheeled them down to the stone wall within the front line, and here they were worked with terrible effect. Unchecked by the fire, the enemy pushed resolutely forward. Just before this, Colonel Smith, with the right wing of the Seventy-first, had retired a few rods and taken position behind the wall coming in from the right, where his men would be less exposed to the fierce fire of canister of the Union artillery in its immediate rear, and where it could act with greater effect. The left wing, under Lieutenant-Colonel Kochersperger, in conjunction with the Sixty-ninth, hugged closely the stone wall, and continued to pour in death-dealing rounds with frightful rapidity. But the enemy, discovering that a portion of the wall was vacant, rushed over. This caused the flank to be exposed, and Kochersperger, with two companies of the Sixty-ninth, swung back, in order to protect it. The struggle was now desperate and hand to hand. A stalwart and determined rebel soldier, having reached the wall behind which the left of the Sixty-ninth still clung, called out to James Donnelly of company D to surrender, levelling his musket in readiness to fire. "I surrender," cried Donnelly, and suiting the action to the word, felled him to the earth with the barrel of his gun. Donnelly was at the time but a youth of eighteen. Corporal Bradley, of the same company, while attempting to beat back an infuriated rebel, had his skull crushed in by a single blow. Rebel flags waved upon the wall within the Union line. General Armistead, who led one of Pickett's front brigades, reached the farthest point of the enemy's advance, and with his hand upon a Union gun near the little grove, while under the shadow of the flags of his brigade, fell mortally wounded. But still only a small breach had been made, and that had been left in part by design. The vigor and power of the blow had been robbed of its blighting effect, long before it had reached the vital point of the Union line. As the column moved past the grove where Stannard's brigade had been thrust out in front by Doubleday, Stannard suddenly formed the Thirteenth and Sixteenth regiments at right-angles to the main Union line, facing northward, and poured in a withering enfilading fire. This, Pickett's troops were able to withstand but a few minutes, and over 2000 of them laid down their arms and were conducted to the rear. On Pickett's left, a like disaster befell. For Pettigrew, with his green and already decimated levies, quailed before the terrific fire of Hays' men, and a number fully as large was swept in from that wing. The front centre of Pickett's own men continued the struggle through mere desperation. But no equal body of troops could have effected a lodgment there, or done more than had these. For the Union line, though slightly broken upon its front, was in a situation, unaided, to have beaten back the assailants, the Seventy-second regiment being but a few paces in rear of the little cluster of trees which marked the farthest rebel advance, and was in condition to have made a stubborn resistance. But beyond the original lines, the moment it was seen that the enemy was about to strike at this point, supports were hurried forward. The brigades of Hall, and Harrow, the Nineteenth Massachusetts, the One Hundred and Fifty-first Pennsylvania, the Twentieth New York State militia, and the Forty-second of the line, being in close proximity, had reached the threatened ground, and stood four lines deep, ready to receive the foe, had he pushed his advantage.

The struggle was soon over, the greater portion of the living either surrendering or staggering back over the prostrate forms of the dead and the dying which strewed thickly all that plain. In the few moments during which the contest lasted, by far the greater part of that gallant division, that marched forth "in all the pride and circumstance of glorious war," had disappeared. Four thousand five hundred of them were prisoners, many more were wounded and weltering in their blood, and a vast number were stiff and stark in death.

The brigades of Wilcox and Perry, as already noticed, thrown off to the right, failing to move with Pickett's division, having sheltered themselves for the moment, no sooner saw that Pickett had gone forward and penetrated the Union line than they moved up to assault farther to the south. The Union guns opened upon them; yet they kept on until they had reached a point within a few hundred yards of the front. But now Stannard was again in position to do great damage upon the flank of the passing column. Ordering the Sixteenth and a part of the Fourteenth into line again at right angles to the main line, but now facing south, he attacked upon the exposed flank. The enemy made but feeble resistance, a large number being taken prisoners, and the rest saving themselves by flight.

Thus ended the grand charge, perhaps as determined, deliberate, and impetuous as was ever made on this continent. It was undertaken in the confident anticipation of success and hope of victory. It resulted in the almost utter annihilation of this fine body of men, with no advantage whatever to the assailants. As an example of the futility, and at the same time the accuracy of their fire, it may be stated as an observation of the writer, made soon after the battle, that the splashes of the leaden bullets upon the shelving rock and the low stone wall along its very edge, and behind which were Hancock's men, for a distance of half a mile, were so thick, that one could scarcely lay his hand upon any part of either the wall or the rock without touching them. All this ammunition was of course thrown away, not one bullet in a thousand reaching its intended victim.

The field where this charge was made was of such a character, and so situated, that the greater part of both armies, as well as the population of the town, could behold it. When the terrible preliminary cannonade was in progress, the gravest apprehensions must have been excited in every Union breast; for, while the rebel infantry were all out of harm's way, the Union infantry were in the very mouth of it. But if apprehensions were aroused by the cannonade, what must have been the dismay inspired by the sight of the terribly compacted force which followed it? How with bated breath did each await the issue? The view from many parts of the town was perfect, and the progress of the charge was followed with eager gaze. Dr. Humphrey, surgeon of the Bucktail (Stone's) brigade, remained with the wounded on the field of the first day's conflict, and was a prisoner during the second and third days of the battle. He was assigned to duty in a hospital established at the Catholic church, situated on the very summit of the hill on which the town of Gettysburg is built. A rebel Major, who was in charge of the hospital, had been jubilant over what he believed were triumphs of his army in the first and second days of the battle. Everything was represented to be moving on most gloriously for his side. Sickles' corps, and all that had been sent to his help, had been completely demolished and driven out of sight, according to his representations. The Doctor had no means of knowing anything to the contrary, other than that the fire of the Union guns indicated them to be now substantially where they were at the first. It is probable that the rebel file actually believed that they were gaining ground, and that they would ultimately carry the day. They admitted, however, that the Yankees had a good position, and were making a fair fight.

When the great cannonade and grand charge came to be delivered on the afternoon of the third day by Pickett's division, so elated was this rebel Major, that he invited Dr. Humphrey up into the belfry of the church to witness it. The prospect here was unsurpassed. Round Top and the Peach Orchard were in full view, and all the intermediate space, disclosing the Union and rebel lines throughout nearly their whole extent. When the awful cannonade had ceased, and the infantry in three lines with skirmishers and wings deployed, stretching away for a mile and a half, and moving with the precision of a grand parade, came on, the spectacle was transcendently magnificent. At sight of that noble body of men the joy and exultation of the rebel Major knew no bounds. " Now you will see the Yanks run." " What can stand before such an assault?" "I pity your poor fellows, but they will have to get out of the way now." "We shall be in Baltimore before to-morrow night," and exclamations of similar import were constantly uttered as he rubbed his hands in glee, and danced about the narrow inclosure. With measured tread the lines went forward. They came under fire of the artillery. They staggered, but quailed not. They met the storm of the infantry, but still they swept on. As the work became desperate, the Major grew silent; but manifested the deepest agitation. Great drops of perspiration gathered on his brow, and when, finally, that grand body of men went down in the fight, and were next to annihilated, with a storm of black rage depicted on his countenance, he left the belfry without uttering a word. So desperate had he become that the Doctor says he dared not speak to him, though his inclination to cheer was almost beyond control.

"As our eye," says Professor Jacobs, who also watched the charge from the town, "runs over these grounds, we can yet call vividly to mind the appearance of this fan-shaped mass, as we saw it on the day of battle, moving over towards our line, with the intention of penetrating it, like a wedge, and reaching our rear. . . . In a few moments a tremendous roar, proceeding from the simultaneous discharge of thousands of muskets and rifles, shook the earth; then, in the portion of the line nearest us, a few, then more, and then still more rebels, in all to the number of about two hundred, were seen moving backwards towards the point from which they had so defiantly proceeded; and at last two or three men carrying a single battle-flag, which they had saved from capture, and several officers, on horseback, followed the fugitives. The wounded and dead were seen strewn amongst the grass and grain; men with stretchers stealthily picking up and carrying the former to the rear; and officers for a moment contemplating the scene with evident amazement, and riding rapidly towards the Seminary Ridge. . . . So sudden and complete was the slaughter and capture of nearly all of Pickett's men, that one of his officers who fell wounded amongst the first on the Emmittsburg road, and who characterized the charge as foolish and mad, said that when, in a few moments afterwards, he was enabled to rise and look about him, the whole division had disappeared as if blown away by the wind."

The victory here was signal and complete; and it was gained at a much less cost in killed and wounded than were many of the operations on other parts of the field. Generals Hancock and Gibbon were wounded, but not seriously. Of Pickett's three brigade commanders, Armistead was mortally wounded, and left in the Union lines; Kemper was severely wounded; and Garnett was killed. Fourteen of his field officers, including Williams, Mayo, Callcott, Patton, Otey, Terry, Hunton, Allen, Ellis, Hodges, Edmunds, Aylett, and Magruder, were either killed or wounded, only one of that rank escaping unhurt.

General Lee had confidently counted on success in this final conflict, and so sure was he that the Union army would be put to rout that he sent out his cavalry well supported by infantry, upon both flanks, to fall upon its rear and intensify the confusion. But the Union cavalry were on the alert, and ready to receive them. General David McM. Gregg upon the right, at the moment the artillery fire slackened on the front and Pickett began his charge, discovered the enemy's cavalry, under Hampton, advancing on the Bonaughtown road, with the evident intent of forcing its way through and gaining the Union flank and rear. The Third Pennsylvania cavalry was upon the skirmish line, and first felt the shock. Gregg's main line was well in hand; and when the skirmishers, after a brave resistance, were driven in, he met Hampton, who charged in close column of squadrons, with Custar's Michigan brigade—his Wolverines, as Custar termed them—while the skirmishers rallied and charged upon his flanks. The enemy started with drawn sabres; but according to their individual habits, many dropped them and took their pistols, while the Union men used the sabre alone. After a hard fight, in part hand to hand, the rebels were driven back with severe loss. A more skilful or triumphant sabre charge is rarely witnessed.

While this was passing on the right, a no less stubborn, but far more daring and desperate engagement was in progress on the Union left. Kilpatrick had been sent early to operate upon that wing of the army, and had been busily engaged during most of the day, the enemy manifesting considerable activity in that direction. Finally, towards evening, when the clangor of battle upon the centre was at its height, Kilpatrick, aroused by the noise of the fray, ordered in the brigades of Farnsworth and Merritt. Robinson's brigade of Hood's division was upon the rebel front, well posted behind fences and rugged ground, and supported by the cavalry of Stuart; but Farnsworth, who led, charged with the sabre, driving the foe from his shelter, and pressed forward up to the very mouths of the rebel guns. Here Farnsworth was killed, and many of his officers and men were killed or wounded, and the line was compelled to fall back, sustaining severe losses. Merrit pressed from the Union left and made a gallant fight; but the rebel guns were too numerous and too well posted to be overcome, and Kilpatrick was obliged to call in his shattered ranks, and brace himself for any attempt of the enemy to follow and in turn become the assailants. The rebel column, however, by this time had little stomach for further offensive demonstrations.

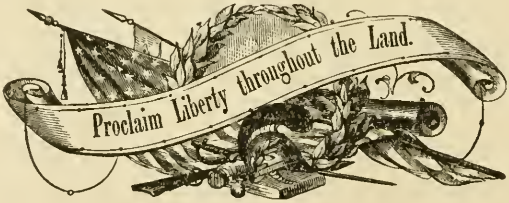
A little later, and soon after the repulse of Pickett, McCandless' brigade of the Pennsylvania Reserves was ordered by Meade to advance from the stone wall behind which it had taken shelter on the evening previous, across the Wheatfield on its front, and drive out the enemy, who were annoying it. A gun upon the crest of an elevation a thousand yards distant had proved quite destructive, and to capture it McCandless manœuvred his command. With little loss he seized the gun and two caissons by its side. The flag of the Fifteenth Georgia, and three hundred prisoners were also taken, and six thousand muskets were collected.

But the enemy was now becoming thoroughly aroused to the peril of his situation, and having gathered in his forces, he retired to the line of Seminary Ridge, and fell to fortifying. He feared a countercharge by a heavy Union force, and made every preparation to meet it.

General Meade, finding in the course of the artillery fire, that the enemy apparently had the range of his headquarters, moved over to Power's Hill, where he occupied the headquarters of General Slocum; but, soon after his arrival there, finding that the signal officer whom he had left at his old headquarters had abandoned it, and fearing that his staff would fail to find him, he returned. On the way back he could plainly distinguish by the sound, that the enemy's infantry charge was in progress. By the time he had reached his headquarters the battle was virtually decided, and the enemy repulsed. He accordingly rode up on to the crest of the ridge, and as he went, met the prisoners going to the rear, who had been captured in the fight.

There was some firing after he reached the summit, by which his own horse and that of his son were shot. It appears that as soon as the survivors of the assaulting column began to retire, the rebel artillery opened and delivered a hot fire, to cover the retirement of the troops, which was kept up for some moments, and it was from this that the General and his son lost their horses. Meade rode over to Little Round Top, where he ordered the advance of Crawford's troops for the purpose of preparing the way for an immediate assault. But in his testimony he says: "The great length of the line, and the time required to carry these orders out to the front, and the movement subsequently made before the report given to me of the condition of the forces in the front and left, caused it to be so late in the evening, as to induce me to abandon the assault which I had contemplated."

The enemy along his whole line showed signs of trepidation, and was undoubtedly apprehensive of an attack. In the town itself the rebel wounded were gathered up and sent to the rear as rapidly as possible. At midnight his troops were aroused and drawn up in two lines along the streets, where they stood under arms as if awaiting a charge. The position here, and indeed throughout the whole of Ewell's line, was weak and exposed. Lee, accordingly withdrew it, and by three o'clock on the morning of the 4th Ewell's entire corps had disappeared from Gettysburg, and had taken position on the Seminary heights. Here the men were put to work, and during the day heavy breastworks were erected. Indeed, the best and strongest fortifications constructed by either army on the Gettysburg field were those built by the enemy on this day between the Chambersburg and Mummasburg pikes, and those at the other extremity of the rebel line, where that line strikes the Emmittsburg road. The position along all this ridge, naturally defensible, was made secure.


Proclaim Liberty throughout the Land.

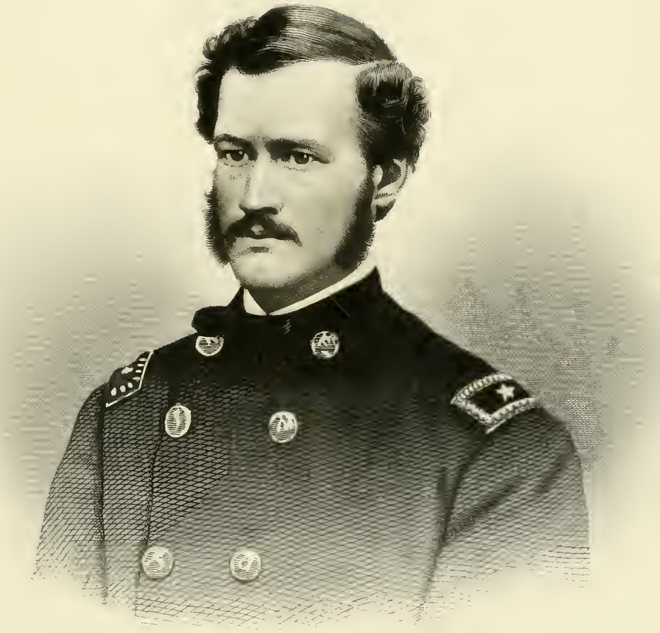
CHAPTER XIV.

THE RETREAT OF LEE FROM GETTYSBURG.

GENERAL LEE was now satisfied that a further attempt to maintain the contest would be fruitless, and consequently determined to yield to the inevitable, and make good his retreat. And now was seen the great strategic advantage to him of the possession of Gettysburg; for he was able to control the shortest routes to the Potomac. Had the Fairfield road been under the control of the Union army, Lee's retreat could have been cut off. But his army lying across the two shortest roads leading to Williamsport, he was able to retire without the danger of serious interruption. In his report, Lee says: "Owing to the strength of the enemy's position, and the reduction of our ammunition, a renewal of the engagement could not be hazarded, and the difficulty of procuring supplies rendered it impossible to continue longer where we were. Such of the wounded as were in condition to be removed, and part of the arms collected on the field, were ordered to Williamsport. The army remained at Gettysburg during the 4th, and at night began to retire by the road to Fairfield." This was the most direct road. But the wounded who could bear transportation were started back during the night of the 3d; and all day long of the 4th the two roads—the one by Fairfield and the other by Chambersburg, until the mountain was passed, and thence by Greenwood and Waynesborough—were incessantly filled with the trains.

As already noticed, Colonel Stone, of the Bucktail brigade, was wounded severely in the action of the first day, and fell into the enemy's hands. His Adjutant-General, Captain John E. Parsons, afterwards Colonel of the One Hundred and Eighty-seventh Pennsylvania regiment, unwilling to desert his bleeding chief, remained to care for him, and was also a prisoner. During the rest of the battle, he was kept under guard at a rebel hospital. In the following letter, he records the varying hopes and fears by which his bosom was swayed as the dreadful hours wore on, and points out the first intimations which he interpreted as evidence that victory had at last crowned the Union arms: "On the morning of the 2d of July," he says, "I obtained permission from the rebel General Hood, to move Colonel Stone, and to remain with him. With the assistance of two soldiers, we carried him on a stretcher to a stone farmhouse, a half mile to the rear, and some 200 yards to the north of the Baltimore pike. We found the house deserted by the family, and in a sad condition; portions of the floor torn up for plunder, the beds ripped open and feathers scattered over the house, and the hand of the spoiler visible on every side. We found a soldier of the Iron brigade in the house, mortally wounded. He died by our side that night.

"During the afternoon of the 2d, the house was taken possession of by the Surgical corps of Hayes' brigade, 'Louisiana Tigers,' as their Brigade Hospital. The desperate charges made by this brigade, on the evening of the 2d, brought ambulance after ambulance of their wounded to the hospital. I could gather nothing satisfactory from their surgeons or their wounded, as to the result of the day; but they were in good spirits, and appeared sanguine of success in the end. Some of the officers who were slightly wounded, said to me that they were certain of success, and had marked out on their pocket-maps the line of march to Baltimore, Washington, Philadelphia, and New York. On the evening of the 3d, however, they seemed depressed in spirits, which first gave me the intimation of our victory. On the morning of the 4th, they commenced to haul to the rear all of their wounded that were able to be removed. Then I was satisfied that our army was victorious, and that the enemy was getting ready to retreat. When I asked some of the officers who were so sanguine only the day before, why they were hauling their wounded back, they said it was only to a place where water was more abundant. But their defeat was obvious on all sides. Depressed in spirits,



O. B. Knowles

[illegible]

and demoralized in manner, they hurriedly took their departure, and next morning at daylight, I found that the whole rebel army, except a light line of cavalry, had fled, leaving our hospital and the houses and barns about us filled with the worst of their wounded. By nine o'clock the cavalry line withdrew, concentrated on the Chambersburg pike in front of our hospital, and took their departure, followed in a short time by our cavalry. Colonel Stone was taken in an ambulance to Gettysburg, and our surgeons took charge of the rebel wounded. Both the Colonel and myself were treated kindly by the surgeons and officers at the hospital. A portion of the rebel army passed our hospital in their retreat."

The condition of the rebel army was now such that its Commander's best efforts were required to save it. The great thoroughfares on the direct line to Williamsport, it is true, were his, and by judicious dispositions and prompt action, he had a good prospect of bringing it off; but the longer he delayed, the more precarious his situation became; for, while his own force was constantly dwindling, the Union army was in a fair way to receive important accessions, the militia in the Cumberland Valley and at Harrisburg, and troops from the James being already on the way. General Imboden, who had been sent by Lee with his independent mixed command of cavalry and mounted infantry, for the destruction of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, and had come up into Pennsylvania by the way of McConnellsburg, had arrived on the field at Gettysburg a little after noon of the 3d, at the moment when the last grand charge was in full tide. His men were fresh, and to him Lee called, and entrusted the removal of the wounded. Imboden has published an account of the doings of that night of horrors, in which he labored to carry back to Virginia such as could, and, though in a dying state, would be removed:

"When night closed upon the grand scene," he says, "our army was repulsed. Silence and gloom pervaded our camps. We knew that the day had gone against us, but the extent of the disaster was not known except in high quarters. The carnage of the day was reported to have been frightful, but our army was not in retreat, and we all surmised that with tomorrow's dawn would come a renewal of the struggle; and we knew that if such was the case, those who had not been in the fight would have their full share in its honors and its dangers. All felt and appreciated the momentous consequences of final defeat or victory on that great field. These considerations made that, to us, one of those solemn and awful nights that every one who fought through our long war sometimes experienced before a great battle. Few camp fires enlivened the scene. It was a warm summer's night, and the weary soldiers were lying in groups on the luxuriant grass of the meadows we occupied, discussing the events of the day, or watching that their horses did not straggle off in browsing around.

"About eleven o'clock a horseman approached and delivered a message from General Lee, that he wished to see me immediately. I mounted at once, and accompanied by Lieutenant McPhail of my staff, and, guided by the courier, rode about two miles toward Gettysburg, where half a dozen small tents on the roadside were pointed out as General Lee's headquarters for the night. He was not there, but I was informed that I would find him with General A. P. Hill, half a mile further on. On reaching the place indicated, a flickering, solitary candle, visible through the open front of a common tent, showed where Generals Lee and Hill were seated on camp stools, with a county map spread upon their knees, and engaged in a low and earnest conversation. They ceased speaking as I approached, and after the ordinary salutations, General Lee directed me to go to his headquarters and wait for him. He did not return until about one o'clock, when he came riding along at a slow walk and evidently wrapped in profound thought. There was not even a sentinel on duty, and no one of his staff was about. The moon was high in the heavens, shedding a flood of soft silvery light, almost as bright as day, upon the scene. When he approached and saw us, he spoke, reined up his horse, and essayed to dismount. The effort to do so betrayed so much physical exhaustion that I stepped forward to assist him, but before I reached him he had alighted. He threw his arm across his saddle to rest himself, and fixing his eyes upon the ground, leaned in silence upon his equally weary horse, the two forming a striking group, as motionless as a statue. The moon shone full upon his massive features, and revealed an expression of sadness I had never seen upon that fine countenance before, in any of the vicissitudes of the war through which he had passed. I waited for him to speak until the silence became painful and embarrassing, when to break it, and change the current of his thoughts, I remarked in a sympathetic tone, and in allusion to his great fatigue:

"'General, this has been a hard day on you.'

"This attracted his attention. He looked up and replied mournfully:

"'Yes, it has been a sad, sad day to us,' and immediately relapsed into his thoughtful mood and attitude. Being unwilling again to intrude upon his reflections, I said no more. After a minute or two he suddenly straightened up to his full height, and turning to me with more animation, energy, and excitement of manner than I had ever seen in him before, he addressed me in a voice tremulous with emotion, and said:

"'General, I never saw troops behave more magnificently than Pickett's division of Virginians did to-day in their grand charge upon the enemy. And if they had been supported, as they were to have been—but for some reason, not yet fully explained to me, they were not—we would have held the position they so gloriously won at such a fearful loss of noble lives, and the day would have been ours.'

"After a moment he added in a tone almost of agony:

"'Too bad! *Too bad!!* Oh! too bad!!!'

"I never shall forget, as long as I live, his language, and his manner and his appearance and expression of mental suffering. Altogether, it was a scene that a historical painter might well immortalize had one been fortunately present to witness it. In a little while he called up a servant from his sleep to take his horse; spoke mournfully, by name, of several of his friends who had fallen during the day; and when a candle had been lighted, invited me alone into his tent, where, as soon as we were seated, he remarked: 'We must return to Virginia. As many of our poor wounded as possible must be taken home. I have sent for you, because your men are fresh, to guard the trains back to Virginia. The duty will be arduous, responsible, and dangerous, for I am afraid you will be harassed by the enemy's cavalry. I can spare you as much artillery as you require, but no other troops, as I shall need all I have to return to the Potomac by a different route from yours. All the transportation and care of the wounded will be entrusted to you. You will recross the mountain by the Chambersburg road, and then proceed to Williamsport, by any route you deem best, without halting. There rest and feed your animals, then ford the river, and make no halt till you reach Winchester, where I will again communicate with you.' As I was about leaving to return to my camp, he came out of his tent and said to me in a low tone:

"'I will place in your hands, to-morrow, a sealed package for President Davis, which you will retain in your own possession till you are across the Potomac, when you will detail a trusty commissioned officer to take it to Richmond with all possible dispatch, and deliver it immediately to the President. I impress it upon you, that, whatever happens, this package must not fall into the hands of the enemy. If you should unfortunately be captured, destroy it.' . . . Shortly after noon, the very windows of heaven seemed to have been opened. . . . The storm increased in fury every moment. Canvas was no protection against it, and the poor wounded, lying upon the hard, naked boards of the wagon-bodies, were drenched by the cold rain. Horses and mules were blinded and maddened by the storm, and became almost unmanageable. The roar of the winds and waters made it almost impossible to communicate orders. Night was rapidly approaching, and there was danger that in the darkness the confusion would become worse confounded. About four P. M. the head of the column was put in motion and began the ascent of the mountain. After dark I set out to gain the advance. The train was seventeen miles long when drawn out on the road. It was moving rapidly, and from every wagon issued wails of agony. For four hours I galloped along, passing to the front, and heard more—it was too dark to see—of the horrors of war than I had witnessed from the battle of Bull Run up to that day. In the wagons were men wounded and mutilated in every conceivable way. Some had their legs shattered by a shell or minié ball; some were shot through their bodies; others had arms torn to shreds; some had received a ball in the face, or a jagged piece of shell had lacerated their heads. Scarcely one in a hundred had received adequate surgical aid. Many had been without food for thirty-six hours. Their ragged, bloody, and dirty clothes, all clotted and hardened with blood, were rasping the tender, inflamed lips of their gaping wounds. Very few of the wagons had even straw in them, and all were without springs. The road was rough and rocky. The jolting was enough to have killed sound strong men. From nearly every wagon, as the horses trotted on, such cries and shrieks as these greeted the ear:

"'O God! why can't I die?'

"'My God! will no one have mercy and kill me, and end my misery?'

"'O! stop one minute, and take me out and leave me to die on the roadside.'

"'I am dying! I am dying! My poor wife, my dear children! what will become of you?'

"Some were praying; others were uttering the most fearful oaths and execrations that despair could wring from them in their agony. Occasionally a wagon would be passed from which only low, deep moans and sobs could be heard. No help could be rendered to any of the sufferers. On, on; we must move on. The storm continued and the darkness was fearful. There was no time even to fill a canteen with water for a dying man; for, except the drivers and the guards, disposed in compact bodies every half mile, all were wounded and helpless in that vast train of misery. The night was awful, and yet in it was our safety, for no enemy would dare attack us when he could not distinguish friend from foe. . . . It was my sad lot to pass the whole distance from the rear to the head of the column, and no language can convey an idea of the horrors of that most horrible of all nights of our long and bloody war. . . . After a good deal of harassing and desultory fighting along the road, nearly the whole immense train reached Williamsport a little after the middle of the day. . . . The dead were selected from the train—for many had perished on the way—and were decently buried. Straw was obtained on the neighboring farms; the wounded were removed from the wagons and housed; the citizens were all put to cooking, and the army surgeons to dressing wounds."

Imboden was unable to obey the instructions of Lee, to pause only to feed his beasts at Williamsport, and then ford the river and push on to Winchester; for the sudden rains of the previous day had converted the Potomac into a raging torrent, giving it a tide of ten or twelve feet above the fording stage; and during the absence of the enemy, General French, who was stationed at Frederick, had sent up an expedition which had partially destroyed the pontoon bridge. Imboden, accordingly, parked his train, consisting of ten thousand animals and all the wagons, and disposed of the wounded about the town. Until some portion of the rebel army should come, he knew that his situation was precarious. He had twenty-two field guns and one Whitworth siege piece. These he planted most advantageously upon the hills just above the town, and held his troops, about three thousand in number, in readiness to repel an attack. On the morning of the 6th, Buford and Kilpatrick approached, and made vigorous demonstrations, dismounting their men and assaulting with great determination. But Imboden's artillery, which was skilfully distributed and effectively served, proved formidable, and by concentrating his forces upon the point attacked, made himself more than a match for the assaulting column. Towards evening Fitz-Hugh Lee with a powerful body came to the relief of Imboden, followed closely by Stuart, and the Union forces were obliged to withdraw. The rebel infantry soon after began to arrive, and all further demonstrations were futile.

As has been noticed, General Meade, the moment the result of the grand charge of Longstreet on the afternoon of the 3d was decided, had ridden to the left of the line, and ordered a demonstration there, with the intent to put in a heavy force and assault the rebel position; but the troops were slow in moving, and before they could be got ready, it was too late to make the attempt. Several officers have since testified, that they favored such an attack, and strongly advised General Meade to make one. General Hancock says: "I think that our lines should have advanced immediately, and I believe we should have won a great victory. I was very confident that the advance would be made. General Meade told me before the fight, that if the enemy attacked me he intended to put the Fifth and Sixth corps on the enemy's flank; I, therefore, when I was wounded and lying down in my ambulance, and about leaving the field, dictated a note to General Meade, and told him if he would put in the Fifth and Sixth corps, I believed he would win a great victory. I asked him afterwards when I returned to the army, what he had done. He said he had ordered the movement, but the troops were slow in collecting, and moved so slowly that nothing was done before night."

It is possible that an instant advance by a strong column, had one been in readiness, might have broken the rebel line. But the probabilities were against it. There were, at most, but about 18,000 men in the enemy's assaulting column in the grand charge. Where was the rest of the rebel army? Principally concentrated upon Seminary Ridge, a good defensible position, running over with artillery at every point. The very best dispositions had doubtless been made of all but Longstreet's attacking force, that it was possible to make to meet any such counter assault as would naturally be anticipated. Hence there is little doubt that a direct assault upon that line would have proved to the Union side as disastrous as had that of Longstreet to the rebel.

During the evening and night of the 3d, the enemy's line on Seminary Ridge was greatly strengthened. Ewell's entire corps was drawn in and placed behind it, and ample security taken for defending every point. It was a position nearly as strong by nature as that where the Union army was planted. It is true, that the rebel army had suffered severely. But so had the Union. Feeling himself strong in his position, Meade courted attack. May we not believe that Lee, with a similar sense of security, would have welcomed a Union advance? This view, reasoning upon the knowledge which the Union Commander then had, had a strong warrant, and is doubtless that which influenced General Meade in withholding an attack. By information since obtained, we learn that such was the fact. Swinton, in his "Army of the Potomac," gives the testimony of General Longstreet, who said to him: "I had Hood and McLaws, who had not been engaged; I had a heavy force of artillery; I should have liked nothing better than to have been attacked, and have no doubt

I should have given those who tried as bad a reception as Pickett received."

But while Lee was invincible for the moment, he had no preparation for holding out any length of time. Accordingly, as soon as darkness had closed in on the evening of the 4th, the main body of his army was put in motion towards Williamsport, leaving only a strong rear guard, to hold the Union forces in check should they attempt to follow, and before morning was beyond the reach of its pursuers, taking the two shortest roads which he completely controlled. Lee himself, with his staff, had started at a little after midnight of the 3d, breakfasting on the morning of the 4th near C. Mussleman's house on the Fairfield road.

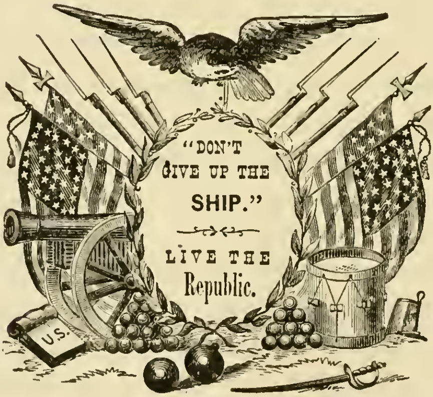
In the Union camp, on the evening of the 4th, a council of war was called, at which the four following questions were propounded: "Shall this army remain here?" "If we remain here, shall we assume the offensive?" "Do you deem it expedient to move towards Williamsport through Emmittsburg?" "Shall we pursue the enemy, if he is retreating, on his direct line of retreat?" Birney, Sedgwick, Sykes, Hays, and Warren voted in favor of remaining until there was unmistakable evidence that the enemy was really on the retreat. Newton, Pleasanton, and Slocum were for moving at once; and Howard was doubtful. The council was unanimous in favor of moving by the left flank, instead of following the direct route taken by the enemy, only sending cavalry supported by a small infantry force to operate upon his rear. Two reasons impelled to this last decision: first, the condition always imposed upon the Army of the Potomac, to cover Washington and Baltimore in addition to fighting the enemy; and second, to follow on the track of the foe would have no advantage, as the enemy, having the direct, short route to the Potomac, and having a night's march the start, was sure to reach there before either his flanks or his rear could be attacked to much effect, a strong rear guard being at all times ready to make a stubborn resistance. His trains being already there, or at least well out of the way, and the roads all clear for his infantry, one night's march was ample to preclude all possibility of overtaking it, or of bringing it to bay.

As soon as it became apparent, on the morning of the 5th, that the enemy was retreating, the Sixth corps, which had been held in reserve, and, so far as fighting was concerned, was fresh, though worn down with rapid marching, was put upon the pursuit on the Fairfield route. At the Fairfield pass the column was halted, as Sedgwick did not deem it advisable to attack here, the enemy holding a strong position where he could easily repel many times his number. Accordingly, Neill's brigade of infantry was detached, and, with the cavalry, followed the direct line of retreat by the Fairfield road, as did also another cavalry force by the Cashtown route, while the rest of the Sixth corps moved on through Boonsboro, and after crossing a little stream near the latter place, took up a position near Funkstown.

The main body of the army remained at Gettysburg during the 5th, and large details were made to gather up the wounded and bury the dead. On the 6th the army moved, halting a day at Middletown for needed supplies; and, after crossing South Mountain, and passing Boonsboro, came up with the enemy on the 12th, who had formed upon a line extending from Hagerstown to Downiesville, which he had fortified. Lee had been unable to cross the Potomac, on account of its swollen condition. Finding that his trains and wounded could not be got over, nor moved higher up without great danger, he determined to defend himself there; and though to fight a battle, with a raging and impassable river at one's back, is not an alternative to be chosen, it was one into which he was forced. The ground favored his designs, and immense labor was bestowed to make it defensible and safe. On the evening of the 12th, the Union army having by this time come up, a council of officers was held, at which all voted against an attack except two. Accordingly, the blow was withheld, and the 13th was given to reconnoitring. The result of that examination was such as to induce Meade to order the whole army to move up on the following morning at daylight with a view of assaulting. But, during the night of the 13th, Lee commenced to withdraw, Ewell's corps fording the stream, and Longstreet and Hill crossing upon the pontoon bridge which had been reconstructed from parts of the old one recovered, and others improvised. The stream was still at high tide, and Ewell's men found much difficulty in stemming it; but they "linked arms, and thus interlaced and steadied, forded the river in mass, nearly shoulder deep, with the loss of but three men."

Lee says, in his report, that the crossing was not completed until one P. M., when the bridge was removed. If any considerable force did remain so late as this, he manœuvred to preserve a strong front, and foiled every attempt of the Union troops to injure him.

The management of the Battle of Gettysburg, on the part of the opposing armies, has been the subject of sharp criticism. It is right, yea, it is the duty of a people who maintain military schools, and pretend to defend their flag by force of arms, to question closely the conduct of every battle, by the light of the established principles of military science, and endeavor to detect the errors committed, as well as the exemplification of meritorious conduct. It is only by such a critical search, that the useful lessons of the past may be garnered.



CHAPTER XV.

THE CONDUCT OF THE BATTLE OF GETTYSBURG.

THE battle of Gettysburg, as an agency in determining the result of the contest between the Government and its assailants was the most important of the war. It was the beginning of the end. That little crown of saplings which Pickett made the mark towards which his troops were to aim, and which a part of them did actually reach, has been styled the "high-water mark of the rebellion." The star which, to that moment, had appeared in the ascendant, began to pale and move to its setting. Though in a military view many of its features are open to question, its lessons are not the less important.

Lee has been blamed for being dilatory on the first day. He had undoubtedly sent Hill forward on that morning to seize and hold Gettysburg, and seems not to have been aware that Union troops were there in much force, though he could not have been ignorant of the fact that a corps of the Union infantry was, on the night of the 30th, near at hand. He no doubt anticipated that the arrival of Ewell upon the flank of the Union line would be ample for effecting the complete overthrow of the small Union force assembled. Anderson's division of Hill's corps rested all day at Cashtown, in hearing of, and in plain view of the battle. But Hill no doubt considered that he had as many troops on the field as he could use to advantage, and expected at every fresh onset that the First corps would yield. But the obstinacy of that intrepid body of men disappointed his most sanguine expectations, and delayed his progress in possessing the town till near nightfall. The rebel commander seems to have done all that a prudent officer, regarding all the chances, could have been expected to do. It was the unlooked-for and unsurpassed valor of that First corps which balked his plans; for how could a body of eight thousand men, reduced finally to less than three, be expected to stand up nearly the whole day against twenty thousand, in an open field fight?

Lee is also severely censured for not having pressed his advantage on the evening of the 1st, after the First and Eleventh corps had been driven from before the town. "The attack," says Lee, in his official report, "was not pressed that afternoon, the enemy's force being unknown, and it being considered advisable to await the arrival of the rest of our troops." But what were the prospects of success, had Ewell attacked? It is not probable that either Lee or Ewell would have held back, had a flattering promise of victory been presented. A direct assault upon the front and face of Cemetery Hill would assuredly have been attended by a bloody repulse. There was no point, commencing with the Baltimore pike and extending half way around on Culp's Hill, where one could have been made with any better hope of success; for the guns of Stevens and the division of Wadsworth completely covered that ground, which afforded excellent opportunities for defence. Ewell might have pushed in, past Wadsworth's right, over Rock Creek and through the dense forest, as he did on the following evening; but it was difficult ground, and entirely unexplored; besides, the Twelfth corps was just then coming up on the Baltimore pike, and could have at once been wheeled into position to have met any advance from that quarter. Were the prospects any better on the Union left? Had Ewell advanced in that direction, he would first have had to encounter the cavalry of Buford, drawn out so as to completely cover that flank, with his artillery admirably posted for terrible execution, his skirmishers dismounted, and line of battle formed in such beautiful order, that it drew forth from that able soldier, General Warren, when he came upon the field, exclamations of admiration. He would, in addition, have come immediately under the fire of Steinwehr's guns on Cemetery Hill, which would have completely enfiladed his lines. But had he been successful in passing Steinwehr's guns, and in routing the hero Buford, he would then have found Geary's division of the Twelfth corps in position, upon a line stretching away to Round Top, and behind Geary was the balance of the entire Twelfth corps, and the Third corps, General Sickles, already beginning to arrive. So that, on whatever side Ewell had chosen to have attacked, he would have been repulsed.

A criticism is also made against the rebel leader, that his attacks on the 2d were disjointed and incoherent, and they have been compared to a balky team swaying back and forth upon a swingle-tree. On the contrary, they seem to have been made with rare skill. It was apparently a misfortune to him, that the day had not been a few hours longer; but he made his attacks as soon as he could get his troops into position. His first effort was to brush away Ward's brigade, so as to open the way to Round Top. The obstinacy of Ward's men foiled this first attempt. It was necessary, before a second was made, that heavy attacks should be delivered along the whole line to the Peach Orchard, to prevent reinforcements being sent to Ward, which had been really despatched by De Trobriand, and to draw attention from the grand object of the fight, the possession of Round Top. The second attempt was successful, Hood breaking through Ward's line, but only to find Vincent in position on the very mount itself, which he had hoped to seize; and Lee was again foiled. The constant sending of reinforcements into the slaughter-pen above and around the Wheatfield necessitated constant fighting, as he had seized the Peach Orchard, the key to the position, from which he could easily repulse every force sent against him, and where he could inflict far greater loss than he himself sustained. Hill withheld his attack until he saw Birney's line crumble and Humphreys' division fearfully exposed, and then made his determined assault at the very moment when he could with absolute certainty inflict the greatest damage, and gain the most signal success. Had Wright, at the moment when he made his successful charge, and had a number of Union guns turned upon their former possessors, been supported by the troops which Hill had ordered to go, the result would, without much doubt, have effected the complete rout of the Union army. This should be considered the crisis when the rebel army came nearest to a triumph, and where the failure, at the exact instant, of Posey, Mahone, and Pender to advance, cost Lee the battle. As soon as it was discovered that these operations had failed, and before troops could arrive from other parts of the field to stay his course, Ewell attacked on the extreme rebel left, and here delay was not a disadvantage; for the troops which had all the day been in position upon that part of the field, and which would have given him a bloody reception, had, a few moments before, been withdrawn to reinforce other portions of the line, and Ewell was left unopposed to overrun that part of the field; so that the delay was to him a positive advantage. The only part of the line which received any help from timely reinforcement that delay set at liberty, was where Carroll's brigade went to the aid of Howard. But this support would no doubt have been spared to go, if the Tigers had charged at the instant that Hill did on the left. Ewell has been blamed for not pushing his advantage further, on the night of the 2d; but he was unable, on account of the creek, the forest, and the rugged nature of the ground, to take his artillery with him, and it would not have been safe to have advanced further without it, as troops could have turned upon him from all quarters, and the reserve artillery on Benner's Hill would have easily reached him the instant he came in sight. The probabilities are, therefore, that he would not have got off with his troops without losing heavily in captures, had he done so.

Finally, Lee has been roundly berated for having made the last grand charge at all, and if he did make it, for having made it with so weak a column. It must be confessed that no one of his operations on the Gettysburg field shows so great a lack of insight into the conditions upon which he was acting, and reflects so little credit upon his military skill as this. But he had been led to take a hopeful view of the result of a heavy blow at this point, by the success which had attended the charge of a single brigade here on the day before, that of Wright. If so weak a column can accomplish so great results, what may we not expect from the assault of a body many times more powerful, fresh for the work, ably led, and preluded by an artillery fire that the world has rarely seen paralleled, was the problem that was presented before him; and although he must have been sanguine of success, or he would never have ordered it, yet he must have contemplated it with the deepest solicitude, and only adopted it as his last desperate chance. But he failed to appreciate at its full value the fact that the field was nearly a level plain between the two lines, and that the instant his infantry crossed their works they came under view and concentrated fire of a full half of the Union army. Had the column been composed of thirty thousand instead of fifteen or eighteen, the result could not have been other than it was; for before they could have crossed that mile and a quarter of space, and reached the Union lines, they would have been so nearly annihilated as to have had little force remaining; and had any considerable body made a lodgment, the major part of the Union army could have been there to meet it, and it would have resulted in a grand hand to hand combat in which the Union men would have sold their lives dearly, and to the last one. Lee put in as many men as he could afford to do, and more would have been of no avail, the whole Union army being within a fifteen minutes' run of the place, most of it within five, and their resolution was beyond parallel in the history of warfare. This last act of Lee must ever be regarded as the one which had the least promise of success, and one the least defensible on sound principles of military tactics.

As an offensive battle, Gettysburg will be esteemed as one, on the whole, well fought on the part of the rebel leader. Had Lee, after the first day, sat down upon Seminary Ridge, and manœuvred to induce the Union side to have attacked, and have kept a portion of his cavalry busy foraging in his rear, he might possibly have gained such an advantage as to have secured a temporary triumph. It would have been fatal for him to have waited very long, for troops were being gathered up and sent to the Union side from all quarters, and in a few days he would have been too weak to have fought even a defensive battle. On the other hand, had he succeeded in bringing on an immediate battle, and been successful, he could never have long maintained his triumph, or have long remained on Northern soil. It is doubtful if he could have reached either Baltimore or Washington; for there would have still been an Army of the Potomac, a force at Harper's Ferry of 10,000, 36,000 in the Department of Washington, 25,000 militia at Harrisburg, an army upon the James, and besides, the whole North was full of men, who at the first tocsin of disaster, would have flocked to the Union standard.

In considering the conduct of the Union commander, many palliating circumstances must be allowed to have weight. He was, in the first place, pitted against a veteran soldier, who had almost from the first commanded the Army of Northern Virginia—an army which had been formed and moulded under his eye, and which he had led to triumph on numberless fields—whose men had implicit confidence in him, amounting to a blind infatuation, and who was surrounded by a corps of Lieutenants of rare ability, sincerely devoted to their chief, and impelled by one idea—at all hazards beat the foe. Meade, on the other hand, had only been three days at the head of the army, had never exercised an independent command before, and had only led a division in battle, the Fifth corps at Chancellorsville not having been seriously engaged. His army was dispirited by frequent defeats, and the corps and division commanders, for political and other reasons, were far from being that homogeneous body that clasped hands about the rebel chieftain.

Nevertheless, Meade was a soldier by profession, and it is just that his management of the battle should be subjected to discussion upon the principles that govern that profession. The lessons which the battle should furnish can never be appreciated or learned until it be examined without fear or favor, and with a desire to discover what were its real phases.

The first error which Meade committed was in allowing his corps to become so widely scattered, that at the moment of opening the battle the two extremes were over thirty miles apart. In the presence of an enemy, or in close proximity to him, it would have been a sound principle to have kept the infantry in as compact a body as possible. It is true that Meade seems to have been marching under the impression that the enemy was pushing for, or actually crossing the Susquehanna. But he should have held his army so in hand that he would at any time have been prepared for a change in the enemy's plans, and not have been bound to this one theory. Nothing was more likely than that the enemy should do precisely what he did do, when he found the Union army moving in close upon his flank, intent on fighting him. It is unfortunate, at the least, that Meade should have been so deficient in scouts and spies as to have been so long ignorant of the enemy's intention to concentrate at Gettysburg, and to have first learned it through the Vice-President of the Pennsylvania Railroad company, telegraphed from Harrisburg to Washington and from Washington back to the field. Could that knowledge have reached him twelve hours earlier, the order of march would have been essentially modified, and the two corps would not then have been thrust forward into the jaws of the enemy without the power to support them.

On the first day, it was unfortunate that the circular which he sent out was a circular and not an order; for while he and a part of his corps commanders regarded it as having the force of an order, others of them understood it to have no effect other than an intimation. It was of so mixed a character that two could scarcely understand it alike. For, while it indicated a purpose to fall back and concentrate on Pipe Creek, it still declared that contingencies might arise in which it would become expedient to fight from the present position. Buford, Reynolds, Doubleday, Howard, and Sickles when he learned that the battle was on, believed that such contigencies had arisen, while Meade himself ignored that part of his circular entirely, and clung to the part which would carry his army back to Pipe Creek, where he could leisurely prepare himself to fight. It would seem that he never forgave Doubleday and Howard for holding on at Gettysburg and fighting the whole day, instead of retiring and allowing him to carry out his preconceived plan. Technically and morally, Doubleday and Howard were undoubtedly right. In doing as they did, they obeyed the strict orders of Meade, and they avoided the demoralizing effect of running from the face of the enemy. As the battle resulted, it may be looked upon as almost a direct interposition of Providence. Meade was slow in going to the field, because he doubtless believed that the left wing would finally fall back, and then he would concentrate as he had intended. Both Slocum and Sickles were morally culpable for not going to the assistance of the forces engaged at Gettysburg on the first day, Slocum having full warrant for doing so in the orders and circulars of Meade, and Sickles having early in the day been ordered up by Reynolds, and having no valid excuse for disregarding the summons. But here again that unfortunate circular comes to the surface, and is allowed to outweigh every other consideration.

When General Meade had become satisfied that Gettysburg was a suitable place to fight the battle, he showed great energy and skill in concentrating his army, and bringing up his remote corps. It was not until seven o'clock on the evening of the 1st that he came to this decision. It was after eight before the Sixth corps got the order to move, and having to go from Manchester by the way of Westminster, had thirty-four full miles to make, and yet it arrived at two of the following afternoon. All the rest of his army was practically on the field at two in the morning.

General Hancock assumed command as the two broken corps came back through the town, and as troops from other corps began to arrive. His dispositions were skilfully made, and it was the firm front he was able at once to present that staid the hand of the enemy and made it impossible for him to push further his advantage.

Meade's examination of the field on the morning of the 2d must have been extremely superficial and partial—a grave error. He appears to have been strongly impressed with the belief that the enemy would attack him upon the right, and to that part of the field he must give his exclusive attention. He, accordingly, put the whole of the Twelfth corps there with orders to fortify it thoroughly, and during the forenoon held the Fifth corps in reserve near by, intending also to put the Sixth in there as soon as it should arrive. It may be that the experience of other fields had taught him to expect that the tactics of the enemy would bring him upon that flank. At Beaver Dam Creek, Malvern Hill, Bull Run, Antietam, and Chancellorsville, the enemy had moved upon the Union right flank, and he may have anticipated that the same manœuvre would here be repeated. When he found the enemy slow in opening the battle, he himself decided to attack from that side. But after his engineer and General Slocum, who was to lead the assault, had reported the ground impracticable for an advance, he seems to have become dissatisfied with the field, and despondent, and the conviction is forced upon us from his own conduct and sayings, and the testimony of a number of his officers, that he meditated changing to ground better suited to offensive operations; not necessarily to Pipe Creek, but to the first ground which he could find adapted to manœuvring his army.

In consequence of his mind being occupied with this idea, he appears to have neglected to look to his left, or to make the necessary preparations for a defensive battle. According to the testimony of Sickles, he discredited the idea of the enemy attacking him upon that side, lightly remarking, when the dangers to which that part of the line was exposed were urged, that Generals always believe that their positions are the ones in most danger, and up to the very moment when the battle opened, he seems to have been busy with other schemes, and to have given little or no attention to preparation for an attack from that quarter. The consequence was, that when the battle opened his troops were not in position, and were actually pushed out to the ground which they occupied under fire. To the repeated importunities of Sickles for orders, and for him to go personally upon the ground, he turned a deaf ear, and even refused to send his engineer, General Warren, who was certainly the person of all others most suitable to represent him in the decision of such a question.

It seems the more strange that he should have neglected to make his dispositions upon the left strong, as Hancock, in making his report upon the advantages of this ground for a battle, had particularly pointed out that, as being the weak part, and liable to be turned. It may be thought that the blame of this unpreparedness was due to the failure of Sickles to take the position assigned him. But this explanation is in no way satisfactory. Meade was early informed that Sickles was in trouble about his position, and by repeated messages was kept advised that the left of his line was not fixed and in readiness for battle. Sickles was evidently very solicitous about his formation. He saw that the ground in a direct line from the Cemetery Ridge to Round Top was unsuitable, being low and marshy, commanded by ground to the front of it, and to the left was a screen of wood and rocky surface that it would be dangerous to allow the enemy to take, the altitude being considerably greater at the Peach Orchard than either Seminary or Cemetery lines opposite. Sickles undoubtedly sincerely desired to get the true position, but still, to satisfy his chief and have his approval of whatever ground he should take. When, therefore, Meade observed the solicitude of Sickles, and knew that he was liable at any moment to be attacked, it would appear that as a wise commander, knowing that a great battle was imminent, and intent on gaining a victory, he would not have rested until he had either thoroughly inspected every inch of the ground himself, or through his engineers, and have, early in the day, had his lines accurately traced and fortified, so far as was practicable, and the troops and their supports in position.

But what are the facts? Until the very opening of the battle, nearly four o'clock in the afternoon, he remained at his headquarters, situated near the centre of the field, from whence nearly every part was visible, with no preparation made to meet one of the most powerful and persistent assaults ever delivered on any field. His Lieutenant, Sickles, tired of waiting, and learning from his skirmishers, who had been engaged since nine o'clock in the morning beyond the Emmittsburg road, and from his own observation, that the enemy was massing upon his left and evidently preparing for a determined attack, took up the ground which he deemed the best, which with his small corps he was barely able to cover, and the battle opened before he was entirely in possession, the guns having been pushed forward upon that part which was the key to the whole position—the Peach Orchard—after the enemy had opened fire. The responsibility of this delay can never be shifted from the shoulders of General Meade. He had had the whole day until four o'clock, to decide on and fortify his line, and he was fully aware, up to the last moment, that the troops were not in position, and that no works were being thrown up for their protection. If the short line, which he claims he intended Sickles should take, was the one to be occupied, it needed much labor in fortifying through the swampy ground at the head of Plum Run. If the advance, or long line, which Sickles did take, then the key to the position—the Peach Orchard—should certainly have been fortified, as it was much exposed, though commanding. A little work with the spade on this knoll would have rendered it impregnable.

But the culpability of the delay in taking and fortifying this line, or whatever one was to be adopted, is more than matched by the failure to hold Little Round Top. It was discovered by Warren, Meade's engineer, sometime after the battle had begun, and when the enemy was rushing with the force of the tornado to seize it, that it was entirely destitute of defenders, and that moreover it was a place of strength and importance. He also, for the first time, now discovered that artillery could be used from its summit to good advantage, and also that it was practicable to bring guns upon it. But why were these discoveries left to be made after the battle had begun? Was not the advantage of that stronghold as apparent at six, or eight, or ten in the morning as at five in the afternoon? It was finally occupied and held, but more by chance, or the overruling hand of Providence, than by any skill or strategy of the General.

The idea has been advanced that Longstreet, in moving as he did, behind the screen of forest trees on Oak Ridge to the extreme Union left, was not designing to fight, but was preparing to march away upon the Union rear, to capture Meade's trains, and make conquest of Baltimore and Washington; and that he was arrested by the opportune advance and attack of Sickles. But there is no evidence that such was the design, and every consideration of military strategy is against it. Longstreet had but two of his divisions with him, and the other had not been ordered up, and was not soon expected. Lee was too good a general to divide his army in the face of a united opponent, and allow himself to be destroyed piecemeal. Besides, there were troops enough in Washington to have held Longstreet in check until other armies could come up, if not to have beaten him. No! Longstreet was moving to do precisely what he attempted to do, to capture Little Round Top and the wooded rugged ground in its immediate front, and had he not been attacked and arrested by the timely offensive of Sickles, he would doubtless have effected his purpose, and the battle would have been fought out on other ground.

When Meade finally awoke to the fact that the enemy was determined to fight, he aroused himself to the uttermost, and pushed forward supports with a lavish hand. The Fifth corps, which had been resting since two that morning within a short distance of the field, and had come up in rear of Cemetery Hill during the forenoon, was sent over; portions of the Second, nearly the whole of the Twelfth, and portions of the Sixth which began to arrive at two in the afternoon, were pushed forward, and every part of Sickles' attenuated front was strengthened and patched. But now his zeal to establish his left was as excessive as in the morning it had been wanting. For when Sickles lost the Peach Orchard, the attempt to hold the parts of the line which were commanded and enfiladed from that key position was futile. With the loss of this, had Meade contracted his line to the ground in front of Round Top held by Crawford and Wheaton, on the night of the 2d, and drawn in Humphreys' to the Cemetery Ridge before he was attacked and forced back, and then acted purely on the defensive, thousands of killed and wounded would have been saved, and his position upon the left centre would not have been placed in jeopardy. But instead of this, brigade after brigade, and division after division were thrust out through the Wheatfield and over the wooded ground to the west and south of it, where the enemy rested in ambush to cut them down as fast as they came, and made that ground a slaughter-pen, with no advantage in the end.

Not only was an injudicious use made of the troops thus hurried forward, but more than could by any possibility be used were called; and the strange error was committed of stripping the breastworks upon Culp's Hill and entirely denuding his right flank, a vital part of his line, a portion of those very troops, as if in mockery of his infatuation, and impelled by fate, marching far out of their way, and never reaching the field where it was intended to use them. In the presence of the great peril, he seems to have lost the equipoise of his faculties. When, finally, he had the whole of the Fifth and Sixth, all but one brigade of the Twelfth, two divisions of the First, and a considerable part of the Second transferred to the left in support of the Third, leaving but one brigade of the Twelfth, and one small division each of the First and the Eleventh north of the Baltimore pike, then it was that the enemy attacked that weak and partially denuded line, at two points, with a fury and a determination almost past belief. The abandoned works where should have been the left flank of the army, fell into the enemy's hands; but, thanks to the intrepid valor of the few troops left upon that line, the foe was bloodily repulsed in his first assault, and held at bay in the other, and a great disaster was averted. And here again the hand of Providence seems to have been interposed. For the nature of the ground was such that the enemy could bring no artillery with him upon the right flank, and without it he was robbed of his fighting arm. Could he have planted himself upon that rugged eminence with artillery, he might have fought as from a fortress, and bade defiance to his assailants.

The error, we might be pardoned a stronger word, of removing almost the entire right wing, and leaving a strong position, which had been well fortified, and was vital to the integrity of the entire army, does not alone rest with the Commander-in-chief. The responsibility must be shared by General Slocum. Slocum was in command of the right wing. He knew thoroughly the ground, for he had reconnoitred it during the morning hours with a view of making an attack from it, and had regarded it of so much importance as to thoroughly fortify it. He should never have consented to the withdrawal of those troops without remonstrance; and a vigorous protest from him would have prevented it. Or, if they were taken, he should not have rested till he had found troops, even though exhausted ones, to have taken their place. Men were not wanting; for the whole Sixth corps was up and at hand. A single brigade would have held it. But it seemed as though the heads of the army were turned, and all grown giddy together.

But with the setting of the sun on the evening of the 2d, the supremacy in generalship, which had been with the enemy, gravitated to the Union side. The dispositions of the artillery on commanding eminences bearing upon the enemy on Culp's Hill, for repelling an advance and driving him out, were admirable, and the marshalling of the infantry was no less judicious and skilful. There was none of that stripping of troops from one part of the line and rushing them in superabundance to another, which had so blotted and shadowed the conduct of the preceding day. But there was an equipoise and a self-assurance, as of a General who felt the full command of his faculties, that is refreshing and inspiring to contemplate. The manœuvres for regaining the lost ground were dexterously conducted, and would have soon resulted in the capture of large numbers of the foe had he not made a timely retreat.

During the morning of the 3d, every arm of the service was kept in full tide. The cavalry was in strength, vigilant and active on either flank; the artillery was repaired and posted in abundance, well supplied with ammunition, and the infantry lines were everywhere strong, with ample supports well in hand to meet any emergency. When, therefore, that supreme effort of the foe came on the afternoon of the 3d, it was met and repulsed, without weakening any other part of the line, and in the spirit of a master. Another and another such assault on whatever part it might have come would have been welcomed with as determined a front as was this.

Several Union Generals give it as their opinion in their testimony, that if Meade had immediately ordered a countercharge with a strong column, the enemy might have been routed and his army destroyed. But such an opinion is in no case supported by any convincing reasons. The enemy was well prepared to meet a countercharge, in good position and behind breastworks. He had been prodigal of his ammunition; but Lee and Longstreet were too cool and calculating to have squandered all and not have saved enough tc repel any assault that could have been made; besides, Longstreet expressly testifies that he was in readiness, and would have counted such an assault as a rare piece of good fortune. The very same condition which made it easy for the Union forces to repulse Longstreet, would have been in that officer's favor had an attack been made upon him. It was the fact that the ground between the two lines was perfectly open, enabling either side to see and prepare to meet a charge from the very moment of starting, and that in the whole distance to be passed over the advancing troops would be exposed to a destructive fire, certain to annihilate them, that rendered it impossible for either party to make a front attack with any prospect of success.

Maintaining his position firmly during the night of the 4th and day of the 5th, there was no hope of advantage by direct attack. When the night of the 5th came, Lee was able to withdraw, under cover of darkness, without fear of molestation. There was only left a rear-guard which on the morning of the 6th it was possible to reach. To fight a rear-guard is always a bootless task; for while it presents only a small front, it can by falling back gradually, and taking strong positions, inflict great slaughter upon the attacking party, which must expose itself in approaching; and even if it is overpowered and captured, it is in itself so insignificant as to be of small account.

To have followed Lee's rear-guard then would have cost an expenditure of blood not warranted by the fruits which gave promise of being gathered. Having complete control of the two shortest routes to the Potomac, and one night the start, Lee was able to reach it without molestation, except such as the cavalry could interpose, which was inconsiderable. Considering the situation in which the two armies were, relative to the roads leading to the Potomac, it was no lack of generalship on the part of Meade in allowing Lee to make unmolested the transfer; for it was inevitable, one night sufficing to put the major part beyond the reach of the pursuing army. Once safely at the Potomac, Lee might have crossed immediately had the river been fordable, or had his bridges been in position; but these were gone and the waters were at flood. His only alternative, therefore, was to fortify, which he had ample time to do, the hours of one night being enough. Meade might have followed by the direct roads over which the enemy had gone, whereby he would have saved several days. But it would have been of no avail, as he would have found the enemy fortified, had he made the march with as much expedition as the enemy himself. But he seems to have considered his instructions to cover Washington and Baltimore of as much importance while following a beaten foe, as in facing one in full strength.

When Meade came again to confront the enemy, he found him in strong position and ready for a fight. Had Meade attacked, he would have met the fate of Magruder at Malvern Hill or Burnside at Fredericksburg. It has been asserted that Lee was deficient in ammunition at Williamsport, and that a resolute attack would have insured success; but such was not the fact. Meade says in his testimony: "I had reason to believe that ammunition trains had been brought from Winchester, and crossed on the Ferry at Williamsport for the supply of General Lee's army. . . . I had positive information that ammunition trains had been ferried across at Williamsport;" and General Imboden, in the article above quoted, says: "This would have been fatal to us, but for the opportune arrival at the critical moment of an ammunition train from Winchester. The wagons were ferried across to our side as soon as possible, and driven on the field in a gallop." This was on the morning of the 6th, so that when Meade came on the 12th, there was no lack of ammunition for all arms.

There was only one contingency in which Meade can with justice be blamed for not attacking at Williamsport. General Lee says in his report: "Ewell's corps forded the river at Williamsport, those of Longstreet and Hill crossed upon the bridge. Owing to the condition of the roads, the troops did not reach the bridge until after daylight on the 14th, and the crossing was not completed until one P. M., when the bridge was removed." As at Gettysburg Lee held his front firmly until the evening of the 5th, giving no opportunity to attack with a prospect of success, and then retired under the cover of darkness, so here at Williamsport he held his impregnable ground until dark of the 13th, and again disappeared under the shelter of the night. But if it be true that any considerable part of his army was on the North bank at daylight of the 14th, Meade is guilty of negligence for not knowing it and attacking. It was the only occasion he had of striking a successful blow. But the probability is that only a small number of the enemy's troops remained at that time in the morning when Meade could have got his forces forward to the points of attack, and then only the opportunity of fighting a rear-guard would have been presented.

CHAPTER XVI.

NUMBERS ENGAGED, LOSSES, AND BURIAL OF THE DEAD AT GETTYSBURG.

MUCH diversity of opinion has prevailed respecting the numbers engaged at Gettysburg, and the casualties on the part of the enemy. The rebels were accustomed in stating the forces brought into battle, to give the muskets actually carried in the ranks, instead of the names found on the rolls, while the Union leaders estimated their strength according to the latter basis, which was rarely less than a third, sometimes a half, more than the muskets actually borne. General Hooker, who was remarkably successful in keeping himself informed of the enemy's numbers as well as their designs, says: "With regard to the enemy's force, I had reliable information. Two Union men had counted them as they passed through Hagerstown, and, in order that there might be no mistake, they compared notes every night, and if their counts differed they were satisfactorily adjusted by compromise. In round numbers Lee had 91,000 infantry and 280 pieces of artillery; marching with that column were about 6000 cavalry. It will be remembered that a portion of the enemy's cavalry crossed the Potomac below Edward's Ferry and went into Maryland to join Ewell between me and Washington; this column numbered about 5000 men." General Meade says: "I think General Lee had about 90,000 infantry, from 4000 to 5000 artillery, and 10,000 cavalry." This would give an aggregate of one hundred and four or five thousand of all arms.

Longstreet says, that "there were at Gettysburg 67,000 bayonets; or above 70,000 of all arms." Lee was obliged to leave strong guards all the way from Winchester to Gettysburg;

besides, it is reported by the inhabitants, that the country was full of rebel stragglers, and when they heard that a great battle was in progress, believed that the rebel army was not half of it up.

According to the testimony of Butterfield, the strength of the Union army, as shown by returns made on the 10th of June, was 78,255, thus distributed: First corps, 11,350; Second, 11,361; Third, 11,898; Fifth, 10,136; Sixth, 15,408; Eleventh, 10,177; Twelfth, 7925. To this should be added two brigades of the Pennsylvania Reserve corps, some 4000 men, which joined the Fifth, Lockwood's Maryland brigade of 2500 that was attached to the Twelfth, Stannard's Vermont brigade, whose time of service had nearly expired, of 2500 more, which joined Doubleday's division of the First corps, and 12,000 cavalry, which would give a gross sum of 99,000 men. The force of 11,000 under French at Harper's Ferry and at Frederick, though under General Meade's orders, never joined the Army of the Potomac in Pennsylvania, and had no part nor lot in the battle, never having come nearer the field than Frederick, and should not therefore be taken into the account. These 99,000 represent the numbers borne upon the rolls, but by no means show the true numbers standing in the ranks. In this record the First corps is credited with 11,350; but we know that on the morning of the 1st of July it could muster but 8200. If the difference in all the corps between the number borne upon the rolls and the number present to go into battle was as great as in this, the sum total of the army was reduced to 72,000.

General Meade testifies: "I think the returns showed me, when I took command of the army, amounted to about 105,000 men; included in those were the 11,000 of General French, which I did not bring up, which would reduce it down to about 94,000. Of that 94,000 I was compelled to leave a certain portion in the rear to guard my baggage trains. . . . . I must have had on the field at Gettysburg but little short of 300 guns; and I think the report of my Chief of artillery was that there were not more than two batteries that were not in service during that battle." General Meade may have omitted in this estimate some portion of troops who joined him after receiving command of the army, probably those of Stannard and Lockwood.

The estimates of the numbers of Lee's army by both Hooker and Meade are substantially the same. They make the aggregate vary from 105,000 to 107,000. After allowing for straggling, and for troops not up, the statement of Longstreet of the number actually upon the Gettysburg field tallies very nearly with these figures; for applying the same rule which we did above to the Union numbers, we have 76,300. But there may have been, and probably was, more straggling on the rebel than on the Union side.

We may therefore fairly conclude that Lee crossed the Potomac with something over 100,000 men, and actually had upon the field in the neighborhood of 76,300, and Meade, rejecting the forces of French, with something less than 100,000, and went into battle with about 72,000.

But in neither army was there at any one time this number of effective troops on the field. On the first day, Doubleday had but 8200 infantry and 2200 horse, and when Howard came he brought an addition of 7410, making a total of 17,810, while the enemy had four divisions which could not have been less than 30,000.

On the second day the whole rebel army was up with the exception of Pickett, Stuart, and Imboden, whose several strengths subtracted from the gross sum would leave 63,800 upon the field, nearly all of whom were hotly engaged. On the Union side, the whole strength was up before the close of the day's work; but the Sixth corps, having marched thirty-four miles, was unserviceable, was not used, and was practically off the field, as was also Buford's division of cavalry, which was ordered away to Westminster before the battle began. Deducting these from the Union aggregate, it would leave a force actually on the field of barely 59,000.

On the third day Lee had his whole force, with the exception of the small body of Imboden, on the field, as did the Union commander.

But on no day are the estimates here given veritable; for the two armies represented quantities that were constantly varying, the losses during every moment of the actual fighting being very great. On the first day the losses of dead and wounded were greater on the rebel than on the Union side, while the loss by capture was somewhat greater on the Union. On the second day the losses by killed and wounded were nearly equal, with but few prisoners on either side. On the third day the enemy lost in killed, wounded, and prisoners, very heavily, while on the part of the Union it was an extremely economical fight, only a small portion of the army being engaged, and these under cover, so that the casualties were comparatively light.

The losses, in the aggregate, on both sides in the three days of fighting were immense. On the Union side, General Meade says in his official report, they "amounted to 2834 killed, 13,709 wounded, and 6643 missing; in all 23,186." Of the rebel losses no accurate report has been made. General Lee says: "It is not in my power to give a correct statement of our casualties, which were severe, including many brave men, and an unusual proportion of distinguished and valuable officers." It is estimated that the loss to the enemy in killed was 5500; though Mr. Samuel Weaver, who was charged with removing the Union dead to the National Cemetery, places the number considerably higher. He says: "In searching for the remains of our fallen heroes, we examined more than 3000 rebel graves. . . . I have been making a careful estimate, from time to time, as I went over the field, of rebel bodies buried on this battle-field and at the hospitals, and I place the number at not less than 7000 bodies." General Meade reports 13,621 rebel prisoners taken. Of the number of rebel wounded it is impossible to form a correct judgment. Many were left on the field and along the roadside, all the way from Gettysburg to Williamsport, and large numbers were taken back in the trains to Virginia. If we place the killed at 5500, and allow five wounded to one killed, which is about the usual proportion, we have 27,500 wounded. A. H. Guernsey, the author of "Harper's Pictorial History of the War," after the most patient research and careful observation, estimates the rebel loss in killed, wounded, and prisoners at Gettysburg, at 36,000 men. "The entire loss," he says, "to this army during the six weeks, from the middle of June, when it set forth from Culpeper to invade the North, to the close of July, when it returned to the starting point, was about 60,000." General Meade reports the capture of three cannon, forty-one standards, and 25,000 small arms.

On the rebel side, Major-Generals Hood, Pender, Trimble, and Heth were wounded, Pender mortally; Brigadier-Generals Barksdale and Garnett were killed, and Semmes mortally wounded. Brigadier-Generals Kemper, Armistead, Scales, G. T. Anderson, Hampton, J. M. Jones, and Jenkins were also wounded, Archer was taken prisoner, and Pettigrew was wounded, and subsequently killed in the action at Falling Waters.

In the Union army, Major-General Reynolds, and Brigadier-Generals Vincent, Weed, and Zook were killed. Major-Generals Sickles, Hancock, Doubleday, Gibbon, Barlow, Warren, and Butterfield, and Brigadier-Generals Graham, Paul, Stone, Barnes, and Brooke were wounded, General Sickles losing a leg.

A great triumph had been achieved by the Union arms. But at what a cost! and what a spectacle did that field present! Amidst "the thunder of the captains, and the shouting," thousands of the gallant and brave, who three days before had marched as joyfully as the boldest, had been stricken down, and had poured out their life blood like water; and thousands, cold in death, were scattered on every conceivable part of that gory field.

Professor Jacobs in his "Later Rambles," says: "For several days after the battle, the field everywhere bore the fresh marks of the terrible struggle. The soil was yet red with the blood of the wounded and slain, and large numbers of the dead of both armies were to be seen lying in the place where the fatal missiles struck them. . . . The work of interring 9000 dead, and removing about 20,000 wounded to comfortable quarters, was a herculean task. The rebel army had left the most of their dead lying unburied on the field, as also large numbers of their badly wounded, and had fled for safety. . . . There was considerable delay in properly interring the corpses that lay on the field of battle. It was only after rebel prisoners, who had been taken in the vicinity after the battle, were impressed into this service, especially into that of covering up the bodies of their fallen comrades, that the work was finally completed. Whilst some of these prisoners went into this work with reluctance and murmuring, others did it cheerfully, saying, 'It is just what we have compelled the Yankees to do for us!' Although the field was thoroughly searched, the dead were not all discovered until it was impossible to perform for them what humanity, under other circumstances, would have demanded. In front of Little Round Top, amongst huge rocks, lay all summer long the decaying bodies of half a dozen or more of rebels, who had probably belonged to Hood's division, and, having been wounded on July 2nd, in their desperate effort to take Little Round Top, may have crept into the open spaces between these rocks for shelter or for water. There they died undiscovered, and when found they were so far gone in decomposition that they could not be removed. And such also was the position in which they lay that it was impossible to cover them with earth.

"Great surprise is sometimes expressed by visitors because they do not find so many graves as they had expected to see. 'You tell us,' say they, 'that there were about 3500 Union, and about 5500 rebel soldiers killed in this battle; but we do not see so many graves. Where were they buried?' The answer has uniformly been, 'The whole ground around Gettysburg is one vast cemetery.' The men are buried everywhere. When they could conveniently be brought together, they were buried in clusters of ten, twenty, fifty, or more; but so great was their number, and such the advanced stage of decomposition of those that had lain on the field for several days during the hot weather of July, together with the unavoidable delay, that they could not be removed. In gardens and fields, and by the roadside, just where they were found lying, a shallow ditch was dug, and they were placed in it and covered up as hastily as possible. The ground is, consequently, all dotted over with graves; some fields contain hundreds of places indicating by the freshly turned up earth, and perhaps by a board, a shingle, a stick, or stone, that the mortal remains of a human being lie there. . . . Rose's farm, especially a wheatfield, and Sherfy's peach orchard, were points of desperate and bloody contest. The wheatfield was strewn with rebel dead, and one grave near Rose's garden alone contains 400 of them. . . . Their remains will probably never be removed from the spot they now occupy, and doubtless in future time the plough will turn up their crumbling bones, together with the remnants of the weapons they used in the atrocious warfare. The vicinity of Gettysburg will thus remain a vast charnel-house, and for years to come will be visited by mourning friends."

A few weeks after the battle the writer passed over the field. It was not difficult then to trace the lines of the two armies, for the grass and even the turf was completely worn away for a considerable breadth throughout their whole extent. Cartridge-boxes, knapsacks, bayonet-sheaths, haversacks, coats, caps, and tin cartridge-cases were scattered in profusion over the whole ground, and trodden into the mud which the rains of the fourth day caused. None of the dead had then been removed, and they lay as they were left by the burying parties of the two armies. Many had never been moved from the places where they fell; all the burial they received being a little earth thrown upon them, and where earth could not be got, loose stones and fragments of rocks were used. As the rains came the earth was washed off, and in many places the extremities of the limbs were exposed. At one point, in front of Little Round Top, was a boot with the leg in it just as it had been torn from the body. Dead horses still lay thick on all parts of the field. The citizens had piled rails around some and burned them. Near the grove where stood Stannard's brigade, was a pool of stagnant water, in which were the carcasses of nine horses.

The roar of artillery, and the sulphurous smoke ascending heavenward, had scarcely told that the battle was on before the agents of the Sanitary Commission began to arrive upon the field with stores for the hospitals. Dr. Steiner, in chargé of two wagons, well loaded, left Frederick on the 29th of June. One of them, accompanied by Dr. McDonald and the Rev. Mr. Scandlin, fell into the hands of the enemy, and these gentlemen, bound on errands of mercy and heavenly consolation to the wounded of friend and foe alike, were taken to Richmond, where they were subjected to the hard lot of rebel imprisonment, from the effect of which Mr. Scandlin died. He was a protegé of Father Taylor, of Boston, the sailor's friend; was a native of England, and had served in the British navy. He received his professional education at the theological school in Meadville, Pennsylvania. His treatment by the enemy is one of the foul stains upon the conduct of the rebel authorities. The other wagon reached the field on the evening of the first day. "As soon," says Dr. Steiner, "as the wounded began to come in, I started out with the wagons to distribute the stores. We reached five different hospitals, which were all we were able to find that night, and early in the morning three others, which exhausted our stores. We were just in time to do the most good possible, as the government wagons had been sent back ten miles, and many of the hospitals were not supplied with material sufficient for immediate use. These stores consisted of concentrated beef soup, stimulants, crackers, condensed milk, concentrated coffee, corn starch, farina, shirts, drawers, stockings, towels, blankets, quilts, bandages, and lint, articles in immediate need among the suffering." Other supplies came by the way of Westminster, and before the railroad was open to Gettysburg, twelve wagon loads had been brought up.

The work of this commission, from long experience, was efficiently done. Every part was thoroughly systematized, and reached to the inmates of the most insignificant hospitals. Not the least useful was the system of visitation, which had for its object examination into the wants of the inmates, and the making complete lists of the names of the wounded, which were forwarded to Washington, enabling the authorities to promptly and intelligently answer any inquiries made there respecting them. Of the hospitals on the rebel line there were those of the divisions of Hood, McLaws, Anderson, Early, and Johnson, on the Fairfield road; of Johnson, on the Hunterstown; of Heth, at Pennsylvania College; of Rodes, on the Mummasburg road; of Pickett, on the Chambersburg; of Pender, on the Cashtown, containing in all 5452 wounded. On the Union side the hospital of the First corps was divided, part being in the town, and the remainder two and a half miles out on the Baltimore pike, and contained 260 rebel and 2779 Union wounded; that of the Second corps was on the banks of Rock Creek, and contained 1000 rebel and 4500 Union; of the Third corps, near the junction of White and Rock Creeks, and contained 250 rebel and 2550 Union; of the Fifth corps, in three divisions, and contained 75 rebel and 1400 Union; of the Sixth corps, also in three divisions, and contained 300 Union;

of the Eleventh corps, at George Spangler's, and contained 100 rebel and 1900 Union; of the Twelfth corps, at the house of George Bushman, and contained 125 rebel and 1131 Union, an aggregate of 14,860. Of these there were 7262 rebel, being the desperately wounded, all others having been removed, or gone back with the retreating columns.

As the Union army was obliged to follow immediately the fleeing enemy, but a limited number of medical officers could be left upon the field, and but few rebel surgeons remained behind. At first these were severely tasked; but volunteers soon began to arrive, many of the most eminent physicians of the country flocking to the field, and freely giving their services. "The labor," says J. H. Douglas, associate secretary of the Sanitary Commission, "the anxiety, the responsibility imposed upon the surgeons after the battle of Gettysburg, were from the position of affairs greater than after any other battle of the war. The devotion, the solicitude, the unceasing efforts to remedy the defects of the situation, the untiring attentions to the wounded upon their part, were so marked as to be apparent to all who visited the hospitals. It must be remembered that these same officers had endured the privations and fatigues of the long forced marches with the rest of the army; that they had shared its dangers, for one medical officer from each regiment follows it into battle, and is liable to the accidents of war, as has been repeatedly and fatally the case; that its field hospitals are often, from the changes of the line of battle, brought under the fire of the enemy, and that while in this situation, these surgeons are called upon to exercise the calmest judgment, to perform the most critical and serious operations, and this quickly and continuously. The battle ceasing their labors continue. While other officers are sleeping, renewing their strength for further efforts, the medical are still toiling. They have to improvise hospitals from the rudest materials, are obliged to make 'bricks without straw,' to surmount seeming impossibilities. The work is unending both by day and by night, the anxiety is constant, the strain upon both the physical and mental faculties unceasing. Thus after this battle, operators had to be held up while performing the operations, and fainted from exhaustion, the operation finished. One completed his labors to be seized with partial paralysis, the penalty of his over-exertion. While his duties are as arduous, his exposure as great, and the mortality from disease and injury as large as among staff officers of similar rank, the surgeon has no prospect of promotion, of a brevet, or an honorable mention to stimulate him. His duties are performed quietly, unostentatiously. He does his duty for his country's sake, for the sake of humanity. The consciousness of having performed this great duty is well nigh his only, as it must ever be his highest, reward. The medical corps of the army is well deserving this small tribute."

Whoever has followed the phases of this battle, must have been impressed with the stubborn valor displayed on both sides by the common soldiers. The dauntless resolution exhibited in the attacks made it a terribly bloody and destructive conflict, and the unyielding and resolute front of the defence brought victory. But there was no possibility of achieving on either side such sweeping and complete triumphs as are recorded of wars in other countries, and in other days, in a contest between two armies where the common soldiers were of such a temper and in such earnest as were these.

It is a sad spectacle to see the manhood of two, claiming to be Christian peoples, thus march out to a field, like trained pugilists, and beat, and gouge, and pummel each other until one or the other, from exhaustion, must yield. It is revolting and sickening, and it is hoped that the day will come when disputes arising among nations may be settled by conference, as two reasonable and upright men would decide a difference, governed by the golden rule, instead of resorting to blows where right and justice must be subordinate to brute force. But in a great battle like that which we have been considering, it is not the soldiers themselves who are responsible; but the parties which make the quarrel. Hence, while the mind revolts at the scenes of destruction which the field discloses, the immediate actors are not to be held accountable. They go in obedience to the dictates of duty and of patriotism, and while they may indulge no personal hatred toward those who for the time they call enemies, they must in battle inflict the greatest possible injury upon them.

In all ages the highest honors have been reserved for those who have fought the battles of their country. And this is right. For if there is any deed in the power of a mortal, which can sway the feelings or soften the heart, it is that of one man laying down his life for another. The breast heaves, and the eye is suffused with tears, at the spectacle of Damon putting his life in jeopardy only for his friend, and to how many souls have come the agonies of repentance, and the joys of sins forgiven in contemplation of the Saviour dying upon the cross. There is a halo of glory hovering about the profession of arms. It has its seat in the sacrifice of self, which is its ruling spirit. The man who stands upon the field of battle and faces the storm of death that sweeps along, whether he merely puts his life thus in jeopardy, or is actually carried down in death, torn and mangled in the dread fight, is worthy of endless honors; and though we may class the deed with the lowest of human acts, prompted by a hardihood which we share with the brutes, and in which the most ignorant and besotted may compete with the loftiest, yet it is an act before which humanity will ever bow and uncover. Who that walked that field of carnage, and beheld the maimed and mangled, and him cold in death, could withhold the tribute of honor and respect? for, could he make that dying soldier's lot his own, or that of his nearest and dearest friend, he would only then justly realize the sacrifice.

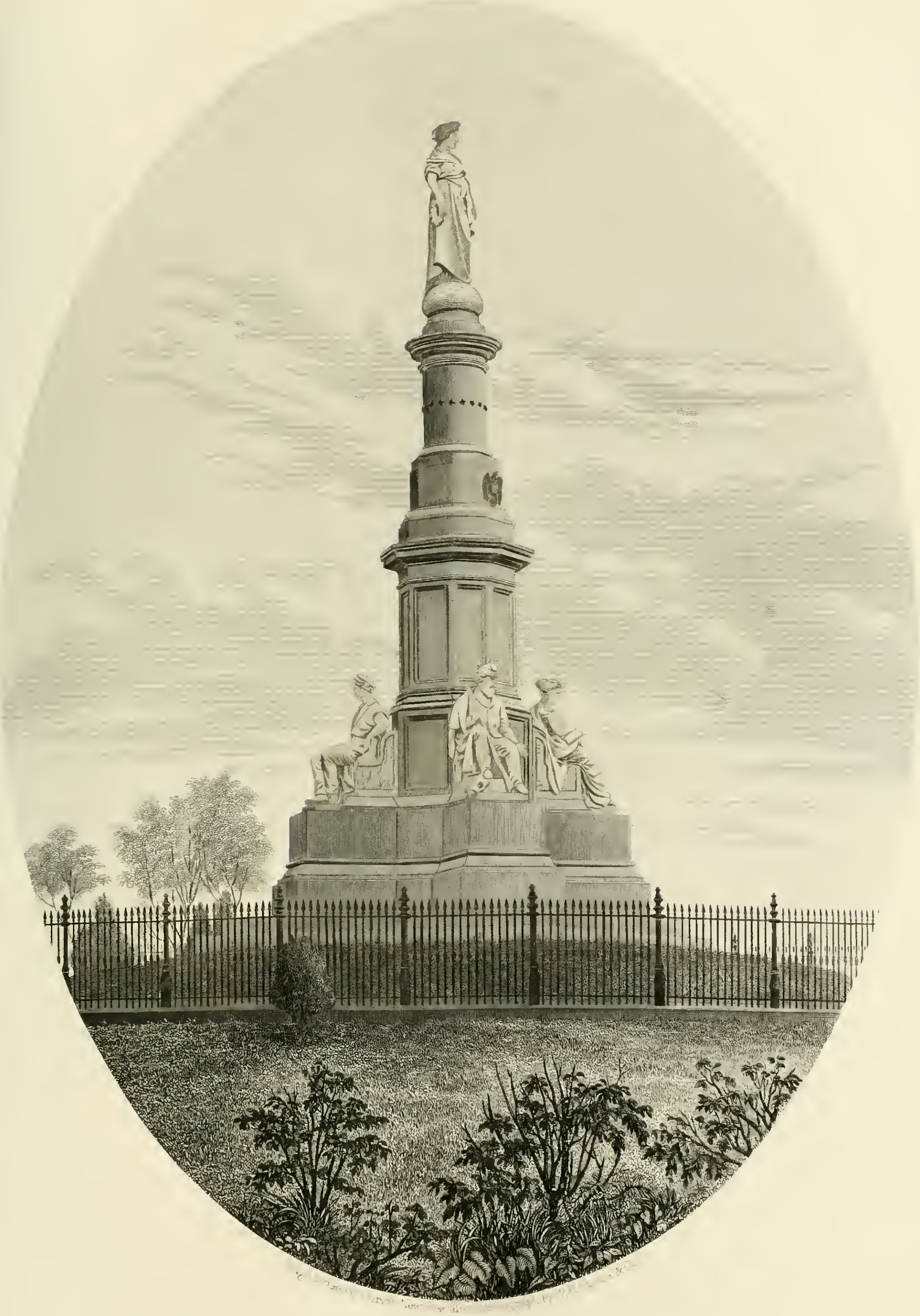
When, therefore, the friends of the dead came sorrowing, to seek their lifeless remains, they were struck with horror at the imperfect manner in which the burials had been executed. No one was more strongly impressed with the duty of immediately providing for the proper interment of these fallen patriots than Governor Curtin, the Executive of Pennsylvania. He intrusted the business of maturing a plan to Mr. David Wills, of Gettysburg. Acting under the instruction of the Governor, this gentleman purchased a plot of some seventeen acres on Cemetery Hill, adjoining the village cemetery on the north and west, where the centre of the Union line of battle had rested, and where the guns of Steinwehr and the men of the Eleventh corps fought. The eighteen states, whose troops gained the battle, joined in this enterprise. By an Act of the legislature, the title to the ground was vested in the State of Pennsylvania, in trust for all the states having dead buried there, and a corporate body was created consisting of one from each state, to serve without pay, to whom its care was entrusted, the expense to be borne in proportion to the representation in Congress.

The work of laying out the grounds, and suitably adorning them, was performed by an eminent landscape gardener, William Saunders. His suggestions upon the subject, accompanying the drawings, were eminently just. The great disparity in the number of the dead from the different states to be interred, demanded a plan that should obviate criticism as to preference in position. To this end a semicircular form was adopted, the head of every body pointing towards a common centre, which should be made the site for the monument. "The prevailing expression," he says, "of the Cemetery should be that of simple grandeur. Simplicity is that element of beauty in a scene that leads gradually from one object to another, in easy harmony, avoiding abrupt contrasts and unexpected features. Grandeur, in this application, is closely allied to solemnity. Solemnity is an attribute of the sublime. The sublime in scenery may be defined as continuity of extent, the repetition of objects in themselves simple and commonplace. We do not apply this epithet to the scanty tricklings of the brook, but rather to the collected waters of the ocean. To produce an expression of grandeur, we must avoid intricacy and great variety of parts, more particularly must we refrain from introducing any intermixture or meretricious display of ornament. The disposition of trees and shrubs is such that will ultimately produce a considerable degree of landscape effect. Ample spaces of lawn are provided. These will form vistas, as seen from the drive, showing the monument and other prominent points. . . . As the trees spread and extend, the quiet beauty produced by these open spaces of lawn will yearly become more striking."

A contract was entered into with F. W. Biesecker, for disinterring the dead and reinterring their remains in their last resting place, a work which was commenced on the 27th of October, 1863, and completed on the 18th of March following. The whole number thus buried was 3512. The entire work was done under the superintendence of Samuel Weaver, who executed his arduous trust with great care and judgment. "Through his untiring and faithful efforts, the bodies in many unmarked graves have been identified in various ways. Sometimes by letters, by papers, receipts, certificates, diaries, memorandum books, photographs, marks on the clothing, belts, or cartridge boxes, have the names of the soldiers been discovered. Money, and other valuables, have frequently been found, which, when the residence of the friends is known, have been immediately sent to them. Those not returned are carefully packed up and marked, and every effort will be made to find the friends of the deceased, and place these articles in their possession. Words would fail to describe the grateful relief that this work has brought to many a sorrowing household! A father, a brother, a son has been lost on this battle-field, supposed to be killed, but no tidings whatever have the bereaved friends of him. Suddenly, in the progress of this work, his remains are discovered by sure marks, letters, probably photographs, and they are deposited in a coffin with care, and buried in this very appropriate place, on the battle-field where he fell, the Soldiers' National Cemetery."

Of the condition in which the remains were found Mr. Weaver says: "Where bodies were in heavy clay soil, or in marshy places, they were in a good state of preservation. Where they were in sandy, porous soil, they were entirely decomposed." Of the articles found upon the bodies of the dead the following may be cited as examples: "G. W. Sprague, the grape-shot that killed him, two knives, two rings and comb;" "James Kelley, company K, Sixty-ninth Pennsylvania regiment, ambrotype, sixty cents, comb, medal;" "Unknown, pocket-book, and hair of father, mother, sister, and brother." Of the entire number interred, 3512, Maine had 104; New Hampshire, 49; Vermont, 61; Massachusetts, 159; Rhode Island, 12; Connecticut, 22; New York, 867; New Jersey, 78; Pennsylvania, 534; Delaware, 15; Maryland, 22; West Virginia, 11; Ohio, 131; Indiana, 80; Illinois, 6; Michigan, 171; Wisconsin, 73; Minnesota, 52; U. S. Regulars, 138; Unknown, 979. Several of the Western States had but few troops in the Army of the Potomac, and hence their loss was correspondingly small, while New York, which had the greatest number, suffered most severely. The Cemetery is enclosed on the south, west, and north sides by a solid wall of masonry, surmounted with a heavy dressed coping stone, and on the east by an iron fence separating it from the village cemetery. The design for a monument by J. G. Batterson, of Hartford, Connecticut, was adopted by the commissioners, after an examination of a large number submitted. "The whole rendering of the design is intended to be purely historical, telling its own story, with such simplicity that any discerning mind will readily comprehend its meaning and purpose. The superstructure is sixty feet high, and consists of a massive pedestal, twenty-five feet square at the base, and is crowned with a colossal statue representing the Genius of Liberty. Standing upon a three-quarter globe, she raises with her right hand the victor's wreath of laurel, while with the left she gathers up the folds of our national flag, under which the victory has been won. Projecting from the angles of the pedestal are four buttresses, supporting an equal number of allegorical statues, representing respectively WAR, HISTORY, PEACE, and PLENTY. *War* is personified by a statue of the American soldier, who, resting from the conflict, relates to History the story of the battle which this monument is intended to commemorate. *History*, in listening attitude, records with stylus and tablet the achievements of the field, and the names of the honored dead. *Peace* is symbolized by a statue of the American mechanic, characterized by appropriate accessories. *Plenty* is represented by a female figure, with a sheaf of wheat and fruits of the earth, typifying peace and abundance as the soldier's crowning triumph. The panels of the main die between the statues are to have inscribed upon them such inscriptions as may hereafter be determined. The main die of the pedestal is octagonal in form, panelled upon each face. The cornice and plinth above are also octagonal, and are heavily moulded. Upon this plinth rests an octagonal moulded base bearing upon its face, in high relief, the National arms. The upper die and cap are circular in form, the die being encircled by stars equal in number with the states whose sons contributed their lives as the price of the victory won at Gettysburg."

By the unanimous voice of the agents of the several states, Edward Everett, the eminent orator, statesman, and publicist, was invited to deliver an oration upon the occasion of the con-



THE NATIONAL MONUMENT

GETTYSBURG, PA.

secration of the grounds. In his note accepting the invitation Mr. Everett said: "The occasion is one of great importance, not to be dismissed with a few sentimental or patriotic commonplaces. It will demand as full a narrative of the events of the three important days as the limits of the hour will admit, and some appropriate discussion of the political character of the great struggle of which the battle of Gettysburg is one of the most momentous incidents." The ceremonies occurred on the 19th of November, at which time the address, modelled upon the plan sketched in the above sentence, was delivered in presence of the President of the United States, Mr. Lincoln, the Secretary of State, Mr. Seward, the Ministers of France and Italy, the French Admiral, the Governors of many States, Members of Congress, and a vast concourse of citizens, among whom were many representatives of the Army and Navy. "One of the most sad and impressive features of the solemnities," says Mr. Wills, "was the presence, in the procession and on the grounds, of a delegation of about fifty wounded soldiers of the Army of the Potomac, from the York Hospital. These men had been wounded in the battle of Gettysburg, and were present in a delegation to pay this just tribute to the remains of their fallen comrades. During the exercises, their bronzed cheeks were frequently suffused with tears."

Mr. Everett's oration was one of the most eloquent and well wrought of his many addresses on important events in the national history which have made his name illustrious. The opening passages were in his peculiar vein, and are so beautiful, so apt, and so ornate that they will ever be recalled with delight. "Standing beneath this serene sky, overlooking these broad fields, now reposing from the labors of the waning year, the mighty Alleghenies dimly towering before us, the graves of our brethren beneath our feet, it is with hesitation that I raise my poor voice to break the eloquent silence of God and Nature. But the duty to which you have called me must be performed;—grant me, I pray you, your indulgence and your sympathy. It was appointed by law in Athens, that the obsequies of the citizens who fell in battle should be performed at the public expense, and in the most honorable manner. Their bones were carefully gathered up from the funeral pyre, where their bodies were consumed, and brought home to the city. There, for three days before the interment, they lay in state, beneath tents of honor, to receive the votive offerings of friends and relatives,—flowers, weapons, precious ornaments, painted vases, (wonders of art, which after two thousand years adorn the museums of modern Europe,)—the last tributes of surviving affection. Ten coffins of funeral cypress received the honorable deposit, one for each of the tribes of the city, and an eleventh in memory of the unrecognized, but not therefore unhonored, dead, and of those whose remains could not be recovered. On the fourth day the mournful procession was formed: mothers, wives, sisters, daughters led the way; and to them it was permitted by the simplicity of ancient manners, to utter aloud their lamentations for the beloved and the lost; the male relatives and friends of the deceased followed; citizens and strangers closed the train. Thus marshalled, they moved to the place of interment in that famous Ceramicus, the most beautiful suburb of Athens, which had been adorned by Cimon, the son of Miltiades, with walks and fountains and columns,—whose groves were filled with altars, shrines, and temples,—whose gardens were kept forever green by the streams from the neighboring hills, and shaded with the trees sacred to Minerva and coeval with the foundation of the city,—whose circuit enclosed

> 'The olive Grove of Academe,
> Plato's retirement, where the Attic bird
> Trilled his thick warbled note the summer long;'—

whose pathways gleamed with the monuments of the illustrious dead, the work of the most consummate masters that ever gave life to marble. There, beneath the overarching plane trees, upon a lofty stage erected for the purpose, it was ordained that a funeral oration should be pronounced by some citizen of Athens, in the presence of the assembled multitude.

"Such were the tokens of respect required to be paid at Athens to the memory of those who had fallen in the cause of their country. For those alone who fell at Marathon a peculiar honor was reserved. As the battle fought upon that immortal field was distinguished from all others in Grecian history for its influence over the fortunes of Hellas,—as it depended upon the event of that day whether Greece should live, a glory and a light to all coming time, or should expire like the meteor of a moment,—so the honors awarded to its martyr-heroes were such as were bestowed by Athens on no other occasion. They alone of all her sons were entombed upon the spot which they had forever rendered famous. Their names were inscribed upon ten pillars, erected upon the monumental tumulus which covered their ashes, (where, after 600 years, they were read by the traveller Pausanias,) and although the columns, beneath the hand of time and barbaric violence, have long since disappeared, the venerable mound still marks the spot where they fought and fell,—

'That battle-field where Persia's victim horde
First bowed beneath the brunt of Hellas' sword.'

"And shall I, fellow-citizens, who, after an interval of twenty-three centuries, a youthful pilgrim from the world unknown to ancient Greece, have wandered over that illustrious plain, ready to put off the shoes from off my feet, as one that stands on holy ground,—who have gazed with respectful emotion on the mound which still protects the dust of those who rolled back the tide of Persian invasion, and rescued the land of popular liberty, of letters, and of arts, from the ruthless foe,—stand unmoved over the graves of our dear brethren, who so lately, on three of those all important days which decide a nation's history,—days on whose issue it depended whether this august republican Union, founded by some of the wisest statesmen that ever lived, cemented with the blood of some of the purest patriots that ever died, should perish or endure,—rolled back the tide of an invasion not less unprovoked, not less ruthless, than that which came to plant the dark banner of Asiatic despotism and slavery on the free soil of Greece? Heaven forbid! And could I prove so insensible to every prompting of patriotic duty and affection, not only would you, fellow-citizens, gathered many of you from distant states, who have come to take part in these pious offices of gratitude,—you, respected fathers, brethren, matrons, sisters, who surround me,—cry out for shame, but the forms of brave and patriotic men, who fill these honored graves, would heave with indignation beneath the sod."

A single clause from the peroration will illustrate the happy manner in which, with a few master strokes, he glorified the field and the dead who there fell, whose last resting place he was aiding to consecrate. "The spots on which they stood and fell; these pleasant heights; the fertile plain beneath them; the thriving village whose streets so lately rang with the strange din of war; the fields beyond the Ridge, where the noble REYNOLDS held the advancing foe at bay, and, while he gave up his own life, assured by this forethought and self-sacrifice the triumph of the two succeeding days; the little streams which wind through the hills on whose banks in after times the wondering plowman will turn up, with the rude weapons of savage warfare, the fearful missiles of modern artillery; Seminary Ridge, the Peach Orchard, Cemetery, Culp, and Wolf Hill, Round Top, Little Round Top, humble names, henceforward dear and famous,—no lapse of time, no distance of space shall cause you to be forgotten."

The dedicatory address was reserved to President Lincoln, who after the conclusion of Mr. Everett's oration, delivered the following:

"Fourscore and seven years ago our fathers brought forth upon this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal. Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation so conceived, and so dedicated, can long endure. We are met on a great battle-field of that war. We are met to dedicate a portion of it as the final resting place of those who here gave their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this. But in a larger sense we cannot dedicate, we cannot consecrate, we cannot hallow this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here, have consecrated it far above our power to add or detract. The world will little note nor long remember what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here. It is for us, the living, rather to be dedicated here to the unfinished work that they have thus far so nobly carried on. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us,—that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to the cause for which they here gave the last full measure of devotion,—that we here highly resolve that the dead shall not have died in vain, that the nation shall, under God, have a new birth of freedom, and that the government of the people, by the people, and for the people, shall not perish from the earth."

Short and simple in sentiment and structure, it is yet a most impressive and appropriate piece of composition. So well does it embody the thought which seemed struggling for utterance in every breast, that a word added to, or subtracted from it, would mar its harmony and faultless conception. But, however perfect its formation, its delivery was more solemn and impressive than is possible to conceive from its perusal. Major Harry T. Lee, who was one of the actors in the battle, and who was present upon the platform at the dedication, says that the people listened with marked attention throughout the two hours that Mr. Everett spoke; that his oration was finished, grand, lofty, though as cold and unimpassioned as the marble which pressed the forms of the sleeping dead; but that when Mr. Lincoln came forward, and with a voice burdened with emotion, uttered these sublime words, the bosoms of that vast audience were lifted as a great wave of the sea; and that when he came to the passage, "The brave men living and dead who struggled here," there was not a dry eye, and he seemed bewailing the sad fate of men, every one of whom was his brother.

When he had concluded, Mr. Everett stepped forward, and taking him by the hand, said in a manner which showed how fully he felt what he uttered: "Ah! Mr. Lincoln, I would gladly give all my forty pages for your twenty lines." The *Westminster Review*, one of the most dignified and scholarly of the English quarterlies, always chary of praise for literary excellence in an American, and which during the late war preserved an attitude of little sympathy for the cause in whose interest the battle was gained, said of this address: "His oration at the consecration of the burial ground at Gettysburg has but one equal, in that pronounced upon those who fell during the first year of the Peloponnesian war, and in one respect it is superior to that great speech. It is not only more natural, fuller of feeling, more touching and pathetic, but we know with absolute certainty that it was really delivered. Nature here really takes precedence of art, even though it be the art of Thucydides."

The monument, above described, was completed in 1868. It is of granite procured from Westerly, Rhode Island. The four figures about the base, and the colossal one upon the summit, are of marble, and were cut in Italy. The whole was constructed by Mr. Batterson, the designer. The names of the dead are not inscribed on the monument, but on granite headstones, which mark the place where each reposes. Dedicatory services were held upon the ground on the 1st of July, 1869, when General Meade delivered a brief address, Governor O. P. Morton, of Indiana, an oration, and Bayard Taylor an ode. General Meade alluded in touching words to the bereaved by that battle, and earnestly urged in conclusion the propriety and the duty of gathering the remains of the Confederate dead and giving them burial in some suitable ground to be devoted to that special purpose, justly observing that the burial originally was from necessity very imperfect. Mr. Morton described briefly the course of the battle, and traced the progress of freedom since the memorable era of 1776, deducing the conclusion that the triumph of the Union cause was due to its devotion to the principles of liberty. Mr. Taylor dwelt in a chaste, and well conceived poetic vein upon the fruits which should be gathered from the struggle, and concluded in these fitting lines:

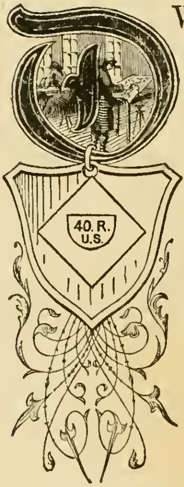
"Thus, in her seat secure,
Where now no distant menaces can reach her,
At last in undivided freedom pure,
She sits, the unwilling world's unconscious teacher;
And, day by day, beneath serener skies,
The unshaken pillars of her palace rise—
The Doric shafts, that lightly upward press,
And hide in grace their giant massiveness.
What though the sword has hewn each corner-stone,
And precious blood cements the deep foundation?
Never by other force have empires grown;
From other basis never rose a nation!
For strength is born of struggle, faith of doubt,
Of discord law, and freedom of oppression.
We hail from Pisgah, with exulting shout,
The Promised Land below us, bright with sun,
And deem its pastures won,
Ere toil and blood have earned us their possession!
Each aspiration of our human earth
Becomes an act through keenest pangs of birth;

Each force, to bless, must cease to be a dream,
And conquer life through agony supreme;
Each inborne right must outwardly be tested
By stern material weapons, ere it stand
In the enduring fabric of the land,
Secured for those who yielded it, and those who wrested!

This they have done for us who slumber here,
Awake, alive, though now so dumbly sleeping;
Spreading the board, but tasting not its cheer,
Sowing but never reaping;—
Building, but never sitting in the shade
Of the strong mansion they have made;—
Speaking their words of life with mighty tongue,
But hearing not the echo, million-voiced,
Of brothers who rejoiced,
From all our river-vales and mountains flung!
So take them, Heroes of the songful Past!
Open your ranks, let every shining troop
Its phantom banners droop,
To hail Earth's noblest martyrs, and her last!
Take them, O God! our Brave,
The glad fulfillers of Thy dread decree;
Who grasped the sword for Peace, and smote to save,
And, dying here for Freedom, died for Thee!"

CHAPTER XVII.

THE MILITIA—CAPTURE OF MORGAN—BURNING OF CHAMBERSBURG—FINAL TRIUMPH—DEATH OF THE PRESIDENT.



OWING to the suddenness with which the battle of Gettysburg was precipitated and won, the militia which had been called out for this emergency did not come to mortal conflict except in meeting the advanced guard of the enemy in the Cumberland valley, and after the battle, in advancing upon his flanks as he retired to the Potomac. General (Baldy) Smith, who had the active command in the valley, when he found the enemy retiring before him for the purpose of participating in the great battle, moved forward with his column cautiously, and when General Meade came up with the foe at Williamsport, Smith's column was reported in readiness to join in the battle which was expected there to take place. But the enemy having made good his escape across the river, the services of the militia were no longer needed.

The Thirty-sixth and Fifty-first regiments were sent to Gettysburg, where Colonel H. C. Alleman, the commander of the Thirty-sixth, was made Military Governor of the district embracing the battle ground and all the territory contiguous in any way pertaining to the battle. He was charged with gathering in the wounded and stragglers from both armies, in collecting the *débris* of the field, and in sending away the wounded as fast as their condition would permit. The following trophies are reported to have been gathered and turned over to the agent of the War Department deputed to receive them, or were shipped directly to the National Arsenal at Washington: 26,664 muskets, 9250

H. G. Sickel

HORATIO GATES SICKEL.

Bvt. Maj. Gen. U. S. Vols.

bayonets, 1500 cartridge-boxes, 204 sabres, 14,000 rounds of small arm ammunition, 26 artillery wheels, 702 blankets, 40 wagon loads of clothing, 60 saddles, 60 bridles, 5 wagons, 510 horses and mules, and 6 wagon loads of knapsacks and haversacks. From the various camps and hospitals on the field and in the surrounding country, were sent away to hospitals in northern cities, 12,061 Union soldiers, 6197 wounded rebels, 3006 rebel prisoners, and 1637 stragglers.

The Forty-seventh, Colonel Wickersham, was sent to the mining regions of Schuylkill county, where trouble was threatened; but through the resolute front, and timely precautions of the Colonel commanding, no collision occurred. The Thirty-eighth, Colonel Horn, the Forty-ninth, Colonel Murphy, and the Fifty-third, Colonel Royer, were sent into the north central portions of the state, to enforce authority where disturbance was apprehended. The Forty-sixth, Colonel John J. Lawrence, the Fifty-ninth, Colonel McLean, and the Thirty-fourth, Colonel Albright, were sent to Philadelphia. Rioting and wild disorder was at the moment prevailing among the turbulent classes in New York city, and seemed ready at any moment to break forth here in lawless acts. By the prudence of these officers the excitement was allayed, and bloodshed averted.

John Morgan, a daring rebel cavalry leader, that he might make a diversion in favor of Lee, who was moving on Gettysburg, set out from Sparta, Tennessee, on the 26th of June, the day after that on which the last of Lee's forces crossed the Potomac, with two thousand men and four guns, for a raid through the border free states. Recruits joined him on the way through Kentucky until his numbers were doubled, and his guns increased to ten. He crossed the Ohio river at Brandenburg, forty miles below Louisville, on the 7th of July, and struck out boldly through the country, burning mills, destroying railroads and telegraph lines, and levying contributions of money and horses. Trees were felled to impede his course, and the militia sprang up on all sides to harass, but not in sufficient force to corner him. He was followed by Union cavalry under Generals Hobson and Shackleford, and gunboats upon the Ohio patrolled the river. Having passed through Salem, Versailles, Sardinia, Piketon, and Jackson without encountering any considerable opposition, he approached the Ohio river at Pomeroy on the 19th, and commenced crossing, intending to make good his escape, when suddenly the gunboats hove in sight, and a force of infantry appeared upon his rear. Without awaiting a contest he betook himself to flight, leaving his guns, wagons, and about six hundred of his men to be captured, and made the best of his way to Belleville, where, on the following day, he again commenced to cross; but the gunboats again cut short the passage. Shackleford and Hobson, coming up in his rear, he was driven to an inaccessible bluff, where the major part of his command, after a brief parley, was compelled to surrender. The terms of the surrender were supposed to embrace all, but Morgan with a considerable body of his men stole away, and made for a point upon the river further up. As soon as it became evident that he was heading towards Pennsylvania, and seemed likely to reach it, General Brooks, in command of the Department of the Monongahela, sent a portion of his forces by rail from Pittsburg, to guard the upper fords of the Ohio. The Fifty-fifth Pennsylvania militia, Colonel R. B. McComb, was sent on the 11th to Parkersburg, and in company with troops under General Wallace, was posted in the vicinity, a part of the Fifty-fifth occupying the lower portion of Blennerhassett island. On Friday the 24th, General Brooks moved his headquarters temporarily to Wellsville, and ordered three of his regiments, the Fifty-fourth, Colonel Thomas F. Gallagher, the Fifty-seventh, Colonel James R. Porter, and the Fifty-eighth, Colonel George H. Bemus, to move down, and take position at the different fords along the river, between Steubenville and Wheeling. The Fifty-seventh arrived first, and halted at Portland Station to cover the Warrenton ford, Colonel Porter, with the right wing occupying strong ground on the Hill road, and the left wing under Major Reid, on the valley road. The Fifty-eighth arrived next, and in conjunction with a section of artillery, and two companies of Kentucky cavalry, occupied Le Grange opposite Wellsville. The Fifty-fourth came last, and was ordered first to Mingo Station, and afterwards to the ford at Rush Run, midway between the positions of the other two regiments. On Friday night, the 24th, Morgan was near Mount

Pleasant, heading for Warrenton ford, where he would have crossed but for the timely arrival of Colonel Porter. On Saturday morning, being pressed in the rear, he again attempted to break through at Warrenton; but finding his way blocked, he turned northward towards Smithfield, feeling successively the positions of Gallagher and Bemus. Seeing that escape by these routes was equally hopeless, he again struck out and made for Richmond, passing by Steubenville. At Wintersville, on Saturday afternoon, he encountered the Steubenville militia, and at night bivouacked between Richmond and Springfield, his scouts reconnoitring the fords above. To checkmate this last move, Porter's command was moved up to Island Creek, while Gallagher and Bemus were posted at fords higher up, to intercept him, if he should strike for Shanghai, Yellow Creek, or points further on. Learning by his scouts that all the avenues of escape were strongly held, he did not await the coming of the morning, but moved in the darkness in the direction of Salineville, where he was early attacked by Major Way, of the Michigan cavalry, and lost some three hundred in killed, wounded, and prisoners. Colonel Gallagher had reached Salineville by the Cleveland and Pittsburg Railroad, and had formed line of battle near the village; but after the charge of Major Way, the enemy drew off in the opposite direction, and turned again northward, as if to strike Smith's Ferry, or Beaver. Again were the Pennsylvania regiments moved up, and preparations made to meet this new disposition, when tidings were received that General Shackleford had captured Morgan, and what was left of his band. The prisoners were at once placed in charge of the Fifty-eighth, and were held until turned over to the authorities of the Department, by whom they were incarcerated in the Ohio Penitentiary in retaliation for alleged irregular treatment of Colonel Straight by the rebel government. As soon as the chase for Morgan was over, the Pennsylvania regiments returned to camp, near Pittsburg.

With the close of this raid ended the rebel invasion of the North of 1863. Further service for which the militia had been called was no longer required, and during the months of August and September, the majority of the men were mustered out. In the department of the Monongahela, there were five regiments and a company of artillery, and one of cavalry, an aggregate of 3750. In the department of the Susquehanna were thirty-one regiments of infantry, besides a number of independent companies of infantry and artillery, aggregating 28,354. There were, in addition, 4486 troops recruited in this period in these departments for six months' service. The sum total called forth by the invasion in addition to the regular contributions to the United States service, was 36,574. With few exceptions, they did not engage the enemy. But they, nevertheless, rendered most important service. They came forward at a moment when there was pressing need. Their presence gave great moral support to the Union Army, and had that army been defeated at Gettysburg, they would have taken the places of the fallen, and would have fought with a valor and desperation worthy of veterans. Called suddenly to the field from the walks of private life, without a moment's opportunity for drill or discipline, they grasped their muskets, and by their prompt obedience to every order, showed their willingness—all unprepared as they were—to face the enemy before whom veterans had often quailed. The bloodless campaigns of the militia may be a subject for playful satire; but in the strong arms and sturdy hearts of the yeomanry of the land, who spring to arms at the moment of danger, and when that danger has passed cheerfully lay them down again, rests a sure guaranty for the peace and security of the country.

The year 1863 closed hopefully for the Union. The capture of Vicksburg and Port Hudson in mid-summer had opened the Mississippi river, and had severed the rebel power. The victory at Lookout Mountain and Missionary Ridge had saved the Union Army there from destruction, to which it was threatened, and rendered that important position secure. Longstreet, who had besieged Burnside at Knoxville, was foiled in his purposes and driven away with considerable loss. And the gaining of the Battle of Gettysburg by the Army of the Potomac had relieved the border territory at the east, and had so broken the power and *esprit* of the Army of Northern Virginia, as to greatly modify the dread which it had inspired.

But the rebel authority was everywhere defiant; and while the armies were in winter quarters, vigorous efforts were put forth to fill their depleted ranks, and be prepared to enter upon the spring campaign with renewed power. So thoroughly was the country searched and the men gathered up that General Grant afterwards very significantly observed: "The little boys and old men are guarding prisoners, guarding railroad bridges, and forming a good part of their garrisons in intrenched positions. A man lost by them cannot be replaced. They have robbed the cradle and the grave equally to get their present force."

In the Union Army, a large portion of the Pennsylvania troops, recruited for three years, would in a few months be entitled to discharge. Opportunities were given them to re-enlist for an additional term, and thus become veteran regiments. On this condition a liberal furlough was offered, and the privilege afforded to fill up their depleted ranks with new recruits. Large numbers embraced this proposition, and the winter of 1863–64 was made memorable by the return of veteran soldiers, and activity in recruiting fresh levies.

The spring campaign of 1864 opened early in May on the part of the Army of the Potomac, General Grant, who had been made Lieutenant General and placed in command of all the armies of the United States, accompanying it, and having the general direction of its operations. The Battle of the Wilderness, Laurel Hill, Spottsylvania, North Anna, Bethesda Church, Cold Harbor, and Petersburg followed in rapid succession and with terrible destruction of life. In the meantime General Sigel had been left in command of the Department of West Virginia, and by his order, simultaneously with the movement of Grant into the Wilderness and Sherman towards Atlanta, General Crook moved from Kanawha for the destruction of the Virginia and Tennessee railroad, and General Averell, with another column, pushed out from Beverly to coöperate with Crook. Sigel in person, with 8500 troops, moved up the valley, and at New Market met the enemy under Breckenridge, where Sigel was defeated and retired to Cedar Creek. He was soon after relieved, and General Hunter succeeded him, who, having repaired losses and stripped to light marching order, again commenced an advance up the valley. At Piedmont a battle was fought in which Hunter gained a handsome victory, and the rebel commander, William E. Jones, was killed. Hunter pushed forward to form junction with Crook and Averell, who had been ordered up, fought at Quaker Church, and moved upon Lynchburg, an important depot of supply to the rebel army, repulsing the enemy on the 18th of June in their attack upon him. From prisoners taken Hunter discovered that he was fighting veteran troops of Lee's army, and that Early had been detached with an entire corps, which was hourly arriving by rail. Hunter found that he was in a perilous situation, two hundred and fifty miles from his base, with ammunition running low, and greatly outnumbered. He, accordingly, determined to retire by the Kanawha Valley, and thence back by the Ohio river and the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad to Martinsburg. This left the Shenandoah Valley open to the enemy, and he was not slow to take advantage of his opportunity.

Early advanced into Maryland at the beginning of July, was checked for a while at the Monocacy by General Lew Wallace, but soon forced his way to the outer defences of the city of Washington. By this time troops from the Army of the Potomac arrived—the Sixth corps under General Wright, and the Nineteenth under General Gilmore—and Early was driven back into the valley.

The approach of the enemy to the border created much solicitude among the inhabitants of Maryland and Pennsylvania, who had felt the weight of the invaders' blows in the previous years. Upon intelligence of the enemy's advance being received, the farmers again sent away their stock, and the merchants in the towns and villages their merchandize and valuables. General Couch was still at the head of the Department of the Susquehanna, and when it was discovered that Hunter had been driven, and that Early with a large army was moving down for the annual invasion, a call was made for volunteers from Pennsylvania to serve for the period of one hundred days in the States of Pennsylvania and Maryland, and at Washington and its vicinity. Under this call six regiments and a battalion of six companies were raised. Recognizing the great danger to which the border was exposed from daring rebel raiders, Governor Curtin, and Governor Bradford of Maryland united in a request to the General Government that the forces raised for this emergency should be retained within the limits of these states; but this was refused. General Couch also made a request that the General Government should simply furnish uniforms to citizen soldiers to be raised in the six border counties most exposed, who should hold themselves as minute men ready to fly to arms the moment a rebel force was found approaching. This also was refused. The regiments of one hundred days men as fast as they were got ready for the field were called away, the last regiment leaving the state on the 29th of July.

On the very evening of this day, the rebel Generals McCausland and Johnson, with some three thousand mounted men with six guns, crossed the Potomac at Clear Spring and moved at once to Mercersburg, seizing and cutting the telegraph wires before any messages could be sent. The place was picketed by forty-five men under Lieutenant McLean, who gallantly checked the advance, as he withdrew, keeping his face to the foe. Another rebel column under Vaughn and Jackson, consisting of three thousand more mounted men, crossed at Williamsport, and advanced to and beyond Hagerstown, and a third crossed at Shepherdstown and marched to Leitersburg. General Averell with the remnants of his command, consisting of less than 2500 effective troops, worn out with the hard service in the Hunter campaign, was in the neighborhood of Hagerstown, and finding himself overmatched and hemmed in on three sides, withdrew towards Greencastle, and thence by Mount Hope, fearing a combined attack. Lieutenant McLean, at the instant he was apprised of the presence of the enemy, and found that the telegraph wires were broken, sent a messenger to warn General Couch, who was at Chambersburg. This officer, though a Major General, and in command of a department, was without troops, and the most he could do was to gather all the Government stores and move them away by rail, and give notice to the citizens to prepare themselves for the advent of the foe. Lieutenant McLean, who kept a bold front, was driven as far as the western turnpike at St. Thomas by one o'clock A. M. of Saturday the 30th, and at three A. M. had reached the western toll-gate leading into the town of Chambersburg. As the stores were not yet all ready for shipment, Major Maneely of Couch's staff determined to hold the enemy in check until all could be got away, boldly pushed out with one gun, aided by a squad of men, and planting it on a hill a short distance west of the fair ground, opened fire, killing one and wounding five by his first discharge. As it was too dark to discover just what force was opposing them, the enemy halted until daylight. By that time the trains had all been moved, and, being well mounted, Maneely and McLean with the handful of men were able to withdraw without loss. The enemy employed his time, while thus checked, in planting his batteries in commanding positions, and in bringing up his entire column. At six A. M. he opened with his batteries upon the town; but after firing a few shots, which fortunately did no damage, and discovering that there was no force opposing him, he ordered an advance. Suddenly his skirmishers entered by every street and alley leading from the south and southwest, and finding the way clear, four hundred and fifty of the cavalry came dashing in. McCausland was in command, accompanied by Generals Bradley Johnson and Harry Gilmore. While the leaders were making terms with citizens whom they met for the ransom of the town, the soldiers were busy in plundering. "Hats, caps, boots, watches and silver-ware, and everything of value were appropriated without ceremony from citizens on the streets, and when a man was met whose appearance indicated a plethoric purse, a pistol was presented to his head, with the order to 'deliver,' with a dexterity that would have done credit to the freebooting accomplishments of an Italian brigand."

Not finding any representative persons to furnish the money demanded to save the place, McCausland ordered the Court House bell rung to draw the people together. But few persons, however, came. Captain Fitzhugh, an officer of McCausland's staff, produced an order, which he read to those present, signed by General Jubal Early, directing the command to proceed to Chambersburg and demand $100,000 in gold, or in lieu thereof $500,000 in Northern currency, and if the demand was not complied with, to burn the town in retaliation for six houses alleged to have been destroyed, or in some way injured by Hunter in his campaign in the upper part of the valley,—a town of 6000 inhabitants, with all its dwellings and public edifices, set against six buildings of some sort, far up the Shenandoah Valley. But no attention was paid to the threat. Infuriated by the indifference of the citizens, Gilmore rode up to a group, consisting of Thomas B. Kennedy, William McLellan, J. McDowell Sharpe, Dr. J. C. Richards, William H. McDowell, W. S. Everett, Edward G. Etter, and M. A. Foltz, and ordered them under arrest. Hoping to gain by intimidation what he had failed to obtain voluntarily, they were told that they would be held for the payment of the sum demanded, and in default they would be driven captives to Richmond, and the town destroyed. While he was thus employed the torch was applied, and the fell work of destruction was begun, the hostages being released when it was found that threats would have no effect.

Scarcely ten minutes from the time the first building was fired, the whole business and most thickly peopled part of the town was in flames. No notice was given to the inhabitants of the intention to burn, and no time was allowed for the removal of women and children, but like fiends let loose from the nether world, they went straight to their work. Burning parties were sent into each quarter of the town, and having apportioned the streets, the work was made thorough and quick. Every house, or, at most every other house, was fired. Entering by beating down the door, if found closed, they would break up the furniture, and pouring oil upon it, apply the torch. No conception can be formed of the horrors of the scene. The following graphic account, published in the *Rebellion Record*, is understood to be from the pen of Mr. McClure, previously quoted: "They almost invariably entered every room of each house, rifled the drawers of every bureau, appropriated money, jewelry, watches, and any other valuables, and often would present pistols to the heads of inmates, men and women, and demand money or their lives. In nearly half the instances, they demanded owners to ransom their property, and in a few cases it was done and the property burned. Although we have learned of a number of persons, mostly widows, who paid them sums from twenty-five to two hundred dollars, we know of but one case where the property was saved thereby. The main object of the men seemed to be plunder. Not a house escaped rifling—all were plundered of everything that could be carried away. In most cases houses were entered in the rudest manner, and no time whatever allowed even for the families to escape, much less to save anything. Many families had the utmost difficulty to get themselves and children out in time, and not one half had so much as a change of clothing with them. They would rush from story to story to rob, and always fire the building at once, in order to keep the family from detecting their robberies. Feeble and helpless women and children were treated like brutes—told insolently to get out or burn; and even the sick were not spared. Several invalids had to be carried out as the red flames threatened their couches. Thus the work of desolation continued for two hours; more than half of the town on fire at once; and the wild glare of the flames, the shrieks of women and children, and often louder than all, the terrible blasphemy of the rebels, conspired to present such a scene of horror as has never been witnessed by the present generation. No one was spared save by accident. The widow and the fatherless cried and plead in vain that they would be homeless and helpless. A rude oath would close all hope of mercy, and they would fly to save their lives. The old and infirm who tottered before them were thrust aside, and the torch applied in their presence to hasten their departure. So thoroughly were all of them masters of the trade of desolation, that there is scarcely a house standing in Chambersburg to-day that they attempted to burn, although their stay did not exceed two hours. In that brief period, the major portion of Chambersburg—its chief wealth and business—its capital and elegance, were devoured by a barbarous foe; three millions of property sacrificed; three thousand human beings homeless and many penniless, and all without so much as a pretence that the citizens of the doomed village, or any of them, had violated any accepted rule of civilized warfare. Such is the deliberate, voluntary record made by General Early, a corps commander in the insurgent army. The Government may not take summary vengeance, although it has abundant power to do so; but there is One whose voice is most terrible in wrath, who has declared, 'Vengeance is mine,—I will repay!'"

The Rev. Dr. Schneck, who was an eyewitness and a sufferer, in addition to his own vivid description of the scene, has given, in a little volume devoted to this subject, the testimony of several citizens who saw all. "As to the result," says the Rev. Joseph Clark, "I may say that the entire heart or body of the town is burned. Not a house or building of any kind is left on a space of about an average of two squares of streets, extending each way from the centre, with some four or five exceptions where the buildings were isolated. Only the outskirts are left. The Court House, Bank, Town Hall, German Reformed Printing Establishment, every store and hotel in the town, and every mill and factory in the space indicated, and two churches were burned. Between three and four hundred dwellings were burned, leaving at least 2500 persons without a home or a hearth. In value three-fourths of the town was destroyed. The scene of desolation must be seen to be appreciated. Crumbling walls, stacks of chimneys, and smoking embers, are all that remain of once elegant and happy homes. As to the scene itself, it beggars description. My own residence being in the outskirts, and feeling it the call of duty to be with my family, I could only look on from without. The day was sultry and calm, not a breath stirring, and each column of smoke rose black, straight, and single; first one, then another, and another, and another, until the columns blended and commingled, and then one lurid column of smoke and flame rose perpendicularly to the sky, and spread out into a vast crown like a cloud of sackcloth hanging over the doomed city; whilst the roar and surging, the crackling and crash of falling timbers and walls, broke upon the still air with a fearful dissonance; and the screams and sounds of agony of burning animals made the welkin horrid with echoes of woe. It was a scene to be witnessed and heard but once in a lifetime."

Mr. McClure owned a beautiful residence about a mile from the town, called Norland. Passing over all the houses on the way this was singled out for destruction, and Captain Smith, son of the Governor of Virginia, was sent to apply the torch. Mrs. McClure had for several days been confined to her bed by severe illness. But her weak and infirm condition could not avail to save the home from destruction. This lady had shown great kindness to sick and wounded soldiers of both armies, care which had been acknowledged since their departure in the most grateful manner; but even this service, the evidence of which was exhibited in the missives which had just been received, had no weight, and the mansion and well-stored barns were converted to a mass of ruins.

"The streets," says Mr. John K. Shryock, "were filled with smoke and flame, and almost impassable. After we had reached a temporary shelter, my wife returned to the scene of destruction, as a bird to its nest, and on her way was stopped before a burning house in which a corpse was lying and a little child at the point of death. The dead woman was gotten out with difficulty and buried in the garden without shroud or coffin, and the child was barely rescued and placed in her arms. . . . In some cases women attempted to extinguish the fire, and were prevented by threats and personal violence. Some were thrust from their houses, others were struck, and in some instances pistols were drawn upon them. One lady had a bucket of water, which she had brought to extinguish the fire, thrown in her face. In almost every case the sick and infirm were hindered from leaving their homes. There appeared to be a desire to have some burned if possible by accident. . . . Cows and dogs and cats were burned, and the death cries of the poor dumb brutes sounded like the groans of human beings. It is a picture that may be misrepresented but cannot be heightened."

"Never was there so little saved," says the Rev. T. G. Apple, "at an extensive fire. Sixty-nine pianos were consumed. The most sacred family relics, keepsakes, and portraits of deceased friends, old family bibles handed down from past generations, and the many objects imparting a priceless value to a Christian home, and which can never be replaced, were all destroyed. In the dim moonlight we meditated among the ruins; chimney stacks and fragments of walls formed the dreary outline of ruined houses. Not a light was left but the fitful glowing of embers, amid the rubbish that fills the cellars. The silence of the grave reigns where oft we have heard the voice of mirth and music, of prayer and praise. Now and then some one treads heavily along in the middle of the street; for the pavements are blocked up with fallen walls."

Of the spirit which was preserved under these calamities the Rev. Dr. Schneck says: "In regard to the first, I am enabled to say, that during the whole course of my life, I have not witnessed such an absence of despondent feeling under great trials and sudden reverses of earthly fortune, never such buoyancy and vigor of soul, and even cheerfulness amid accumlated woes and sorrows, as I have during these four weeks of this devastated town; and I leave you to imagine the many cases of extreme revulsion from independence and affluence to utter helplessness and want. The widow and fatherless, the aged and infirm, suddenly bereft of their earthly all, in very many instances, even of a change of clothing; large and valuable libraries and manuscripts, the accumulations of many years, statuary, paintings, precious and never to be replaced mementoes, more valuable than gold and silver,—gone forever. . . . A highly intelligent and pious woman in a remote part of the county, a few days after the burning, called at the house in which a number of the homeless ones were kindly cared for. The large dining table was surrounded by those who, a few days before, were in possession of all the comforts and many of the luxuries of life. Pleasant and cheerful conversation passed around the board. The visitor alone seemed sad and out of tune. Tears stood in her eyes as she looked around upon us. 'I am amazed beyond measure at you all,' she said, 'I expected to see nought but tears, hear only lamentations and sighs, and here you are as I have seen and known you in your bright and happy days, calm, serene, and even cheerful!' When one of our number replied, that no tear over the losses sustained had yet been shed by herself, but many tears at the numerous tokens of Christian sympathy and generous aid from far and near to relieve the immediate necessities of the sufferers, she added: 'God be thanked for your words; they flow like precious ointment, deep down into my heart. Oh, what a commentary on the promised grace of God.' And we all felt, I am sure, that among the many gifts of our heavenly Father, not the least was

> 'A cheerful heart,
> That tastes those gifts with joy.'

"In regard to the feeling of revenge, so natural to the human heart, I have been gratifyingly disappointed. Among the heaviest sufferers, by far the largest proportion have not only expressed themselves decidedly opposed to the spirit of retaliation, but have used their best efforts to dissuade our soldiers from carrying their threats into execution when an opportunity should offer. They have gone farther, and have drawn up a petition in which they earnestly implore the Government in Washington to prevent to the utmost anything of the kind on the part of our army. They believe it to be morally wrong, no matter what may be the provocation from the other side, and have always condemned the destruction of private property by our troops in the South, whenever isolated instances of the kind were reported. They believe, moreover, with our wise and judicious Governor, that retaliation, 'can do no good to our own people, but a great deal of harm.'"

The leading journals of New York city were loud in their denunciation of the people of Chambersburg, because they did not rise and beat back the foe. But how senseless was this fault-finding will be apparent when we consider that the force actually surrounding the town was 3100 mounted men, accompanied by two batteries, and there were in addition two other columns within supporting distance amounting at least to 5000 more; that the advance guard stole upon the force at Mercersburg, and cut the wires before intelligence of their coming could be sent forward; and that the few officials and guards at Chambersburg had hardly time to gather up government property and get it away before the enemy were within the town, holding complete sway. There were not men enough in the town, nor the whole county together, had they been armed and thoroughly drilled, to have made any head against these veteran troops, well furnished with artillery, which were engaged in this raid. There were barely one hundred and fifty Government soldiers under General Couch's command, and consequently he was powerless. General Averell, with two or three thousand cavalry, was ten miles away, and might possibly have interposed, together with such help as he could have extemporised, a sufficient resistance to have saved the town, had he previously known the enemy's purpose. But he was himself expecting an attack, and was bracing himself to receive it, well knowing that he was inferior in numbers to the foe, and that his command was broken down with hard service in the recent disastrous campaign in West Virginia. The large wagon train of Hunter's army, which had been sent back from the Potomac, had passed through Chambersburg on the afternoon of the 29th. With this train was a strong guard which, if it could have remained at the town, might also have afforded some protection, and with Averell's command would for a time at least have been more than a match for the advanced column of the enemy. But these, as well as Averell's troops, were under the command of General Hunter, and over them General Couch had no authority. So that to no party could any blame be reasonably attributed. We can now see how, if the purpose of the foe had been known in advance, Averell and the train guard, and the soldiers of Couch, and the citizens, might have been gathered up and moulded into a force sufficient to have protected the town for the moment, yet even then not to have made headway against the combined forces of the enemy. But McCausland came as a thief in the night, and his work in two hours was done. Averell reached the town at three P. M. of the 30th; but the foe had then been gone five hours.

The city of New York, whence these diatribes came which were levelled against the people of Chambersburg, had throughout the war been the seat and hiding place of a most turbulent and dangerous class, and it had been necessary to call veteran soldiers from the front in large bodies to hold it in subjection. If, then, that great and populous city could not control the disaffected class in its own midst, with how poor a grace could it point the finger of reproach to the people of a defenceless town for not beating back a powerful body of veteran enemy, when suddenly attacked?

Governor Curtin, on the 1st day of August, issued his proclamation calling together the Legislature, which convened on the 9th of that month, to take measures for the state defence. In his message to that body, on this occasion, his Excellency referred in just terms of rebuke to the sentiment which had been so ruthlessly displayed. "How could an agricultural people, in an open country, be expected to rise suddenly, and beat back hostile forces which had defeated organized veteran armies of the Government? It is of course, expected that the inhabitants of an invaded country will do what is in their power to resist the invaders; and the facts hereafter stated will show, I think, that the people of the counties have not failed in this duty. If Pennsylvania, by reason of her geographical position, has required to be defended by the national forces, it has only been against a common enemy; it has never been necessary to weaken the army in the field, by sending heavy detachments of veterans to save her cities from being devastated by small bands of ruffians, composed of their own inhabitants, nor have her people been disposed to sneer at the great masses of law-abiding citizens in any other state who have required such protection. Yet when a brutal enemy, pursuing a defeated body of Union forces, crosses our border and burns a defenceless town, the horrid barbarity, instead of firing the hearts of all the people of our common country, is actually in some quarters made the occasion of mocks and jibes at the unfortunate sufferers, thousands of whom have been rendered homeless; and these heartless scoffs proceed from the very men who, when the state authorities, forseeing the danger, were taking precautionary measures, ridiculed the idea of there being any danger, sneered at the exertions made for the purpose of meeting it, and succeeded, to some extent, in thwarting their efforts to raise forces. These men are themselves morally responsible for the calamity over which they now chuckle and rub their hands. It might have been hoped—nay, we had a right to expect—that the people of the loyal states, engaged in a common effort to preserve their Government and all that is dear to a freeman, would have forgotten, at least for the time, their wretched local jealousies, and sympathized with all their loyal fellow citizens, wherever resident within the borders of our common country. It should be remembered that the original source of the present rebellion was in such jealousies, encouraged for wicked purposes by unscrupulous politicians. The men who for any purpose now continue to encourage them, ought to be held as public enemies—enemies of our Union, our peace—and should be treated as such. Common feelings, common sympathies, are the necessary foundations of a common free government."

After reciting the history of previous invasions of the state and the measures taken for its defence, he recommended the raising of a special corps for the protection of the border. He says: "I also recommend that the Governor be authorized to form, either by the acceptance of volunteers or by draft, in such parts of the state as he may deem expedient, a special corps of militia, to consist in due proportions of cavalry, artillery, and infantry, to be kept up to the full number of fifteen regiments, to be styled Minute Men, who shall be sworn and mustered into the service of the state for three years; who shall assemble for drill at such times and places as he may direct; who shall be clothed, armed, and equipped by the state, and paid when assembled for drill or called into service; and who shall at all times be liable to be called into immediate service for the defence of the state, independently of the remainder of the term enlisted for. As this force would be subjected to sudden calls, the larger part of it should be organized in the counties adjoining our exposed border, and as the people of those counties have more personal interest in their protection, the recommendation is made to authorize the Governor to designate the parts of the state in which it shall be raised, and save the time and expense of transporting troops from remote parts of the state, and the subsistence and pay in going to and from the border. A body of men so organized will, it is believed, be effective to prevent raids and incursions."

In compliance with the recommendations of the Governor, the Legislature promptly passed acts of the 22d and the 25th of August, providing for the organization to be known as the State Guard, to consist of fifteen regiments. Lemuel Todd was appointed Inspector General, under whose immediate agency the corps was to be organized. An order was issued on the 30th by the Governor calling for volunteers, to form three regiments of infantry, two squadrons of cavalry, and four batteries of field artillery, as the first portion of this corps. "Although strenuous efforts were made," says General Todd in his annual report, "to recruit the force in nearly every county of the Commonwealth, the attempt proved a total failure, attributable to inherent defects in the law, and the then pending United States draft." The acts provided that if volunteering failed to bring out the requisite strength, a draft should be resorted to, and the assessors were required to make a careful enrolment of the arms-bearing population. An order was issued by the Governor directing such an enumeration to be made. Much time was consumed in this labor, and in hearing appeals for exemptions.

In the meantime a new military character had come upon the scene, destined to eclipse by the boldness of his achievements all previous conduct of affairs in the Valley, and to render a force for the defence of the border unnecessary. On the 2d of August, General Philip H. Sheridan was sent to Washington, and a few days after was put in command of the Middle Department including that of West Virginia, Washington, and the Susquehanna, and an ample force of all arms was given him. He soon initiated a campaign of unexampled brilliance, and so thoroughly beat the enemy in repeated encounters, and laid waste the fertile region whence the rebel supplies had heretofore been largely drawn, as to make it untenable even for a defensive army. No force being needed in Pennsylvania, further attempts to recruit the contemplated corps were abandoned.

The work of recruiting the national army, however, was vigorously pushed, a record of the number furnished by each locality was kept in the Provost Marshal General's office at Washington, where all recruits were accredited, and when calls were made for additional troops, each township and village was allowed the opportunity of filling its share by volunteers. If not able to do so, then the draft was resorted to.

The campaign for the spring of 1865 opened early, and with great activity along the whole front. Indeed, the army of Sherman had not stopped to go into winter-quarters, but in its march to the sea and its subsequent campaign through the Carolinas had been kept in almost constant activity. Sheridan having pushed from the valley upon the James River canal which he destroyed, and the railroads leading to the rebel capital, marched for Grant's army before Petersburg, which he reached on the 27th of March. This was the signal for the general advance, of which Sheridan took the lead. Leaving only the Ninth corps before Petersburg, the remaining corps followed the cavalry by the left flank. At first, it was a movement for the destruction of the two railroads by which the rebel army was fed; but as the Union commander warmed to the work, and saw the success of his encounters with the enemy, he changed his plan, and instead of confining himself to cutting off supplies and hemming in the foe, he wrote to Sheridan: "I now feel like ending the matter, if it is possible to do so, before going back. I do not want you, therefore, to cut loose and go after the enemy's roads at present. In the morning push round the enemy, and get on his right rear. We will act altogether as one army here, until it is seen what can be done with the enemy."

That was all the order that a soldier like Sheridan needed, and on the 9th of April the army of Northern Virginia surrendered. The tidings of this triumph were every where received with great joy. Not long after, the army opposed to Sherman likewise capitulated. But in the meantime, when every household was filled with rejoicing, and while preparations were in progress for public demonstration, a great sorrow fell upon the whole nation. Mr. Lincoln, who had borne the burden of a great war, who had at times been so depressed with the ill fortune of the cause he upheld as to count life as of no value, who, having finally seen his purposes consummated, was about to sit down in peace and quiet to heal the wounds which war had inflicted, and during the evening of his official term to enjoy the fruits of the triumph, while, surrounded by his family and friends, he was witnessing the personation of the play, *Our American Cousin*, was assassinated by an obscure actor, Wilkes Booth, who stealing unobserved from behind, and coming upon the President unawares, shot him down. His sad fate touched every heart, and he was mourned more sincerely the civilized world over, and especially among his own people, than any American, or it may not be too much to say than any human being, ever was. Mr. Ralph Waldo Emerson very justly remarked on the occasion: "We meet under the gloom of a calamity which darkens down over the minds of good men in all civilized society, as the fearful tidings travel over sea, over land from country to country, like the shadow of an uncalculated eclipse over the planet. Old as history is, and manifold as are its tragedies, I doubt if any death has caused so much pain to mankind, as this has caused or will cause on its announcement." After impressive services at the executive mansion and beneath the great dome of the capitol, the mourning cortege started with the body of the dead President for his home amid the prairies, and it was determined to return by the same route by which he had travelled to the capital a little more than four years before. Officers of the army and navy, representatives of the many departments of the Government, and of the national Congress, were of the sorrowing train. General E. D. Townsend, Assistant Adjutant General of the army, as the representative of the War Department, had charge of the ceremonies in the cities through which it passed. In reply to the telegram of General Townsend indicating the intention to pass through Harrisburg, and to remain there from eight o'clock P. M. of Friday to twelve, noon, of Saturday, Governor Curtin returned the following answer: "I propose to take charge of the remains at the line of the state, and to accompany them till they leave it. I will meet them at the border. At Harrisburg they will be placed in the capitol. All military and civil honors will be shown." The greeting of the Governors of Maryland and Pennsylvania was cordial as the latter joined the train. Everywhere as the cortege passed, crowds were gathered, and attested, by uncovered heads and subdued expression, their deep sorrow. Flags were displayed draped in mourning, and many were the emblems of grief. At York, a company of ladies asked permission to lay a wreath of flowers upon the bier. This having been granted, six of their number entered the funeral car, and amid the tolling of bells and the strains of solemn music deposited the flowers upon the coffin, the witnesses to this touching mark of affection being moved to tears.

It was raining heavily when at eight o'clock the train arrived at Harrisburg, but, notwithstanding this, dense crowds filled all the streets and the capitol grounds as the funeral car, escorted by cavalry, infantry, and artillery, passed along. Upon a catafalco erected in front of the Speaker's stand in the Hall of the House of Representatives, richly draped with sable stuffs, and caught by silver stars, the casket which held all that was mortal of Abraham Lincoln was deposited. The face was exposed to view, and presented the expression which it bore in life, though changed in hue; the lips firmly set but half smiling, and the whole indicating the energy which had characterized the living man. As soon as the doors were thrown open a constant stream of citizens, who had waited patiently for hours under a drenching rain, commenced passing through the hall on either side of the dead, which continued until midnight, when the building was closed. At dawn the concourse again began to move, and continued until the time of departure at midday, thousands being unable to gain admission. A delegation of ladies bore a beautiful floral offering to the capitol, and laid it upon the bier. At Lancaster a similar offering was made. At Philadelphia, after having been escorted by an imposing display of the military through the city, the body was deposited in Independence Hall, where it lay in state during Sunday. At dawn, the avenues through the Hall were opened, and in two lines the sorrowing people moved through, taking the last look at the remains of the Martyr. "Before daylight lines were formed east and west of the Hall, guards being posted at Fifth and Seventh streets, preventing the passage of all except those in lines. By ten o'clock these lines extended from the Schuylkill to the Delaware river." It was estimated that not less than 100,000 persons passed through. Seventy-five veterans who had each lost a leg in the service came in a body and hobbled past his dead corpse, as did also 150 sick and wounded soldiers brought from the hospitals in ambulances. It was a touching spectacle, and no one beheld it unmoved. Flowers, the most rare and beautiful, wrought in every variety which the hand of affection could devise, were placed upon and about the remains with that loving and tender regard which the nearest of earthly ties can excite.

At four o'clock on the morning of Monday, the 24th, under imposing escort, the body was moved to the train which took it to New York. Never was a scene so grand seen in the metropolis. The military with trailing arms, the upturned, sorrowing faces of the multitude, the long, sad train which followed, the whole city, as it were, turned out to pay the tribute of grief, presented the spectacle of a people lamenting a common parent. Thus onward, through all its way to the final resting place in the rural cemetery at Springfield, near his former home, there was the outpouring of sorrow and demonstrations of bereavement. His deeds and his utterances had enshrined him in the popular heart.

> "Such was he, our martyr chief,
> Whom late the nation he had led,
> With ashes on her head,
> Wept with the passion of an angry grief.
> Nature, they say, doth dote,
> And cannot make a man
> Save on some worn-out plan,
> Repeating us by rote:
> For him her Old World mould aside she threw,
> And, choosing sweet clay from the breast
> Of the unexhausted West,
> With stuff untainted shaped a hero new,
> Wise, steadfast in the strength of God, and true.
> How beautiful to see
> Once more a shepherd of mankind indeed,
> Who loved his charge, but never loved to lead;
> One whose meek flock the people joyed to be,
> Not lured by any cheat of birth,
> But by his clear-grained human worth,
> And brave old wisdom of sincerity!
> They knew that outward grace is dust;
> They could not choose but trust
> In that sure-footed mind's unfaltering skill,
> And supple tempered will,
> That bent like perfect steel to spring again and thrust. . . .
> His was no lonely mountain peak of mind,
> Thrusting to thin air o'er our cloudy bars,
> A sea-mark now, now lost in vapors blind;
> Broad prairie rather, genial, level-lined,
> Fruitful and friendly for his humankind,
> Yet also known to heaven and friend with all its stars.
> He knew to bide his time,
> And can his fame abide,
> Still patient in his simple faith sublime,
> Till the wise years decide.
> Great captains, with their guns and drums,
> Disturb our judgment for the hour,
> But at last silence comes:
> These all are gone, and, standing like a tower,
> Our children shall behold his fame,
> The kindly-earnest, brave, foreseeing man,
> Sagacious, patient, dreading praise, not blame,
> New birth of our new soil, the first American."

PART II.

BIOGRAPHY.

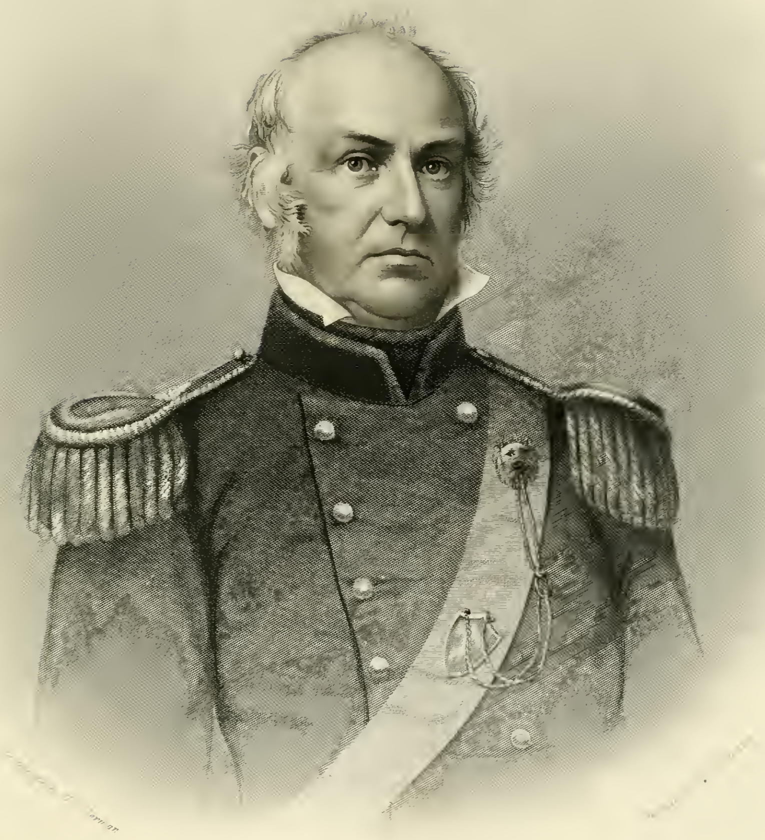
CHAPTER I.

THE KILLED IN BATTLE.

EDWARD D. BAKER, Colonel of the Seventy-first regiment, was born in London, England, on the 24th of February, 1811. When seven years of age he came with his parents, who were Quakers, to Philadelphia. He was early left, with a younger brother, an orphan with no near relatives to whom he could look for protection or aid. He had, however, learned the handicraft of his father, that of a weaver, and he found work in a small establishment in South street, where he earned sufficient for their support. He had, consequently, few opportunities for school education; but he was fond of reading, and eagerly pursued a general and desultory course, acquiring a good acquaintance with the standard English poets. While yet in boyhood, he removed to Illinois, where he embraced the tenets of the religious sect known as Campbellites, and became an ardent travelling preacher. At the age of nineteen, he married the widow of a distinguished member of that body. Burdened with the cares of a family he left the itineracy and commenced the study of the law, upon the practice of which he soon entered, and with signal success. He early developed great power in forensic debates, in which he subsequently disputed the palm with Douglas and Lincoln. He was elected, in 1846, as member of the lower house of Congress. But, in 1847, the Mexican War breaking out, he only took his seat long enough to record his votes in favor of sustaining the Government, when he hastened to join his regiment, the Second Illinois volunteers, which he had raised, and of which he was Colonel. He distinguished himself at Cerro Gordo, and when General Shields was wounded, took command of his brigade, and led it to the close of the action. He was also in the battles of Vera Cruz, Puebla, and the City of Mexico. He had besides seen some desultory service in the Black Hawk war. While engaged in embarking troops upon a steamer near Mobile, Alabama, for service in Mexico, and in the act of bravely quelling a riot between mutinous soldiers, he was dangerously wounded in the neck and throat.

After his return from Mexico he was again elected to Congress, and in 1850, upon the death of President Taylor, who was his intimate personal friend, and whose cause in the recent campaign he had devotedly championed, he delivered a famous eulogy upon the Life and Character of his Departed Chief. In 1851, he went to Panama on business, where he was stricken down with the coast fever, which came near proving fatal. The tide of emigration was just then setting towards the golden shores of California, and thither he determined to go. He accordingly removed with his family, with the design of making the Pacific coast his permanent home. He soon acquired a reputation for eloquence unsurpassed, and took a leading rank at the California bar. Over the dead body of his friend Broderick, who had fallen nominally in a duel, Colonel Baker delivered an eloquent and most impressive eulogy, in which he declared that Broderick had been assassinated because "he was opposed to the extension of slavery and a corrupt administration."

In 1860, he removed to Oregon, and was elected a member of the United States Senate. This was an arena where his forensic powers had full scope. It was at a period when a drama was enacting, the most tragic, stirring, and grand known to American history. Amid the stormy scenes of that body, where the opening acts of the rebellion were transpiring, where treason was plotted, and treasonable speech was defiantly uttered, he was a master spirit, and met rebellious threats with no cowering or timid front. When Mr. Lincoln came to be inaugurated, his life-long friend, Colonel Baker, came forward and presented him as the President elect, to the assembled thousands of his fellow citizens. The firing upon the flag at Sumter aroused him to bursts of unwonted eloquence, and in the great war meeting convened at Union Park, in New York, on the 20th of April



E V Sumner

[illegible]

[illegible]

following, he spoke in a strain of impassioned oratory, which, flashed upon the wires of the telegraph to the remotest hamlets of the Republic, roused the nation to a sense of impending danger. He said on that occasion: "The majesty of the people is here to-day to sustain the majesty of the constitution, and I come a wanderer from the far Pacific, to record my oath along with yours of the great Empire State. The hour for conciliation has passed, the gathering for battle is at hand, and the country requires that every man should do his duty. Fellow-citizens, what is that country? Is it the soil on which we tread? Is it the gathering of familiar faces? Is it our luxury, and pomp, and pride? Nay, more than these, is it power and majesty alone? No, our country is more, far more than all these. The country which demands our love, our courage, our devotion, our heart's blood, is more than all these. Our country is the history of our fathers—our country is the tradition of our mothers—our country is past renown—our country is present pride and power—our country is future hope and destiny—our country is greatness, glory, truth, constitutional liberty—above all, freedom forever! These are the watchwords under which we fight; and we will shout them out till the stars appear in the sky, in the stormiest hour of battle.

"I have said that the hour of conciliation is passed. It may return; but not to-morrow, nor next week. It will return when that tattered flag (pointing to the flag of Fort Sumter) is avenged. It will return when rebel traitors are taught obedience and submission. It will return when the rebellious confederates are taught that the North, though peaceable, are not cowardly—though forbearing are not fearful. That hour of conciliation will come back when again the ensign of the Republic will stream over every rebellious fort of every confederate state. Then, as of old, the ensign of the pride and power, and dignity and majesty, and the peace of the Republic will return. . . .

"The blood of every loyal citizen of this Government is dear to me. My sons, my kinsmen, the young men who have grown up beneath my eye and beneath my care are dear to me; but if the country's destiny, glory, tradition, greatness, freedom, government, written constitutional government—the only hope cf a free people—demand it, let them all go. I am not here now to speak timorous words of peace, but to kindle the spirit of manly, determined war. I speak in the midst of the Empire State, amid scenes of past suffering and past glory; the defences of the Hudson above me; the battle-field of Long Island before me, and the statue of Washington in my very face—the battered and unconquered flag of Sumter waving in his hands, which I can almost now imagine tremble with the excitement of battle, and as I speak, I say my mission here to-day is to kindle the heart of New York for war—short, sudden, bold, determined, forward war. The Seventh regiment has gone. Let seventy and seven more follow. Of old, said a great historian, beneath the banner of the cross, Europe precipitated itself upon Asia. Beneath the banner of the constitution, let the men of the Union precipitate themselves upon disloyal, rebellious confederate states. . . . Let no man underrate the dangers of this controversy. Civil war, for the best of reasons upon the one side, and the worst upon the other, is always dangerous to liberty—always fearful, always bloody; but, fellow-citizens, there are worse things than fear, than doubt and dread, and danger and blood. Dishonor is worse. Perpetual anarchy is worse. States forever commingling and forever severing are worse. Traitors and secessionists are worse. To have star after star blotted out,—to have stripe after stripe obscured—to have glory after glory dimmed—to have our women weep, and our men blush for shame throughout generations yet to come,—that and these are infinitely worse than blood. People of New York, on the eve of battle, allow me to speak as a soldier. Few of you know, as my career has been distant and obscure, but I may mention it here to-day, with a generous pride, that it was once my fortune to lead your gallant New York regiment in the very shock of battle. I was their leader, and upon the bloody heights of Cerro Gordo, I know well what New York can do when her blood is up. . . .

"The national banners leaning from ten thousand windows in your city to-day, proclaim your affection and reverence for the Union. You will gather in battalions,

Patient of toil, serene amidst alarms,
Inflexible in faith, invincible in arms;

and as you gather, every omen of present concord and ultimate peace will surround you. The ministers of religion, the priests of literature, the historians of the past, the illustrators of the present, capital, science, art, invention, discoveries, the works of genius—all these will attend us in our march, and we will conquer. And if from the far Pacific, a voice feebler than the feeblest murmur upon its shore may be heard to give you courage and hope in the contest, that voice is yours to-day; and if a man whose hair is gray, who is well nigh worn out in the battle and toil of life, may pledge himself on such an occasion and in such an audience, let me say as my last word, that when, amid sheeted fire and flame, I saw and led the hosts of New York as they charged in contest upon a foreign soil for the honor of your flag; so again, if Providence shall will it, this feeble hand shall draw a sword, never yet dishonored—not to fight for distant honor in a foreign land, but to fight for country, for home, for law, for government, for constitution, for right, for freedom, for humanity, and in the hope that the banner of my country may advance, and wheresoever that banner waves, there glory may pursue and freedom be established."

Moved by that spirit which was first in his heart, and intent on acting patriotism as well as talking it, though a senator of the United States, he obtained authority from the War Department, and immediately set about raising a regiment, not for ninety days—for he understood too well the nature of the contest to harbor a hope that the war would soon be over—but for three years. It was the first regiment ordered for the long period. He called it the California regiment. There were, indeed, a few officers who had been with him in that state, but it was wholly recruited in Pennsylvania, in the counties of Philadelphia and Chester. The states were not prepared, at this time, to accept troops for the war, and this organization was treated as belonging to the regular army, its returns being made accordingly. When it came to be recognized by this Commonwealth, it was known as the Seventy-first Pennsylvania. Its camp was established at Fort Schuyler, in New York harbor, where it was organized and drilled. The command and care of the regiment, until it should take the field, was intrusted to the Lieutenant-Colonel, Isaac J. Wistar, and Colonel Baker still kept his place in the Senate, where a foe not less daring but far more subtle was to be met. Senators who were at heart with the secessionists, and who were in full fellowship and correspondence in their secret conclaves, still held their seats, and by their inflammatory speeches and predictions sought to encourage the rebellious, and scatter firebrands and discord among the people of the loyal states. As late as August, 1861, Mr. Breckenridge, of Kentucky, who still held his place, in speaking upon the bill for the suppression of insurrection, said: "Gentlemen mistake when they talk about the Union. The Union is only a means of preserving the principles of political liberty. The great principles of liberty existed long before the Union was formed. *They may survive it.* . . . I venture to say that the brave words we hear now about subjugation and conquest, treason and traitors, will be glibly altered the next time the Representatives of states meet under the dome of the capitol. . . . You may look forward to innumerable armies and countless treasure to be spent for the purpose of carrying on this contest, but it will end in leaving us just where we are now. . . . War is separation, in the language of an eminent senator, now no more. It is disunion—eternal, final disunion. . . . Fight for twelve months, and this feeling will develop itself. Fight for twelve months more, and you will have three confederacies instead of two. Fight for twelve months more, and we shall have four."

The burning love of the national honor, dignity, and perpetuity in the breast of Baker would not allow him to suffer such sentiments to pass unrebuked. After examining and refuting in a logical and conclusive manner the objections which Mr. Breckenridge had made to the bill, he thus replied to the general drift of his speech: "I would ask him, what would you have us do *now*—a confederate army within twenty miles of us, advancing, or threatening to advance, to overwhelm your Government, to shake the pillars of the Union; to bring it around your head, if you stay here, in ruins? Are we to stop and talk about an uprising sentiment in the North against the war? Are we to predict evil, and retire from what we predict? Is not the manly part to go on as we have begun, to raise money, and levy armies, to organize them, to prepare to advance; when we do advance to regulate that advance by all the laws and regulations that civilization and humanity will allow in time of battle? Can we do anything more? To talk to us about stopping, is idle; we will never stop. Will the senator yield to rebellion? Will he shrink from armed insurrection? Will his state justify it? Will its better public opinion allow it? Shall we send a flag of truce? What would he have? Or would he conduct this war so feebly, that the whole world would smile at us in derision? What would he have? These speeches of his, sown broadcast over the land—what clear, distinct meaning have they? Are they not intended for disorganization in our very midst? Are they not intended to dull our weapons? Are they not intended to destroy our zeal? Are they not intended to animate our enemies? Sir, are they not words of brilliant, polished treason, even in the very capitol of the Republic?

"What would have been thought if, in another capitol, in another Republic, in a yet more martial age, a senator as grave, not more eloquent or dignified than the senator from Kentucky, yet with the Roman purple flying over his shoulders, had risen in his place, surrounded by all the illustrations of Roman glory, and declared that advancing Hannibal was just, and that Carthage ought to be dealt with in terms of peace? What would have been thought, if, after the battle of Cannæ, a senator there had arisen in his place and denounced every levy of the Roman people, every expenditure of its treasury, and every appeal to the old recollections and the old glories? Sir, a senator [Fessenden], himself learned far more than myself in such lore, tells me, in a voice that I am glad is audible, that he would have been hurled from the Tarpeian rock. It is a grand commentary upon the American Constitution that we permit these words to be uttered. I ask the senator to recollect, too, what, save to send aid and comfort to the enemy, do these predictions of his amount to? Every word thus uttered falls as a note of inspiration upon every confederate ear. Every sound thus uttered is a word, and falling from his lips, a mighty word, of kindling and triumph to a foe that determines to advance. For me, I have no such word, as a senator, to utter. For me, amid temporary defeat, disaster, disgrace, it seems that my duty calls me to utter another word, and that word is, sudden, forward, determined war, according to the laws of war, by armies, by military commanders clothed with full power, advancing with all the past glories of the Republic urging them on to conquest.

"Sir, it is not a question of men or money in that sense. All the men, all the money, are in our judgment well bestowed in such a cause. When we give them we know their value. Knowing their value well, we give them with the more pride and the more joy. Sir, how can we retreat? Sir, how can we make peace? Who shall treat? What commissioners? Who would go? Upon what terms? Where is to be your boundary line? Where the end of the principles we should have to give up? What will become of constitutional government? What will become of public liberty? What of past glories? What of future hopes? Shall we sink into the insignificance of the grave—a degraded, defeated, emasculated people, frightened by the result of one battle, and scared at the visions raised by the imagination of the Senator from Kentucky upon this floor? No, sir; a thousand times, no, sir! . . . There will be some graves reeking with blood, watered by the tears of affection. There will be some privation; there will be some loss of luxury; there will be somewhat more need for labor to procure the necessaries of life. When that is said, all is said. If we have the country, the whole country, the Union, the Constitution—free government—with these will return all the blessings of civilization; the path of the country will be a career of greatness and of glory such as in the olden time our fathers saw in the dim visions of years yet to come, and such as would have been ours now, to-day, if it had not been for the treason for which the senator too often seeks to apologize."

For a time, Colonel Baker's regiment was at fortress Monroe, but was not included in the column that participated in the affair at Big Bethel. After the Battle of Bull Run it was brought up to Washington, and was posted in the fortifications upon the Virginia shore. It was afterwards upon the front line in the advance of the army upon Munson's Hill. Early in October it was sent to Poolsville, Maryland, where Colonel Baker was placed in command of a brigade, in which his own regiment was embraced, and which was employed in guarding the fords of the Potomac. It was in the division commanded by General Charles P. Stone.

On the 20th of that month, General McCall had a brisk fight with the enemy at Dranesville, Virginia, only a few miles from the position occupied by Colonel Baker's brigade, but on the Maryland side, in which he was victorious, completely routing the enemy. On the evening of the same day, Colonel Devens, of the Fifteenth Massachusetts, was ordered by General Stone to send a scouting party across the river at Harrison's Island, opposite Ball's Bluff on the Virginia shore, and reconnoitre towards Leesburg. Captain Philbrick with twenty men was despatched, who reported a small camp of twenty tents, and no other troops in sight. Whereupon Colonel Devens was ordered to cross with a part of his regiment to destroy it, and Colonel Lee, of the Twentieth Massachusetts, was sent over with picked men to take position on the Bluff, to cover the retreat of Devens, should he be worsted. General Stone seems to have been desirous of coöperating with General McCall, whom he supposed to have been in permanent possession of Dranesville, for the expulsion of the enemy from the Potomac.

A battalion of Baker's regiment, consisting of eight companies, under command of Lieutenant-Colonel Wistar, was ordered to the island on the morning of the 21st, with directions to go to the Virginia shore to the assistance of Devens and Lee, provided the fire indicated hard fighting, and Colonel Baker was directed in that contingency to cross and assume command of all the troops sent over. Devens with five companies moved to near Leesburg without finding the rebel camp reported, but had a skirmish, early in the morning, with a force of the enemy, in which he had one killed and a number wounded. Devens retired towards his supports near the Bluff, and was followed up by the foe, who were being rapidly reinforced, the rebel General Evans, with a body of five thousand men, being upon Goose Creek within easy supporting distance. Colonel Baker found the means for transporting troops entirely inadequate, consisting of an old scow, a small metallic boat, and two small skiffs. Meantime Devens was being pushed back; and soon after the arrival of Colonel Baker upon the island, a person came down from the Bluff to the water's edge, and cried out: "Hurry over; we can see three regiments of infantry coming down from Leesburg." Baker stood for a moment in a thoughtful manner, as if considering the whole problem; when, seeming to come to a decision, he shouted back: "Then there will be the more for us to whip." Every energy was now taxed to push troops across from the island to the Bluff, and Colonel Baker himself soon went over and assumed command. Colonel Lee says: "Between one and two o'clock I heard a voice behind me inquiring for Colonel Lee, and Major Revere, I think, said, pointing to me, 'There he stands.' I turned around, and a military officer on horseback presented himself, bowed very politely, and said: 'I congratulate you upon the prospect of a battle.' I bowed and said: 'I suppose you assume command.' I knew it was Colonel Baker." He was followed by the battalion of his own regiment, and a part of the Tammany, and immediately proceeded to form his line of battle, giving the right to the Fifteenth Massachusetts, Colonel Devens, with two howitzers; the centre to the Twentieth Massachusetts, Colonel Lee; and the left to the Tammany and his own, a rifled piece being posted to rake the only road that led to the Bluff. The ground on which he stood was cleared, but on three sides it was hemmed in by dense forest, and on the fourth, to the backs of the men, was the Bluff overhanging the river and the island.

The action commenced soon after two o'clock, the enemy apparently in heavy masses, but concealed from view by the wood in which they had taken position, completely hemming in the little Union force, only about 1600 in number. "The fight went on," says Captain Young, of Colonel Baker's staff, "on the part of the enemy systematically. They would give terrible yells in front and on our left; none on the right. They would yell terribly, and then pour a shower of bullets everywhere over the field."

Horses were soon sent to the rear, and Colonel Baker instructed his men to lie down and shield themselves as much as possible, though he himself was moving on every part of the field, even in front of the line, and into the woods, a fair mark by his erect form and venerable appearance for the enemy's sharpshooters, of which numbers had climbed to the tree-tops from the first, and kept up a constant fire, especially singling out officers wherever they appeared. At the opening of the battle the officers of the two howitzers upon the right were wounded, and the guns were withdrawn and tumbled over the Bluff. The gun upon the left was in like manner unmanned almost before it got into position. Seeing it standing idle when it might do great execution, Colonel Baker put his own shoulder to the wheel, and, with the help of Colonels Wistar and Coggswell, loaded and fired it several times with marked effect, opening lines through the solid ranks of the enemy. He was composed and thoughtful, moving upon the field with his sword drawn while his left hand was thrust into his bosom; but he was extremely solicitous. In the midst of the fight, a dispatch came from General Stone well calculated to quench what little hope of success had previously inspired his efforts. It read thus: "Sir, four thousand of the enemy are marching from Leesburg to attack you." A sufficient time had elapsed for them to be upon his front, and he knew by the pressure on all sides that they had already arrived. To Colonel Wistar, who said to him "We are greatly outnumbered in front," he replied: "Yes, that is a bad condition of things." The hopelessness everywhere was apparent to the officers. "I retired to the left," says Captain Young, "and Colonel Coggswell came to me and said, 'I am acquainted with you and I want you to stay with me on the left. I don't care what anybody says, we are all gone to hell; but we must make a good fight of it." Colonel Baker was, however, composed and resolute, and conducted the battle in every part with a most determined and unyielding valor.

When the enemy's plan of battle was developed he seemed intent on bringing his strength to bear on the Union left, where Colonel Baker's regiment stood. This was first discovered by two companies of skirmishers under Captain Markoe, who while advancing into the wood, were unexpectedly confronted by the entire

Eighth Virginia regiment, which suddenly rose up and charged with the bayonet. Heroically Markoe met it, and by a steady fire checked it, and not until two-thirds of these two companies and all their officers had fallen, did they give ground. Regiment after regiment came forward upon the left, but, being met by the steady aim and deadly volleys of Colonel Wistar's men, they were as often checked and driven back. In the midst of the fight a staff officer, Captain Stewart, came from General Stone with the glad tidings that General Gorman with 5000 men was advancing to their relief from Edward's Ferry; but they never came. At length, at about four o'clock, Baker having combatted with unexampled heroism greatly superior numbers, the enemy prepared to deliver a crushing charge with a force judged to be 2500 strong. It soon appeared on the top of the hill, its right wing closed in column, its left deployed in line. It had no sooner come in full view than the left delivered a volley, and the right charged with a yell down the hill. The two lines soon came to close quarters, and the Twentieth Massachusetts, in the midst of which Colonel Baker was, gave way, and that gallant officer, before whom listening senates had been held breathless and spell bound, and who in the face of danger knew no fear, fell pierced with many bullets and expired without a struggle. He had often enjoined upon his officers that, if he was slain they should not allow his body to fall into the enemy's hands. Captains Harvey of his staff, and Bierel of Company G, no sooner discovered that their idolized leader had fallen, than they headed a counter-charge, and with a yell rushed with the bayonet upon the advancing foe, with such terrible effect, as to stay the whole rebel line, and to thrust it back until the body of the fallen chief had been recovered and borne away in safety. The condition of the Union soldiers, which before had been hopeless, was now desperate. The leader fallen, and many of the bravest and the best gone down in the fight, the only alternative was for the survivors to cut their way out or surrender. Colonel Coggswell, who succeeded to the command, proposed to fight through to Edward's Ferry. But the way was completely cut off by strong bodies of the enemy, and the only escape was by the Bluff. Here, to the dismay of all, it was found that no means of recrossing the river were left, the only boat having been swamped. Few surrendered, and from the steep declivity down which they retired, a sharp fire was poured into the rebels as they showed themselves above, until late at night. Darkness favored the retreat, and each for himself chose his own way; some up the river, some down, some stripping and plunging into the deep stream, where many perished.

The body of Colonel Baker was brought off, and transported to the Maryland side before the rout had begun. The manner of his death is quite circumstantially described by Lossing. "Eye-witnesses say that a tall, red-haired man appeared emerging from the smoke, and approaching to within five feet of the commander, fired into his body the contents of a self-cocking revolver pistol. At the same moment a bullet entered his skull behind his ear, and a slug from a Mississippi Yager wounded his arm and made a terrible opening in his side. Captain Bierel of the California regiment, who was close by Baker, caught the slayer of his friend by the throat, just as he was stooping to seize the Colonel's sword, and with his pistol blew out his brains."

Colonel Lee says: "Colonel Baker went to the left and passed into the woods. After a moment he came out of the woods on my front and left. The enemy were perhaps within fifty or seventy-five feet of the position in which he stood. There was a heavy firing there, and Colonel Baker was shot by a man with a revolver—shot in the temple—at least I supposed so, for as he was borne by me dead, I saw that his temple was bleeding. He passed to the rear a dead man."

Concerning the cause of the disaster in this affair much speculation has been indulged. A radical defect was in not having cavalry with which to scour all the approaches for a long distance around, and to ascertain what was in their front. The second was in not having thrown up some protection for men and guns, in a good position for defence, which should have been done by Colonel Lee at the outset, on first reaching the Maryland shore, and have been continued by Colonel Devens. In a later day, men have rushed forward under the sheeted fire from musketry and artillery in well-manned breastworks, and with their tin cups and finger-ends have dug rifle-pits, sheltered themselves, and held their ground. The inadequacy in transportation, and the lack of an officer on the Maryland shore, to have had complete and entire control over such transportation, and to have forwarded men and ammunition as they were wanted and were called for,—the allowing a few isolated troops to be surrounded, and to fight for four hours without supporting them from right or left, when a sufficient force was within three miles,—and more than all, ordering such a demonstration with the understanding that General McCall with a strong column was at Dranesville in short supporting distance, and then withdrawing the latter entirely, just as the demonstration under Bakĕr was opening, and without giving any notice of the withdrawal,—are all circumstances that would not have been allowed to occur in well-ordered military operations.

But the valor with which the troops fought, in an open, exposed position, against overwhelming odds, and even against hope, has never been questioned. Indeed, it is scarcely matched in the whole catalogue of heroic actions even in the most martial ages. That a body of troops who had never before met a foe in mortal conflict should display such undaunted courage would seem incredible, did we not know the heroism of their leader, and the devotion which his fearless and lofty bearing upon the field had inspired.

The death of no officer during the whole war caused so profound a sensation, and such a feeling of real grief throughout the entire nation as that of Colonel Baker, and the sorrow was only exceeded by the tragic death of the good President himself. The words which he had uttered but a few short weeks before, "There will be some graves reeking with blood, watered by the tears of affection," when he was pleading with the fervor and devotion of his great heart for the integrity and well being of his country, seemed prophetic of his own sacrifice. His body was taken to Washington, and at the Capitol, amid places which had been familiar to him, solemn services were held, and the most gifted and eloquent of his associate Senators spoke in his eulogy. Mr. Sumner said: "He died with his face to the foe. . . . Such a death, sudden, but not unprepared for, is the crown of the patriot soldier's life." From Washington it was borne to New York, where, with flags at half-mast, and buildings mournfully draped, escorted by the military, and followed by many honored citizens, it moved to the sad strains of martial music to the pier of the steamer Northern Light, where it was embarked for Panama, and thence taken to its last resting-place on the far Pacific coast.

JOHN T. GREBLE, Lieutenant-Colonel in the regular army, and the first officer in that service who was killed in battle in the late war, was born at Philadelphia on the 19th of January, 1834. He was the eldest son of Edwin, and Susan Virginia (Major) Greble, both of whose ancestors early settled in Pennsylvania, and were active for the patriot cause in the Revolutionary war. He was educated in the public schools of Philadelphia, graduating at the High School at the age of sixteen, with the degree of Bachelor of Arts in 1850, and receiving the Master's degree in 1854. From his earliest years he had displayed a strong predilection for the military profession, his favorite amusement in childhood being the movement of toy soldiers in imagined conflict. This taste becoming known to the representative in Congress from the district where he lived, his appointment as a cadet at West Point was solicited, and obtained from President Taylor. Ignatius L. Donnelly, who was a classmate and intimate friend, in a quaint, but evidently heartfelt estimate of Greble's character, conveys some idea of the respect which he had thus early inspired. "He has," says Donnelly, "very strong good sense; sees very well into the actions of others, and will never do a disgraceful thing. . . . He is generous to a fault. . . . He is energetic and an excellent confidant. . . . . His fault is not vanity. . . . He is brave, and dares do all that may become a man. He is inclined to religion. . . . In short, he is the embryo of a bold, honorable, true man; one that will be a glory to his name, and an honor to his country; and one that will always be my friend." Among his classmates were Ruger, Howard, Weed, and Abbot, on the Union side, and G. W. C. Lee, Deshler, Pegram, J. E. B. Stuart, Gracie, S. D. Lee, Pender, Villepique, Mercer, and Chapman on the rebel. The device for the class ring was a mailed hand holding a sword with the legend, "When our Country calls," leaving it in doubt whether the wearer would forsake, or defend it.

On graduating he was sent to Newport barracks, Kentucky, as brevet Second Lieutenant in the Second artillery. In a letter addressed to his parents in grateful remembrance of their influence upon his life and character, is a tribute to them which it were well if all children could bear to their parents. "And now," he says, "my thoughts carry me to my happy home in Philadelphia; to the kind influences which surrounded me there; to the loving hearts which so dearly cherished me. How kind both father and mother in fostering and providing for my ambition; inciting me to study; and supplying every want. . . . For what is polite or refined in my composition, I am indebted to you and my much loved sisters; whatever is affectionate is but what has been taught me by the love of all at home."

He had not been long at Newport before he was ordered to rejoin his regiment, then in Florida. The war which had been waged against the Seminole Indians for seven years had ended in 1849; but it was deemed necessary to keep a force of observation upon the border, and in preparation for their ultimate removal. His letters from the scene of his duty show keen discernment of the country and its inhabitants. His description of one portion is amusing. "I have," he says, "noticed the topography of the country through which I have passed. Go a little way, and you see pines. Go a little farther, and you see pines; and a little farther, and you see pines. Look as far as you can, and you see pines. It is a glorious country!"

His duties were very severe, taking him through the Everglades, and subjecting him to much exposure. But however disagreeable the service, or arduous, it was always faithfully performed. He often came in company with Billy Bowlegs, the chief of the Seminoles, who entertained a high opinion of his valor. When Greble, on one occasion, was alone with the chief, conversing about Florida affairs, the latter said: "If war should come between your people and mine, I will tell all my young men not to kill *you*. I will kill you myself. You must be killed by a chief."

While in camp at Fort Myers, engaged in drilling recruits, one of the number died. There was no chaplain to solemnize the rites of burial. He could not bring himself to be content with

ENGRAVED BY A. B. WALTER PHILADA.

Sincerely your friend
John T Greble

LIEUTENANT U.S.A.

WOUNDED MORTALLY WHILE STORMING THE REBEL
BATTERY AT BIG-BETHEL VA. JUNE 10TH 1861

consigning the body to the grave without some service. After many misgivings, he finally decided himself to officiate, and read over the dead body of his comrade the impressive funeral service of the Protestant Episcopal Church. He sought the opinion of his mother respecting the propriety of his course, saying in his letter: "I thought it was better than to place the body in the ground without any religious exercises." The mother answered: "It was better, much better, my dear son, and far more impressive to his comrades than it would have been had they walked away from his grave without hearing those comforting words. Besides, these men will regard you with far more respect for having done so, than if you had allowed them to deposit their lost comrade in the narrow tomb without one word." General Hartsuff, who was then a brother officer, in speaking of Greble's life in Florida said: "He was constantly and actively engaged in the sometimes exciting, but oftener tedious, hard, and laborious duty in pursuing and wearing out the crafty and almost ubiquitous Indians, until the autumn of 1856, when his company was ordered out of Florida. This kind of duty, which is the most difficult and aggravating, offers fewer points, and tries more true soldierly qualities than any other. Lieutenant Greble developed in it the truest and best qualities of the good soldier and officer, winning the esteem and admiration of his brother officers, and the perfect confidence of the soldiers. . . . He never shrank from any duty, but always met it more than half way."

In December, 1856, he was ordered by Jefferson Davis, then Secretary of War, to duty at the West Point Academy as assistant Professor of Ethics. This was distasteful to him, as he preferred active duty with his command; but he soon became reconciled, and here not long after, was affianced to a beautiful young woman, the daughter of Professor French, whom he subsequently married. In October, 1860, he was relieved from duty at the academy, and was ordered to join his company, then on duty at Fortress Monroe. With his wife and two children, he took up his abode in two of the casemates of the fortress, which he had fitted up so as to be comfortable, and even beautiful. In April following, war opened, and all the women and children were ordered away from the fortress. He sent a notice of the order to his father at Philadelphia, who replied: "Your letter of the 17th was received about ten minutes ago. I was in hourly expectation of receiving one from you, and anticipated its contents. Send your family on to me; they shall be most welcome, and I will take good care of them as long as the trouble shall last. It is needless to say to you, be true to the Stars and Stripes! The blood of Revolutionary patriots is in your veins, and it must all be drawn out before you cease to fight for your country and its laws." . . .

General Butler was soon after put in command at Fortress Monroe, and commenced preparations to defend strategic points upon the James, and to plan operations against the rebel capital. Greble was promoted to Lieutenant, made Master of Ordnance, and sent, with other troops, to Newport News, charged with the responsible duty of superintending the construction of military works there, and instructing three thousand volunteers in artillery practice. In a few days a battery was put in position which completely commanded the ship-channel of the James, and the mouth of the Nansemond. Magruder, who had deserted his flag, and was now in chief command of the enemy in the immediate front, was evidently intent on seizing the positions at Newport News and Hampton. To this end he had occupied Big and Little Bethel. General Butler determined to break up and drive away the hostile forces at these points, and General Peirce was ordered to proceed on Sunday, the 9th of June, with a strong column to effect this purpose. Lieutenant Greble was to accompany it in command of two light guns. When the latter was shown the general plan of operations, he was much troubled; for he saw at a glance its inherent defects. "This is," he said, "an ill-advised and badly-arranged movement. I am afraid no good will come out of it. As for myself, I do not think I shall come off the field alive."

The troops were to commence the movement at a little after midnight. Advancing in the darkness, and proceeding from different points, they unfortunately mistook each other for the foe, and one party not having been apprised of the watchword, they twice fired into each other. The enemy occupied a strong position on the bank of Back Creek, where formidable earthworks had been thrown up. Between nine and ten in the morning, Peirce had arrived in front of this position, near Big Bethel, and determined to attack. The advance was boldly and resolutely made under the immediate direction of General G. K. Warren; but the foe was well posted, and his fire soon began to tell upon the advancing column. Unable to stand the ordeal, it fell back; and now was seen the skill and valor of Greble. Fearing the effect of a counter-dash by the foe, he stood by his guns, sighting them himself, and dealt double charges of canister with such rapidity and effect as to silence the rebel artillery, and to deter an advance for nearly two hours. In the meantime Peirce had prepared for a second assault. It was made, and for a time with the prospect of success; but again having fired into each other, and a portion of the attacking force having been thrown into confusion, it was finally withdrawn. The day was lost; but Greble still maintained his position. Only five of his men were left, and he could work but one gun. He was appealed to by an officer to withdraw, or to dodge, as others had done. His reply was, "I NEVER DODGE! When I hear the bugle sound a retreat I will leave, and not before." That order soon came; but it had scarcely been received, when he was struck by a ball from the enemy's gun a glancing blow on the right side of the head. "Sergeant!" he exclaimed, "take command—go ahead!" and then fell dead by the side of his gun. His body was placed upon the piece and taken back to Fortress Monroe. In his pocket was found a note in pencil, evidently written on the field, addressed to his wife, in which he said, "God give me strength, wisdom, and courage. If I die, let me die a brave and honorable man; let no stain of dishonor hang over me or you. Devotedly, and with my whole heart's love." His remains were removed to Philadelphia, where, amid the tolling of bells and the booming of cannon, and profound demonstrations of approbation, all business in the city being suspended, he was laid to rest.

Tokens of esteem and appreciation were freely offered to his memory. Officers of the army at Fortress Monroe in their resolutions said, "The heroic death of this gallant officer fills us all with admiration and regret. Standing at his piece in the open road in front of the enemy's battery till shot down, he served it with the greatest coolness, and most undaunted courage." The Select and Common Councils of Philadelphia tendered the use of Independence Hall for his obsequies, and in most eloquent and impressive resolutions declared, "Our city is called to deplore the loss of a most worthy citizen, and our country, one of her noblest defenders." His companions in the artillery, in their homely, honest way, were unstinted in their praise of him. Lieutenant Lodor, in a note written just after the battle, said: "Just think of poor John Greble's death! Was it not awful, Bill? He was a noble man; one of the kind you don't often meet in this world; modest—particularly so—unassuming, retiring; a perfect disposition, and, withal, as brave as a lion. Oh, I tell you it was grand the way he stood there and took the fire of the whole battery, and just as cool and quiet as at a drill. The volunteer officers cannot praise him enough. They think him a brave of the first order." In a conversation long afterwards with Robert Dale Owen, President Lincoln is reported to have said, "that of all those who had fallen, or who had distinguished themselves in the present contest, it was his deliberate judgment, that not one had acted so heroically nor deserved so well of his country as Lieutenant Greble."

In recognition of his services and his valor the ranks of Brevet Captain, Major, and Lieutenant-Colonel were conferred by the unanimous consent of the Senate of the United States; and Secretary Stanton, in forwarding the commissions to the father of the deceased, wrote: "I have the pleasure of inclosing to you the commissions conferred in honor of the memory of your son John T. Greble, the first officer of the regular army who perished in the war for the suppression of the Rebellion. His distinguished character, his gallant conduct on the field where he fell, and his devoted sacrifice to the cause of his country, will make his name and memory illustrious."

SENECA GALUSHA SIMMONS, Colonel of the Fifth Reserve regiment and Major of the Fourth United States Infantry, was born on the 27th of December, 1808, in Windsor county, Vermont. He was the son of Alfred, and Deborah (Perkins) Simmons. His boyhood was passed for the most part upon a farm, he receiving only such advantages of education as could be obtained from a country school. At the age of fourteen he left his native state, and entered the military school of Captain Partridge, then located at Middletown, Connecticut, in which he remained several years, accompanying that school on its removal to Georgetown, District of Columbia. While there, he received from President Jackson, the appointment of cadet at West Point. He graduated with distinction in 1834, and was assigned to the Seventh Infantry. In the following August he married Miss Elmira Adelaide Simmons of Harrisburg.

Previous to joining his regiment, in the autumn of that year, he was assigned to topographical duty, under Major McNiell, and assisted in the survey of the harbor of Apalachicola, Florida. During the summers of 1835–36, he was engaged under Colonel Long upon surveys in the State of Maine; first on the coast, and then on a contemplated line of railway between Belfast and Quebec, Canada. In the winter of 1837, he joined his regiment, and shortly after received the appointment of Aid to General Arbuckle, then in command of the Department of the Southwest. He was also made Assistant Adjutant-General, which position he held for several years, retaining it after General Taylor assumed command, and until relieved by Colonel Bliss, the General's son-in-law. His regiment was then, the spring of 1842, serving in Florida, and thither he immediately repaired. At the conclusion of the Florida war, his regiment was detailed for duty in garrisoning Gulf posts, and he was stationed at Fort Pike, Louisiana, where he remained during the years 1842–43, transacting in addition to the duties of his position in his company, those of Commissary and Quartermaster to the Post. When his turn came for being detailed on recruiting service he was ordered to Syracuse, New York, and was engaged in that duty until the opening of the Mexican war. On his arrival in the enemy's country, he was immediately assigned as Assistant Commissary and Quartermaster at Matamoras. During the year 1847, he remained at his post; but on being promoted to Captain he rejoined his regiment then *en route* for the city of Mexico.

At the close of the war, and the return of the troops, his regiment was stationed at Jefferson Barracks, Missouri. A portion of the command, including his own company, was ordered for special duty to Fort Leavenworth, Kansas. While here he received a severe injury, which seemed for a time likely to prove fatal, and from which he never entirely recovered. One knee was frightfully crushed, and the wound, after some years of intense suffering, resulted in permanent lameness; but not to such an extent as to unfit him entirely for duty. While yet upon crutches, he was, in 1857, sent upon recruiting service to Pottsville. While here he so far recovered as to attend to active duty, and was sent to take command of Fort Arbuckle, upon the frontier. His regiment was soon afterwards sent to Utah. As the labor was likely to prove too arduous for him in his crippled state, he sought and obtained a furlough, and joined his family in Harrisburg, where he was living at the outbreak of the Rebellion. When troops were called, Captain Simmons was made mustering officer for Pennsylvania volunteers.

Upon the organization of the Reserve Corps, he was chosen Colonel of the Fifth regiment, though personally unknown to any of the officers of that body. His first service was to march, in connection with the Bucktail regiment and some artillery, to the support of General Wallace in West Virginia, and thence to Washington, where he drilled his regiment and prepared it for service in the division. In September of this year, he was promoted to Major of the Fourth Infantry, but preferred to remain with the volunteer troops. He was at Beaver Dam Creek and Gaines' Mill, in both of which desperately fought battles, he escaped unhurt. At Charles City Cross Roads, on the 30th of June, 1862, while leading the First brigade with unexampled valor, he fell in the thickest of the fight, breathing his last upon the field of honor. No braver man drew sword in any cause. In person, he was nearly six feet in height, of strong and robust frame, florid complexion, brown hair, heavy beard, light-blue eyes; his face presenting ordinarily a calm and benevolent expression; but when excited, every feature seemed to flash fire, and woe to the man who, having disregarded his orders, attempted to persist in an improper course of conduct. To him, however, who was willing to acknowledge his fault, the Colonel at once relaxed his sternness, and received the offender as though no offence had been committed.

The poet N. P. Willis, in writing to the *Home Journal*, from a visit to the camps of the army, said: "I had never before thought that water could embellish a soldier. As we sat in our hack, at the outer edge of the encampments, watching an incipient rainbow, and rejoicing in the prospect of holding-up, a general officer rode past with his aid and orderly, on the return to his tent, just beyond. Of a most warlike cast of feature, his profuse and slightly grizzly beard was impearled with glistening drops, and, with horse and accoutrements all dripping with water, he rode calmly through the heavy rain like a Triton taking his leisure in his native element. It was the finest of countenances and the best of figures for a horseman. He looked indomitable in spirit, but unsubject, also, to the common inconveniences of humanity—as handsome and brave when tired and wet, as he would be when happy and dry! I was quite captivated with the picture of such a man, and did not wonder at the comment which was appended to the reply, by a subaltern officer of whom I inquired his name, 'General Simmons,' said he, 'a man whom anybody would be glad to serve under.'"

CHARLES ELLET, JR., Colonel of Engineers, was born on the 1st of January, 1810, at Penn's Manor, Bucks county, Pennsylvania. He early devoted himself to the business of a Civil Engineer, and eventually became one of the most eminent of his profession, some of the greatest triumphs of engineering skill being the products of his devise. The wire suspension bridge across the Schuylkill below Fairmount, the first of the kind constructed in this country, the suspension bridge across Niagara river below the falls, and that at Wheeling, West Virginia, were all the fruit of his active brain. The improvement of the navigation of the Kanawha river, and the construction of the Virginia Central, and Baltimore and Ohio railroads found in him a master spirit, before whom difficulties vanished, and in whose hand victories were achieved.

When the war commenced, he was residing at Washington, and immediately interested himself in the cause of the Union. Original in designing, and rapid in executing, he became impatient with the Union leaders, and himself drew a plan for cutting off and destroying the rebel army at Manassas, in the fall of 1861. This plan, on being presented to General McClellan, was rejected by that commander; whereupon Ellet wrote two pamphlets severely censuring the dilatory and inefficient conduct of the Union chief. He early projected plans for constructing steam rams, for use in the navy, providing them with powerful beaks for running down and piercing opposing crafts. His plans were rejected by the Navy Department; but, on being presented to the Secretary of War, were approved and adopted by him, and Ellet was sent to the Ohio to transform river-boats into rams. On the 6th of June, 1862, Colonel Ellet's fleet attacked a force of rebel rams, off the city of Memphis, and, after a contest stubbornly maintained, Ellet was triumphant, having run down, blown up, destroyed, or captured seven of the eight vessels composing the rebel force. Ellet was the only man injured on the Union side. He received a wound from a rifle ball in the knee, that proved mortal, expiring near Cairo, on the 21st. Colonel Ellet was the author of several important works, chiefly devoted to the Improvement of the Navigation of the Mississippi and Ohio rivers, Internal Improvements of the United States, illustrating the Laws of Trade, and Coast and Harbor Defences by the use of steam battering rams. He was buried at Laurel Hill, Philadelphia. His wife dying of grief—broken hearted—within a few days, was laid in the same grave. She was the eldest daughter of Judge William Daniel, of Lynchburg, Virginia.

JAMES CAMERON, Colonel of the Seventy-ninth (Highlander) regiment, New York Volunteers, was born at Maytown, Lancaster county, Pennsylvania, on the 1st of March, 1801. At the age of nineteen he entered the printing office of his brother, the Hon. Simon Cameron, at Harrisburg, where he served a faithful apprenticeship, and in 1827 removed to Lancaster, where he became the editor of the *Political Sentinel*, studying law in the meantime in the office of James Buchanan, afterwards President of the United States. He was with the army of General Scott in Mexico, and, after his return, settled upon an estate on the banks of the Susquehanna, near Milton, Pennsylvania, where he was living in retirement when the Rebellion broke out. At the solicitation of the soldiers of the Highlander Regiment, he accepted the commission of Colonel of that organization. At the battle of the first Bull Run, he was of Sherman's brigade, Tyler's division, and at the crisis of the struggle, bore himself with the greatest gallantry. Again and again he led his men with the cry, "Scots, follow me!" in the face of a withering fire of musketry and artillery, until stricken down mortally wounded, expiring on the field of his heroic exploits. "No mortal man," says an eye-witness, "could stand the fearful storm that swept them."

The body of Colonel Cameron was subjected to indignity. It was rifled of valuables, and portraits of cherished ones, and thrown rudely into a trench with numbers of others, without any mark by which it could be identified. Friends of the family who went to the field to recover it were taken captive and thrust into the Richmond prison pens, where, for several months, they languished. It was finally recovered, and received Christian burial, amid many demonstrations of respect and affection.

AMOR ARCHER McKNIGHT. Early in the Rebellion, rebel officers, mindful of their repute for chivalry, sought opportunities for its exemplification; but later in the war, soured by frequent defeat, and grown heart-sick by hope long deferred, the actors and sympathizers in the direful work eschewed the much-vaunted claim, and did not hesitate to mutilate the body of a Dahlgren, treat with barbaric cruelty prisoners of war, send pestilence and fire into northern cities, and finally come stealthily from behind upon the Chief Magistrate of the nation, and shoot him down in cold blood. When Colonel McKnight fell on the gory field of Chancellorsville, on that fearful Sabbath, ushered in with the lurid flames of war, of the 3d of May, 1863, a sudden turn in the fortunes of the day cut off the possibility of rescuing his body, and it remained in the hands of the enemy. His prowess on that field had been sorely felt by the foe; but when the lifeless form of such an antagonist was seen, it disarmed hostile feeling. The old Kearny badge which he wore was the symbol of gallantry, and they recognized in him a true type of his old master,—a veritable Kearny. His body was taken up and properly disposed. It was followed to the grave by a guard of honor, many officers being present. Their bands played mournful music. Over his remains a salute, due to his rank, was fired, and his grave was marked so as to be recognized by sorrowing friends.

Amor Archer McKnight, son of Alexander, and Mary (Thompson) McKnight, both of Scotch-Irish descent, was born at Blairsville, Pennsylvania, on the 19th of April, 1832. His education was obtained at the common schools and the academy in Brookville, where he proved himself an apt scholar. He early acquired a taste for books of an elevated character, and as his scanty means would allow, collected a small library. His father died when he was but a mere lad, and as the eldest of the children, he labored assiduously for the support of the widowed mother and dependent family. He learned the printer's trade at Blairsville, at which he worked zealously. Attracted to the law by his taste for exalted subjects, he subsequently commenced its study in the office of Hon. W. P. Jenks, of Brookville, since president judge of that district, but was still obliged to set type one-half of each day for his support. At the age of twenty-one, he was admitted to practice, and soon after, entered into partnership with G. W. Andrews, Esq., as a practising attorney at the Jefferson county bar. The firm at once took a high rank, and its business was extensive and laborious. McKnight early evinced a liking for military duty, and at the breaking out of the Rebellion, was captain of a militia company known as the Brookville Guards. He promptly tendered his company, and with it, served in the three-months' term in the Eighth regiment. At the expiration of this period, he was authorized by the Secretary of War to recruit a regiment for three years. After encountering many difficulties, his efforts were finally rewarded with success, the officers whom he had gathered about him having secured the full complement of hardy men; and on the 28th of September, 1861, it was mustered into service as the One Hundred and Fifth regiment. The indomitable energy manifested by their leader was caught by his men, and this organization soon became noted for its excellence.

In the battle of Fair Oaks, before Richmond, Colonel McKnight fought under the immediate eye of General Jameson, the veteran officer who commanded the brigade, and received from him the warmest commendation. "During the time McKnight was engaged on the Richmond Road, the line had been gradually giving way about a quarter of a mile to his right. Just as McKnight succeeded in routing the force in his front, the line gave way entirely at the point above indicated, and the rebel force came pouring into the Richmond Road directly in his rear, and while the gallant McKnight was pursuing the South Carolina chivalry towards Richmond, the rebels were pursuing a portion of our forces towards the Chickahominy. . . . No other evidence of the valor displayed by this heroic little band is necessary, than a list of the killed and wounded. General Kearny's horse and mine were both killed. A parallel to this fighting does not exist in the two days' battle, nor will it exist during the war."

In this battle, a ball struck the watch of Colonel McKnight, which glanced off, causing a slight wound. He was soon after stricken with fever, and not until told by his physicians that he would die if he remained in the field, under the influence of the deadly miasmas of the Peninsula, could he be prevailed on to relinquish his command. Failing to obtain a furlough, he tendered his resignation, and retired to Philadelphia. By careful nursing and attendance, he was, at the end of two months, so far recovered as to be able to again take the field, and was recommissioned Colonel of his old regiment. While absent at this time, he was impatient of the delay in again reaching the front. His greatest wish and most ardent desire was to be with the boys of the One Hundred and Fifth regiment. He said he had been instrumental in taking them into the war, and he wished to share their toils and fortunes. With the exception of a short leave of absence in March following, this was his only absence from his command. While at home during his furlough in March, he remarked that he would not survive to again return. Little did his friends think that this was the language of prophecy. But so it proved. On the field of Chancellorsville, while leading on his brave men against the veterans of Stonewall Jackson—nerved to unwonted deeds of valor to avenge the fall of their idolized leader, who had a few hours before received his mortal hurt—Colonel McKnight, while in the act of waving his sword above his head to cheer on his men, was struck in the arm, the missile passing on through his brain, killing him instantly. Strenuous efforts were made to recover his body, but they proved fruitless, and he sleeps on that gory field—the scene of his daring valor.

At his death, Colonel McKnight was already in a fair way of promotion. The excellence of his regiment and his own coolness and courage on the field, had attracted the attention of his superior officers, and he had at intervals been called to the command of a brigade, and had been recommended for appointment as a Brigadier.

He was one of those men who had come up to manhood through the rough school of experience. He had learned to set a true value on those qualities which, in any walk of life, win success. When he entered the army, he went with the feeling that he was personally responsible for accomplishing what the nation had undertaken, and in his struggles with the great problem at the very threshold of the momentous contest, he seemed to have fathomed its mysterious depths, and fearlessly announced his sentiments in advance of all others. When, in January, 1862, before leading his regiment to the field, the Hon. J. K. Moorhead, in behalf of his Excellency Governor Curtin, presented the command with the State Colors, Colonel McKnight in reply, after returning thanks for the gift, and referring to the responsibilities imposed in defending it, said: "The intelligent American soldier enters upon this conflict with entirely different emotions from those possessed by the combatants in the ordinary wars between nations. He feels that the war has been wantonly and unprovokedly commenced by those who have always basked in the favor of the Government—commenced not to assert the majesty of the law, but to violate it—not to protect freedom, but to enforce the perpetuation and enlargement of degrading servitude—not to preserve the Government, but to destroy it.

"To defeat such a nefarious plot, the citizen soldier has left the comforts of home to endure the privations of camp; and while he hazards his life without hesitation, he also expects that no unnational or squeamish regard on the part of those who order and conduct the war will deprive our forces of the assistance we might derive from those unwilling serfs who escape from the enemy; and that, casting aside the pusillanimous fear which dreads the stigma of a name, they will promptly punish and weaken our opponents by *removing from them and the country that institution which is not only the cause of the present difficulties, but has ever been a source of annoyance and irritation.*

"Should such be the policy pursued, the war will not have been for nought; the earnings of the tax-payer, which are being so lavishly emptied into the National Treasury, will have been expended to some practical purpose; and the soldier, whose blood is now offered as the occasion presents, will know that it has been done to preserve liberty to himself and friends, and to protect them from the moral debasement which would result from the enlargement in our midst of a race who are degraded because their condition is base."

To execute the purpose which is here sketched, and which he cherished as the real object of the struggle, he labored with the earnestness and assiduity of a life and death aim. Says a member of his command: "At Camp Jameson, Virginia, he would convert the officers of the regiment into a school every evening, and would have them study tactics and discipline, and then recite them to him. On these occasions, he would impress upon their minds the necessity of study to become good officers; and would not only have his officers study, but applied himself to the work with all the power of his great mind. Seldom did he lie down until the small hours of the night and his own exhausted strength told him too plainly that man must have some rest; but his repose was short, for four o'clock soon came, and with it arose the Colonel and at once resumed his daily labors."

Colonel McKnight was thirty years eleven months and fourteen days old when he died—just upon the threshold of life. He was six feet in height, of commanding presence, blue eyes, brown hair, and possessed of a remarkably attractive and intelligent countenance. His mother died before his entrance to military life. He left two brothers. He was unmarried. His loss in the community in which he lived was deeply felt, and his death sincerely mourned. His old instructor in the law, Judge Jenks, says of him, "A braver, truer, nobler man than Amor A. McKnight could not be found in the service."

Mark Kern, Captain of battery G, First artillery, which he aided in recruiting at Philadelphia, was commissioned its First-Lieutenant in July, 1861. Shortly after, he was promoted to Captain, and until the day of his death led that noble battery with unexampled skill and heroism. At Beaver Dam Creek, it was brought up from its position in reserve just in time to do most effective service, when the enemy was pressing on in massed columns, and confident of sweeping everything before them. But canister from the double-shotted guns of Kern drove them back and saved the field. On the following day Kern was posted upon commanding ground on the left at Gaines' Mill. For a time the Union infantry held the front and covered his pieces; but it was finally swept back, and they were in danger of capture. Then it was that the spirit of Kern was tested. Again and again the enemy charged on him, but his guns, admirably posted, did fearful execution. With a persistence rarely equalled the enemy assaulted, and made that battery the object of his most determined efforts. Finally, when he could no longer hold out, on account of the enemy swarming upon him, he retired behind a new line of battle, losing two of his guns, himself being wounded.

At Charles City Cross Roads the execution of his guns was even more deadly and destructive than on previous fields. The ground was open for a long distance in his front, and as often as the enemy attempted to advance, Kern scourged them with terrible effect. The struggle on this part of the field was continued for over two hours, the enemy gaining no advantage.

Finally, the ammunition running low; General McCall ordered Kern to send his caissons to the rear, and soon the battery followed. The fidelity which Captain Kern displayed in the most trying positions caused him to be selected for critical duty. At four o'clock P. M. on the evening of the 30th of August, on the Second Bull Run battle-ground, he was attacked—the first on the part of the line which he held, to feel its power. The rebel tactics of massing and delivering assault after assault, at whatever sacrifice, were here repeated, and upon Kern they fell with terrible power, the shocks carrying swift destruction. So long as his supports remained firm, he was triumphant; but when they failed, having himself again received a severe wound, he was forced to yield, and fell into the enemy's hands, where he soon after died. Three of his men were killed and twenty-one wounded. Four guns, two caissons, two limbers, and twenty-seven horses were lost. For the short space of time that he was in active service, it was his lot to play as important, if not a more important part, than any commander of a battery in the Potomac Army. In all places he acquitted himself manfully, and fell in the very front of the battle.

PETER B. HOUSUM, Colonel of the Seventy-seventh regiment. "It was the banner regiment at Stone River," said General Rosecrans, as he reined in his steed in front of the Seventy-seventh Pennsylvania, while passing his army in review just previous to the second grand advance against Bragg. "Give my compliments to the boys," said he, "and tell them that I say, 'It was the banner regiment at Stone River.' They never broke their ranks." It was at Stone River, while leading this regiment, that Colonel Housum was killed.

He was born on the 22d of September, 1824, in Berks county, Pennsylvania. His father was George L., and his mother Elizabeth (Burknard) Housum, both natives of Berks county. He received a good English education at the public schools, and by close application during his leisure hours, attained to a high degree of proficiency in mathematics and civil engineering, for which he evinced a decided taste. His occupation was that of a millwright. In physical stature he was five feet ten inches, and was possessed of a sound constitution. He was married on the 25th of September, 1846, to Miss Lucy E. Elmenston.

For fifteen years previous to the Rebellion he had served as First-Lieutenant of a uniformed militia company, and in the three months' service was Captain of company A, Second Pennsylvania regiment. He recruited a section of a battery at Chambersburg, for three years' duty, which, after having been consolidated with a section raised in Erie, was organized for service with the Seventy-seventh regiment, of which body he was made Lieutenant-Colonel. The first of the only three Pennsylvania infantry regiments sent to the Western armies, in the early part of the war, it was assigned to duty with the force in Kentucky, then under command of General Buell. On the field of Shiloh, he bore a part for the first time in a great battle, and beheld the horrors which war carries with it. When the fighting opened he was with his command twenty miles off, toilsomely wending his way over heavy roads towards the field, Grant having been attacked by Sidney Johnston before Buell could form a junction with him. Hastening forward, it moved upon the field on the morning of the second day, passing over the ground where three out of the five of Grant's divisions had, the day before, been crushed and his entire army well-nigh annihilated. At one P. M. the Colonel of the regiment, Stumbaugh, having succeeded to the command of a brigade, Lieutenant-Colonel Housum assumed that of the regiment, and led it throughout the severe fighting which followed. In the final charge, which decided the fate of the day, and swept the enemy hopelessly back, he was upon the front line, and took many prisoners, among them, Colonel Battles of the Twentieth (rebel) Tennessee.

After the battle, the Union troops encamped upon the field, the sickening odors from which soon became intolerable, occasioning disease, from which Colonel Housum was a sufferer, and for a long time prostrated. At Stone River, on the last day of the year 1862, he was in command of his regiment, and was posted on the extreme right of Rosecrans' line, where the enemy, having secretly massed his troops under the cover of darkness, attacked at dawn with overwhelming power. Colonel Housum had divined this strategy, having detected in the confused sounds that came to him, that a constant movement of troops across the front of the Union line towards the right was in progress. He accordingly ordered his men to stand to their arms throughout the weary hours of that long night, and when, at length, the blow was given at dawn, he was ready to receive it, and to deliver a counter-blow, which fell with stunning effect upon the too confident foe, who, counting unreservedly on a complete surprise, had anticipated an easy victory. But the other regiments upon the left, being less vigilant, the attack came upon them while unprepared, and they soon gave way. Left without support or coöperation, it was impossible for this single body to long hold out against a determined and strong assailant, and it was borne back. But reforming at right-angles to the main direction of the Union line, and connecting with the next division, which stood firm, Colonel Housum prepared to advance. In his front were Edgarton's guns in possession of the enemy, having been captured in the confusion which resulted from the first surprise. To retake them and bring them in became a darling project with Colonel Housum. He ordered a charge, which was heroically executed, and the guns, after a brief struggle, were recovered. Stimulated by this success, the assault was continued, being directed upon the enemy's own guns; but before they could be reached the rebels rallied in great strength, and everything was lost, Colonel Housum himself receiving a wound, from which he soon after died. In his last moments his thoughts were of his men, and the success of the conflict. Comprehending the nature of his hurt, he exclaimed, "I am mortally wounded. See to it that my brave boys do not yield an inch!" To his Adjutant he said, and they were the last words he uttered, "Stay by my brave boys of the Seventy-seventh."

Of his character as a soldier, one who was with him throughout all his campaigns, and who, from his own sterling qualities, knew how to estimate valor, says, "He never faltered, and when without regular rations for days, he never murmured, but strove to do all in his power for the relief of his men. He was cool, brave, and unassuming, and no one of his rank in the Army of the Cumberland stood higher in the estimation of his superior officers."

LANSFORD FOSTER CHAPMAN, Major of the Twenty-eighth regiment, was born at Mauch Chunk, on the 13th of September, 1834. His father, Joseph Henshaw Chapman, was a native of Northampton, Massachusetts, and his mother, Martha Probasco Woolley, of Chester county, Pennsylvania. The son was educated at the common schools of Mauch Chunk, and spent one term at the Wyoming Seminary, an institution of some note in Luzerne county. At the age of fifteen, manifesting a taste for civil engineering, he joined a party engaged in locating a railroad at Summit Hill, and was subsequently employed in surveying several other roads in the anthracite coal regions of the central part of the state, either as assistant or engineer-in-chief. On the 1st of May, 1856, he was married to Olive A. Jackson, of Carbondale. A short time previous to this he had abandoned civil engineering, and had embarked in the lumber business on the Lehigh river, in which he continued to the breaking out of the Rebellion.

His military education previous to taking the field was limited to a year or two of service in a militia company known as the Cleaver Artillerists, in which he was a Lieutenant. Upon the issue of the President's call for 75,000 men, he was among the first to rally, and in two days three full companies were raised at Mauch Chunk. But such a number could not be accepted, and the question became not who will go, but who is willing to stay? He was not of the number chosen to go. In June, in conjunction with J. D. Arner, and his brother C. W. Chapman, he set about recruiting a company for three years' service, and of this he was commissioned Captain. Having placed his company in camp, he put it to a severe course of discipline. Of camp-life he soon tired, and having heard of battles, "he longed to follow to the field some war-like chief." His desire was gratified, for his company was accepted by Colonel John W. Geary, a soldier of the Mexican war, and made the color company of his regiment,—the Twenty-eighth Pennsylvania.

The regiment was first stationed on the upper Potomac, and Captain Chapman, when the troops under General Banks were ordered to cross into Virginia, made himself useful by his engineering skill in constructing a rope ferry, and afterwards in laying a pontoon bridge, the task being a difficult one on account of high water, six men having been drowned by the upsetting of a boat in attempting to take the heavy hawser across. With his company he participated in the stirring campaign in the Shenandoah Valley in the fall and winter of 1861, and in the valley of Virginia with Pope in 1862. At Antietam, on the 17th of September, the regiment was subjected to severe fighting, and performed efficient service. Captain Chapman was struck by a fragment of shell and sustained considerable injury, but in a short time was sufficiently recovered to be again at the head of his company.

In January, 1863, he was promoted to the rank of Major, and at once took command of the regiment, and retained it until, on the field of Chancellorsville, at ten o'clock on Sunday morning, May 3d, when the battle was at its height and raging with unparalleled fury, he fell dead at the head of his troops, leading them on and encouraging them to deeds of valor by his intrepid example. Eagerly did his comrades strive to rescue the body of their fallen leader, but in the fitful changes of the fight they were compelled to leave it upon the field, and it fell into the hands of the enemy. Many times afterwards were his remains sought by his friends; but in the tangled wilds of that desolate region, where the dead were strewn thick on every hand, it was impossible to identify the place of their interment.

When, in May, 1865, the war being ended, the Union troops with joyous step were on the homeward march, General Geary turned aside at Chancellorsville to search for the anxiously and long sought grave of his old companion in arms. The correspondent of the New York *Tribune* was on the ground with the disinterring party, and in a communication thus described the scene: "The most notable case of recognition was the discovery of the remains of the heroic Major Chapman of the Twenty-eighth Pennsylvania volunteers, one of the finest regiments in the Second division of the Twelfth corps, which at the time of his death he was commanding. Major Chapman fell in sight of General Geary, and that thoughtful commander was the first to identify his remains, although they had several times been sought by his friends, but in vain. Knowing the spot where he fell, and finding a grave near, General Geary at once supposed it to be that of the lamented officer, and directed the disinterment. An eager crowd of friends of the deceased gathered around the spot, and as each shovelful of earth was laid aside, one and another identified some token. The teeth, hair, and size of the body all coincided with those of Major Chapman. In addition to these evidences there were several others equally strong. The coat was identified by the officer who ordered it from the maker. The buttons had been cut off by rebel desperadoes, and the pants were missing. Men who had been taken prisoners near the spot knew that the body of Major Chapman had been thus despoiled. It was known moreover that no other field officer had fallen near this position. Stronger evidences than these could scarcely be in a case of this kind. By order of General Geary the bones were carefully taken up and placed in a cracker box, the only receptacle which the moment afforded, and now they follow the command to Alexandria, whence they will be transported to the North."

On the 27th of May, 1865, they were laid peacefully to rest in the quiet cemetery at upper Mauch Chunk by sorrowing friends. A beautiful monument erected by his family marks his last resting-place. His memory is fondly cherished, not only by his relatives, but by a large circle of acquaintances. Among many letters of condolence which his family received, the following paragraph from one written by Daniel Kalbfus, Esq., will illustrate their tenor: "I never can forget him. He was a true man, a brave soldier, a finished scholar, and a perfect gentleman. He was my friend, and his friendship was very warm. A man of his years, talents, social and political attainments, will be missed in Carbon county, for, in my judgment, there were few like him. Brave to rashness, I knew that he would win honor at the head of his regiment, or die nobly fighting there, and so it proved."

Nearly six feet in height, and of noble proportions, enjoying perfect health, induced by habits of sobriety, he was a shining mark for the destroyer. As a boy, he was a Cadet of Temperance, and when arrived at man's estate was a Son of Temperance, and no one was more consistent to his professions.

In his family relations he was fortunate, and a wife and two children, a girl and a boy, the objects of his warmest affection, are left to grieve his loss.

JOHN WHITE McLANE, Colonel of the Eighty-third regiment, was born in Clearfield county, Pennsylvania, August 24th, 1820. He was the son of James H. and Phebe (Fleming) McLane. The family removed to Erie, in 1828. After a few years of instruction received chiefly from his maternal grandmother, and a brief season at the Erie Academy, he was placed in the store of his uncle, William Fleming. In 1842, he organized and commanded the Wayne Greys, a volunteer company, favorably known throughout western Pennsylvania for their admirable discipline and soldierly bearing. This company, in competition with many others from Pennsylvania, New York, and Ohio, was awarded the prize-banner at the encampment at Meadville, September 10th, 1844.

When the Mexican war broke out, McLane was residing temporarily at Fort Wayne, Indiana. During his brief sojourn in that city, the ruling passion had manifested itself in the formation of a military company, which, now that troops were needed, promptly volunteered for the war, and marched to camp at New Albany, where they were attached to, and became part of the First regiment, Indiana Volunteers, Colonel James P. Drake. This regiment was engaged chiefly in performing garrison duty at Matamoras and Monterey, and saw but little real service save repelling the attacks of the Mexican cavalry and guerillas, in marching to the latter place. The Wayne Greys volunteered their services to the Governor, for the same war, and placed their arms in condition; but the State quota being full, were not called out. After the war, Captain McLane engaged in farming and milling. In 1859, he formed a fine volunteer organization, known as the Wayne Guard of Erie. On the 10th of September, 1860, the company took part in the imposing ceremonies incident to the inauguration of a monument to the memory of Commodore Oliver Hazard Perry, the hero of Lake Erie, at Cleveland, Ohio. Captain McLane was officer of the day upon that occasion, and, representing the Guards, presented an elegantly mounted cane, made from the wood of Perry's Flag-ship, the Lawrence, to the Hon. George Bancroft, the orator of the day.

"I well remember," says Mr. Isaac G. Morehead, who has kindly furnished the matter for this sketch, "the spirit exhibited by Captain McLane on his return from witnessing the inauguration of Abraham Lincoln as President of the United States. Meeting a group of young men, members of the Wayne Guard, in the Park, he said: 'Boys, you may as well think the matter over, and make up your minds what you are going to do, for we are going to have a fight. I am going into it,—to lead my company, I hope; if not, I'll go as a private. We will fill up our ranks and march to Pittsburg, or some other point, and help to make a regiment.' Most of the group smiled incredulously at the idea of a war with our own people; but the Captain said, 'It will come.' Returning home on the night of the 13th of April from a brief journey, I was awakened in the morning by the noise of fife and drum, and the tramp of marching men. Bells were ringing and cannon firing. Strange sounds to break upon the ear on Sabbath morning in a quiet little city! Sumter had been fired upon, and the Captain had commenced his work. When all others seemed stunned and appalled, he went to work easily and quietly as though anticipating all that was occurring. Flags were flying everywhere. Anxious, determined-looking men were talking in groups, or hurriedly leaving town to rouse the people in the quiet country places. In four days, Captain McLane's company had grown to 1600 men. Men of all trades and professions were there. The plow was left with its point in the earth, the pen and the hammer were dropped, law-books and briefs were left upon the table." McLane abandoned his office of Sheriff of the county—refused the office of Commissary-General of Pennsylvania tendered him by Governor Curtin, which he said a lame man could administer—and as Colonel, at the head of his regiment, amid the cheers of assembled thousands, in a furious storm of rain and snow, took up the march to Pittsburg. The regiment was known as McLane's Independent Regiment, and at camps Wilkins and Wright, was drilled during the three months of its service in a very effective manner. Scarcely had the regiment reached home, when news of the disaster of the

Union arms at Bull Bun was received. Colonel McLane immediately telegraphed General Cameron, then Secretary of War, and received authority to recruit a regiment for three years. On the 8th of September, the men were mustered into the service by Captain Bell of the regular army, and on the 16th, headed by Mehl's brass band, they started for Washington. They went into camp near that city, and, on the night of the 1st of October, crossed the Long Bridge into Virginia. At Hall's Hill, they were placed in Fitz John Porter's division in the Third brigade, commanded by General Butterfield. Here the regiment settled down to hard work, and that discipline was perfected which gave them their reputation, and fitted them for winning immortal glories on every great battle-field of the Army of the Potomac. None who heard, in those days, that clear ringing voice of Colonel McLane, can ever forget it. His men never misunderstood his orders. There was something so energizing in his voice, in the full, firm tone, that gave such entire assurance to the men, something so electric—far beyond the ordinary acceptation and use of the word—that it was a proverb, "McLane can lead *those* men anywhere." He was born to command.

> "Proud was his tone, but calm; his eye
> Had that compelling dignity,
> His mien that bearing haught and high,
> Which common spirits fear."

Marching up the Peninsula, their first fighting was at Hanover Court House; and they fought well. On the morning of the 27th of June, 1862, they were on the extreme left of our line at Gaines' Mill. They stood firm all of that terrible day. Every attack upon the left was repelled; but toward evening, Colonel McLane was informed that our lines were forced in the next brigade on the right. "I cannot believe that," said the Colonel, "for the Sixty-second Pennsylvania is in that brigade." But when the unwelcome truth was made evident, the Colonel said: "Well, we will change front, boys, and fight it out here." But in changing front, Colonel McLane and his Major, Naghel, were both killed. The retreat now became general, and but a small portion of Butterfield's brigade remained on the field. The courier that had been sent with the order to retreat was killed on the way. The Eighty-third had been directed to hold this position, and retreat without orders was not to be thought of. Major Von Vegesack, an Aid of General Butterfield, came at last, with an order to retire. He found them with the glare of battle upon their faces. Their blood was up, and there they stood savagely and desperately fighting over the dead body of their beloved leader, Colonel McLane. They paid no attention to the order of retreat. While the Aid stood there, vehemently repeating his commands, the Eleventh South Carolina appeared moving past in front. With the sublimity of impudence, the Eighty-third, surrounded almost as they were, and their retreat endangered, sent out Lieutenant White with a handkerchief tied to his sword, to demand their surrender. This, of course, was indignantly refused, and before the officer returned to his regiment, he heard the order given in his rear, accompanied by the click of hundreds of muskets, and, dropping instantly upon his face, a volley passed over him, killing and wounding a number of the men. Suffering severely from a flanking fire, the retreat was at last ordered by Captain Campbell, and the Eighty-third turned sullenly from the field and crossed the river, leaving one-half of the regiment dead or wounded. When the war was over, and the Eighty-third were marching from the scene of Lee's surrender to Washington, they encamped near this historic field. Colonel Rogers, then in command of the regiment, raised the bones of Colonel McLane, and forwarded them to Erie; and on the 19th of May, 1865, his bereaved widow and children, surrounded by a vast concourse of people, followed his remains to the Cemetery on the hill; the volley was fired,—earth to earth, ashes to ashes,—and the soldier was at rest. He fell early in the war; but his faithful work and perfect discipline lived after him, and produced great and glorious fruit.

CHAPTER II.

THE KILLED IN BATTLE.

GEORGE DASHIELL BAYARD, Brigadier-General of volunteers, and Colonel of the First Pennsylvania cavalry, was born on the 18th of December, 1835, at Seneca Falls, New York. He traced his paternal ancestry to the family of the Chevalier Bayard, the Good Knight, without fear and without reproach, and his maternal to the Dashiells, a French Huguenot family. At eight years of age his father removed to Iowa, where he remained several years. In 1849, the family returned and settled in New Jersey, and in 1852, George was appointed by Mr. Fillmore a cadet at large in the Military Academy at West Point, whence he graduated in 1856, standing eleven in a class which originally numbered ninety members. On leaving the Academy he chose the cavalry arm of the service, and was assigned to duty with the First, now the Fourth regiment of regulars, in which he rose to the rank of Captain. Soon after entering it his command was ordered to the plains, where it had frequent encounters with the Indians. In 1860, while engaged with a party of Kiowas, he was severely wounded. His father, in his life of Bayard, gives the following account of this event: "After a pursuit of more than twenty miles, some Indians were seen at a distance. Lieutenant Bayard, being mounted on a superior horse, whose speed surpassed that of any in the command, led the way in the chase. He soon came up with an Indian warrior, and, presenting his revolver, demanded his surrender. The Indian, as Lieutenant Bayard rode up to him, had dismounted from his pony for the purpose of dodging the shot from the pistol he anticipated, or to enable him the better to use his bow and arrow. At this moment, while in this attitude, Lieutenant Bayard saw some Indians running at a distance, and turned to see if any of his men were near enough to receive a signal from him that other Indians were in sight, and as he turned again towards the chief he had brought to bay, the latter shot him with his arrow. The arrow was steel-headed, in shape like a spear-head, and the head two and a half inches long. It struck Lieutenant Bayard under the cheek-bone, and penetrated the antrim. If the Indian had not been so near, he would have drawn his bow more taut, and probably killed his enemy." The arrow head was imbedded so firmly in the bone, that it could not with safety be removed except by superior skill. Though enduring intense suffering, he made a journey of 800 miles to St. Louis before he could have the operation performed. Its removal gave some relief, but the wound did not heal, and he was subject to severe hemorrhage which threatened his life. The artery, which had been severed, was finally taken up and tied, freeing him from further danger from this source, and he was soon after assigned to duty as cavalry instructor at West Point.

When the war broke out, in 1861, though his wound was still unhealed and very painful, he repeatedly asked to be relieved, and allowed to join a regiment of volunteers. In a letter to his father of April 13th, he says: "The capital will very soon be the object of attack, and I think it the duty of all good Americans to march to its defence. My heart is too full to write you anything about Sumter. The Southerners have made a great mistake in attacking it. All my sympathy with the South is now gone. It is now war to the knife." And again, of July 26th, . . . "I must go to this war. I cannot stay here and rust while gallant men are in the field. This Rebellion is a much more serious thing than many suppose. I pity the Southern officers in our army. They cannot but condemn the madness of their politicians who have brought on this war, and yet they feel in honor bound to go with their section." His request to be relieved was steadily refused until September 1861, when he was made Major of a regiment recruited by Colonel Van Allen of New York. On his arrival at Washington General McClellan, then Commander-in-

Geo. D. Bayard

chief, would not consent to his taking this position, and gave him the option to take command of a regiment, or to serve as aid upon his staff. Bayard chose an independent command, and was appointed by Governor Curtin Colonel of the First Pennsylvania cavalry, one of the regiments of the Reserve corps. His great-grandfather had been Colonel of the First Pennsylvania cavalry, in the Revolution. His discipline was exact, and to independent yeomanry it seemed arbitrary; but the real worth and heroism of the man soon endeared him to all hearts, and reconciled them to his methods. His first speech to his men, delivered as they were about to undertake a hazardous duty, was characteristic: "Men! I will ask you to go in no place but where I lead."

One who knew him well says of him: "As a soldier, in camp and on the field, in bivouac or in the height of an engagement, he was a perfect model. He had a quiet but keen eye, detecting and correcting what was wrong, and just as quick to discern merit. In the field, he participated in all the hardships with the men, declining a shelter when they were exposed."

In the spring of 1862, he was promoted to Brigadier-General, and was placed over the First brigade of cavalry in the Army of the Potomac. When McClellan went to the Peninsula, Bayard remained with the army of observation before Washington. At Cross Keys, and all the subsequent operations under General Pope, he acquitted himself with great credit. He had been at the Academy with J. E. B. Stuart, and at Cedar Mountain they met; first in conflict, and afterwards under flag of truce for the burial of the dead, where they conversed in a friendly way. No allusion was made to the present war, but they talked of former associations. "During the interview," says a Washington paper, "a wounded Union soldier lying near was groaning and asked for water. 'Here, Jeb,' said Bayard—old time recollections making him familiar as he tossed his bridle to the rebel officer—'hold my horse a minute, will you, till I fetch that poor fellow some water.' Jeb held the bridle. Bayard went to a stream and brought the wounded man some water. As Bayard mounted his horse, Jeb remarked that it was the first time he had 'played orderly to a Union General.'" Stuart was then a Major-General in the Confederate service. The business for which they met was soon arranged, and when the bugle sounded the recall they shook hands and turned away, mortal enemies again.

General Bayard, from the midst of war's direful encounters, was looking forward with interest to his marriage, which, he says in a letter to his mother, of October 26th, 1862, "we have intended should take place on the 18th of December, my twenty-seventh birthday." In a letter of the 22d of November, to his father, he says: "I have been troubled a good deal of late with rheumatism, owing to having been thoroughly drenched with rain. I ought to be in the hospital. But I must go with this army through. I am senior General of cavalry. Honor and glory are before me—shame lurks in the rear. It looks as if I should not be able to leave at the time appointed for my marriage, but will have to postpone it till this campaign is over."

In the desperate engagement at Fredericksburg, on the 13th of December, he had the honor of opening the battle, and holding the enemy in check until the infantry could come up, when he was withdrawn and posted on the extreme left of the line, his left flank abutting upon the river. "There," says the life, "he was engaged all the morning of the 13th, more or less with the enemy's skirmishers and advance. His last directions, before leaving his troops to go to the headquarters of General Franklin, were given to his artillery officer to change the position of some of his guns. A little before two o'clock he rode to headquarters, to receive such orders as General Franklin might deem proper to give. He found the General in a grove of trees, with some of his staff and other General officers. The enemy were then throwing their shells at and around this grove. General Bayard, soon after he arrived, having dismounted, seated himself at the foot of a tree, but with his face towards the quarter from whence the shells came. He was warned by a brother officer of his needless exposure, and invited to change his position. This he did not do, but remained for some time participating in the conversation of those around. In a little while, however, he rose from his seat, and hardly stood erect, when he was struck by a shell just below the hip, shattering his thigh near the joint." In this frightful condition, with mind still clear and active, he lingered until noon of the following day, arranging his business and sending messages of love and affection to friends. To his father and mother he said: "I have to dictate to you a few words, ere it becomes too late. My strength is rapidly wasting away. Good-bye, dearest father and mother; give my love to my sisters." He did not appear to suffer much pain, and about twenty-four hours after he was struck, he sank gradually and quietly to his last sleep. "Not one," says Greeley, "died more lamented than Major-General George D. Bayard, commanding our cavalry on the left, who was struck by a shell and mortally wounded. But twenty-seven years old, and on the eve of marriage, his death fell like a pall on many loving hearts."

STRONG VINCENT, Colonel of the Eighty-third regiment, and Brigadier-General, son of Bethuel B. and Sarah A. (Strong) Vincent, was born in the village of Waterford, Erie county, Pennsylvania, June 17th, 1837. At the age of seventeen, he went to Hartford, Connecticut, where he became a student in the Scientific School. Subsequently he prepared for, and entered Trinity College, where he remained two years. At the end of that time, he entered Harvard College, and graduated in the class of 1859. Vincent did not attain a high rank as a scholar, but was looked up to as a leader among his associates, and as possessed of qualities which would make him a leader among men. In stature he was above the medium height, of well-formed and powerful frame. Returning to Erie, he commenced the study of law, and on his admission to the bar, at once took a prominent rank. The day after the President's call for volunteers, he enlisted as a private soldier in the Wayne Guards. At the expiration of the three months' service, in which he served as Adjutant of the Erie regiment, he took an active part in raising the Eighty-third regiment for three years' service, and was elected and commissioned its Lieutenant-Colonel. The Battle of Hanover Court House was his first experience of real conflict, though the regiment suffered little in this engagement. The malaria of the swamps proved more fatal to the soldiers than the bullets of the enemy, and he became a victim to its deadly influence. Towards the end of June, he was sick almost beyond the hope of recovery. At the time of the battle of Gaines' Mill, he was too weak to leave his bed; but when he learned the disasters which had befallen his regiment,—the Colonel and Major dead on the field, and more than half its numbers gone down in the battle,—he determined to rejoin it. His strength was insufficient to bear up under the fatigues of the march, and he was finally carried insensible from the field. He was taken in a hospital ship to New York, and thence to his home in Erie. On his return, in October, he took command of the regiment, having been chosen and commissioned Colonel during his absence. He participated in the battle of Fredericksburg, and while on the advance line in front of the enemy, the command of the brigade devolved upon him. He was, for several weeks, President of a court-martial, and was tendered the position of Judge-Advocate-General of the Army of the Potomac. But this honor, which many young officers would have coveted, he declined, saying: "I enlisted to fight." In the action at Ashby's Gap, on the 21st of June, preceding the battle of Gettysburg, in which Vincent commanded a brigade, the enemy were routed and a Blakely gun captured. For his skill in this affair, he received the formal thanks of General Meade. The army was now on its way to Gettysburg. On crossing the Pennsylvania line, Vincent became much excited, riding up and down the column, encouraging the men and reminding them that they were now to fight on their own soil. On the 2d of July, the second day of the battle, Vincent was ordered to seize Little Round Top, and hold the narrow valley between it and Big Round Top. After heroically repulsing repeated assaults, while reconnoitring the position of the enemy from a huge rock directly fronting the Devil's Den, then held by the enemy's sharp-shooters, he fell mortally wounded. On the following day, his appointment by the President as Brigadier-General, was sent to him. He lingered till the 7th, and expired on the field. On entering the service, he had written to his young wife: "If I live, we will rejoice over our country's success. If I fall, remember you have given your husband to the most righteous cause that ever widowed a woman,"—a sentiment that is worthy to be inscribed upon his tomb.

Charles Frederick Taylor, Colonel of the Bucktail regiment, was born on the 6th of February, 1840, at West Chester, Pennsylvania. His boyhood years were spent upon his father's farm, near Kennett Square. This is the neighborhood of the ground made sacred in the Revolution. Not far away is the Quaker church, where, even now, stains upon the floor are shown, formed by pools of the life-current from patriot wounds; and near-by, the tree under which Lafayette reclined, when weak from loss of blood. The story of that struggle was early learned, and inspired his youthful imagination. At the age of fifteen, he entered the University of Michigan, at Ann Arbor, which he left on the following year, to accompany his brother, Bayard Taylor, and two sisters, on a tour through Europe. After travelling in Great Britain, France, Germany, Switzerland, and Italy, Charles, with his sisters, settled at Lausanne, while Bayard was making his northern tour through Sweden and Lapland. In the spring of 1857, they proceeded to Gotha for the purpose of studying the German language; and in June following, returned to America. With renewed vigor, Charles again took his place in the University; but at the end of a year, left the institution, to undertake the management of his father's farm. His plans for improved culture had scarcely been matured, when the tocsin of war was sounded, and he instantly abandoned the visions of agricultural triumphs, for those on the field of strife.

Having recruited a company, he moved with it to Harrisburg, where it was made a part of the Bucktail regiment, and he was commissioned its Captain. Before the opening of the spring campaign, this regiment was divided; six companies, under Major Roy Stone, going with McClellan to the Peninsula; and the other four, among which was Captain Taylor's, under Colonel Kane, remaining with McDowell in the army of observation. At Harrisonburg, on the 6th of June, this handful of Bucktails fought an entire brigade of the enemy. They were subjected to an enfilading fire, by which Captain Taylor received four bullet holes through his clothes. When about to retire, he found that his Colonel had fainted from loss of blood, and in the act of rendering him assistance, they were surrounded by eight or ten rebels who immediately took them prisoners. They were both paroled at Petersburg, and at once sent into the Union lines. Their request to be exchanged was not granted, and they remained prisoners on parole until November, during which time Captain Taylor was commandant of Camp Parole, at Annapolis. He was not released until after the battle of Antietam, when—Colonel McNeil having been killed, and Colonel Kane having been promoted to Brigadier-General—he was advanced to Colonel, then but twenty-one, among the youngest who held that commission in the Union army. In the battle of Fredericksburg, he was wounded, the loss in the regiment being very severe. At Gettysburg the Bucktails were in the First brigade, commanded by Colonel McCandless. At the moment when the fortunes of the day on the left of the field seemed utterly lost, brigade after brigade, and division after division, having been pushed forward, only to be hurled back mangled and bleeding, McCandless was ordered to charge and check the impetuous onsets of the foe. In two lines he advanced, Taylor having the left of the second line. The swamp, formed by Plum Run, presented a serious impediment; but, having passed it in the face of a murderous fire, he swept on, and having crossed the stone wall upon the verge of the wood, dashed through it to the edge of the Wheatfield, where, while in the act of steadying and encouraging his men, he was shot through the heart by the bullet of a sharp-shooter. His body was carried back, and taken to his home near Kennett Square, where it was buried with impressive ceremonies. A tasteful monument rests over his grave—the tribute of soldiers and friends.

JOHN RICHTER JONES, Colonel of the Fifty-eighth regiment, entered the service from Sullivan county, Pennsylvania, on the 13th of February, 1862. Many of his men were from the forest region, and the pet he chose to accompany his command was in keeping with the characteristics of the section he represented. It was neither a dog, a cat, a rooster, a coon, nor a fox, which were the most commonly adopted; but a bear from the forests of Sullivan. The service which Colonel Jones' command performed was, for the most part, rendered in North Carolina, where he was isolated from the great armies operating in the field, and where the duty chiefly consisted in holding an enemy's country, and fighting detached bodies as they chanced to appear. A clause, extracted from the communication of a writer who understood well the difficulties and dangers of that service, published in *Moore's Rebellion Record*, discloses its character. "There are thousands," he says, "at the North, who curse the army for inaction, who, if they knew half the brave things done by the men in the field, would be shamed to silence by their deeds of valor. Colonel Jones and his heroes of the Fifty-eighth Pennsylvania have done some splendid work, and by his vigilance he has made the bushwhackers cry for quarter." In an action at Bachelor's Creek, on the 23d of May, 1863, while in command of a brigade, and conducting an important expedition, he was shot through the heart and instantly expired. General Foster, who commanded in the department, in an order announcing his death, said: "Colonel Jones won the admiration of all, by the indefatigable, able, and gallant manner with which he filled the arduous duties of Commander of the Outposts. He died whilst yet enjoying the triumphs of a victory won by his valor and counsel."

JAMES HARVEY CHILDS, Colonel of the Fourth cavalry, was born on the 4th of July, 1834, at Pittsburg. His father was Harvey Childs, a native of Massachusetts. His mother, Jane Bailey (Lowrie) Childs, was a sister of the Hon. Walter H. Lowrie, late Chief Justice of Pennsylvania. He was educated at the Miami University, Oxford, Ohio, where he graduated in the class of 1852. In person, he was six feet in height, well proportioned, and of good general health. He was married on the 14th of July, 1857, to Mary H. Howe, eldest daughter of the Hon. Thomas M. Howe, of Pittsburg.

He was First Lieutenant of the Pittsburg City Guards, before the rebellion. When the call was made for troops in that struggle, he was prompt to tender his services, and became First Lieutenant of company K, Twelfth regiment. After the conclusion of the term for which this body was enlisted, he was active in recruiting the Fourth Pennsylvania Cavalry, and was commissioned Lieutenant-Colonel. Before entering upon field service he was promoted to Colonel. In the campaign upon the Peninsula he was on duty with his command, the scouting and skirmishing being unusually severe on account of the lack of troops in this arm of the service. His regiment opened the battle in the first of the seven days' engagements, and at Gaines' Mill and Charles City Cross Roads, was actively employed, proving, in both those desperate encounters, the sterling qualities of which it was composed and the steadfast purpose of its commander.

On evacuating the Peninsula, the regiment moved to Washington, arriving in time to join in the Maryland campaign. At Antietam it was attached to Averell's brigade, and on account of the sickness of its leader, the command devolved upon Colonel Childs. The brigade was assigned to the left of the Union line, and after crossing the stone bridge, was posted in support of Clark's battery, which was warmly engaged. The duty was difficult, and the enemy's fire proved very destructive. Colonel Childs was upon every part of the field, encouraging his men, and intelligently directing the movements. He had just completed an inspection of the skirmish line and had returned to his headquarters, where he was cheerfully conversing with his staff, when he was struck by a cannon-ball on the left hip which threw him from his horse, and passed completely through his body. For a time his mind was clear, and recognizing at once that his wound was mortal, his first care was for his command. He dispatched Captain Hughes, one of his aids, to General Pleasanton, Chief of cavalry, to apprise him of his fall, and another to Lieutenant-Colonel Kerr, to request him to assume command of the brigade. He then sent a message to Dr. Marsh, that, "If he was not attending to any one whose life could be saved, to come to him, as he was in great pain." Finally, he called to his side his Assistant Adjutant-General, Captain Henry King, a townsman and personal friend, to whom he gave brief messages of affection to his wife and three little children. Of the oldest of the three, a boy bearing the name of his maternal grandfather, as if thinking in his dying moments only of his country for which he had perilled and lost his own life, he said: "Tell Howe to be a good boy, and a good man, and true to his country." In twenty minutes he became delirious, and shortly after breathed his last, joining in the spirit-land his many comrades whose last earthly struggle was on the bloody field of Antietam.

WASHINGTON BROWN, Captain in the One Hundred and Forty-fifth regiment. Many of the most earnest and faithful of the soldiers who went forth to do battle for the preservation of the national integrity, were the sons of farmers, who, during the period of boyhood and youth, were accustomed to labor; and while removed from the privileges of the city, were also kept aloof from its corrupting influences,—a condition favoring reflection, and inducing to study.

Of this class was Washington Brown, who was born on the 22d of October, 1836, in Millcreek township, Erie county, Pennsylvania. His father, Conrad Brown, and his mother, Elizabeth Ann (Barr) Brown, were both natives of that county. The son was instructed in the common schools of the district during five or six months in each year, working upon the farm the remainder of the time, until he had passed the period of boyhood, when he was sent to the Erie County Academy, and, subsequently, to a commercial school in the city of New York, where he completed his academic studies. In his nineteenth year, he taught a country school during one term. He attained to a good degree of proficiency in mathematics and civil engineering.

He early exhibited a liking for military training, and became a member of the Wayne Guards, a widely-known militia company, commanded by that gallant soldier and true patriot, John W. McLane. Early in the war, he was active in recruiting a company for the One Hundred and Forty-fifth Pennsylvania regiment, of which he was chosen Captain. When the subject of the captaincy was under consideration, he was asked what his course would be if he were defeated for this position? His answer was prompt and decisive: "I will go into the ranks with my musket." The choice of a Captain was not long in doubt.

The organization of the regiment was completed but a few days before the battle of Antietam, and it was hurried away to join the grand army. It arrived within sound of the battle, and was employed in burying the dead on that gory field.

In the battle of Fredericksburg, Captain Brown was wounded in the right arm, near the shoulder. Calling to one of his men, he requested him to tie a handkerchief tightly above the wound, and using his knife for a tourniquet, he seized his sword in his left hand, and again led on his men, cheering them in the fight, until from loss of blood he became too weak to stand, when he was carried from the field. He was unable to obtain surgical assistance, and for three days the wound remained undressed—a fatal and unaccountable delay. When finally it was examined, it was found to be past relief. When told by the surgeon that he must lose his arm, he cheerfully assented, and it was amputated at the shoulder. Three days thereafter, having endured great suffering and grief at the separation from friends and family, he died. His father was with him through all, and ministered to him with paternal care. His last words were: "O Lord, receive my spirit! Good-bye. I am gone." Thus passed to his rest as brave a man as ever filled a soldier's grave.

On the 11th of September, 1861, just one year before his departure for the front, he was married to Miss Eliza Alexander of Covington, Kentucky, who, with an infant daughter, was left to mourn his untimely death. In person, he was erect and well-proportioned, being five feet ten inches in height, and weighing 170 pounds. He was possessed of good health, of temperate habits, industrious, energetic, of a kind and sympathetic heart. He was descended from a line of heroic ancestors. On the day that his regiment left for the front, his aged grandmother, more than threescore years and ten, in the spirit of the heroine of old —who bade her son return *with* the weapon she gave, or *upon* it— presented him a pistol, as a token of her appreciation of the righteousness of the cause he espoused, and of her faith in its triumph. The company having been drawn up, ready to take its place in the line, the venerable matron thus addressed him: "My son, I send you to war to defend the liberties of our country which are menaced by designing and wicked men. My father, your great-grandfather, fought in the Revolutionary War to gain our independence. My husband, your grandfather, served in the War of 1812 to establish our independence, and I wish you to do your duty to your country by giving your services, and life itself, if necessary, in defence of those liberties, won and established by your fathers. I present you this weapon. Use it if the occasion calls, and *use it skilfully*. Always be obedient to those who are placed over you. Be kind to those who are under you, and may they treat you with respect and obedience in return. My blessing shall follow you, and may God bless and preserve you. Farewell."

The Captain briefly said, in response: "I thank you for this weapon. I will endeavor to do my duty to my country, and to my men." Faithfully was the promise kept; and when, after having fallen upon the field of honor, his lifeless form was borne mournfully to his home, a great concourse of sorrowing friends and fellow-citizens followed him to his final resting-place, in the Cemetery at Erie. It is sad to contemplate the sacrifice of such as these; but

"Who dies in vain
Upon his country's war-fields, and within
The shadows of her altars?"

WILLIAM BOWEN, Lieutenant and Acting Adjutant of the Seventy-fifth regiment, was born on the 25th of April, 1837, at Manchester, England, where his parents were then residing. He was the son of William Ezra and Elizabeth (Kritley) Bowen, the former a native of Philadelphia, the latter of England. While the son was yet in infancy they came to Philadelphia, where, and at Bolmar's Military Institute at Westchester, he received a good education. After graduating he was for a time in mercantile business, spent a year in Centre county, and a year and a half in Ontonagon, Michigan, where his health, which had suffered from a rheumatic affection, was much improved. He volunteered at the opening of the war in the Seventeenth regiment, Colonel Patterson, and at the conclusion of its service, entered the Seventy-fifth, General Bohlen, as a Second-Lieutenant. His regiment was attached to the Second brigade of Schurz's division; and in Pope's campaign he was the Acting Adjutant. It was a position of great responsibility, and from the confidence which he had inspired by his soldierly qualities, one of marked influence. In that disastrous retreat he had particularly distinguished himself in the work of checking the enemy's advance, and protecting the retiring army. In a desperate charge ordered for this purpose, on the 30th of August, while at the head and cheering on his regiment, he received a mortal wound, from the effect of which he soon after expired on the field. Though in the agonies of death he still thought of his command, and with his latest breath asked: "Do the men still stand firm?" On being assured that they did, he said: "It is all right then." These were his last words. His remains were buried on the field, but were subsequently removed to the family grave at Laurel Hill Cemetery.

SAMUEL CROASDALE, Colonel of the One Hundred and Twenty-eighth regiment, son of William and Sarah Croasdale, was born at Hartsville, Bucks county, on the 23d of August, 1837. He was educated at Tenant school in his native town. He early evinced talents of a superior order, and a disposition thoughtful, studious, and ambitious. His love for, and knowledge of the classics, acquired for him among his fellows the sobriquet of Old Cicero. In the mathematics, in which he also delighted, he was no less proficient. He chose the law as his profession, and at the age of twenty-three was admitted to the Bucks county bar, where he practised until the breaking out of the war. When troops were needed he was among the first to enlist, and went as a private under Colonel W. W. H. Davis, in the three months' campaign. He entered the service again as Captain, having recruited a company; was promoted to the rank of Colonel, and given the command of the One Hundred and Twenty-eighth Pennsylvania regiment. Before his men had been a month in the service, they were incorporated in the Army of the Potomac, and put upon the march to meet the enemy in Maryland. At the battle of Antietam, fought on the 17th of September, 1862, he was instantly killed, while leading his command on the hottest part of that stubbornly contested field. In appearance he was tall and commanding, with a fine intellectual face, expressive of power and determination, yet with a disposition most kind and affectionate.

HENRY I. ZINN, Colonel of the One Hundred and Thirtieth, regiment, was born on the 11th of December, 1834, in Dover township, York county, Pennsylvania. He was the son of John and Anna Mary (Beitzel) Zinn. He received his education at the Cumberland Valley Institute, which gave a thorough training in the branches of a liberal course, and here he stood among the first for readiness of apprehension and soundness of views. By nature well endowed, and by taste studious, he was fitted to have taken a commanding position among his fellow men in any walk or profession. He was, in stature, five feet ten inches, stout, robust, and healthy. He was married on the 18th of September, 1855, to Miss Mary Ann Clarke.

He entered the service of the United States on the 23d of April, 1862, when he was elected First-Lieutenant of Company H, Seventh Pennsylvania Reserve. He was promoted to Captain of that company on the 28th of June; but in August following resigned. Re-entering the service as Captain of Company F, One Hundred and Thirtieth, on the 9th of August, a few days thereafter he was made Colonel of the regiment. He was in this position in a sphere fitted to his capabilities, and under his moulding hand the regiment rapidly gained a knowledge and skill in the practice of military duty. He was posted in the fortifications covering the approaches to Washington, during the battles of Groveton and Chantilly, and at Antietam took a prominent part, his regiment being stationed on the left of the right wing of the Union army, losing severely. He was here conspicuous for gallantry, and had a horse shot under him. After this engagement, Colonel Zinn was posted at Harper's Ferry, where his men suffered for want of camp equipage, and even for food. · But in spite of the many difficulties, he instituted and pursued a regular plan of daily battalion and company drills. "He was," says one of his subordinate officers, "one of the best drill masters in the corps."

Captain Joshua W. Sharp, a brave man, who led one of the companies in Colonel Zinn's regiment, gives the following graphic account of the part it bore in the battle of Fredericksburg, and of the heroic death of its leader: "The One Hundred and Thirtieth started for Fredericksburg on the 11th of December, crossed the Rappahannock on the following morning, and shared in the charge made on Marye's Heights by French's division, supported by Howard's, on the long to be remembered 13th, when, with this portion of the right wing of his army, Burnside sought to pierce the rebel centre, defended by lines of rifle pits, and a stone wall along the base and sides of the encircling heights, and by numerous batteries that covered their summits. Over that fearful valley of death the One Hundred and Thirtieth advanced at a double-quick, enfiladed on both right and left, and with a tremendous fire in front. Twice it was ordered to lie down, the second time just in front of the enemy; and here it is believed that some of our own shells from the guns on Stafford Hills fell among its ranks. It is certain that some of its men were killed by bullets from Federal soldiers in their rear; for the column of attack was from twenty to forty men deep. Galled by so many fires, whole regiments of the attacking force fell back into Fredericksburg. Meagher's men, with their green emblems streaming in the air, had come flying back from their bloody charge with numbers sadly reduced. The One Hundred and Thirtieth was about to follow, when Colonel Zinn, rising up, clasping the banner which had been presented by the State in his left hand, and waving his sword with the right, called out:

"'Stick to your standard, boys! The One Hundred and Thirtieth never abandons its standard!'

"Hardly had he uttered the words when he fell, pierced in the temple by a Minié ball. But the regiment, now under the command of Captain Porter, stuck to its standard, and a portion of it did not leave the field until after night-fall."

Thus fell one of the truest and boldest spirits that went forth from the Keystone State to do battle for his country. It was not a reckless bravery—a daring without thought—but with appreciative heroism, he went with considered step to his death.

Say not so!
'Tis not the grapes of Canaan that repay,
But the high faith that failed not by the way;
Virtue treads paths that end not in the grave;
No ban of endless night exiles the brave;
And to the saner mind
We rather seem the dead that stayed behind.

HENRY W. CARRUTHERS, Captain in the Ninety-seventh regiment. In the late war of the Rebellion, some of the most gifted of the young men of the nation, before whom there seemed opening in civil life a bright career, *iter ad astra*, were untimely cut off, giving up their lives as sacrifices on the altar of their country. Of these Henry W. Carruthers was one. He was born at Lawrenceville, Illinois, on the 5th of November, 1835. His father, George W. Carruthers, a promising young lawyer, died while his son was but a child. His mother, Jemima P. Carruthers, upon the death of her husband returned to Pennsylvania, her native State.

At the age of fourteen Henry was apprenticed to his uncle, Hon. Henry S. Evans, editor of the *Village Record*, of West Chester, to learn the business of a printer, with whom he remained until he became of age, acquiring a good knowledge of the art, and manifesting skill and business talent. At the expiration of this period he commenced the study of law in the office of Joseph Hemphill, Esq., and in 1858 was admitted to practice in the courts of Chester and Delaware counties. Well read in his profession, and possessed of a graceful and popular style of oratory, he at once took a commanding position at the bar, and was acquiring a lucrative practice, when the Rebellion opened and he rendered a prompt obedience to the call of his country in her time of need.

He had previously been a member of the National Guards, a militia company of note, commanded by Henry R. Guss, and when the latter recruited his company for the three months' service, and again at the end of that period recruited the Ninety-seventh regiment for three years, Carruthers followed the fortunes of his leader in each, serving in Patterson's army as a private in the former, and as Adjutant of the regiment during the greater part of the term in the latter. In this capacity he was taken to the Department of the South, where he remained until the spring of 1864. His legal knowledge and his habits of accuracy in the transaction of business prepared him to discharge the duties of Adjutant with remarkable skill and ability, and made him an admirable adviser to his commander. During the siege of Forts Wagner and Gregg he had charge of the assignment and relief of working parties detailed from the brigade, a position of great peril and hardship, which he performed with singular success.

Upon the transfer of the regiment to the Army of the James, his ability was even more apparent and his skill in more constant requisition. While in the Department of the South he had acted at intervals as Assistant Adjutant-General on the staff of Colonel Guss. He was afterwards offered this position on the staff of Colonel Bell; but he steadily declined it, preferring to remain with his old companions in arms. On the 6th of June, 1864, while in front of the enemy's works at Cold Harbor, he received his commission as Captain of Company C of his regiment. In the battle of Strawberry Plains, on the 16th of August, Captain Carruthers received a mortal wound. He was taken to the General Hospital at Fortress Monroe, where he had devoted attention and surgical aid, but all without avail, and on the 30th of the month, in his twenty-ninth year, he expired, deeply lamented by his company and by his entire regiment.

The following resolution, passed by the bar of West Chester, shows the esteem in which he was held by his brethren of the legal profession: "*Resolved*, That in the death of our dear friend and brother we feel that one of the best and most promising of our circle has been taken from us; one who generously gave up his young life—so full of vigor and hope—in defence of his country. The industry with which he pursued his preparatory studies for the bar; the energy with which he applied himself to the duties of his profession; his honorable bearing; the courteous, the kind and gentle spirit which always graced his intercourse with us; his loyalty, his patriotism, his humanity, his courage, and finally, his heroic death, make his brave and beautiful life precious to all his friends and brethren. In the manner of his death we are reminded that he is the fifth martyr from our midst, and we fondly associate his name with the honored names of Bell, Roberts, McIntire, and Nields, and will keep them all in affectionate remembrance."

RICHARD HOBSON WOOLWORTH, Colonel of the Fourth Reserve regiment, was born at Mantuaville, Philadelphia, in November, 1824. After receiving a thorough education in the

Henry W. Carruthers

ADJUTANT

AND

CAPTAIN CO. C. 97TH P. V.

A. A. GENERAL 1ST BRIG. 2D DIV. 10TH ARMY CORPS

schools of the city, he passed a novitiate in business in prominent commercial houses. He was afterwards connected with a leading house in stock exchange and brokerage, and two years before the opening of the war, established in this line a business of his own. He had been made Captain of a militia company in 1845, raised to protect the city against the riots which at that time threatened its peace, and when the call was made for troops to form the Reserve Corps, in 1861, he rendered signal service in drilling the new levies, and was finally made Captain of a company recruited in Germantown. Upon the formation of the Third Reserve, at Camp Washington, he was made Major, and subsequently, while the division was at Fredericksburg, just previous to its setting out for the Peninsula, he was ordered to the Fourth Reserve, in which he was commissioned Lieutenant-Colonel. At Beaver Dam Creek and Gaines' Mill he shared the fortunes of the Reserves, who were put at the fore front and did severe duty. At Charles City Cross Roads Colonel Woolworth was severely wounded, and on the day after the battle, while lying in the hospital, was taken prisoner and moved to Richmond. He was soon after paroled and sent to hospital at David's Island, New York, where, thirty days after the battle, portions of his coat were extracted from his wounds. While yet lame he rejoined his command, and led it in the battle of Fredericksburg, where he was struck by a spent ball, from the effect of which he was confined to the hospital for two weeks. On the 1st of March, 1863, he was promoted to Colonel. After the transfer of a portion of the Reserves to Harper's Ferry, he had for a time command of a brigade.

In the spring of 1864, General Crook headed a column which penetrated West Virginia, of which the Fourth Reserve formed part. In the sanguinary battle of Cloyd Mountain, fought on the 9th of May, 1864, while the Reserves, under General Sickel, were charging upon the enemy's position in the face of a fierce fire of artillery and small arms, Colonel Woolworth, in leading on his men with great gallantry, was mortally wounded by a grapeshot. He was buried on the field beneath a locust tree, upon the bank of the stream across which the brigade was charging.

From first to last Colonel Woolworth maintained the character of exalted patriotism. Towards the close of the year 1863, a gentleman of wealth, Mr. Lewis Cooper, desired to form a business partnership with him, and requested the Hon. Charles Gilpin, an uncle of the Colonel, to transmit the proposition to him, then with his regiment on simple guard duty at Alexandria. The answer of Woolworth disclosed the conscientious regard for duty by which he was governed: "Dear Uncle:—I duly received thine of the 7th, and am truly grateful to our friend for his kind and generous offer. I should feel it my duty to accept it under other circumstances; but as I have voluntarily sworn to serve the United States well and truly for three years, I do not feel at liberty to tender my resignation. I think that the officers are as much bound by their oath as the enlisted men, particularly as many of the latter have enlisted through the example of those higher in position. Officers who resign now are not much thought of by those who remain in the service. The remaining ten months will soon slip around, and then, should I be spared, I hope to be with you again. Tell my friend I am very sorry to decline his proposal, and hope I may have an opportunity of expressing my thanks to him personally." A just sense of honor, which would not allow him to lay down his sword while confronting the enemies of his country, carried him to the fatal field of Cloyd Mountain, where his life was sacrificed to the cause of freedom and good government. The body of Colonel Woolworth was subsequently removed to Philadelphia and buried in the Odd Fellows Cemetery, near the city, where a monument was erected to his memory.

George Ashworth Cobham, Jr., Colonel of the One Hundred and Eleventh regiment, and Brevet Brigadier-General, was born on the 5th of December, 1825, in Liverpool, England. He was the second son of Henry Cobham, of Brasinces College, Saint Albans Hall, University of Oxford, who died five months before the son's birth, and who was descended from Henry, the first Baron Cobham, one of the followers of William, in his conquest of Britain. The mother afterwards married the father's brother, George A. Cobham, and with him, and her two sons, Henry and George A., came to this country in 1835, when the latter was but ten years of age, and settled five miles from Warren, on a tract which they named Cobham Park. Here the youth grew up a hardy pioneer, acquiring that athletic development which particularly characterized him to the end of his life, being six feet in height, well formed, and muscular. Though born in England, and having all his youthful associations there, he was, nevertheless, an American in thought and feeling.

When the cry for help against armed rebellion came from the National authorities, he said: "The Government must have defenders; the Rebellion must be put down with a strong hand; somebody must lead these men; if other and better men do not, I will try." When the One Hundred and Eleventh regiment was formed, in the summer of 1862, he was made Lieutenant-Colonel, and soon after taking the field, was promoted to Colonel. At Charlestown, Cedar Mountain, Antietam, Chancellorsville, Gettysburg, Wauhatchie, Lookout Mountain, Mission Ridge, Ringgold, Dalton, Resaca, Dallas, New Hope Church, Pine Mountain, Grier's Hill, Noses Creek, Marietta Cross Roads, Pawnee Springs, and Chattahoochie, some of these lasting many days together, and numberless minor engagements and skirmishes, Colonel Cobham led his command with skill and heroic courage. His last battle was at Peach Tree Creek, on the 20th of July, 1864, almost the last before the fall of Atlanta, the objective of the campaign. "For the first time in the campaign," says one who witnessed the fight, and whose account was at the time published in an English paper, the *Bacup and Rosendale News*, "a fight took place with neither party behind works. Almost the whole of Hooker's corps was struck simultaneously, although, as the wave of battle rolled from right to left, Ward's division was engaged a minute or two sooner than the others. Face to face the combatants stood pouring deadly volleys into each other's bosoms, at times the lines not being fifteen yards apart. On Colonel Cobham's centre the lines met each other so furiously that they passed one beyond the other, and changed front to renew the conflict. At this juncture a New Jersey regiment broke, which was either in or in front of Colonel Cobham's brigade, and whilst endeavoring to rally these men, Cobham was surrounded by the enemy, and called upon by an officer to surrender. With a rare nobility of character, he refused to yield, and for refusing was shot through the body by the rebel who made the demand. The ball entered his shoulder, glancing downwards, passed through his left lung, and came out under the shoulder blade. Mortally wounded, Cobham turned with the calm dignity that always characterized him, and ordered a soldier who stood near to shoot that fellow. The order was promptly obeyed, and the murderer paid with his life the penalty of killing one of the noblest soldiers that an army ever contained." This was the battle in which the impetuous Hood made his daring attack in hope of sweeping all before him, and turning the flank of Sherman's army. But he found in his way men equally stubborn and impetuous with himself, among whom none was more heroic than Cobham, and Hood was in the end routed with a loss of over 7000 of his best troops. Colonel Cobham was made Brigadier-General by brevet, to date from this battle. This promotion had been long deserved; for he had commanded a brigade nearly two years of the three he had been in the army.

The engagements in which the services of General Cobham were most conspicuous, were at Chancellorsville, where he led the advance; at Gettysburg, where his brigade received the weight of Ewell's shock and repulsed it; at Lookout Mountain and Mission Ridge, in both of which his troops were at the head of the assaulting party; and in charging the masked batteries at Resaca. In a letter addressed to his brother Henry, dated July 4th, 1863, Battle-field of Gettysburg, he says: "Yesterday my brigade was attacked at three o'clock in the morning by Jackson's old troops, and from that time until noon we kept them in check. Our men fired 200 shots each. At noon they charged on us in solid column, and we mowed them down like grass, defeating them entirely. The slaughter was terrible on their side, and we have not all escaped. All around me as I write, our men are busy burying the dead. The ground is literally covered with them, and the blood is standing in pools. It is a sickening sight. Two thousand of the enemy were killed and wounded in front of our single division. I think the rebels will make another stand before long, at some point between here and the Potomac." Touching the charge upon the rebel fortifications at Resaca, in a letter to his mother, he says: "I led the charge on the rebel fort at Resaca, on the 15th, and captured it, with the cannon it contained—four brass twelve-pounders, caissons, and ammunition—and held the position, removing the guns in the night. . . . I send you the original order I received on the battle-field from Major-General Hooker, to take command of all the troops in front of the rebel works, which I did. There had been several desperate charges on this point during the day, but all failed before I was sent in."

His admirable qualities as a man, a soldier, and a patriot, endeared him to all hearts. "We have seldom known," says a writer in the paper above quoted, "a man more unselfish. Despising the petty arts by which so many become distinguished on paper, he never allowed his doings to be gazetted by army correspondents. Duty was his guiding star; to it he bent all the powers of a strong body and a stronger will. This took him into the service. This kept him where danger was thickest, attending to the details of the march and the battle, and performing much of the hard work for which others got credit." His place, whether in command of a regiment or brigade, was always at the fore front, where perils were greatest, and from which an officer of his rank might properly often withhold himself. In one instance his life was miraculously saved by his watch, the deadly missile penetrating it and imbedding itself completely in its delicate works, leaving it a mass of ruin. But a few months before his death, while at home on a short visit, in response to a toast offered at a public dinner given him, he said: "I appreciate the honor of the occasion and am grateful for the kindness you have shown me. I recognize in this not only a compliment to my own services, but a just tribute to the bravery of the boys whom I have the honor to command. The One Hundred and Eleventh has left its blood on every battle-field since they were organized. They have endured long marches without a murmur, have faced the enemy again and again without a sign of fear, and stand to-day with a line of bristling bayonets, which is a barrier to rebel occupation in East Tennessee. The army is determined that the Rebellion shall be put down. I helped to plant the flag on the rugged top of Lookout Mountain, and, if God spares my life, I will help to make it float from the Potomac to the Gulf. I will carry back to the boys in the field the report of this reception, and there is not one but will clench his musket with a firmer grasp, and vow never to lay it down until the Rebellion is crushed."

He passed to his rest while the noise of the battle was yet resounding. He knew not of the final triumph of the grand army to which he belonged, nor of the complete supremacy achieved for the Government of his love; but in trust and confidence, he gave long and able service in the field in its defence, and finally yielded his life a willing sacrifice.

Richard Adolphus Oakford, Colonel of the One Hundred and Thirty-second regiment, was born on the 8th of December, 1820, in the city of Philadelphia. He was the son of Joseph Lloyd and Ann (Cox) Oakford. The blood of several nationalities mingled in his veins—English and Welsh on the father's side, and English and Swedish on the mother's—but for three generations his ancestors were American-born. He received his education at private schools in his native city and at Lafayette College. He was a proficient in Latin, French, and German, writing and speaking the two latter with ease. He was also skilled in mathematics. From childhood he exhibited an inquiring mind, was fond of reading, and became possessed of a large fund of general knowledge, derived both from books and from personal observation, having travelled extensively through the western and southwestern States, just previous to the breaking out of the war.

He never exhibited any predilection for military pursuits until the call of his country for his services. In his early years he was expert in gardening, and had a taste for mechanics, with considerable aptness in the use of tools. After leaving school he studied engineering, and was a good draughtsman. As he grew towards manhood his health became delicate, and, hoping to improve it by country air, he went to the Wyoming Valley to learn farming. He finally settled there, and in 1843, married Miss Frances C. Slocum. The change of life from the city to the country developed the pale, slender youth into a robust man, six feet in height, erect in carriage, courteous and gentlemanly in bearing.

At the breaking out of the Rebellion he was residing with his family at Scranton, which had been his home for ten years previous, where he was exercising the functions of a Justice of the Peace, the only civil office which he ever held. He was elected Colonel of the Fifteenth regiment, recruited for three months, which he commanded throughout the campaign in front of Johnston, in the Shenandoah Valley. Here he rapidly developed most admirable traits as an officer. He took up the tactics almost with the facility of a veteran, and with this, combined those other qualities, equally essential to the model soldier, but rarely found in the civilian—executive ability and the tact to enforce thorough discipline. In August, 1862, he was commissioned Colonel of the One Hundred and Thirty-second, a nine months' regiment, and soon after reaching the front was brought into action on the field of Antietam. The ground was warmly contested, and the fatal cornfield, that has become historic, witnessed the valor with which both officers and men of this regiment met the foe. "A glance at the position," says Colonel Kimball, who commanded the brigade, "held by the rebels, tells how terrible was the punishment inflicted on them. The cornfields on the front are strewn with their dead and wounded, and in the ditch first occupied by them, the bodies are so numerous that they seem to have fallen dead in line of battle." In the midst of the conflict, Colonel Oakford was struck by a Minié ball and died without a struggle. His loss at the very outset of its career was a severe blow to the regiment, and by his comrades, he was

"Mourned as brave men mourn the brave."

THOMAS MARCUS HULINGS, Colonel of the Forty-ninth regiment, was born at Lewistown, Pennsylvania, on the 7th of February, 1835. He was the son of David and Maria (Patton) Hulings, and a nephew of Judge Patton. His paternal grandfather was the first white settler on the Juniata river, and his ancestors were soldiers of the Revolutionary army. He was fond of military life, and when troops were summoned to defend the Capital, went as First Lieutenant of the Logan Guards, one of the five companies which first reached Washington, having successfully passed through an infuriated mob at Baltimore. At the close of the three months' service, during which his company remained at the Capital, and at Fort Washington twelve miles below the city, he returned to Pennsylvania, and was appointed Major of the Forty-ninth regiment. With this he went to the Peninsula, in McClellan's army, being attached to Hancock's brigade, of Smith's division. He was first under fire in a reconnoissance made by Smith to Young's Mills, in April, 1862, where a sharp skirmish ensued in which Major Hulings exhibited remarkable coolness and bravery. At Williamsburg, Hancock led a brilliant charge in which Hulings bore himself with such gallantry as to win the favor and fast friendship of that able and accomplished soldier. He also took part in the actions at Golding's Farm, Savage Station, and White Oak Swamp, "displaying throughout those terrible seven days," says Colonel Irwin, "the same cool bravery and resolution which on all occasions of danger distinguished him."

He was also at the Second Bull Run, though his regiment was not engaged, vieing with the stoutest acts of valor, and subsequently at Crampton's Pass on the 14th of September, and at Antietam on the 17th, having his horse shot under him in the latter battle while intrepidly performing his duty. He had previously, in February, 1862, been appointed Captain in the Twelfth United States Infantry; but so much was he attached to the men of the Forty-ninth Pennsylvania, that he chose to remain with them. In October following, he was promoted to Lieutenant-Colonel. In the second battle of Fredericksburg, which was really a part of Chancellorsville, his regiment was one of those selected to cross the Rappahannock in boats in face of the enemy, and storm the rifle-pits which lined the southern bank of that stream. This duty was heroically performed under a galling fire of musketry, and here Colonel Hulings was specially distinguished, being among the first to spring to the enemy's shore. During the passage of the river, some of those who were rowing the boat in which he was crossing, became terrified, and commenced backing water; but, drawing his pistols upon them, he compelled them to go forward. His conduct on that occasion was spoken of by all who witnessed it, in terms of universal praise. Colonel Irwin was severely wounded while leading his men up the bank of the river, and Colonel Hulings succeeded to the command of the regiment.

The Gettysburg campaign followed, in which he participated, making long and wearisome marches, arriving on the field on the afternoon of July 2d, 1863, and going to the support of the Fifth corps and the defence of the left wing of the army, which was hard pushed. At Rappahannock Station he led his regiment in the storming column, consisting of Russell's division, and though the ground was open and swept by the enemy's artillery and small arms from an intrenched position, carried the works and captured more men than were of the assaulting force. When the gallantry of this brigade was described to General Hancock, he said: "They never failed in anything they undertook." The wounds of Colonel Irwin necessitating his resignation, Lieutenant-Colonel Hulings was promoted to the rank of Colonel before the opening of the spring campaign of 1864. It was at this period that General Hancock wrote of him: "He is a brave and faithful officer, and has been twice recommended by myself for brevets for good conduct in action."

With his usual daring he passed unscathed through the terrible ordeal of battle in the Wilderness, of the 5th, 6th and 7th of May. On the 10th, the brigade to which his regiment was attached was ordered to join in an assault on the enemy's works in front of Spottsylvania. An heroic attack was made under a terrible and sweeping musketry and artillery fire. Carried forward by the chivalrous courage of their leader, his command rushed upon the enemy, and after a desperate and bloody contest with clubbed muskets, penetrated the enemy's intrenchments and drove them out, capturing several pieces of artillery, but losing frightfully in the combat, in gallant soldiers and officers; among the latter the brave and lamented Lieutenant-Colonel Miles, who fell while advancing up the slope to the attack. Shortly after the works were thus stormed, Colonel Hulings received orders to withdraw his regiment to the ground held previous to the assault.

As soon as this movement commenced, the enemy, perceiving it, advanced to recover the intrenchments, opening a scathing fire as they came forward. It was at this moment, while standing with his hand upon a captured piece of artillery, giving orders to the men, and cautioning them, with his accustomed coolness in times of great danger, to return without haste or disorder, that this intrepid soldier received his death wound from a musket ball which pierced his head. He sank instantly into the arms of one of his men, and his heroic soul passed from earth.

"In his fall," says Colonel Irwin, "his country lost one of her best and bravest soldiers, and the regiment a Colonel who was beloved by every officer and soldier in its ranks. Brave to the verge of desperation in action, he set a splendid example of fearless coolness and courage to his command. While on the march or in camp, his kindness, gentleness of heart and consideration for those under him, gained for him the warm affection of all with whom he came in contact. The truest of friends, the best of comrades, and among the bravest of soldiers, he fell at the post of duty, and it is not too much to say of him that of all the gallant spirits who perished during the late terrible war, none excelled him in honor, heroic courage, devotion to duty, or in love of that country for which he laid down his life."

EDWIN ATLEE GLENN, Major of the One Hundred and Ninety-eighth regiment, was born on the 4th of July, 1835, at Frankford, Pennsylvania. He was the son of Robert and Sarah (Thomas) Glenn. In youth he had a fondness for mathematics, and an ambition to excel in whatever he undertook. The more intricate the subject, the greater his pleasure in mastering it. Upon the formation of the Third Reserve regiment, he volunteered as a private, and at the close of his three years' term was mustered out as Lieutenant, participating in all the battles of the campaign upon the Peninsula, Second Bull Run, South Mountain, Antietam, Fredericksburg, Cloyd Mountain and New River. Returning home he was selected by the Union League of Philadelphia as Major of the One Hundred and Ninety-eighth regiment, which they were assisting to recruit. His gallantry in connection with this body was conspicuous. The battle of Quaker Road was commenced by several companies under his immediate leadership. Early in the fight Colonel Sickel was wounded, when the entire command devolved upon him. In the action at Gravelly Run, on the 31st of March, he particularly distinguished himself. The regiment was ordered to charge across an open field where it was much exposed to the enemy's fire. It was necessary for the regiment to advance from the swamp and wood where it lay into open ground to form. It had no sooner emerged than the enemy opened from his works a withering fire. Major Glenn saw that it was a most critical moment. He ran down to the centre of the regiment, grasped the colors, and started out upon the field, crying, "Men, follow me!" They did follow, and, sweeping across the field, carried the enemy's works. At Five Forks, on the 1st of April, the fighting was renewed with great vigor. A portion of the Union troops had been beaten back, when General Chamberlain came riding up to Major Glenn, and cried out, "Major, if you can take those works," pointing to the place whence the Union troops had been driven, "and keep them, I will promote you on the field." "Boys!" exclaimed Glenn, "will you follow me?" With a wild shout they responded their assent, and the frowning works were taken. After having driven the enemy, the Major was the first to enter. Waving his sword and shouting to the men under his command to cease firing, he advanced and seized the colors of the enemy, and when they were just fairly within his grasp, a shot fired by one of his own men struck him in the abdomen, and he fell mortally wounded. He died four days afterward. A companion in arms says of him: "He was a military student in active service; for he was always studying. A thorough tactician, a strict disciplinarian, a pure patriot, a brave soldier, and a kind-hearted and genial companion, in whom his command had the most implicit confidence; by his death the country lost the services of one worthy the cause he died to defend." The Union League, under whose auspices he last went to the field, united in an appreciative tribute to his memory, and asked the privilege of erecting a monument over his remains.

Guy H. Watkins, Lieutenant-Colonel of the one Hundred and Forty-first regiment, was born in Bradford county, Pennsylvania. He was active in recruiting company B, and was its Captain. When the regimental organization was effected, he was appointed Lieutenant-Colonel. In the battle of Fredericksburg this regiment was with Franklin's grand division, where it sustained some loss. At Chancellorsville it formed part of Graham's division, Sickles' corps, and when the enemy attacked the Twelfth corps, Graham was sent to its support. As the regiment came under fire, Colonel Watkins, while in the act of mounting, and when one foot was already in the stirrup, had his horse killed by a cannon shot. In the midst of the fierce fighting in which the Third corps was involved on the following morning, he was severely wounded and fell into the enemy's hands. After his exchange, and before his wounds were sufficiently healed to take the field, he was nominated by President Lincoln as Paymaster in the army, and the nomination was promptly confirmed by the Senate; but he declined the honor, preferring to lead and share the fortunes of his men. At the opening of the spring campaign of 1864, he took the field, and in all of the desperate fighting of the Wilderness campaign, and until the army had arrived before Petersburg, he escaped unharmed; but while leading his regiment in a charge upon the enemy's works, on the 18th of June, he was instantly killed. He was characterized as among "the bravest of the brave."

William Lovering Curry, Colonel of the One Hundred and Sixth regiment, was born in the city of Philadelphia, on the 29th of January, 1833. His father, William Curry, was a native of Pennsylvania. His mother, Mary (Lent) Curry, was born at Croton, New York. During boyhood he was engaged in the manufacture of paper-hangings with his father. He was educated in the public schools of Philadelphia, and graduated in due course from the Central High School. He is represented as having had a military turn of mind, and he early enlisted in a regiment known as the Philadelphia Light Guard, which, upon the breaking out of the Rebellion, became the Twenty-second in the three months' service, and in which he served as Lieutenant-Colonel. He was nearly six feet in height, stoutly built, was possessed of good health, and of well-formed and temperate habits.

Upon the formation of the One Hundred and Sixth Pennsylvania regiment for three years, he entered it as Lieutenant-Colonel, many of the officers and men of the Twenty-second remaining the same in this. This regiment was a part of the brigade commanded by Colonel E. D. Baker, and at the battle of Ball's Bluff, where that ill-fated officer fell, the men were compelled to stand, mute spectators of the slaughter which a superior force of the enemy was inflicting, without the ability to render aid for want of transportation. He was a favorite with Baker, and was more than once sent out to command the advance guard, with these minute instructions: "Report by messenger any change observed across the river. Let the report be full and carefully digested before sent. Be assured of the reliability of information; make no movement of your troops without orders, unless attacked, and then only in holding your position." At the battle of Fair Oaks, the One Hundred and Sixth was in the command of the gallant General Sumner, who, hearing the sound of battle and knowing he was wanted, put his columns in motion without orders, crossed the swollen Chickahominy on a frail bridge, and arrived in time to save the day. Here Colonel Curry had ample scope for the exercise of his military talent, and gallantly did he acquit himself; hurling back the foe at the point of the bayonet in repeated desperate charges, and preserving intact his own lines, and the guns he supported, which were the special object of rebel spite. Ten days later, while visiting the picket line at early dawn, not knowing that the pickets had fallen back, he walked into the enemy's lines and was taken prisoner. He was immediately marched to Richmond, thence to Petersburg, and finally to Salisbury, where he was the subject of harsh usage, but after three months, was exchanged and returned to duty.

In the battle of Fredericksburg his regiment was among the first to cross the river at the town, and was engaged in driving out the enemy, fighting from street to street. On the 13th, it delivered a charge in the face of two lines of hostile forces securely posted behind works, and held an advanced position in the face of a most destructive fire. The duty here was only equalled in severity by that at Gettysburg, where Colonel Curry again led his regiment in a daring assault upon the advancing enemy, and achieved a well-earned triumph. It was on the extreme right of Sickles' line where the foe was flanking him. "Our regiment," says Colonel Curry, "opened fire, and charged so determinedly along with others, that we drove the enemy to their original lines, and would have spiked a six-gun battery had we not been ordered back. The carnage was terrible, the ground being covered with the dead and wounded. It was in this charge that Adjutant Pleis fell, being struck in the thigh by a piece of shell. I have fully made up for my capture (in June, 1862), as the regiment took a Colonel, two Majors, a number of Captains and Lieutenants, and at least 200 privates prisoners. We had more swords than we could use. I have one in place of the one taken from me at Richmond, and also a silver-mounted pistol."

When General Grant opened his campaign in the spring of 1864, Colonel Curry was the only field officer with the regiment. In the fierce fighting in front of Spottsylvania, on the 11th of May, he received a mortal wound. It was from a Minié ball, which struck him in the leg too near the groin to admit of amputation. He was taken to the Douglas Hospital at Washington, where he received every attention which medical skill and careful nursing could afford; but in vain, and on the 7th of July he breathed his last.

"We welcome back our bravest and our best;—
Ah, me! not all! some come not with the rest,
Who went forth brave and bright as any here!"

EDWIN SCHALL, Colonel of the Fifty-first regiment, was born at the Green Lane Iron Works, Montgomery county, Pennsylvania, on the 15th of February, 1835. He was the son of General William Schall. He received a good English and classical education at Elmwood Institute, in Norristown. He afterwards spent several years in the military school of Captain Partridge, at Norwich, Vermont, at Pembroke, Brandywine Springs, and Bristol, and finally entered upon the study of the law in the office of B. M. Boyer, at Norristown. He subsequently became a student of the Law School at Poughkeepsie, New York, and also in the Ohio State Law School, under the charge of Judge Hayden. After graduating here, and being admitted to the bar, he turned his face westward and for a time practised his profession in Iowa. But returning to Pennsylvania, he opened a law office at Norristown, and not long after became the editor of the *National Defender*, and finally its proprietor, which he continued to be to the day of his death.

At the first call of the President for volunteers, he abandoned his occupation, and, in company with four brothers, joined the ranks of the Fourth regiment. It may here be stated as a circumstance somewhat remarkable, that there were from this family eight brothers in the service in various Pennsylvania organizations: Edwin, Edward, Reuben T., David, Calvin, George, William P., and Alexander. He was elected Major, and his twin brother Edward Lieutenant-Colonel of this regiment, his brother Reuben commanding one of its companies. At the conclusion of his first term of service he assisted in recruiting the Fifty-first regiment for three years, of which he was made Major. He went with his command to North Carolina, in the column of Burnside, and bore a conspicuous part in the battles of Roanoke Island, Newbern, and Camden. On the return of Burnside north, his corps was hastened forward to the support of Pope, and the Fifty-first was hotly engaged at the Second Bull Run and Chantilly. In the campaign in Maryland it was again brought to close conflict at South Mountain, and at the famous Stone Bridge, at Antietam, it was selected to lead in the assault, which finally carried the ground and won the crossing. In all these engagements Major Schall was at the post of duty, and acquitted himself with marked gallantry. In the last-named struggle Lieutenant-Colonel Bell was killed, and he was promoted to fill the vacancy.

At Sulphur Springs, and in the desperate work of the Ninth corps at Fredericksburg, he was with his regiment in the place of peril and of honor. In the spring of 1863, the corps was sent West, and Colonel Hartranft having been given the leadership of a brigade, the command of the regiment devolved upon him. The debilitating and wearing campaign against Vicksburg, and the subsequent movement to Jackson followed, in which the most important service was rendered to General Grant in the reduction of the great stronghold upon the Mississippi, and at its conclusion the corps was hurried back to Kentucky, and hence upon a wearisome march across the mountains to Knoxville, East Tennessee. General Hartranft was here entrusted with a division, and Colonel Schall with a brigade. "Afterwards transferred to East Tennessee," says the Rev. George D. Wolk, in his commemorative discourse, "he was in the battle at Campbell's Station, and the heroic defence of Knoxville; enduring patiently and bravely with his men the great privations and dangers connected with that campaign—sometimes subsisting on unground and unshelled corn—encouraging his worn-out men whose three years' term of service was about expiring, to re-enlist, and himself setting them the example, and on the very day of re-enlistment, it is said, receiving as rations two ears of corn for officer and man, thus sharing subsistence with their artillery horses and baggage mules."

Returning with the corps to the Army of the Potomac for the spring campaign of 1864, he had passed unharmed through the terrible battles of the Wilderness, Spottsylvania, and the North Anna, and had entered upon that at Cold Harbor, when he was struck by the fire of a sharp-shooter, and instantly killed, while leading on his regiment in a daring charge against the hostile works. In acknowledging the reception of a flag presented at his home in Norristown, before setting out for the front, he said: "We will return with this flag in honor, or fall in its defence." That promise he redeemed, laying down his life a sacrifice to that glorious standard; and he who had withstood the hardships of the service and the bullets of the foe for three full years of active duty, was instantly cut off in the very prime of manhood, and at an hour of greatest promise. It seems that he had a presentiment that he was to fall, and had given all needful directions what to do in case his forebodings should be verified. At the moment the fatal shaft was speeding on its death-dealing way, an incident occurred in a far-off hospital, connected with this event, most strange and marvellous. Captain Bisbing of this regiment had been mortally wounded in the battle of the Wilderness, and was at the time lying in the hospital at Georgetown, District of Columbia. He had been quiet upon his cot for some time, when he suddenly started up and cried out in a clear voice, "Lieutenant, Lieutenant," the title by which Lieutenant-Colonel Schall had been known in the regiment, meaning thereby Lieutenant-Colonel, Hartranft having but recently been confirmed Brigadier-General. A wounded Lieutenant lying near him responded, inquiring what was wanted, when Captain Bisbing said, "I do not want you, but Lieutenant-Colonel Schall, for I have seen him fall and I want to know whether he is dead or not." The Captain himself died on the 5th. Whence he had gained this prophetic vision is perhaps beyond the comprehension of mortals.

The body of Colonel Schall was with difficulty rescued, and was returned to his home, where it was buried amid tributes of heartfelt grief rarely witnessed. He had been commissioned Colonel of his regiment but a few days before his fall. In stature he was of medium height, well formed, and capable of great endurance. He was of a deeply religious nature, and suffered not the wild disorders incident to warfare and the demoralizing influences of the camp to contaminate the purity of his life. "As a soldier," says the Norristown *Republican*, "by a tried bravery, by a valor tested in all the battles of the Fifty-first, Colonel Schall merits, and must receive the admiration, not only of the brave men whom he led, but of us, who have not assumed the hardships of a soldier's life, and whose lives have been protected by such devotion as this dying hero displayed." And the *Herald* and *Free Press* observed: "When he fell, his loss was deeply felt in his regiment, where his many acts of kindness, his forbearing and generous spirit, and his noble deeds of bravery, endeared him to all."

JOSEPH SPENCER CHANDLER, Major of the One Hundred and Fourteenth regiment, was born in Philadelphia, on the 26th of October, 1834. He was the son of Joseph R. and Maria (Holton) Chandler. His father was a native of Plymouth county, Massachusetts, and became a prominent citizen of Philadelphia and of his adopted State. The son received a liberal education, first in his native city, and afterwards in New York. His taste was more gratified with the duties of the camp than with those of business, in which he became engaged after finishing his studies, and he joined, in 1857, an artillery corps, the Washington Grays, of the local militia. When the call for troops was made in April, 1861, he was among the first to offer himself as a private in Company A, but was immediately appointed a First Sergeant in Company F, First Pennsylvania Artillery, subsequently known as the Seventeenth three months' regiment, with which he served in the Rockville expedition under General Charles P. Stone, afterwards merged in Patterson's army, faithfully performing all the duties of his position.

After his discharge from this service he received the appointment of First Lieutenant in the Seventy-fifth, Colonel Henry Bohlen, and was shortly afterwards promoted to Captain. When Bohlen was appointed a Brigadier-General, he selected Captain Chandler as his Aide-de-camp. The brigade which Bohlen commanded was of the German division, led by General Blenker. The service rendered by this division was of the most exhausting character. It marched over rough roads and swollen streams to the very heart of West Virginia, and again returning by forced marches, drove Jackson up the Shenandoah Valley, and fought him at Cross Keys; crossing into the valley of Virginia, it was immediately engaged in Pope's disastrous campaign, and while heroically battling with the enemy at Freeman's Ford, to hold him in check, for the rest of the army to recross the Rappahannock and gain a position favorable for battle, General Bohlen, commanding the rear guard, was killed. The General fell just as night was closing in, and at a moment when all his aids were absent carrying his orders. To Captain Chandler had been intrusted the duty of directing the falling back of the brigade across the river. Not until all were over was the General missed. Upon inquiry, he could nowhere be found. It was finally reported that he had fallen. Captain Chandler immediately started, and taking with him a few trusty soldiers who volunteered to go, recrossed the river, and after devoted search, found him in a dying condition. They immediately took him up, and bearing him across, brought him to his own tent, where he soon after expired. The feeling which prompted Captain Chandler to recross a wide and rapid river, enter the enemy's lines, and in the midst of the darkness, search for, and find his wounded and dying leader, strikingly illustrates his heroism and his valor, and the strength of his attachment. None other than a brave man, and a devoted friend, would have done so much.

Shortly after General Bohlen's death, Captain Chandler was offered and accepted the position of Major of the One Hundred and Fourteenth regiment, Zouaves d'Afrique. He was here thrown among old friends and acquaintances, over whom, by the force of his discipline and example, he soon acquired a commanding influence. In all the hard service of Kearny's old brigade, to which this regiment was attached, Major Chandler participated, gaining day by day more and more the confidence and affection of his command. At Chancellorsville, on the morning of the 3d of May, the regiment was early in action. At dusk, on the evening before, Stonewall Jackson had fallen, and now the battle was being renewed on the very ground where he had got his mortal hurt. On that field Major Chandler was conspicuous, now reforming the ranks of this company, and now steadying and directing the fire of that. Perfectly cool and collected himself, he did much towards keeping the regiment steady after the first repulse, and when the lines were reformed in front of the Chancellor House, charged the enemy and drove him before them into the woods and beyond a temporary breastwork of logs and earth, behind which he had taken shelter. Turning defiantly, disputing their farther advance, a terrific, almost hand-to-hand conflict took place. "Here," says an officer, fearless like himself, "Chandler, by his magnificent appearance, heightened by the conspicuous uniform of his regiment, became a target for the enemy. At the height of the conflict he noticed a Confederate flag flaunted defiantly almost directly in front of him. Determined, if possible, to possess it, he called to an officer near him to seize it when its bearer should fall, and drew his revolver; but at that instant, and before he had time to raise his weapon, he fell mortally wounded, shot through the head by a rifle ball. At this time, pressed on all sides, our lines broken, and our corps unsupported, we fell back to the position occupied in the morning, leaving our dead and wounded in the hands of the enemy. After the battle was over, and we had retired to our old camps, a chosen party returned, under flag of truce, to find the body of their dead commander; but though the ground was diligently searched by men who had stood in the ranks on that fatal day, no trace could be discovered of it, or even the place where either it or any of the regiment's dead had been buried."

Major Chandler had a presentiment of his impending doom. Knowing that the battle would soon take place, and presuming that his own regiment would be called to bear a conspicuous part, he was oppressed with gloomy forebodings. Doubtless the recollection of dear ones, whom he would never more meet, saddened him, and he said to his companion, whose words are quoted above: "I feel that I shall not come out of this battle alive." But, save to his intimate friend, he concealed his feelings so completely, that his men were even inspired by his cheerful and confident bearing.

In person, Major Chandler was nearly six feet in height, and had always enjoyed excellent health. He was married in August, 1861, to Miss Maraquita Mason of Philadelphia. When he volunteered at the opening of the war, he went with the full realization of the magnitude of the struggle upon which the nation was about to enter, and of the sacrifices he was making. The following testimony of Captain Thomas P. Parry, a friend of the family, illustrates this consciousness, as well as the tenderness of his heart: "As an evidence of his kindly feeling and affection for his mother, I would also say, that, at his earnest solicitation, I induced the mustering officer, Major (now General) Ruff, to reject his brother William, who was desirous of entering the service; for, as he said, his mother was much excited, and one son should remain with her, but that he was not to be that son; he was ready to offer his own life to save his country, but desired to save his mother from the affliction of another sacrifice."

THOMAS SEVERN BRENHOLTZ, Lieutenant-Colonel of the Fiftieth regiment, was born on the 29th of November, 1834, in Chester county, Pennsylvania. He was the son of Isaac and Catharine (Phillips) Brenholtz. In early childhood his parents removed to the city of Reading, in the public schools of which he was educated. He had a special liking for military service, and was placed in the military establishment of Colonel Batchelder, who has since made for himself a wide reputation as the illustrator of the Battle of Gettysburg. After leaving this, he became principal of a grammar school, and always manifested a keen relish for study. When the call was made for troops, at the opening of the Rebellion, he volunteered as a private, but was induced to accept the position of Lieutenant in the Fifth (three months') regiment. Before the close of the term, he was promoted to Captain, and, immediately on his return, entered with great activity upon recruiting a three years' organization. which was designated the Fiftieth, and of which he was made Lieutenant-Colonel. He accompanied Sherman's expedition to Port Royal in November, 1861, and participated in the early operations undertaken in the Department of the South. During this time he received a furlough of thirty days that he might visit his family; but learning before he was ready to depart that the enemy was threatening the Union position, he promptly pocketed his furlough and remained on duty with his men. Such acts of self-devotion, and his unremitting attention to duty, won him the favor and confidence of all who knew him. He was engaged in the action at Coosaw Ferry on the 1st of January, 1862, and at Pocataligo on the 29th of May following, and in both evinced fine soldierly qualities.

In July of this year the regiment was called to Virginia, and was attached to the Ninth corps. Colonel Christ, its commander, having been placed over a brigade, to Lieutenant-Colonel Brenholtz fell the duty of leading the regiment. In Pope's campaign, which immediately followed, the service was exhausting and the fighting desperate. At the Second Bull Run, and at Chantilly, the regiment was hard pressed, and in the latter battle, after having held its position until the last cartridge had been fired, the men fixed their bayonets and awaited the word to charge. They came out of the bloody struggle in good order, bringing with them their dead and wounded. The service in this campaign told fearfully upon Colonel Brenholtz's health, and on reaching Washington he was obliged to yield to the disease that was preying upon him. For several weeks he was very ill; but as soon as he was again able he rejoined his regiment and was at its head in the battle of Fredericksburg, though not actively engaged. The corps was subsequently sent West, and a part of it, including the Fiftieth regiment, went to the support of General Grant at Vicksburg. After the fall of that stronghold, with the column of Sherman, Colonel Brenholtz moved at the head of his regiment to Jackson, and while employed in the operations before that place in posting his men upon a very exposed part of the skirmish line, he was hit by an enemy's sharp-shooter, and borne fainting from the field. The ball had apparently entered his lung. After the effect of the first shock had passed, it was hoped he might recover; but while on the steamer which was bearing him to Cincinnati, whither his wife had come to meet and care for him, he sank under the effects of the wound and breathed his last before reaching his destination. "A nobler spirit," says one who knew him well, "has not been offered a sacrifice upon the altar of his country. He leaves many warm friends in this city, who will ever cherish his memory with a sincere and genuine affection. His mortal remains are with us, to be interred in the home of his youth, and among the friends he loved. He was talented and brave. Let him sleep in the proud grave of an American Soldier." In person Colonel Brenholtz was above the medium height and robust. He was married in 1859 to Miss Clara Arnold of Reading.

CHAPTER III

THE KILLED IN BATTLE.

JOHN FULTON REYNOLDS, Major-General of volunteers, was born on the 21st of September, 1820, in the city of Lancaster, Pennsylvania. He was the son of John and Lydia (Moore) Reynolds. He received his elementary education in the schools of that city, at Litiz Academy, and Green Academy, Maryland, and in 1837, was appointed a cadet at West Point, where he graduated, in 1841, with distinction. Immediately thereafter he was made brevet Second Lieutenant in the Third artillery, and was sent to Fort McHenry, near Baltimore, where a few months later he was commissioned a full Second Lieutenant. In 1843 he was sent to Florida, and at the expiration of a year was ordered to Fort Moultrie. In 1845 he was transferred to Corpus Christi, and subsequently to Fort Brown. In June, 1846, he was promoted to First Lieutenant, and accompanied General Taylor's column on its advance into Mexico. On the 23d of September, 1846, he distinguished himself in the battle of Monterey by his coolness and courage, and was brevetted Captain. At Buena Vista, on the 23d of February, 1847, he again displayed the most undaunted heroism and gallantry, and was brevetted Major. At the conclusion of the Mexican War, he was ordered to duty in forts on the New England coast, where he remained four years. He was then placed upon the staff of General Twiggs, whom he accompanied to New Orleans. After a year he returned North, and was stationed at Fort Lafayette. He was soon afterwards sent on an expedition across the plains to Utah, arriving at Salt Lake City in August, 1854. In March, 1855, he was promoted to Captain and was ordered to California. He engaged the Indians at several points on the Pacific coast, especially distinguishing himself in an action with them near the Rogue River, Oregon. He also served upon a board of officers designated to examine applicants for entrance to the regular army from civil life. In December, 1856, he arrived at Fortress Monroe, and for nearly two years remained on duty on the Atlantic coast. In April, 1858, he was placed in command of Company C of the Third United States, and with it was ordered to again cross the plains to Utah, where he arrived in September, 1858. In September, 1860, he was assigned to duty as commandant of cadets at West Point, and in May, 1861, he was made Lieutenant-Colonel of the Fourteenth regular infantry, and was ordered to New London, Connecticut, to recruit his regiment.

In this brief outline of the life of Reynolds previous to the Rebellion, an idea is conveyed of the school in which he was trained and tempered for the arena on which he was destined afterwards prominently to figure. It is a record of a man who, in whatever position he was placed, executed with fidelity the task assigned him. In Mexico he won promotion as often as an opportunity was given him to meet the enemy, and when twice ordered to march across the continent with his command, and to beard the wily savage in his lair, he shrunk not from this severe duty. To be a soldier in time of peace is far more irksome and oftentimes more disagreeable than in time of war. But his was a nature in which the iron predominated, and he had only to be shown the path of duty to follow it.

In August, 1861, he was promoted to Brigadier-General of volunteers, and was ordered to take command at Fort Hatteras. But troops were now being rapidly put into the field, and skilled soldiers were required to command them. The Reserve corps had just been organized, and at the earnest solicitation of Governor Curtin, General Reynolds was assigned to the First brigade of that body. It was composed of the First, Second, Fifth and Eighth regiments of infantry, and the First cavalry. The prospect of a severe and protracted struggle was plainly discernable to his penetrating mind, and he earnestly gave himself to the duty of making his brigade a model of soldierly qualities. The

[illegible] M[illegible]
Lieut Col 49th Regt

SAMU[illegible] Z[illegible]
[illegible]th Regt Brevt [illegible]

JOSHUA THOMAS OWEN
Col 69th Regt Brig Gen Vols

G[illegible]RGE W MERRIL[illegible]
Major [illegible] Regt

ED[illegible]
Col [illegible]

[illegible] N. York

first of the seven days' battles on the Peninsula was a handsom triumph to the Union arms. It was principally fought by the Pennsylvania Reserves, and Reynolds' brigade played a prominent part. The position was skilfully chosen on Beaver Dam Creek, and the rifle-pits and lunettes for the guns were wisely disposed. When Lee came with his legions, he no doubt anticipated an easy triumph and a rapid advance. But he had scarcely started in his onward march before he met, on the two roads running across the creek, the little division of Reserves, presenting a firm front. The rebel leader at once wheeled his guns into position and opened fire. The guns of the Reserves answered. The rebel infantry were speedily drawn out in battle line, with powerful supports, and made determined assaults along the whole front; but bleeding and torn they were hurled back by the Reserves, who yielded not one inch of ground. Again and again the enemy returned to the assault with fresh troops, but with no better success. His dead and wounded covered all the field, and the sod was slippery with gore. Until long after sunset the contest was continued; but where Reynolds had planted his guns on the morning of that day, and established his infantry lines, there were they when darkness closed in upon them; scourged, it is true, but filled with pride at their achievements, and eager to renew the battle. The following incident of the fight is related by Major Woodward in "Our Campaigns": "General Reynolds, whose ever-watchful eye was upon the regiments of his brigade, several times rode down to our position, at one time exclaiming, as he pointed with his sword: 'Look at them, boys, in the swamp there; they are as thick as flies on a gingerbread; fire low, fire low.'" The victory was complete, and every preparation was being made to continue the contest on the following morning, when an order came for the division to retire to Gaines' Mill. It was received with astonishment by the soldiers. They could not be made to understand why a victorious army should retreat before the conquered, and many a resolute man indulged in loud denunciation as the order was enforced. But their vision was circumscribed, and they were unable to see that their small force was being flanked, and would be subject to inevitable capture if they remained. The skill displayed by General Reynolds in this battle attracted the attention of his superiors and the whole country, and marked him for distinction.

On the following day the Reserves were held in a second line of battle, ready to go to the support of any part of the front which should be overpowered. They had not long to wait, and soon found themselves hurried forward to fill the breach that the rebel onsets had made. Unlike the position they had abandoned, this field had not been fortified, and the masses of the foe, precipitated upon exposed portions of the line, soon broke through. The ground was contested with fiery energy till nightfall, General Reynolds moving in the thickest of the fight, and always where the danger was most imminent, bringing aid at the opportune moment, and maintaining the contest with unexampled courage. But the fragment of the Union army engaged was vastly outnumbered, and was finally obliged to yield. It was just at the close of the day, and the fight was almost over, when General Reynolds, while returning from the right of the line where he had been directing the Fifth and Bucktail regiments, heard the sound of desperate encounter where the Eleventh and a New Jersey regiment were posted. He had scarcely reached the line, and was seeking support to relieve them, when a brigade of regulars on their flank gave way, and before they were aware of the situation, the greater portion of them, including General Reynolds and his Adjutant, Colonel Kingsbury, were surrounded and every way of escape was cut off. The General, his Adjutant, and an orderly, concealed themselves during the night, and in the morning, while attempting to escape, were confronted by a rebel patrolling party, who took them prisoners of war. For several weeks the General was confined in a Richmond prison.

Before General Reynolds had been released, General McCall, the commander of the Reserve corps, resigned. Who so competent to succeed him as the leader of the First brigade, who had borne himself so gallantly in the first two engagements? To him the position was accorded by the consenting voice of the Government and the army. He came forth from Libby prison on the 8th of August, 1862, in exchange for the rebel General Barksdale, going at once to his new command. On the battle-field of Bull Run, at the moment when the need was greatest and the danger pressing, General Reynolds and his trusty division were at the threatened point ready to stem the tide of disaster. Mr. Sypher, in his history of the Reserves, gives a graphic account of Reynolds' heroic action here. "General Reynolds," he says, "with the instinct of a thorough soldier, discovered that the enemy was aiming to seize the Warrenton pike in the rear of broken masses of troops that were now flowing back from the front. He at once determined to throw his division into the breach, and save the army, or perish in the attempt. The plan of the enemy was to break the centre and seize the roads between the two wings of the army, and thus ensure its destruction. The heroic General, fully conscious of its desperate situation, galloped along his line and called upon his men to charge upon and hurl back the advancing foe. The Reserves saw by the ardor of their General that the whole Union force was in imminent danger; in a moment they were up and charging with a cheer and a yell across an open field; they encountered the enemy at the brow of a declivity, up which the rebels struggled in vast numbers, and with unwearying pertinacity. Fortunately the Reserves were aligned upon a country road, which, having been somewhat worn by use, afforded partial protection. The contest became hot and desperate. Greatly outnumbered by the rebels, they were only enabled to hold them in check by rapid and unceasing firing. The field officers, who rode upon the ground above the road, were much exposed and suffered severely. At one moment all seemed to be lost. The First and Second regiments were engaged in an almost hand-to-hand encounter; the left was pressed back, and to the consternation of the mounted officers, who from their positions had a view of the field, the troops on the right of the Reserves gave way in utter confusion. At this critical moment, the gallant Reynolds, observing that the flagstaff of the Second regiment had been pierced by a bullet and broken, seized the flag from the color-bearer, and dashing to the right, rode twice up and down his entire division line, waving the flag about his head and cheering on his men. The rebel sharpshooters rained fierce showers of bullets around the ensign thus borne aloft, but in vain did the missiles of death fill the atmosphere in which it moved. The effect upon the division was electrical. The men, inspired by the intrepidity of their leader, rent the air with cheers, plied their tremendous musket fire with renewed energy and vigor, and in a few moments the thinned ranks of the rebel regiments gave way before the steady and unrelenting volleys poured upon them. Night came on and put an end to the contest; but the famous Stone Bridge over Bull Run was, by the genius and heroic daring of General Reynolds, and the valor of the brave men he commanded, preserved for the use of the National army. The army thus beaten back, retired beyond the range of the loyal guns, appalled at the havoc they witnessed in their ranks, and confounded by their failure to reach the turnpike. The sun was now setting, and the battle had ended."

After the Union army had been beaten on the plains of Manassas, and the foe defiantly began to move northward, deep solicitude filled the mind of the North. Especially was there anxiety in Pennsylvania, which lay in the natural course of invasion. The feeling of insecurity was then more universal than in the following year, when the foot of the invader was actually on Pennsylvania soil. The necessity for an uprising of the people to beat back the advancing enemy was recognized, and Governor Curtin made instant and earnest appeals. But what could citizen soldiery dc without a leader to organize and marshal them? The need of the very best talent which the Union army possessed was felt, and in searching its ranks none seemed so fit in such an hour of peril as General Reynolds, and he was accordingly detailed to proceed to Harrisburg and prepare the fast-gathering militia for duty. With a master hand that work was done, and with incredible celerity and skill the fresh levies were prepared and put into the Cumberland Valley. Already was an army marshalled, and he was preparing to put himself at its head and lead it in the bloody encounter, when the foe was repulsed on the field of Antietam, and further need of its services was at an end.

Returning to the Army of the Potomac, Reynolds was promoted to the command of the First corps, which embraced the Reserves, and to the head of which General Meade was advanced, and in November he was made Major-General of volunteers. In the battle of Fredericksburg, on the 13th of December, 1862, to the First corps was given the advance of Franklin's grand division, on the extreme left. The orders of Franklin were faithfully executed, and that devoted corps was launched with terrible force upon the frowning heights, where the enemy was intrenched, breaking and crushing through his line. But supports failing to come forward as they should have done, if the dear-bought advantage was to be maintained, Reynolds was obliged to withdraw his forces when victory seemed fairly within his grasp.

The First corps was held in front of Fredericksburg threatening to cross during the preliminary stages of the Chancellorsville campaign, in May, 1863, and when Hooker had crossed above, and gained a secure lodgement on the south side of the river, this corps hastened to join him there. Before it had arrived, Stonewall Jackson had made his famous flank movement, and had routed the right wing of Hooker's army. Reynolds put his corps into position on that flank in place of the discomfited Eleventh, and held the ground in defiance of a triumphant foe. Reynolds, after getting his troops into line and securely posted, and having learned the extent of the disasters that had fallen, seemed to have entertained a strong disgust for the management of the battle. He betook himself to his couch and paid little heed to the staff officers who came to report to him during the night. He was a trained soldier and allowed no criticism of the conduct of his superiors to pass his lips; but his actions plainly spoke his condemnation of the conduct of that disastrous field.

But whatever may have been the silent feeling of Reynolds, it in no way affected his devotion to the interests of the army and the success of its leader; and when about to set out on the Gettysburg campaign, Hooker placed him in a position the highest in the whole army next himself, giving him command of the right wing, embracing the First, Third and Eleventh corps, and of all the cavalry, nearly a half of the entire force. When Meade succeeded Hooker, Reynolds was continued in this elevated position, and exercised a great influence in the movements preliminary to the battle. The sight of his native State overrun by an insolent enemy, ravaging and despoiling its fair domain unchecked, made him impatient of delay, and eager to get at the invaders. His cavalry, under Buford, reached Gettysburg on the 30th of June, and on the morning of the 1st of July the battle opened. He had encamped with the First corps on the night of the 30th, four miles back, and in the morning had hastened forward with the leading division to the cavalry's support. He had scarcely led this into action, when, in a little tongue of wood which reaches up from Willoughby Run towards the Seminary, where he had just led a regiment forward and was turning to look for supports, he was struck in the back of the neck and never spoke more. Only three persons were with him at this time—Captains Mitchell and Baird of his staff, and Charles H. Veil, his orderly. Captain Baird says: "After throwing the first troops forward into the woods, and turning to come out of them, the enemy opened a most terrific fusilade, and an accidental shot, not from a sharp-shooter as has been stated, struck him just as he was getting clear of the timber. As he fell from his horse his foot hung in the stirrup and he was dragged ten feet or so before it was loosened. I at once jumped from my horse, and opened his clothes, but in an instant saw that there was no hope for his recovery. I obtained a canteen of water from one of our infantry who was behind a tree on the edge of the woods, and raising his head, gave him a mouthful, but he could not swallow. In a few moments I got some of our men, who put him in a blanket and carried him off the field. He made no exclamation at all when he was hit, and none at any time afterwards." Substantially in accord with this, is the statement given by Veil: "This regiment," he says, "charged into the woods nobly, but the enemy were too strong, and it had to give way to the right. The enemy still pushed on, and were not more than sixty yards from where the General was. Minié balls were flying thick. The General turned to look towards the Seminary. As he did so, a Minié ball struck him in the back of the neck, and he fell from his horse dead. He never spoke a word after he was struck. I have seen many killed in action, but never saw a ball do its work so instantly as did the ball which struck General Reynolds, a man who knew not what fear or danger was. The last words he spoke were, 'Forward, men, forward, for God's sake, and drive those fellows out of the woods!' meaning the enemy. When he fell, we sprang from our horses. He fell on his left side. I turned him on his back and glanced over him, but could see no wound, except a bruise above his left eye. We were under the impression that he was only stunned." He was carried from the wood a short distance, when the two Aides left to convey the intelligence to the officers next in command. The body was borne back by the help of other orderlies who soon came up, and as they went, the General gasped, and they thought he was recovering from the stun which they supposed he had received. Whereupon they laid him gently down and Veil attempted to give him some water from a canteen; but he could not drink. This was his last struggle. He was borne on to the Seminary, and now for the first time was discovered the bullet wound, beneath his hair, which had caused his death. No coffin could be procured, and in a rude marble-cutter's box the body of the hero was transported to Westminster, and thence by way of Baltimore and Philadelphia, to Lancaster, where it was consigned to the grave.

Among those who were eminent in the late war for martial ability, General Reynolds stands in the first rank. His life had been devoted to the profession of arms from his youth, and when the noise of battle sounded in his ears, his soul, instinct with the warlike custom, was aroused to deeds of heroism. In all the actions in which he was engaged, up to the moment of his death, he displayed unsurpassed devotion and bravery. If he had any fault, it was one which must ever excite the admiration and quicken the pulse of him who contemplates it—that of too much exposing himself in the hour of battle. At Beaver Dam Creek, at Gaines' Mill, where he was captured, and at the Second Bull Run, he was in the thickest of the fray, in the very fore front of his troops. Little less than a miracle had thus far preserved him. But at Gettysburg he was in a more exalted position, having the command of nearly half of the army, and a due regard to its preservation and safety demanded that he should exercise care of his person. His own safety, however, was the least of his cares. He knew that the two armies were rapidly approaching each other, and collision could not long be avoided. The choice of the field and the initiative of the battle was in his eyes all-important, and he determined to push to the front and decide everything from personal observation; and who will say that he did not do right? He gave his life; but he gave it that victory might be assured. He lived not to hear its glad shout; but the example of heroism which at its outset he gave, inspired his soldiers and nerved them to make the good fight which assured it. "He was," says Sypher, "one of America's greatest soldiers. The men he commanded loved him. He shared with them the hardships, toil, and danger of the camp, the march, and the field. Devoted to his profession, he was guided by those great principles which can alone prepare a soldier to become the defender of the liberties of a free people. He fell valiantly fighting for his country. Still more, he died in the defence of the homes of his neighbors and kinsmen. No treason-breeding soil drank his blood, but all of him that was mortal is buried in the bosom of his own native State."

In his personal intercourse in the field he was exceedingly reserved. "On the night before the battle," says Captain Baird, "General Reynolds retired to his room about midnight, and rose early, as was his usual practice. On the march from our headquarters at the Red Tavern, he was very reticent and uncommunicative to all around him, as was his wont. He was, in this respect, an entirely different man from any other general officer with whom I served during the war, having very little, if anything, to say to any one, other than to communicate to them such orders as he desired executed. He would, while he was upon the march, ride miles without having any conversation with any one. Our ride to Gettysburg formed no exception to this rule. From this you can see that no conclusion could be arrived at as to what his feelings and presentiments were upon that day. I consider him one of the finest and most thorough soldiers which the Civil War brought before the country."

HENRY BOHLEN,* Colonel of the Seventy-fifth regiment and Brigadier-General of volunteers, was the youngest son of the late Bohl Bohlen, an eminent merchant of Philadelphia, who was the founder of the house of B. and J. Bohlen, for many years extensively engaged in the Holland and East India trade. General Bohlen was born in the city of Bremen, on the 22d of October, 1810, while his parents were travelling in Europe for pleasure; his father being a naturalized citizen of the United States, and domiciled in Philadelphia, placed him in the same position as to birth, by the laws of our country, as if he had been born on the soil of the United States. At an early day he evinced so decided a taste for martial pursuits that his father determined to give him an education suitable to his disposition, and at the proper age he was placed in one of the first military colleges in Germany; but before he had completed his studies he was called home to the United States upon some family matters, and he did not return to close his collegiate course in Europe.

---

* The sketch here given of General Bohlen is printed, with the omission of some irrelevant matter, as it was published in the Philadelphia *Commercial List and Price Current* of March 31st, 1866.

In 1830 he was again upon the Continent, and in 1831 was brought to the favorable notice of the illustrious Marquis de Lafayette, a name that will ever be venerated in this country. Through the influence of Lafayette, young Bohlen obtained a position as Aide-de-camp on the staff of General Gerard, and with that distinguished officer he took part in the memorable siege of Antwerp. For his able services in this campaign he received honorable mention. In the year 1832 he returned to Philadelphia, and married the eldest daughter of the late J. J. Borie, a much-respected merchant of this city, and in the same year he established himself in the French and West India trade. On the death of his uncle, John Bohlen, which took place in March, 1851 (his father died in 1836), he succeeded the old house of B. and J. Bohlen, and at the time of his death he was the senior partner of the well-known house of Henry Bohlen and Co., general importers.

On the breaking out of the war with Mexico, he was eager to be once more amid the clash of arms. He restrained himself for some months, but finally yielded to the desire to enter the army, and on the 31st of October, 1846, he left the quiet pursuits of mercantile life, to again follow the uncertain fortunes of war. He accepted a position on the staff of his cherished friend and companion, the late lamented General Worth, as a volunteer Aide-de-camp, defraying all his own expenses, and receiving nothing whatever from the Government. He participated in all the battles with his chief up to the triumphal entry of the American army, under Major-General Scott, into the ancient Capital of the Montezumas. On the restoration of peace, he again sheathed his sword, and resigned, apparently forever, his favorite occupation.

In 1850, the delicate health of a favorite son caused him to embark once more for Europe, with all his family, trusting that the more genial climate of the interior of France would restore his boy to health; but as the experiment was only partially successful, he determined, for a few years at least, to make Europe his permanent place of abode; never forgetting, however, for a moment, the allegiance and love he owed to the United States, being ever proud to be called an American.

On the breaking out of the Crimean War he entered the service of the allies, on the French staff, and shared in many of the severe conflicts of that well-remembered struggle. He was active during the siege, and up to the time of the storming and the final surrender of Sebastopol. After the Crimean War, he for some time resided quietly in Holland, in the society of a fond, a devoted wife, affectionate children, and many friends, surrounded by all that could make life agreeable and attractive, when news reached him of the revolt in the Cotton States, and of the firing on and surrender of Fort Sumter. The insult to his old flag roused all his patriotic fire, and caused him to bid adieu to his family, to return to the country so dear to him, where he determined to draw his sword in defence of the Government. He came with all haste, and arrived in Philadelphia in June, 1861. He immediately applied for a position on the staff of some general officer, but finding no vacancy, he made application to the War Department for permission to recruit a regiment, which was at once granted. He immediately set about organizing a regiment, to be composed entirely of Germans, and he succeeded in the effort. He left with his regiment, 800 strong, on the night of the 27th of September, 1861, for Washington. Two companies were yet to be recruited; these were completed, and they joined him some time after. All the expenses of recruiting were borne by himself, nor would he allow his officers to contribute any portion. In the following October, he was advanced to the position of Colonel, commanding the Third brigade of General Blenker's division. His brigade was noted for its discipline, celerity in evolutions of the line, and proficiency in the manual of arms. In March, 1862, his brigade had the advance in the terrible march from Warrenton, up the Valley of Virginia, to Winchester. For days his soldiers were almost without food, badly clothed, barefoot, and without tents, bivouacking at night in fields covered with water, and suffering as few other armies have ever suffered, and enduring hardships almost equal to those endured by the rear of the Grand Army of Napoleon in its disastrous retreat from Russia.

In the early part of April, 1862, President Lincoln appointed him a Brigadier-General of volunteers, and in about two weeks he was unanimously confirmed by the Senate. In the battle of Cross Keys, in May of the same year, he acted with distinguished bravery, and he was the subject of much favorable criticism for the skill with which he manœuvred his men. The battle near the Rappahannock closed his earthly career. On the morning of the 22d of August, 1862, General Sigel ordered General Bohlen to cross that stream with his brigade to reconnoitre. The Seventy-fourth Pennsylvania crossed first to feel the enemy, and immediately after the Sixty-first Ohio and the Eighth Virginia followed, in order to support the Seventy-fourth, in case of an attack. In moving up the road, their advance was checked by four regiments of rebel infantry, who poured upon them a murderous fire. It was in personally leading a charge of the Eighth Virginia, for the fourth time, that this gallant soldier fell, pierced by a rifle ball in the region of the heart, and expired immediately.

Thus passed away another of Pennsylvania's most distinguished sons. The country lost a faithful officer and a true soldier, his family a fond and affectionate father, society a brilliant ornament, and the poor a kind, a generous benefactor. He left a wife and three children to mourn his untimely end.

The remains of General Bohlen were brought to Philadelphia, where they were interred, September 12th, 1862, with becoming honors. His funeral oration was delivered by the Rev. Joseph A. Seiss, D. D., of St. John's Lutheran Church. The reverend gentleman truthfully sketched the character of the departed soldier, and fairly depicted the gloom of the times that made the patriotic example of the deceased so brilliant in its dark setting, when he said:

"Never was purer patriotism extinguished at a time when it was more needed, or more generous bravery destroyed at a juncture when its presence was more demanded, or more self-sacrificing services cut short at a period when more required, than that which ceased when General Bohlen fell!

"The deceased was eminently a man of the class which the country most needs in these lowering times. And he was just in that position in which he was rendering the services most demanded by the emergencies which have arisen. But, at the very post and moment when about to be most useful, the summons of God reached him, and his friends and country have nothing left of him but these remains which we are about to lower into the dark bosom of the earth!

"Not, therefore, with the outpouring of the natural sympathies of the human heart over the fall of a fellow mortal merely; nor yet only with those outpourings swollen with the tears of bereaved friendship and the regrets of a disrupted Christian fellowship; but also, with a lively sense of national and public loss, at a moment of peculiar peril and necessity, that we here this day surround this covered bier. It is patriotism, quite as much as sorrowing personal affection, that seeks to utter its grief, and to express its sense of bereavement, by this solemn pageant. And when we bethink ourselves how sorely our country is pressed at this dark hour—how in need of disciplined soldiers and brave and experienced commanders—how the calls and cries from all sides are appealing to us for men to defend our own firesides—and how the dark thunder-clouds of rebel invasion are threatening to break upon us with all the dreadful doings of rampant ruin—to find ourselves appointed by Providence to the sad work of committing our Generals to their graves, our faith would stagger were we not otherwise so unmistakably assured of the wisdom and righteousness of that Almighty God, who taketh away, and none can hinder.

"There may be such a thing as a Christian soldier. And such was Henry Bohlen. He was a praying man. Incidents have not been wanting to show that his Bible and his devotions were not neglected, even amid the hinderances and diverting causes which pressed upon him amid the duties of the field. Nor shall I soon forget the devout and feeling manner in which he committed himself and his cause to God, when he last stood where his remains now lie. Grasping my hand, with tears in his eyes, he said: 'God only knows whether I shall ever return to you again; but whether I return or not, my trust is in Him who alone can help. The cause in which I have embarked is one which He must approve, and for it I am willing to meet whatever His good providence may appoint.' With this spirit he went upon the field. With this spirit he served to the last. With this spirit he has fallen, a willing sacrifice for the good of his country. And with this spirit I cannot but believe he has met his God in peace."

HUGH WATSON McNEIL, a Colonel of the Bucktail regiment, was born in 1830, at Owasco, Cayuga county, New York. He was the son of the Rev. Archibald McNeil, and was educated at Yale College. Immediately after graduating, finding the Northern winters too severe for his health, which was delicate, he went to Washington, where he taught in the Union Academy for a year, at the end of which, he accepted a place in the office of the Coast Survey, under Dr. Bache. He resigned after a few months, and received an appointment to a position in the Treasury Department, where he remained for six years. He, in the meantime, studied law, and was admitted to the bar. After leaving the Treasury, he entered the law office of Blachford and Seward, in New York city. After the lapse of a few months, a pulmonary attack, with which he had before been afflicted, reduced him to the verge of the grave; but he finally regained his strength, and removed to Warren, Pennsylvania, where he became Cashier of a bank in 1860. When, upon the opening of hostilities, in 1861, Roy Stone formed his company of Bucktail Riflemen, McNeil enlisted as a private, and was elected First Lieutenant. At the formation of the Bucktail regiment he was promoted to Captain of Stone's company, the latter having been made Major. After the battle of Dranesville, where he acted with great gallantry, he was elected Colonel. While the Reserves were at Fredericksburg, upon the eve of departing to the Peninsula, he was attacked with disease, and was obliged to return to his home. He did not recover so as to resume command until after the close of the Peninsula campaign. When he came to meet his men at Harrison's Landing, and saw, in place of that stalwart body, only a few, begrimed by battle, who had survived the terrible ordeal of that destructive campaign, he was moved to tears by the spectacle, and exclaimed: "My God! where are my Bucktails? Would that I had died with them!"

In the Maryland campaign he displayed the best qualities of the soldier. At South Mountain, General Meade ordered him to advance, with his regiment deployed as skirmishers, boldly up the face of the mountain and find the foe. Nobly was the command executed, and before the enemy was aware of their presence, he began to feel the effect of their trusty rifles. Again, at Antietam, McNeil was ordered to deploy his men, and lead the column. At a wood in front of the little Dunkard church, the enemy was found, sheltered behind a fence. A charge was ordered, and McNeil went forward at a run in the face of a perfect torrent of artillery and musketry missiles. The first line of the foe was routed and driven; but in advancing upon a second line, many of his men fell, and among them Colonel McNeil himself, who expired on the field. His last commands were, "Forward, Bucktails! Forward!" "These were his last commands," says Captain C. Cornforth; "I heard them. It was quite dark, and I did not see him, though he was but a short distance off. I helped carry him back to the rear, after firing had ceased. I did not know he was killed till silence and darkness reigned. One of the soldiers said his last words were, 'Take me to the rear. Don't let me fall into the enemy's hands.'" General Meade, in his report of the battle, says: "I feel it also due to the memory of a gallant soldier and accomplished gentleman, to express here my sense of the loss to the public service in the fall of Colonel Hugh W. McNeil, of the First Pennsylvania Rifles, who fell mortally wounded while in the front rank, bravely leading on and encouraging his men, on the afternoon of the 16th." Colonel McNeil was a ripe scholar, a tried and true soldier, and died deeply lamented by his men and the entire Reserve corps.

JOHN MYERS GRIES, Major of the One Hundred and Fourth regiment, was born at Womelsdorf, Berks county, Pennsylvania, on the 22d of March, 1828. His father was a physician, and a son of John Dieter Gries, who came to this country from near Manheim, Germany. His mother, Maria Priscilla, was the daughter of John Myers, whose father was the proprietor of Myerstown, Lebanon county. He was educated at the Womelsdorf and Reading Academies, and served an apprenticeship to a carpenter preparatory to becoming an architect, for which he had native talent and disposition. He was self-instructed in his profession, but became skilled, the designs of Christ Church Hospital, Philadelphia Bank, and Farmers' and Mechanics' Bank, among many others, being monuments of his talent. His natural genius had been cultivated by a careful study of European masterpieces, which he had made during a visit a few years before the Rebellion. His only military training was as a member of a volunteer organization, under Colonel Chapman Biddle, formed soon after the outbreak of the war.

He was appointed Major of the Ringgold regiment, the One Hundred and Fourth of the line, which he was active in recruiting, until he took command of the camp at Doylestown under Colonel Davis. On taking the field, Major Gries moved with his regiment to the Peninsula, and though often worn out with fatigue and depressed by sickness, yet he would never yield, but kept at the post of duty through wearisome marches. At Savage Station, a week before the battle of Fair Oaks, he was in command of the skirmishers in advance of the whole army, and skilfully directed the fire of the artillery, by signals from the extreme front, so accurately that the rebels were forced to fall back. At Fair Oaks, while in the thickest of the fight and in the intelligent discharge of his duty, he received a mortal wound. It was inflicted while he was in the act of securing the flag which was in danger of being lost, as the regiment was falling back from a charge which had just been made. He was brought off the field, and with other wounded was taken to the general hospital at Philadelphia. He refused the invitations of friends to their homes, and insisted upon going with his comrades. The ball with which he was wounded lodged in the bone of the pelvis. Several unsuccessful attempts were made by surgeons at different times to remove it, and it is probable that he died, more from the effects of these persistent and inexcusable trials, than from the wound itself, though his system had been much reduced by hard labor, his command having had the advance after leaving Bottom's Bridge, which involved ceaseless care and multiplied responsibility on the part of the officers. He endured the pain of the surgical operations without flinching and with a stoicism that excited the wonder of every beholder. He expired on the 13th of June, after having borne great suffering for the space of nearly two weeks.

By the commander of his brigade, General Naglee, he was held in high esteem, on account of his promptness and courage as an officer, and good judgment as an engineer. In a letter to Adjutant-General Williams, that officer said: "Again should mention be made of the cool daring and gallant manner in which Major John M. Gries sustained his regiment, when charging in the very face of the enemy. The Major died from wounds then and there received, and will long be remembered by all who knew him."

JAMES MILLER, Colonel of the Eighty-first regiment, was a volunteer soldier in two wars. When hostilities with Mexico opened, he promptly recruited troops, and won distinction as a brave and efficient officer throughout the campaign, serving in one of the regiments which followed General Scott, and at its close was commissioned Captain for meritorious services. At the opening of the War of Rebellion he again volunteered, and was instrumental in organizing and bringing to a state of efficiency the Eighty-first regiment, of which he was made Colonel. He went to the Peninsula with McClellan, and, when arrived before Richmond, was put upon the front. His command was active in the construction of the famous Sumner bridge across the Chickahominy, and when completed, passed over and participated in the severe skirmish at Golding's Farm. In the battle of Fair Oaks, fought on the 30th of May, the troops of Sumner were hastened to the relief of the hard-pressed forces of Casey, who was first to feel the attack, and were successful in checking the foe. On the following morning, the fighting was renewed. The left flank of his regiment was exposed. In the progress of the battle a regiment of the enemy approached, from the open side, which Colonel Miller mistook for a Union force, and called out to it. The answer was a volley at close range, under which he fell, shot through the heart, and expired upon the field manfully battling to the last.

JAMES CROWTHER, Colonel of the One Hundred and Tenth regiment, was born in Centre county, Pennsylvania, on the 16th of January, 1818. He was commissioned Lieutenant-Colonel on the 23d of December, 1861, and at once took the field with his command. He was engaged in the campaign of 1862, in West Virginia and the Shenandoah Valley, under Lander, Shields, and Banks. When General Pope took command of all the forces before Washington, Ricketts' division, to which this regiment was attached, was sent to Thoroughfare Gap, where a stubborn resistance was made to Longstreet's advance, and afterwards upon the plains of Manassas it fought with determined courage against vastly superior numbers. Soon after the battle of Fredericksburg, Lieutenant-Colonel Crowther was promoted to Colonel. In the disastrous battle of Chancellorsville, while he was leading his regiment in the fierce fighting which heralded in the morning of the 3d of May, 1863, he was killed, and nearly half of his regiment was stricken down by his side.

JOSEPH A. McLEAN, Lieutenant-Colonel of the Eighty-eighth regiment, was born in the city of Philadelphia on the 22d of May, 1823. He was the son of William and Sarah (Douglass) McLean, natives of Scotland, and was the youngest son of a family of twelve, two girls and ten boys. He gave early promise of mental ability, and it was the purpose of his parents to give him a liberal education; but their designs were frustrated by misfortune, and he was early put to a trade, first as a glass-blower, and finally as a fancy and ornamental painter. In June, 1843, he married Miss Elizabeth Doyle, of Richmond, Virginia. He was an active member of the Franklin Debating Society, and became its President. In the riots of 1844, which resulted in bloodshed, he was among the most active in quelling them, Shiffler, one of the victims, falling by his side, and another near him having his jaw shot away. He enlisted for the Mexican War; but through the intervention of friends was prevented from serving. In 1848, he removed with his family to the city of Reading, where he soon identified himself with the interests of the place, organizing a Lyceum, advocating the building of the Lebanon Valley Railroad, and was finally elected a member of the City Council, and subsequently its President. He was also a member of the Public School Board. In politics he was an American, and a firm advocate of the abolition of slavery, stumping the country for Lincoln in 1860, speaking about sixty times, among other places, in Baltimore, Wilmington, Philadelphia, Harrisburg and Pottsville. He was prompt in recruiting troops when the President made his call for men, and was appointed Adjutant of the Fourteenth regiment, in the three months' campaign under Patterson. With his brother, Colonel George P. McLean, he was active in recruiting the Eighty-eighth, three year regiment, of which he was made Lieutenant-Colonel. He was exceedingly popular with his men, whose hardships he shared, and whose burdens he did what he could to lighten. He received frequent tokens of regard, among others a beautiful sword, sash and belt. In the battle of Cedar Mountain, his command was actively engaged, and also in the manœuvring and skirmishing of Pope's army, preceding the second battle of Bull Run. In the midst of that disastrous engagement, while supporting a battery that was being fiercely assailed, he was struck by a musket ball in the hip and mortally wounded. Confusion had already seized upon the Union army, and he was ordered with his regiment, of which he was at the time in command, to assist a battery in holding the enemy in check while the army was retiring. Three times he had rallied his men under a fierce fire; but while bringing them up for the fourth time he was stricken and left upon the field. Lieutenant W. J. Rannells, of the Seventh Ohio regiment, happened at the moment to be near him, and, in a letter subsequently addressed to Colonel McLean's wife, gave the following account of his death: "Madam: I have just arrived home from Richmond. I was taken prisoner while attending to your husband's wounds. It is my painful duty to inform you that he is dead. He fell near me, while doing all that a brave man could do to hold his men to the support of a battery. He fell from his horse with his foot fast in the stirrup. His horse was about to run with him in this situation, but I caught him, and, disentangling his foot, laid him upon the ground. I found that he had been wounded high up on the thigh, the ball having ruptured the main artery. With a strap that he gave me, I succeeded in stopping the hemorrhage, and, with the assistance of three of his men, was about to carry him to a hospital. When the Colonel saw the charging foe, he said: 'Boys, drop me and save yourselves; for I must die.' The three men became excited, and, dropping him, disappeared. This caused the strap to slip below the wound, and allowed the hemorrhage to recommence. I replaced the strap, and was in the act of tightening it, when I observed that the enemy had charged past our battery, and were soon upon us. They fought over us about fifteen minutes, in which time your poor husband was wounded again in the same leg, below the knee. They would not help me take him to a surgeon, but made me leave him, when he said: 'Tell my wife she will never blush to be my widow. I die for my country and the old flag.' One of my men, who was detailed to bury the dead, reports having buried Colonel Joseph A. McLean of the Eighty-eighth Pennsylvania. I sympathize deeply with you in your loss, and pray God will bless and aid you."

FRANK ANDREW ELLIOT, Captain in the One Hundred and Fourteenth regiment, was born in Washington, D. C., on the 8th of August, 1825. His parents, William G. and Margaret (Dawes) Elliot, were natives of Boston, Massachusetts. Throughout his boyhood he was remarkably fearless and upright, fond of adventure, and desired to enter the navy; but in deference to the wishes of his father, he prepared for College with the Rev. S. G. Bulfinch, pastor of the Unitarian Church at Washington.

Not wishing to enter college, he commenced mercantile life in Boston. Of delicate physique, his health, though good, was never robust. His habits of life were singularly temperate, and in all respects irreproachable. In September, 1854, he married Mary Jane Whipple, niece and adopted daughter of Professor W. R. Johnson of Washington. In the purest spirit of patriotism, he left a successful business, in which he was engaged in Philadelphia, and devoted himself to the service of his country, entering the One Hundred and Fourteenth regiment as Captain of Company F. He did gallant service at the battle of Fredericksburg; and subsequently, at Chancellorsville, was mortally wounded, and died in the hands of the enemy.

WILLIAM SPEER KIRKWOOD, Colonel of the Sixty-third regiment, was born on the 4th of July, 1835, at Fairview, Allegheny county, Pennsylvania. His father was Archibald Kirkwood, a native of Ireland; his mother, Elizabeth (Sterrars) Kirkwood. He was, in boyhood, a farmer and ferryman, early developing a liking for naval life. He received a fair English education in the public schools of his native place, but had no military training. From youth he was steady and industrious; and it is remembered as a somewhat notable circumstance, that he never saw Pittsburg until after he was fifteen years old. In person, he was nearly six feet in height, and stoutly built.

He recruited a company for the Sixty-third regiment, of which he was elected Captain. During McClellan's campaign, Captain Kirkwood was constant at the post of duty, sharing with the humblest subaltern the privations and sufferings incident to a life in camp amid the bogs and swamps before Yorktown and upon the Chickahominy; and in the battle of Fair Oaks, where the regiment was closely engaged, bore himself with great gallantry, and fortunately, where so many of his comrades went down, he was preserved unscathed. Soon after that battle he was promoted to Major. At Bull Run the regiment was again subjected to a fiery ordeal. Kearny's division, to which it belonged, was drawn up in line of battle near Groveton. Robinson's brigade was ordered to advance upon an old railroad bed, behind which the enemy's skirmishers had taken shelter. Before reaching it, two picked men from each company were sent forward to drive out these troublesome marksmen. The left of the line was already warmly engaged, when General Kearny rode up to Colonel Hays and ordered him to charge, saying, as he gave the order, "I will support you handsomely." No troops could have obeyed the order more gallantly, but as the line approached the embankment, it received, unexpectedly, a deadly fire from the concealed foe, which threw it into some confusion. Rallying, it again went forward, and again was it saluted by a fatally-aimed volley, by which Colonel Hays was wounded. Major Kirkwood promptly assumed command, and led his regiment on; but he had scarcely done so, when he also was severely wounded in the left leg, being twice struck. He was carried from the field, and his hurts found to be of a serious character. In September, 1862, he was commissioned Lieutenant-Colonel, and, in the April following, Colonel.

When it became apparent, near the close of this month, that Hooker was about to lead his army to meet the enemy, Colonel Kirkwood manifested great impatience to lead his regiment, though his wounds were still open. His surgeon remonstrated with him, but he declared that he must see his command fight and be with it. So crippled was he, when the army set out for Chancellorsville, that he had to be lifted upon his horse, and no representations of injury to his wounds by the surgeon could induce him to remain in camp. On the afternoon of the 2d, a few hours before the Eleventh corps was struck by "Stonewall" Jackson, Birney's division was pushed out nearly two miles in front of the main line of the army, where it was engaged with Jackson's rear guard, and when Jackson attacked, Birney was isolated and in danger of being cut off. But the rout of the Eleventh corps having been stayed, Birney moved back, and, after a midnight struggle, gained his place in line. On Sunday the battle was renewed, and though the Union troops fought with their accustomed heroism, they contended at a great disadvantage. The Sixty-third, standing on the left of the brigade, found its left flank exposed and over-reached by the enemy. A galling fire was poured in upon it, and many of the brave fellows were laid low. Colonel Kirkwood, while conducting the fight and leading his men with unsurpassed bravery and skill, was stricken down, receiving wounds which proved mortal. He survived until the 28th of June, subject to intense suffering, when he expired, deeply lamented by his entire command.

JOHN W. MOORE, Colonel of the Two Hundred and Third regiment, was born at Philadelphia. He enlisted in Company G, of the Sixty-sixth regiment, in July, 1861, of which he was commissioned Captain. This organization, unfortunately, had but a brief existence, and in March, 1862, he was transferred with his company to the Ninety-ninth. In Pope's campaign before Washington, in McClellan's operations in Maryland, and in Burnside's attack upon the enemy at Fredericksburg, he participated in much severe fighting. In February, 1863, he was promoted to Major, and was with his command in the desperate conflict of the Third corps with the enemy, on the morning of the 3d of May, at Chancellorsville. The regiment was brought upon the Gettysburg field at a critical point, both in time and place. It was just as the Union left was about to be struck with terrific force by Longstreet's corps, and at the extreme of that flank, where the enemy was intent on breaking through. Major Moore was in command of the regiment; but before he had his line of battle fully formed, he was severely wounded, and was taken from the field. Previous to the opening of the spring campaign of 1864, he was promoted to Lieutenant-Colonel, and in the progress of the desperate struggles which ensued, was a portion of the time in command of the Seventeenth Maine. Early in June, he was prostrated by sickness, and was sent to hospital. Several new regiments for one year's service were being recruited at this period, and of one of these—the Two Hundred and Third—he was appointed Colonel. His new regiment was intended for duty in General Birney's corps as sharp-shooters; but the General dying soon afterwards, it was employed as a simple infantry regiment; though from its being led by veteran officers, it was regarded as among the most reliable in the army. It was one of those employed in the expedition undertaken for the reduction of Fort Fisher; and here, while engaged in a hand-to-hand encounter over the traverses of the fort, Colonel Moore was killed. "A footing was gained, though at a heavy cost. Colonel Pennypacker had fallen, and was reported mortally hurt, but there was no cessation in the fight. Traverse after traverse, seventeen in all, still remained to be overcome. Colonel Moore, with the flag in one hand and his sword in the other, led gallantly on until three of the traverses were carried, and the fourth was being charged, when he fell dead, still grasping the flag-staff, the banner riddled with bullets and more than half shot away." Thus perished one of the bravest soldiers which the Republic offered upon its altars.

GUSTAVUS WASHINGTON TOWN, Colonel of the Ninety-fifth regiment, was born at Philadelphia on the 28th of August, 1839. He was descended from a family who had been printers and publishers of that city through three generations. He was himself bred to that business, and was actively engaged in it up to the time of entering the military service. He was educated in the public schools, and graduated at the High School. Fondness for military life was early developed, and at the age of sixteen he joined the Washington Blues, a volunteer organization. When this regiment was recruited for the field, he was made First Lieutenant of Company A, this organization being known as the Eighteenth Pennsylvania. At the expiration of the term of service, he returned and assisted in recruiting the Ninety-fifth (Zouave) regiment for the war, and was commissioned Lieutenant-Colonel. In the midst of the fierce fighting in the bloody battle of Gaines' Mill, the commander of the regiment, Colonel Gosline, was killed, and Lieutenant-Colonel Town was promoted to succeed him. Being the senior Colonel of the brigade to which his regiment was attached, he acted as Brigadier-General, and for nearly a year, ably and efficiently commanded it; the officers of the brigade, to a man, asking for his promotion to the rank in which he was acting. In the second battle of Fredericksburg, which was coincident with that of Chancellorsville, his brigade formed part of the Sixth corps, General Sedgwick. At Salem Church, where the advance of the corps was met by the enemy, and where the fighting was of unusual severity, he was shot through the heart and instantly killed, while heroically leading on his men, and encouraging them to stand firm, though pressed by superior numbers.

> "In these brave ranks I only see the gaps,
> Thinking of dear ones whom the dumb turf wraps."

He had participated in every battle in which the Army of the Potomac had been engaged, and was esteemed a gallant and reliable officer. In person he was six feet and three inches in height. He was married but a short time before his death, but left no issue.

GARRETT NOWLEN, Major of the One Hundred and Sixteenth regiment, was born in Philadelphia, on the 6th of March, 1835. He was the son of Edward and Julia (McCarthy) Nowlen. He received a liberal education at the Philadelphia Central High School. In person he was above the medium height, slender and delicate, of a studious turn, regular and simple in habits, and of a generous and self-sacrificing spirit. He entered the army as Second Lieutenant of Company G, One Hundred and Sixteenth regiment, in August, 1862. At the battle of Fredericksburg, where he commanded Company C, he exhibited cool courage and was severely wounded, being struck in the hip joint by a musket ball, which fractured the bone. His ability displayed in this battle was recognized, and he was promoted to First Lieutenant, and made Adjutant of the regiment. At Chancellorsville, Gettysburg, Auburn, Bristoe Station, Mine Run, North Anna, Pamunky, Cold Harbor, Petersburg, and Williams' Farm, he was constant at the post of duty. In the engagement at Ream's Station, on the 25th of August, while acting in the most gallant manner, he was shot through the breast by a musket ball. As he was struck, he fell backward and, extending his hand towards the men of his own company, exclaimed: "Good-bye, boys," and immediately expired. He was buried at Laurel Hill Cemetery, on the banks of the Schuylkill. General Mulholland says of him: "He was the bravest and most honorable of men, and no purer patriot ever offered his life a sacrifice on the altar of freedom and justice."

> "Faithful unto his country's weal, and private friendship's claim,
> He bore unsullied to his grave a noble, honored name;
> A watchword for his comrade's lips, and history's page will tell,
> If not that name, the battle-fields where he fought long and well."

Abraham H. Snyder, Major of the One Hundred and Thirty-ninth regiment, was born on the 17th of April, 1821, in Mercer county, Pennsylvania. He was the son of Andrew and Mary (Sylvis) Snyder. His boyhood was passed upon a farm, and he was educated at the Mercer and Beaver Academies. He was of medium height and stoutly built. He was married on the 6th of May, 1852, to Miss Margaret Stewart.

He was made Captain of Company A, One Hundred and Thirty-ninth regiment, in August, 1862, and in all its campaigns he bore a part, being engaged at Antietam, Fredericksburg, Salem Heights, Gettysburg, Mine Run and in several minor battles. On the 5th of May, 1864, in the battle of the Wilderness, while acting as Lieutenant-Colonel of his regiment, he received his death wound. He was at the time on horseback, leading on his men with undaunted courage, when he was struck directly in the forehead, and died without a struggle. As the regiment was obliged to fall back soon after, his body fell into the enemy's hands, and was never recovered. Adjutant A. M. Harper, who was his intimate companion in arms, says of him: "His conduct was universally that of a brave man, who went into the army from a sense of duty, and carried himself throughout in strict accordance with that laudable purpose. By nature of too mild and amiable a disposition for an arbitrary disciplinarian, it always grieved him to order punishment for soldiers of his command who deserved it. In all the inconveniences and hardships incident to the service, so much harder to bear by one who had arrived at the middle age of life, he was ever patient and uncomplaining. Sensitive to the sufferings of others, and apparently unmindful of his own, on the long marches he often dismounted, that some weary soldier might have temporary relief by riding his horse. In short, he was a true and patriotic American soldier, such an one as the army stood most in need of."

John Blanchard Miles, Lieutenant-Colonel of the Forty-ninth regiment, was born on the 20th of September, 1827, at Huntingdon, Pennsylvania. He was the son of John G. and Julia (McConnell) Miles. His father was a lawyer of note, and his uncle, John Blanchard, for whom he was named, was a member of Congress from the Centre District. A paternal ancestor, Richard Miles, emigrated from Wales in 1701, and settled upon the Delaware a few miles below Philadelphia. Two of his descendants, brothers, Richard and Samuel, were active in the Revolutionary War—Samuel as a Colonel, and Richard, the great-grandfather of John B., as a Captain—and at a later period were the founders of the town of Milesburg, Centre county. The maternal grandfather, Mathew McConnell, was a Major in the patriot army, and had a leg broken by a musket ball in the battle of Brandywine.

Descended from Revolutionary sires on the part of both father and mother, it is not strange that he should develop heroic traits when brought to the battle-field. He received a good English education, with some knowledge of Latin, in the schools of his native town, and manifested a taste for mechanics. After leaving school he was employed at the Rebecca Furnace, in Blair county, owned by Dr. Peter Shoenberger, first as clerk, and subsequently as assistant manager. At the end of two years he went to Philadelphia, where he was employed as salesman in a wholesale hardware store, where he remained two years more. He then went to Peoria, Illinois, where an elder brother lived, and subsequently to Chicago, in both places being engaged in mercantile business; but the financial crash of 1857 brought disaster, and he returned to his home in Huntingdon, where he devoted himself to the manufacture and sale of lumber until the opening of the war. Impelled by a sense of patriotic duty, he recruited a company, of which he was commissioned Captain, which became part of the Forty-ninth regiment. With the Army of the Potomac he went to the Peninsula, and in the affairs at Lee's Mills and Yorktown, and in the battle of Williamsburg, he led with gallantry, evincing from the first heroic valor. He received honorable mention in the report of his superior in the latter, and attracted the attention of General Hancock, whose lasting personal friendship he won. Like courage and skill were displayed at Golding's Farm, and in all the subsequent battles of the campaign, which ended in the last of the noted seven days at Malvern Hill.

The battles of South Mountain and Antietam followed close upon the disasters of Pope, and at their conclusion, Captain Miles was promoted to Major, an advancement won by faithful and unremitting duty. He crossed the river with Franklin's column in the first Fredericksburg, where his regiment was held in support of the troops assigned to make the assault. In the Chancellorsville campaign, Major Miles had a more daring part to perform. To the Forty-ninth was assigned the task of crossing the Rappahannock in boats under a withering musketry fire, and driving the rebel forces from their intrenchments so as to prepare the way for laying the pontoons. In that desperate undertaking, where large numbers of both officers and men fell, none were more conspicuous for nerve and unflinching courage than the Major of the regiment. The task was heroically executed and the enemy routed. At Salem Church, on the 3d and 4th of May, the foe made fierce assaults upon the Sixth corps, and by superior numbers compelled it to fall back, the Forty-ninth being hard pressed, but successfully repulsing every attack. The campaign to Gettysburg followed, involving the demonstration at Fredericksburg on the 9th of June, the battle at Gettysburg on the 1st, 2d, and 3d of July, at Fairview on the 5th, and at Funkstown on the 12th—a campaign rarely paralleled for rapid and fatiguing marches, severe fighting, and glorious achievements, in all of which Major Miles never faltered. But the most marked of his exploits was the part he bore in the assault and capture of the enemy's works at Rappahannock Station. The charge had to be made in the face of a fire of infantry and artillery from behind breastworks. It was made by Russell's division, and resulted in a complete victory; and the conduct of Major Miles is represented as having been "conspicuous for daring." With Locust Grove and Mine Run his active campaignings for 1863 ended.

Though the three years of his service had been years of trial and carnage almost beyond precedent, yet that which was to follow was even more trying and terrible. Before entering upon the campaign of 1864, under Grant, he was promoted to Lieutenant-Colonel, and in the three days of fighting in the Wilderness he was involved. The 10th of May brought the Sixth corps in front of Spottsylvania Court-House, where, at six o'clock in the evening, Eustis' brigade was formed to charge the enemy's works, the Forty-ninth occupying the left of the second line. When the soldiers looked upon the task before them, they at once realized that few would ever come out of that movement alive. It was made. It was successful. Guns and standards were captured. But failing of support, and the enemy rallying in force, the advantage was lost. In that assault, while charging up the slope, and inspiring his men by his own dauntless heroism, the brave Colonel Miles perished. Of his bearing here, and of his character as a soldier, W. G. Mitchell, who had served by his side and knew him intimately, bears the following testimony: "Blanch," the name by which Colonel Miles was familiarly known, a contraction of Blanchard, "was with his regiment in the Wilderness, and I have been told by many officers and men, that in the desperate assault in which he and Colonel Hulings fell, on the 10th of May, he was more than ever conspicuous for heroic courage, and was killed while leading the men up the slope and into the enemy's works. I know that he bore the reputation, in the Sixth corps, of being among the bravest and most dutiful officers in its ranks, and I have often noticed his extreme gallantry, and heard it spoken of by our brother officers. I have frequently heard General Hancock speak of Blanch's courage and good conduct. . . . While I served with the Forty-ninth and with Hancock's brigade, Blanch was one of those with whom I associated most constantly; and among all the officers whom I have ever known, he was distinguished for bravery, devotion to duty and generosity of heart. I made many long marches by his side, and have seen him on many occasions of danger and trial, but never knew him, for one instant, to fail in the performance of his duty as a gallant and noble gentleman. Had he not been struck down at Spottsylvania, he could not have failed in rising to high rank in the army, for the terrible campaign of 1864 was one in which men of his stamp were certain of obtaining rank and distinction by their gallant bearing, and the influence they exerted in times of peril. I lamented his death, and that of Colonel Hulings, as if they had been my own brothers." "His letters," says the *Presbyterian*, "written shortly before his death, showed that he had a presentiment of his fate, and that he had made his peace with his God. He was endeared to a large circle of friends by many estimable qualities, prominent among which were an unselfish nature and remarkable kindness of heart. He has nobly fought life's great battle, and we trust has received his reward." We know by the testimony of General Lessig, who was with him, that just before going into the charge, he gave away many of his valuables to his servants, evidently believing that he would not survive the struggle. Of the unselfish trait in his character, the evidence of its prominence is abundant. So long as he had anything, he was ready to share with his comrades. Colonel Miles had no military education, but he so quickly and so thoroughly mastered his profession as to excite the admiration of his superiors. Colonel Irwin, an experienced and exacting soldier, thus wrote of him, on the 20th of March, 1862: "Yesterday, he being the senior Captain on duty, it was his turn to manœuvre the battalion. There are ten companies, accustomed to all the precision and rigor of my handling; but, to my extreme satisfaction and greatly to his credit, Captain Miles alone, at the head of my regiment, directed the entire drill with perfect self-possession, and without committing one error of any consequence." Colonel Miles was once asked how he felt when in the midst of battle, with the deadly missiles flying thick about him? His answer was: "I always feel somewhat nervous in the commencement of a battle, but I usually find so much to do, that I soon lose sight of the danger to myself."

Colonel Miles was married, on the 29th of February, 1864, to Miss Belle Creigh, daughter of Hon. John Creigh of California. She accompanied her husband to the front, but an order from the General in command obliged her, in common with all other ladies, to leave the army at the end of ten days. He never saw her but once afterwards, and then but for a day or two, while on a brief furlough, immediately preceding the moving of the army.

None of the dead were brought off the field where Colonel Miles fell, and though strenuous efforts were made to recover his body, it could not be found. He did not die instantly, as he is said to have made the request, after he was struck, that his sword should be sent to his wife. His father caused a monument with a military device to be erected in the cemetery at Huntingdon, to his memory, on which is inscribed the fact that his body occupies an unknown grave on the battle-field.

HARRY A. PURVIANCE, Lieutenant-Colonel of the Eighty-fifth regiment, entered the service as Captain of Company E, on the 12th of November, 1861, and was promoted to Lieutenant-Colonel on the 15th of May, 1862. He participated in the Peninsula campaign, his command suffering severely in the battle of Fair Oaks, where it had the extreme advance when the enemy came upon it unawares, and before the rifle-pits and works which had been ordered could be completed. In North Carolina, with General Foster, and in South Carolina, under Hunter and Gilmore, he was employed in arduous duty, having command of his regiment the greater portion of the time. On the 30th of August, 1863, while on the front traverse, prosecuting the works for the reduction of Fort Wagner, he was shot and instantly killed. For several days previous, three regiments, of which his was one, had been detailed to occupy the advance trenches, each in turn twenty-four hours. The nights were damp and cold, and during the day, upon these low, flat, sandy islands, the thermometer stood at 100° in the shade. It was in the midst of this arduous duty, where the losses were four or five killed, and from ten to twenty wounded daily, that Colonel Purviance was cut off. Fort Wagner fell a few days after.

CHARLES IZARD MACEUEN, Major of the One Hundred and Ninety-eighth regiment, was born in Philadelphia, on the 1st of October, 1833. His paternal great-grandfather, Lieutenant-Colonel Caleb Parry, was killed in an action on Long Island, in the Revolution. His grandfather, with two brothers, served also in that war, the former having been elected Colonel of a regiment even at a time when he was confined to his bed with sickness. His father, the late Thomas McEnen, M. D., was noted as a scientist, having been a prominent member of important scientific and philosophical societies in the city; was President of the Pennsylvania Society of the Cincinnati, and Secretary of the general society; was one of the original members of the Union League, in whose patriotic enterprises he deeply sympathized, and was

C. Izard Macewen

assiduous in his attentions to sick and wounded soldiers in hospitals. His maternal great-grandfather was Ralph Izard, of South Carolina, who, during the Revolution, pledged his estate for the purchase of frigates with which to defend the flag—purchases which could not be made on the credit of the State of South Carolina—was President of the United States Senate in 1794, and was a friend and confidant of Washington. A son, by the same name, was one of the midshipmen who climbed up the side of the frigate "Philadelphia," in the harbor of Tripoli, and destroyed it, under the guns of the fortress. His daughter, Anne Middleton Izard, was the mother of Charles, and died in 1850, deeply lamented. Owing to a delicacy of constitution, the son could not pursue his education in the city, and was placed at school in the country, and finally went to live in the family of Charles E. Heister, who cultivated a farm on the banks of the Susquehanna, in Dauphin county, where he remained three years, and where his physical vigor was established. After two years more spent in agricultural pursuits in Chester county, with two young friends, he established himself in Williamson county, Texas, as a ranchero. Here he found, to use his own words, "all that the heart of man could desire," with the promise of rapid fortune. But, as the sun of his prosperity was rising, came the Rebellion, and he found this no place for a loyal man. Foiled in an attempt to escape through the Indian country, he was obliged, in order to get away with his friends, to give his parole not to take up arms against the State of Texas or its confederates. On reaching home, he found himself precluded from military service by his sense of the inviolability of his oath. He first devoted himself to the care of the sick and wounded soldiers, with tender assiduity. On the establishment of the Union League, he entered with ardor into the measures it adopted for the support of the Government, becoming the energetic Secretary of its Publication Committee, and issuing appeals to the misguided Southerners—whose state he had come to know by personal experience—which deserve to be rescued from oblivion, as embodying, in few and telling words, the very core of the matter at issue between those who sought to maintain the rights of the many, and those who strove to perpetuate the privileges of the few.

None were more earnest in the support of the principles of the League than he.

He was unceasing in his efforts to be absolved from his parole, and when that was at last effected, he seized the first opportunity to enlist, receiving his commission and appointment as Adjutant of the One Hundred and Ninety-eighth—Ninth Union League—regiment, on the 15th of August, 1864. His duties from the outset were unusually severe; but he persisted in performing all, though suffering from the intense application imposed, until attacked by a typhoid fever, when he was obliged to allow himself to be placed in the hospital at City Point. He was transferred to his home in Philadelphia, and after long sickness and a slow convalescence, he returned again to the front, and was commissioned Major on the 20th of March, 1865. In less than a week he fell, shot through the heart, his face to the foe, in the battle of Quaker Road, which, beginning as a skirmish, resulted in one of the hottest musketry struggles of the war, and was the first of that series of battles which resulted in the downfall of the Confederacy. He was buried with military honors from his father's residence in Philadelphia. A committee of the Union League asked permission to have a portrait painted of him for a place in their house. He was specially commended for gallant bearing under fire at the battle of Poplar Grove Church, on the 30th of September, 1864.

H. Boyd McKeen, Colonel of the Eighty-first regiment, was commissioned Lieutenant and Adjutant of this body on the 27th of October, 1861; was promoted to Lieutenant-Colonel on the 1st of July, 1862, and to Colonel on the 24th of November following. A singular fatality attended him, which witnesses to his intrepidity. He was wounded in the action at Malvern Hill on the 1st of July, 1862, again at Fredericksburg on the 13th of December, and at Chancellorsville on the 3d of May, 1863. At the opening of the campaign in the Wilderness, Colonel McKeen was placed in command of a brigade. At Cold Harbor, it was selected to lead in the attack upon the enemy's works. With great gallantry the assault was delivered, but Colonel McKeen, while leading in the desperate attempt, was killed.

OLIVER HAZZARD RIPPEY, Colonel of the Sixty-first regiment. was born on the 19th of August, 1825, at Pittsburg. He was the son of John Rippey, a native of Cumberland county. Pennsylvania, and Eliza (Leckey) Rippey, of Baltimore, Maryland. He was educated at the Western University, and at Allegheny College, graduating at the latter institution, under the presidency of Homer J. Clark. The Mexican War drew many of the most talented and promising of the young men of the country from the civil to the military service, and Rippey was of the number, serving in the First Pennsylvania regiment, commanded by Colonel Wynkoop, throughout the entire period of conflict; taking part in the battles of Vera Cruz, Cerro Gordo, Perote La Hoya, Siege of Puebla, and was with Lieutenant Rhett, as commissary's clerk, after the surrender of the city of Mexico.

Upon his return, he entered the office of Reade Washington, as a student at law, and was admitted to practice at the Pittsburg bar, in November, 1850. So impressed were his examiners with his proficiency and professional intelligence, that they instructed their chairman to make honorable mention of it in open court, who, in his remarks, said: "If ever a case had yet arisen in which such testimonial was called for, this was the case." At the first call for troops, in 1861, he recruited a company which became part of the Seventh regiment, of which he was elected Lieutenant-Colonel. At the expiration of its term, he recruited the Sixty-first, and was appointed its Colonel. He participated in the campaign of the Peninsula until the battle of Fair Oaks, where, while bravely leading his men against the repeated onsets of the foe, he was stricken down and instantly killed. The division of Casey had been attacked, while holding an advanced and isolated position, by overpowering numbers of the enemy, and to stay their mad advance until supports could come, Abercrombie's brigade, in which was the Sixty-first, was thrown forward as a forlorn hope. The stubbornness with which they fought is shown by the numbers of their dead and their wounded—the Sixty-first alone losing seventy killed, one hundred and fifty-five wounded, and forty-seven missing. That they should stand until so many were cut down, and should hold the ground through critical hours of expectancy and doubt, against the myriads of the enemy hurled against them, until help could come, and thus save the day, could only have been the result of their implicit confidence in the dauntless courage of their leaders. Indeed, the spirit which filled the bosom of Colonel Rippey is well illustrated by an incident which occurred just as he was going into battle. General Abercrombie had ordered the brigade at double-quick to the front. Colonel Rippey, understanding the urgency of the command, and having his men well in hand, was about to take the lead, when he was confronted by Colonel Neil, who, as senior Colonel, claimed the precedence. The two had had a similar question in the affair at Yorktown. Colonel Rippey was nettled at the prospect of delay in the movement of the whole brigade, by this petty question of etiquette, raised amid the screeching of shells and singing of bullets, and impatiently exclaimed, "Oh! go to the Devil! Forward, Sixty-first! Close up! Double-quick!" And putting spurs to his horse, soon drew clear of the questioning Colonel, and had his command in action in less time than the matter of precedence could have been settled. In less than one half hour from giving the order to advance, he had fallen.

Of Colonel Rippey's courage and ability as a soldier, those who knew him best, and were best capable of judging, bore ample testimony. He was as constant and unwavering in his obedience to orders, and in his patriotism, as the needle to the pole. The chief question with him was, What will most advance the interests of the cause for which I fight? and when that was settled, neither hardship nor the fear of death could deter him. In person, Colonel Rippey was nearly six feet in height, and stoutly built. He was married, on the 12th of April, 1854, to Miss Caroline Curling, of Pittsburg.

GEORGE DARE, Lieutenant-Colonel of the Fifth Reserve regiment, entered the service in June, 1861, as Major. In the actions of the Seven Days on the Peninsula, at Bull Run, South Mountain, Antietam, Fredericksburg, and Gettysburg, he rendered efficient and faithful service. In the battle of the Wilderness, on the 5th of May, 1864, where the enemy was making his fiercest assaults, in the flush of his strength, the Reserves were unfortunately broken, a small portion falling into the enemy's hands. The Fifth, however, escaped without loss; but on the following day, while engaged in beating back the fierce onsets of the foe, Colonel Dare, who was then in command of the regiment, was mortally wounded, and died that night. He was a good officer, and a much esteemed man.

Eli T. Conner, Lieutenant-Colonel of the Eighty-first regiment, was commissioned Major of that body on the 1st of October, 1861, and was promoted to Lieutenant-Colonel on the 1st of June, 1862. The first severe fighting was at Fair Oaks, on the 30th of May, 1862, where it suffered severe losses, Colonel Miller being of the number of the killed. At Savage Station and White Oak Swamp the struggle was maintained, and at Charles City Cross Roads, whither it was marched to the support of sorely-tried lines, it went into position at six P. M., and until ten the battle raged upon its front with great fury, the men being guided in their aim by the flash of the enemy's guns. Lieutenant-Colonel Conner, who had command, is represented as acting throughout with great gallantry and courage. Retiring during the night to Malvern Hill, the regiment was held in readiness for battle on the following day. When the engagement opened, the brigade to which it was attached was hurried forward to the relief of the hard-pressed troops, and was soon brought to close conflict with the forces of the fiery Magruder. Here, while leading his command with great coolness and bravery, Lieutenant-Colonel Conner was killed.

Francis Mahler, Colonel of the Seventy-fifth regiment, was killed at Gettysburg on the 1st of July, 1863, while leading his command on that disastrous part of the field whence General Howard was forced to fall back before greatly superior numbers. He was a native of Baden and was an officer in the Baden Revolution. Having come to this country previous to the breaking out of the Rebellion, he was, at the formation of the Seventy-fifth regiment, made Lieutenant-Colonel, and upon the promotion of Colonel Bohlen to Brigadier-General, was made Colonel. The first campaign was a severe one, involving endless marching over mountains and across swollen streams, the division to which it was attached having been sent from before Washington to report to General Fremont in West Virginia; but was almost immediately recalled to the support of Banks against Stonewall Jackson. In the hard-fought battle of Bull Run, Colonel Mahler was wounded and General Bohlen was killed. To reach Gettysburg in time to be of service, it was necessary for the Eleventh corps to make forced marches, and as soon as the regiment reached the battle-ground, it was hurried forward to confront the lines of the enemy, who had had ample time to post his men and prepare for the contest. It was hardly in position, to the right of the Carlisle road, when it was attacked. The loss here was severe, being two officers and twenty-six men killed, and six officers and ninety-four wounded. Colonel Mahler was one of the severely wounded, receiving a musket ball in the leg, and his horse, which received a wound from the same missile, fell upon him. Extricating himself, he hastened to the left of the regiment, though suffering severely, but had scarcely reached it, and was engaged in bravely cheering on his men and charging them to stand firm against the advancing rebel lines, when he was again wounded, and now mortally. He was immediately removed to the corps field hospital, where he died on the morning of the 5th. He was a trustworthy man and an able officer.

ELISHA HALL, Lieutenant-Colonel of the Ninety-fifth regiment, was commissioned Captain of Company C on the 17th of September, 1861, and was promoted to Lieutenant-Colonel on the 28th of June, 1862. In the disastrous battle of Gaines' Mill, where Colonel Gosline and Major Hubbs were killed, and many brave men lost, the regiment did eminent service. At Crampton's Gap, in the Antietam campaign, it captured a piece of artillery complete, with limber, caisson, and horses, from the noted Cobb Legion of Georgia. Upon the limber of the piece captured was painted: "Jenny—presented by the patriot ladies of Georgia to the State Artillery." In the campaign of Chancellorsville, to the Sixth corps was assigned the duty of carrying Marye's Heights and moving on the flank of the rebel army. At Salem Church, on the 3d of May, 1863, it was met by superior numbers. The Ninety-fifth was at the fore-front, and, while battling with great constancy and courage, Lieutenant-Colonel Hall was killed. Colonel Town was killed at the same point, and large numbers of his men. Few regiments suffered so great loss in any battle—the record "Killed at Salem Church" being profusely scattered through all its rolls.

EDWARD CARROLL, Lieutenant-Colonel of the Ninety-fifth regiment, was commissioned Captain of Company F on the 27th of September, 1861, and was promoted to Lieutenant-Colonel on the 10th of May, 1863. At Gaines' Mill, where the regiment suffered severe loss, Captain Carroll was badly wounded. The remaining battles of the Peninsula, the Second Bull Run, Chantilly, Crampton's Gap, Antietam, Fredericksburg, Salem Church, Gettysburg, and Mine Run, followed in rapid succession. The spring of 1864 opened tardily, but early in May the Potomac army moved on its campaign under Grant. An officer's diary contains the following entry: "Marched on the 5th, at six A. M., and advancing in line of battle through the Wilderness, effected a junction with the Fifth corps on its right, and encountered the enemy. Became immediately engaged, and drove him steadily back, the two right companies attaining a strong position in the advance, which they maintained during the day and until relieved. In the early part of the day, Lieutenant-Colonel Edward Carroll was killed." Colonel Carroll was a valuable officer, and fell sincerely mourned by a wide circle of friends.

RICHARD PETIT ROBERTS, Colonel of the One Hundred and Fortieth regiment, was born in June, 1820, near Frankfort Springs, Beaver county, Pennsylvania. His father, John Roberts, was a native of Culpeper county, Virginia, where his ancestors had resided from an early period in the settlement of the country. His grandfather was a soldier in the Colonial army during the Revolution. His mother was Ruth Dungan, daughter of Levi Dungan, one of the early settlers of Beaver county, who was active in quelling Indian outbreaks upon the frontier. Soon after their marriage, his parents removed from West Virginia, whither the family had emigrated, and settled at Frankfort

Springs, where they were among the most influential and respected of the inhabitants. During his boyhood, the son was engaged in farm labor. He was educated at the Frankfort Academy, under the charge of the Rev. James Sloan and Thomas Nicholson, and studied law in the office of N. P. Fetterman, having, in the meantime, taught school for several terms with great acceptance. One who knew him at this period, thus speaks of him: "Possessed of a high order of intellect—clear, quick, and comprehensive—a good practical education, to which were added the qualities of independence, courage and candor, and being of regular and temperate habits and unblemished character, he soon acquired a large practice and a prominent position at the bar. Few men, in so short a time, have gained the confidence of their fellow-men to so great an extent, or wielded a greater influence upon all matters affecting the public welfare."

During the administration of Governor Johnston, he was appointed, by Attorney-General Darrah, his deputy for Beaver county; and when the office became elective, he was chosen District Attorney by a majority of over six hundred, though the county was politically opposed to him. On the 1st of May, 1851, he was married to Miss Caroline Henry, youngest daughter of the late Hon. Thomas Henry, of Beaver. She died in February, 1862, after a lingering illness of nearly four years, during which time the husband manifested the most untiring devotion and attachment. From the opening of the Rebellion, he was active in support of the Government, helping to raise men, and to defend its action with his tongue and his pen. In the summer of 1862, seeing that the war was likely to be protracted, and that there was urgent need of troops, he determined to take the field, and by his active exertions was instrumental in securing the enlistment of over 300 men. As Captain of one of the companies, he proceeded to the camp of rendezvous at Harrisburg, where, on the 8th of September, he was commissioned Colonel of the One Hundred and Fortieth regiment. He reported to General Wool at Baltimore, and during Lee's first invasion of Maryland, was detailed to guard the Northern Central Railway. In December, a few days after the battle of Fredericksburg, he joined the Army of the Potomac, and throughout the four days of the fighting at Chancellorsville, led his regiment, now attached to the Second corps. His men had never been under fire, and he was very solicitous that they should acquit themselves gallantly, at the same time that they should be skilfully handled and properly protected. Throughout this trying occasion, he bore himself with the courage and heroism of a veteran officer; but the strain upon his nervous system, together with the exposure and privation of the camp, caused a prostration which resulted in a low malarial fever, from which he suffered for several weeks. When it was known that the enemy was moving toward the Potomac with the intention of invading the North, Colonel Roberts, who had returned to his home, became impatient of delay, and though scarcely able to travel, resolutely determined to join his regiment, and share with his men the fortunes of the terrible encounter which he knew must soon come. He succeeded in reaching Philadelphia, but was obliged to rest for a day or two to regain strength to proceed. On arriving at Washington, he was so utterly prostrated as to be unable to go farther, and was forbidden by the surgeon in charge to make the attempt. After remaining a few days, observing that the manœuvres of the two armies were becoming daily more exciting, and Lee's purpose of invasion unmistakable, he could no longer be restrained, and, in spite of the entreaties of friends and the remonstrances of surgeons, he started to find his regiment. In the last letter he ever wrote, dated on the 30th of June, 1863, addressed to his relative and law partner, Henry Hice, he says: "On the morning after you left—Friday, 26th—I went to Alexandria; found that the army had moved, that Fairfax and Thoroughfare Gap were in possession of the enemy; and returned to Washington. I started next morning on a canal boat for Edward's Ferry, a distance of thirty miles, arriving there at half past nine at night. I learned that our corps had gone forward, and followed it on foot till within two miles of Frederick City, a distance of thirty miles, where I overtook it, myself greatly exhausted. Yesterday morning we started, and marched twenty-eight miles—one of the greatest marches on record. The men fell down by hundreds. We had a good many fall out; but most of them came in during the night. We are now moving in the direction of Emmittsburg, and I think not far from it. Of course we shall soon meet the enemy. I am quite well, better than I have been for weeks, as you may know by what I have come through the last few days." While leading his regiment upon the field of Gettysburg, towards the close of the second day of the battle, he fell, pierced through the heart by a Minié ball. The following extract from the Beaver *Argus*, portrays, in a striking manner, the circumstances of his death: "On that fearful day, July 2d, 1863, upon the plains of Gettysburg, the grandest panorama of modern times is passing—two hundred thousand foemen in fierce array! Five hundred cannon make the earth reel and tremble. The dead, the dying, and the wounded strew the plain. The One Hundred and Fortieth regiment is flanked. The Colonel steps forward to the front. 'My brave boys,' he cries, 'remember you are upon your native soil, your own Pennsylvania. Drive back the rebel invaders!' He faces the foe, while deadly missiles fall like hail. The fatal Minié rends his breast. He dies on the field of honor and of glory; but the invader is repulsed. No braver, truer, or better man fell upon that bloody plain than Colonel Richard P. Roberts."

Colonel Roberts was a rising man, fairly marked for promotion. The gallant General Zook was killed on the same day, only a few moments before, and Colonel Roberts would doubtless have succeeded to the command of the brigade in his place. Had he lived to return to civil life, the highest honors would have been open before him. His loss to his county, and, indeed, to the State, was one much to be lamented. Generous and appreciative, his kindness found many subjects, and drew to him many faithful friends. There are those yet living who remember, with grateful recollections, his helping hand and friendly offices.

CHAPTER IV.

THE KILLED IN BATTLE.

ALEXANDER HAYS, first Colonel of the Sixty-third regiment, and Brevet Major-General of volunteers. The war of Rebellion drew from the State of Pennsylvania many costly sacrifices; few more so than the subject of this sketch. Reynolds, who fell at Gettysburg, entered the volunteer service as a general officer, and was consequently more in the public eye, and had attained a higher rank in the army. It is no disparagement of Reynolds to be compared with Hays, though beneath him in rank; for in all that constitutes a great soldier he was endowed with kindred qualities, and was of a brotherhood of heroes—wise in council, cool in the midst of dangers, fearless in battle, and merciful as a victor.

He was born at Franklin, Venango county, on the 8th of July, 1819. He was the son of General Samuel Hays, a native of Ireland, and Agnes (Broadfoot) Hays. After acquiring a primary education in the schools of his native place, he entered Allegheny College, at Meadville; and subsequently, in 1840, was appointed a Cadet in the Military Academy at West Point, where he graduated in 1844, and where, for three years, he was a fellow student with President Grant. He was assigned to duty, with the rank of Brevet Second Lieutenant, in the Fourth Infantry, to which Grant also belonged, then constituting part of the Army of Observation, stationed in Louisiana. His regiment was among the first to advance upon the enemy's territory in the Mexican War, and in the battles of Palo Alto and Resaca de la Palma exhibited undaunted heroism, capturing, in connection with Lieutenant Woods, likewise a Pennsylvanian, the first gun that was wrested from the enemy. In the latter engagement, he received a wound in the leg. In recognition of his gallantry in these actions, he was promoted to the rank of First Lieutenant, and was transferred to the Eighth Infantry.

Before entering upon another active campaign, his wound unfitting him for arduous duty, he was sent on recruiting service to western Pennsylvania, where he soon enlisted a company of 200 men from among the hardy pioneers of that region, and rejoined the army at Vera Cruz. "About this time," says Colonel Oliphant in his sketch of Hays, "General Joe Lane was ready to start on a more northern line of operations to the City of Mexico, with an expedition against Urrera and the guerillas infesting that part of the country. Lieütenant Hays was appointed Assistant Adjutant-General of the expedition. It had frequent encounters with the enemy, inflicting severe punishment. Lieutenant Hays gathered fresh laurels, and was the head and heart and soul of the command—making a military reputation for his chief which afterwards sent him to the United States Senate from Oregon." "His record in the whole Mexican War," says the Rev. Dr. Paxton, in his funeral discourse, "was that of a brave and skilful soldier, whose courage could be trusted in any emergency, and whose ability to execute was equal to his will to dare."

A year previous he had married Annie, daughter of John B. McFadden, a prominent citizen of Pittsburg; and on his return from Mexico, tiring of the dull monotony of army life in "piping times of peace," he resigned his commission, and engaged in the manufacture of iron in that city. A stagnation in this business occurred at about that time, and the venture proved a failure. He was accustomed to say, that "that furnace was the only thing that ever *licked* him so badly that he was afraid to tackle it again." His education at West Point had made him a skilful engineer, and the country just then waking up to the importance of railroad construction, had need of such talent. He first found employment in California, but subsequently in western Pennsylvania, and was engaged in making the drafts of an iron bridge for the Allegheny Railroad, when the Rebellion was initiated. Without waiting to finish his draft even, he laid it aside, saying

FRANKLIN A STRATTON.
Col 11th Pa Cavy
Brvt Brig Gen

JOHN W McLANE.
Col. 83d Regt

GIDEON CLARK
Late Col 119th Regt
Brvt Brig Gen

SENECA G. WILLAUER.
Lt Col. 116th Regt

CHARLES A KNODERER
Col 167th Regt

Engd by Geo. E. Perine N York

to his wife as he did so: "That kind of work is now ended; my country has called, and I must hasten to the field."

He enlisted in a militia company in Pittsburg, known as the City Guard, of which he was at once chosen Captain. This company became part of a regiment raised at that place for the three months' service, and he was commissioned, by Governor Curtin, Major. Not long before, Floyd of Virginia, then Secretary of War, had ordered a number of heavy guns from the Allegheny Arsenal, and a large amount of ordnance stores, to some mythical fort near the mouth of the Mississippi river. Hays was one of those who resisted their removal, plainly foreseeing the use to which they would be put; and, by assuming a bold front and a determined spirit to prevent it, the guns were ordered back to the Arsenal.

In the summer of 1861, he was appointed Captain in the Sixteenth United States Infantry; but he declined this honor, and, at the close of the term of service of the Twelfth—which he had largely contributed to make a skilled and efficient body of men—he returned home, and at once set about recruiting a regiment for the war. His companions of the City Guard, whom he had converted into real soldiers, followed him, and his regiment was designated the Sixty-third Pennsylvania—he being commissioned Colonel. After thorough drill at Camp Wilkins, he led it to the field. "Its history," says Colonel Oliphant, in the article above quoted, "is bright with laurels, and red with the blood of its decimated ranks. Its commander was the friend, comrade, and fighting Colonel of a fighting General—brave old Phil. Kearny. Kearny was so superlatively brave himself, that unless the bearing of another was akin to his own death-defying courage, it failed to attract his notice. Colonel Hays is the only one of his officers that he is known to have complimented for this virtue, except in an official report. After the battle of Fair Oaks, conversing with a group of officers, he referred to the gallant conduct of Colonel Hays. One of the officers present ventured the suggestion, that he was 'rash and reckless.' 'No sir! No!' says Kearny; 'you are mistaken. Although he storms like a fury on the field, his purpose is as clear, and his brain as cool as on drill or parade; and his battle tactics are superb.'"

Colonel Hays was kept upon the front line, facing Richmond, during that sultry month which intervened between Fair Oaks and the Seven Days' battle, and had frequent hot skirmishing with the enemy. When the retreat to the James began, he moved out, the last to quit his intrenchments; and when, at Charles City Cross Roads, the enemy attacked with terrible earnestness, he was ready, with his well-ordered regiment, to meet them. How well he fought, that intrepid soldier, Kearny, whose pen was no less keen and incisive than his sword, has told in simple and glowing periods. After relating how the enemy had "come on in such masses as I had never witnessed," and had been cut down and swept back by the rapid fire of the artillery, yet "increased masses came up, and the wave bore on," he says, "It was then that Colonel Hays, with the Sixty-third Pennsylvania and half of the Thirty-seventh New York Volunteers, was moved forward to the line of the guns. I have here to call to the attention of my superior chiefs this most heroic action on the part of Colonel Hays and his regiment. The Sixty-third has won for Pennsylvania the laurels of fame. That which grape and canister failed in effecting, was accomplished by the determined charge and rapid volleys of this foot. The enemy, at the muzzles of our guns, for the first time retired fighting. Subsequently, ground having been gained, the Sixty-third was ordered to 'lie low,' and the battery once more reopened its ceaseless work of destruction. This battle saw three renewed onsets, with similar vicissitudes. If there was one man in this attack, there must have been ten thousand, and their loss by artillery, although borne with such fortitude, must have been immense." The gallantry and steadiness of Colonel Hays in this desperate fighting is confirmed by another, himself a hero, who laid down his life gallantly at Chancellorsville. General Berry, in a note to Colonel Hays, says: "I was ordered by General Kearny to have myself and command ready at all times to render aid to the First and Second brigades. This being so, I watched the movements of the enemy and our own men with the most intense interest. You, sir, and your brave men, were placed near to and ordered to support Thompson's battery. Never was task better done or battery better supported, and it is a great pleasure to me to have to say, and it is *also my duty to say it*, that I have not, in my career in military life, seen better fighting and work better done. I should fear to try to do better with any troops I have ever seen. 'Tis enough to say, your fight was a perfect success."

The next severe encounter was at the Second Bull Run battle, Colonel Hays being put into the engagement in the neighborhood of Groveton. "Here," says Kearny, "the Sixty-third Pennsylvania and the Fortieth New York suffered the most. The gallant Hays is badly wounded." It was while leading his men up to an embankment occupied by the enemy, that he was struck in the ankle, and his limb badly shattered. Though suffering the most excruciating pain, as he was carried from the field, he still preserved his equanimity, and jocularly commanded his servant Pomp, in the most positive tones and manner, "to bring a cork and stop the hole in his leg, or he would bleed to death."

His services in this action, and his eminent ability exhibited upon the Peninsula, did not pass without recognition from the Government. He was appointed and confirmed Brigadier-General of volunteers, and Lieutenant-Colonel in the Regular Army.

"About the 1st of January, 1863," says Colonel Oliphant, "before he had entirely recovered from the Groveton wound, General Hays was assigned to the command of the Third brigade of Casey's division, Heintzelman's corps, then, and for some time afterwards, in charge of the defences before and around Washington. This is the same brigade that was demoralized, surrendered and disgraced, at Harper's Ferry, just before the battle of Antietam. They wanted a General in a double sense. They had no General, and they required one who would be so in fact, as well as commission and rank. Quaint and grim old Heintzelman knew and picked the man for them. We will see if they got what they wanted, when 'Sandy Hays' first drew his sword over them in command. The General now devoted all his time, talents and energy to bring order and discipline out of the confusion in which he found his brigade, and to put fight into it. He drilled, punished, rewarded, coaxed, scolded, and stormed at it—once nearly 'with shot and shell.' He was preparing it for the eventful first days of July, '63, when the Fourth of '76 was re-endeared to our hearts' affections in a new baptism of blood and tears. . . . On the 3d day of the month, and the third of the battle of Gettysburg, General Hays, commanding the Third division of the Second army corps, finds himself opposed to General A. P. Hill, with whom is General George E. Pickett, and others of his old class-mates and comrades of the Mexican War, on the road leading to Emmittsburg. Hill has been cannonading the opposing line for some time, without effect; then moves his troops across the field, thinking, no doubt, that his veterans will drive these *raw militia* like chaff before the storm. But they meet General Hays and his veterans; he has put fight into them. Behind the shelter of a stone fence, he restrains himself and his men until the enemy is at close quarters. Then, like Wellington at Waterloo, the word is, 'Up, and at them!' His rapid, well-directed volleys send the head of Hill's column, reeling in confusion, back upon its centre and rear. A hurricane, charged with lead and fire and death, consumes them.

"The battle was won. This was the decisive charge; and General Hays was a hero among heroes at Gettysburg! He takes from the enemy, that day, twenty banners and battle-flags, three thousand stand of arms, and kills and captures about twice the number of his command. Out of twenty mounted orderlies he has but six left. He has lost all his Colonels; Lieutenant-Colonels command brigades; Lieutenants command regiments. Two of his five horses are killed under him. His whole staff is unhorsed. Their steeds lie dead where they fell, or are in their last agonies. Gathering around their chief to congratulate him, reeking with the dust, and sweat, and fumes, and weary with the toil of the battle, they receive the commendation they deserve. How proud they are of their chief! How proud he is of his 'boys!' The battle-cloud has passed away from his brow, and the hard-set features of a few moments before relax into his kind, familiar smile of love and affection. George P. Corts, Captain and Assistant Adjutant-General, reliable and efficient, often under fire with him before, wants to follow up the success while the game is in view and the trail is fresh. The General takes young Dave Shields, his boy Lieutenant and Aide-de-camp—not yet twenty years old and can count nearly as many battles—in his arms, imprinting a kiss upon his cheek, while his boyish face is yet aglow with the flush and his bright eye sparkling with the fire of victory. What youth in the land would not be prouder of that kiss of honor from his General, than of a hundred from the lips of the fairest maiden?"

A correspondent of the Buffalo *Commercial*, himself a soldier, and who was upon that fatal hill when the battle was at its height, beholding the deeds of valor of this brave leader, and his fearlessness when the very air seemed freighted with danger, thus describes him: "I have spoken of our General Hays. I wish you could have seen a picture just at the close of Saturday's battle, on the left of our centre, of which his splendid figure formed a prominent part. Our brigade, which had been lying on Cemetery Hill, was ordered over to the position which was so valiantly but unsuccessfully charged by Pickett's rebel division. We moved through a storm of shot and shell, but only arrived in time to see the grand *finale*, at the close of the drama. The enemy's batteries were still playing briskly, and their sharp-shooters kept up a lively fire; but the infantry, wearied and routed, were pouring into our lines throughout their whole extent. Then entered General Alexander Hays, the brave American soldier. Six feet or more in height, erect, smiling, lightly holding well in hand his horse—the third within a half hour—a noble animal, his flanks bespattered with blood, he dashes along our lines, now rushing into the open field, a mark for a hundred sharp-shooters, but untouched; now quietly cantering back to our lines to be welcomed by a storm of cheers. I reckon him the grandest view—I bar not Niagara. It was the arch-spirit of glorious victory wildly triumphing over the fallen foe." After recounting the ceaseless care and solicitude of General Hays during the long weary hours of the night which succeeded the battle, in looking after and caring for the wounded and worn-out soldiers of his command, the same writer continues: "It is not my good fortune to be personally acquainted with General Hays, but I wish every one, so far as I can effect it, to know him as the bravest of soldiers, and love him as the best-hearted of men." It seems miraculous that General Hays escaped unharmed. His division stood upon the broad, open field, joining upon the left Owen's Philadelphia Brigade, now Webb's, and only shielded from the death-storm which swept its ranks by a slight stone wall perched upon the brow of a shelving ledge, but which could be no protection to an officer on horseback. That powerful rebel division of Pickett, strengthened by picked troops on flanks and rear, struck the Union front, half overlapping Hays' command. The latter consequently got the full strength and power of the blow; but steadfast in his purpose, though all had been stricken down he would stand alone, he had inspired all with his own heroism; and though death held high carnival, the surviving moved not. It was a trial of the spirit which he manifested in a letter acknowledging the receipt of a magnificent sword presented him by the citizens of Pittsburg a few months after this battle, in which he says: "When the Rebellion broke upon us like a tornado, in the desecration of our flag at Sumter, I took an oath never to sheathe my sword until honorable peace should restore us to one glorious Union." He shared the fortunes of the army in all its weary marches and fighting till he came upon the intricate mazes of the Wilderness. It was his last battle. On the very day that the march commenced he had written, as if impressed with a presentiment of his impending fate:

"This morning was beautiful, for

Lightly and brightly shone the sun,
As if the morn was a jocund one.

Although we were anticipating to march at eight o'clock, it might have been an appropriate harbinger of the day of the regeneration of mankind; but it only brought to remembrance, through the throats of many bugles, that duty enjoined upon each one, perhaps before the setting sun, to lay down a life for his country." Longstreet had already arrived upon the Union front, and Hancock, having gone beyond the field and been summoned back, had counter-marched, and was advancing in line through the wilds of that labyrinthian ground, when he suddenly came upon the foe. The battle had been raging for half an hour, when, General Hays having ridden along his whole front, and returning, had paused at the head of his old regiment, the Sixty-third, a rifle ball struck him just above the cord of his hat, and penetrating the brain, he fell without an utterance to the ground. He breathed scarcely three hours, when, without consciousness, he expired.

His remains were carried by his sorrowing comrades—while the roar of battle still sounded—to the rear, and they were thence taken to his home in Pittsburg. The day of his burial was a day of sadness throughout that great city. Everywhere were the emblems of mourning and the aspects of grief. A public calamity had indeed fallen—a calamity not bounded by a single city, or a single State, but which had touched the nation alike. Five swords were laid upon his coffin—the tokens of the respect and confidence of his fellow-citizens. One was the gift of his early associates in his native town of Franklin, as the memorial of his gallantry at Palo Alto and Resaca de la Palma. Another the free offering of his old companions in arms, the Texan Rangers, who knew well how to measure a brave man. A third was presented by his own City Guards, through the lamented Colonel Childs, signalizing a mark of filial affection. The fourth—a costly piece of workmanship, as if to typify the greatness of his service—was from his fellow-citizens of Pittsburg. The fifth was his battle-sword, which he grasped in death. He went to his grave, having filled a full measure of usefulness. Few had devoted more signal ability to the service of the country. It is a proud satisfaction to take leave of him with that consciousness.

> Soldier, rest! thy warfare o'er,
>   Sleep the sleep that knows no breaking;
> Dream of battle-fields no more;
>   Days of danger, nights of waking.

JOHN B. KOHLER, Lieutenant-Colonel of the Ninety-eighth regiment, was born in Philadelphia. He entered the service as Captain of Company A, on the 17th of August, 1861; was promoted to Major on the 26th of November, 1862, and to Lieutenant-Colonel on the 2d of July, 1863. In the Peninsula campaign, his command was warmly engaged at Williamsburg and Malvern Hill, in the latter battle severe loss having been sustained. It formed part of Wheaton's brigade, in the Sixth corps, in the Chancellorsville campaign, and at Salem Church the fighting was terrific, this regiment exhibiting the most heroic bearing. During the first days of the Wilderness, commencing on the 5th of May, 1864, it was steadily engaged, and in the progress of the battle, Colonel Ballier having assumed command of the brigade, Lieutenant-Colonel Kohler received that of the regiment. At four o'clock on the morning of the 11th, he was ordered to take his command upon the picket line in front of Spottsylvania Court-House, where the firing was incessant and the loss considerable. Until the command reached the front before Petersburg the fighting was of the most fearful character, in which it resolutely participated, losing heavily upon almost every field. Soon after crossing the James, the Sixth corps was sent to Washington to meet a heavy detachment of the rebel army under General Early. On its arrival at the capital it was placed immediately in Fort Stevens, where it was ordered to move out in front of the fort, in face of the enemy, and establish a picket line. The duty was a perilous one, but it was executed gallantly, though with severe loss, both Colonel Ballier and Lieutenant-Colonel Kohler being wounded. From Washington the Sixth corps went to the Shenandoah Valley, where, under Sheridan, it participated in the brilliant campaign which followed. At Cedar Creek, on the 19th of October, near the close of that campaign, Colonel Kohler, while visiting the picket line as officer of the day, was killed.

CHARLES AUGUST KNODERER, Colonel of the One Hundred and Sixty-eighth regiment, was born in the town of Emmendingen, in the Grand Duchy of Baden. He was first sent to a lyceum, and afterwards entered the Polytechnic School of Carlsruhe, one of the most eminent of the schools of Europe, where he graduated with the first honors of his class. He was educated especially for a civil engineer, and immediately after completing his course, entered the service of his Government, by which he was employed in the correction of the channel of the River Rhine, and in constructing Government roads through the Black Forest. He was, however, an enthusiastic student of military science, and, while he was engaged in civil employments, so applied himself to its mastery in the intervals of labor as to be prepared to pass the examination required for an officer. He had likewise familiarized himself with the military history of modern Europe. In 1849 the revolutionary spirit was rife in Germany, and, abandoning his connection with the Government as an engineer, and his prospects as an officer in the service of the Grand Duke, he joined the patriots in their struggle for constitutional liberty, and served with Sigel in the short but unfortunate campaign in which their hopes were frustrated. With hundreds of others, who had taken part in the attempted revolution, he fled from Europe and found in America a home and a country.

He came to Reading, Pennsylvania, in 1849, and in the following year was employed by the Schuylkill Navigation Company as Assistant Engineer, where he remained until September, 1861. At this time the Rebellion had attained to formidable proportions, and, desirous of aiding his adopted country in suppressing it, he entered the service as a Captain of Engineers, and during the brief campaign of General Fremont in Missouri, acted on the staff of General Sigel. At its close, he returned to Reading, and resumed his place in the employ of the Navigation Company. In the early part of 1862, still desirous of devoting himself to the national cause, he became actively engaged in raising companies for a regiment in process of formation at Pittsburg, for service with General Sigel. He had a fair prospect of having his ranks filled, when the part of the enterprise being executed in Pittsburg failed, and he was obliged to abandon it altogether.

When the enemy, soon after the battle of Second Bull Run, threatened to invade Pennsylvania, he responded to the call of the Governor for troops by enlisting as a private, and proceeded to Harrisburg, where he was elected Colonel of the Eleventh militia regiment, called out for the emergency. His knowledge and ability as a soldier were in constant requisition in drilling and organizing the raw recruits. The admirable manner in which he acquitted himself won the respect and confidence of all. The exigency having passed, the militia were disbanded, and Colonel Knoderer again returned to private life. But the value of his services to the country had been discovered, and when the camp was established at Reading for drafted men, Governor Curtin commissioned him Colonel, and placed him in command. Here, too, his superior knowledge and skill as a soldier were of great use, and when the One Hundred and Sixty-seventh regiment was organized he was chosen Colonel. He was ordered to Suffolk, Virginia, which was at this time threatened by a formidable force. Upon his arrival, he was actively employed with his men in perfecting the fortifications, and placing it in the very best possible condition for defence. His judgment in military matters, and his skill in executing such works as were intrusted to him, soon attracted the attention of his superiors, and he was early recognized by them as a military engineer of talent.

The routine of camp and garrison duty was not disturbed at Suffolk until the night of the 29th of January, 1863, when, upon a report that the rebel General Pryor was advancing with a large force, and had crossed the Blackwater, Colonel Knoderer's regiment, with others, was ordered to march out to intercept him. They left their camp at midnight, and at three o'clock on the morning of the 30th found themselves in front of the enemy, at about 600 yards distance, and subjected to a severe fire from his batteries. Colonel Knoderer had directed his men to lie down, to protect them from the shells, while he remained standing. Subsequently, as he was mounting his horse, he was struck in the left hip by a piece of shell, from the effects of which, after two weeks of great suffering, he expired. Upon the occasion of his death, Brigadier-General Terry issued the following order: "The General commanding this brigade announces with sorrow the death of Colonel Charles A. Knoderer. He died at the regimental hospital this day, at twelve o'clock M., of a wound received in the late action of the Deserted House, near the Blackwater river, Virginia, on the 30th ultimo. In the death of Colonel Knoderer, the officers and men of this command have lost a good officer and a worthy man, and the country is again called to mourn the death of a soldier and a patriot. Let his sacrifice be an occasion for every soldier to renew his vows of fidelity to the Constitution and the Union, and an incentive to sustain with new vigor the Old Flag wherever it may be borne."

Mr. Z. C. Galt, a friend and intimate acquaintance, delineates the character of Colonel Knoderer in the following manner, no more appreciative than just: "Colonel Knoderer was a man of rare attainments. His education as a civil engineer had been complete and thorough, and his experience large, and from habits of close observation and constant study, he had added greatly to the store of professional knowledge acquired in the excellent German schools. In military science he was an enthusiast, and in its study constant; and few men were so well acquainted with the military history of the world as he. As soon as the Rebellion took the shape of war at Sumter, he was only anxious to find his place among the loyal defenders of his loved, adopted country, and he has laid down his life in its service, after but a few months of active duty in the field. Had he lived he doubtless would have made himself a name, by deeds, for which his country would have been grateful; but Providence had otherwise ordered, and we can only remember the patriotism which prompted his actions, and regret that the country should have lost his valuable services at so early a period of his career. He had, by long residence among us, endeared himself to all who knew him by his amiable manners, his gentle bearing, and his unsullied purity of character. He died the death he coveted."

ROBERT B. HAMPTON, Captain of Independent Battery F, was born in Pittsburg, Pennsylvania. He entered the service of the United States, on the 17th of October, 1861, as Captain of this battery. He was with Banks in the Shenandoah Valley, and subsequently with the army of General Pope before Washington. He advanced with General McClellan in the Maryland campaign, and his guns rendered efficient service in the passage of South Mountain, and in the battle of Antietam. At the conclusion of this, the Twelfth corps was organized, which remained as a corps of observation at the mouth of the Shenandoah Valley, while the rest of the army pushed on to Fredericksburg. In the battle of Chancellorsville, this corps had the centre of the Union line, and when, on the morning of the 3d of May, 1863, the rebel forces began to press upon it—the Eleventh corps having sustained disaster on the previous evening—the action became warm, the artillery fire on both sides being terrific. Captain Hampton handled his guns with great skill, and did efficient service; but in the midst of the hottest of the fire, and while he was directing the movement of his pieces, he was struck by a fragment of shell and instantly killed.

THOMAS SLOAN BELL, Lieutenant-Colonel of the Fifty-first regiment, was born at West Chester, Pennsylvania, on the 12th of May, 1838. He was the third son of the Hon. Thomas S. Bell, for several years President Judge of the Chester district, and subsequently an Associate Justice of the Supreme Court of the State. He was a descendant of Captain Joseph McClellan, distinguished in the Revolutionary War as a brave, active, and vigilant officer, who, during a long life, was held in high estimation. His education was chiefly acquired at the West Chester Academy, where he early gave promise of genius, and developed the power of graceful oratory for which his father was distinguished. He studied law under the direction of his father, and was admitted to the bar of Chester county, in April, 1859. One of his examiners, on that occasion, says: "He sustained a most creditable examination, evincing that he had read diligently and possessed a legal mind."

In March, 1858, he was commissioned Aide-de-camp to the Major-General of the Third division of the Uniformed Militia, and, in October following, was appointed paymaster of that division, with the rank of Major. On the 20th of May, 1859, he was appointed Notary Public for Chester county, and at the general election, in 1860, was one of the candidates of the Democratic party for the State Legislature. When troops were called for the defence of the Union, he was among the foremost to respond, going as Lieutenant of the first company that marched from his native town, and was appointed Adjutant of the Ninth regiment, in which position he served in the three months' campaign.

On his return, after this service, he immediately re-entered with new recruits for three years, and was appointed Lieutenant-Colonel of the Fifty-first Pennsylvania, led by Colonel Hartranft. This regiment was of Burnside's expedition to North Carolina, forming part of Reno's brigade. In the voyage, Colonel Bell, with four companies, was on board the transport "Scout," which became separated from the rest of the fleet in a storm, and drifted far out of its course. It was given up for lost, but finally came safely to port. In this trying voyage the bearing of Colonel Bell is represented as being heroic.

In the engagement on Roanoke Island his conduct was bold and fearless, and inspired confidence and like courage in the breasts of his men. At Newbern he had command of the left wing of his regiment. He was ordered to charge upon the enemy's batteries, which were carried, and he was the first man to mount and take possession of the captured pieces. At Camden he commanded the brigade, composed of his own and the Twenty-first Massachusetts; and here, as throughout this entire campaign, he distinguished himself by his skill and bravery. In the severe conflicts about Manassas, in Pope's campaign, to Reno's command is justly attributed the credit of having been largely instrumental in saving the Union army from utter annihilation. When the One Hundred and Twenty-fourth regiment was formed, chiefly recruited in the neighborhood of Colonel Bell's home, he was selected to lead it. Governor Curtin expressed his desire to appoint him. But a regulation of the National Government, relative to the transfer of officers from one regiment to another, prevented his acceptance of this position.

He was at South Mountain, where Reno routed the enemy, and in the act fell mortally wounded—one of the most deeply lamented of the Union Generals. At the storming of the bridge on Burnside's front, in the battle of Antietam, Hartranft's regiment was selected to lead, and Colonel Bell heroically moved with the command, which carried that impregnable position at the point of the bayonet. A lodgment had already been gained on the thither bank, when Colonel Bell, ever solicitous for the assurance of victory, having gone out to bring his forces into more favorable position, was struck by an enemy's missile, and soon after expired. "After crossing the bridge," says General Hartranft, "I took the regiment to the right and halted. Colonel Bell here came up to me, saying that more troops should be sent over. I replied, 'Well, go and see about it.' He went; but no farther than the bridge, and soon I saw him coming back on the bed of the road (which was now clear of troops) a few feet from the edge nearest the water. When about thirty yards from the bridge, I saw him struck on the left temple, as I at that time thought, and now believe, by a canister shot. He fell backward and off the road to within six feet of the water. He spoke freely, saying: 'Never say die, boys! Stand by the colors! Take care of my sword.' He was immediately taken back to the barn hospital and examined by a surgeon, who pronounced his wound not dangerous. Bleeding soon stopped. I directed Sergeant-Major Stoneroad to remain with him and take charge of his effects. I was under orders at this time to move forward, and could not leave the regiment. In little less than an hour afterwards, I received permission to go back to the hospital to see the Colonel. I saw him, but he did not recognize me. In an hour after, he passed off calmly."

An officer who was with him, says: "There was the same goodness in his last hours as had marked his life." He had won the attachment of his superior officers and of his regiment, and his loss was deeply felt. His remains were brought to his home at West Chester, and interred by the side of his mother in the Oakland Cemetery, where it was his expressed wish he should be buried. He was possessed of a fine form and features, and had the mark and bearing of a soldier. His disposition was amiable, and he was, in the highest sense of the term, a Christian. Chaplain Mallory says of him: "While at the College in Annapolis, we occupied the same room. Here I first saw him reading the Bible and kneeling at his bedside night and morning—a practice which he continued in the midst of abounding wickedness until his death. He invariably refused to taste intoxicating drinks, and mourned, as I did, the prevailing profanity in the army. Especially during our last march through Maryland, when we were thrown more in contact with the men, he expressed to me and to others a longing to escape from the hateful sounds." He was a member of the Protestant Episcopal Church.

A short time before his death, he was addressed upon the subject of allowing his name to be used as a candidate for Congress. He replied emphatically, "No," that he had volunteered to serve his country in aiding to put down rebellion; that he could accept of no civil office until the war was over; that he intended to stick to the Union army for weal or for woe. And at his post, like a faithful sentinel, he stood to the last.

Francis A. Lancaster, Colonel of the One Hundred and Fifteenth regiment, was born in Philadelphia. He entered the service as Major of this regiment on the 26th of June, 1862; and was immediately sent with his command to the Peninsula, to the succor of McClellan. In Pope's campaign before Washington it was put to severe duty, and in the initial action at Bristoe Station with the redoubtable Stonewall Jackson, Major Lancaster was severely wounded in the left arm. It was not until the following April that he was able to rejoin his regiment, having in the meantime been promoted to Colonel. In the fierce fighting on the morning of the 3d of May, 1863, at Chancellorsville, when the enemy was coming down with overpowering force upon Sickles' corps, Colonel Lancaster, while leading forward his troops in the most resolute manner, fell, pierced through the temple by a Minié ball. He had shown himself an heroic officer, and his regiment had come to be regarded as one of the best disciplined in the army.

Calvin A. Craig, second Colonel of the One Hundred and Fifth regiment. This regiment retired from the disastrous field of Chancellorsville with ranks terribly shattered; but the saddest of its disasters was the loss of its dauntless chief, Colonel McKnight. Fortunate, however, were the remnants of that gallant band, who had so resolutely bared their bosoms to the terrible death-storm that swept that devoted field, in not being left without a leader. The wand that dropped from the nerveless grasp of McKnight, was caught up by the heroic Craig, and wielded with a courage and a dexterity worthy of that fearless regiment.

Calvin A. Craig, third son of Washington Craig, was born in Clarion county, Pennsylvania, on the 7th of December, 1833. From his earliest years he was inured to toil, and received his rudimentary instruction in the schools of a rural district. Possessed of good native talents, his faculties made keen by healthful exercise, he soon acquired the elements of a sound English education and much solid information, evincing a relish for books of a useful character. In 1858 he graduated at Duff's Mercantile College, and in the following spring made a journey through the

West and Southwest, for the purpose of enlarging his observation of men and things. "His opinions and criticisms," says the Rev. J. S. Elder, in his funeral discourse—from which the facts contained in this memoir are principally drawn—"showed how closely and narrowly he scanned the customs and views of the people among whom he sojourned, and proved himself to be a shrewd and careful observer. He closely scrutinized the workings and influence of the institution of slavery. His observations confirm what every intelligent man knows to be true. He maintained this principle: that whoever seeks to degrade the lowly, himself must sink. . . . To a system producing such results, he declared he was in heart and soul opposed, and he ever afterwards cherished an increased antipathy to the inhuman institution."

On his return from this tour, he engaged in the production of lumber, an interest largely followed in the forest section in which he lived. He subsequently associated himself in business with his father in his native town. At the first tap of the drum, after the assault upon Fort Sumter, he recruited a company and marched with the Eighth regiment to the front. At the expiration of three months, the time for which all troops had been enlisted, he returned, and immediately set about recruiting for a three years' regiment. He was surrounded by hardy men from farm and forest, possessed of rare qualifications for soldiers. His company, which was speedily filled, became part of the One Hundred and Fifth regiment; and with it he acted faithfully as Captain, in the skirmishes of the siege of Yorktown, and before Richmond, and in the battles of Williamsburg, Fair Oaks, Charles City Cross Roads, and Malvern Hill.

His fidelity in the Peninsula campaign, and the campaign of Pope before Washington, won the promotion which he had richly merited. On the 20th of April, 1863, he was commissioned Lieutenant-Colonel of the regiment. The battle of Chancellorsville soon followed, and upon the fall of Colonel McKnight, he succeeded to its chief command. Scarcely had the smoke of that conflict cleared away, before the commander of the brigade, the brave General Graham, wrote thus to Governor Curtin: "Colonel A. A. McKnight, of the One Hundred and Fifth regiment, Pennsylvania volunteers, having been killed while gallantly leading his regiment in a charge against the enemy, on which occasion Lieutenant-Colonel Calvin A. Craig succeeded him in command, and behaved with equal coolness and courage, I consider it a duty to the service to recommend that Lieutenant-Colonel Craig be promoted to the vacancy occasioned by the death of the heroic McKnight. In soliciting this promotion, I am influenced alone by a desire to keep up the high standard of the One Hundred and Fifth regiment, one of the noblest regiments in the United States service." An appeal like this could not fail to reach the heart of the Governor, alive to every exhibition of valor, and the appointment was immediately made. It was a responsible trust, but he proved himself, on many a hard-fought field, worthy of it. He always wrote and spoke of his regiment in the highest terms of eulogy. In a familiar letter to a friend, in speaking of its conduct on a hotly-contested field, he said: "The regiment never did better. When they moved forward on a charge on a double-quick, every man at his post, and with scarcely an inch of difference in the slope of their glittering bayonets—oh! but I did feel proud of them. I know I have a kind of weakness for this regiment, but I tell you, it is a regiment to be proud of." This is the language of an enthusiast. It sounds like the breathings of a devoted spirit, touching the dearest object of its affection. One who could speak thus could never abuse his trust. Soldiers will follow such a man into positions of peril, without a murmur.

Unflinching, Colonel Craig met the storm of battle in campaigns unparalleled for severity. His record of casualties was remarkable. He was wounded slightly in the hand in the Seven Days' battle before Richmond. At the Second Bull Run battle he was wounded severely in the ankle. At Gettysburg he had three horses shot under him, and was himself wounded in the foot. In the battle of the Wilderness he was wounded severely and dangerously in the face. During the siege of Petersburg he was struck in the left shoulder by a fragment of shell. In the terrific battle at Deep Bottom on the 16th of August, 1864, while in command of the Second brigade, Third division, of the Second corps, he received a mortal wound, his face to the foe, and died on the following morning.

At the end of the three years' service the soldiers of his regiment reënlisted for a second term, and were given a veteran's furlough. During this interval of duty—grim War's holiday—Colonel Craig was married to Miss Elmira Craig of Greenville.

Mr. Elder mentions, in his discourse, the case of a noted French regiment, the soldiers of which so revered the memory of their fallen leader that they persisted in having his name retained on the regimental rolls, and called every morning with those of the living. When that name was uttered, a soldier answered for him, "Dead on the field of honor." The One Hundred and Fifth regiment could claim the names of McKnight and Craig as worthy of equal endearment, as also those of Greenawalt, Clyde, Dowling, Patton, Kirk, Conser, Hamilton—heroes all—"Dead on the field of honor."

The remains of Colonel Craig were returned to his sorrowing friends in his native town of Greenville, and there, in the village graveyard, where the rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep, the careworn and battle-scarred warrior is at rest.

HENRY J. STAINROOK, Colonel of the One Hundred and Ninth regiment, was born in Pennsylvania. He was commissioned Colonel of the One Hundred and Ninth on the 5th of May, 1862. He immediately led it to the front, meeting the enemy at the mouth of the Shenandoah Valley, as they came down in pursuit of Banks. When Pope assumed command of the Army of Northern Virginia, Colonel Stainrook, with all the forces of Banks and Fremont, hastened to his support. In the battle of Cedar Mountain Colonel Stainrook's regiment was subjected to severe duty—supporting Knap's battery and charging upon the enemy through the noted corn-field, where a full half its numbers were either killed or wounded, Colonel Stainrook himself being among the latter. In the campaign in Maryland he commanded a brigade of Geary's division. At Chancellorsville General Kane commanded the brigade to which the One Hundred and Ninth had been transferred—an officer whose untiring energy is only matched by his skill. As a consequence this brigade was selected to demonstrate on the Twelfth corps' front, where it had warm encounters with the advancing foe. Near the close of the severe fighting of the 3d of May, 1863, when the army of Hooker was upon the point of taking up a new line of battle more contracted and secure, a rebel sharp-shooter, who had gained a position not twenty paces distant, shot and instantly killed Colonel Stainrook. The act created intense feeling among the men of the One Hundred and Ninth, and Lieutenant Kidney, of Company G, who had witnessed the deed, seizing a musket, and skilfully awaiting his opportunity, sent a bullet in reply which forever silenced the sharp-shooter's fire.

MILTON OPP, Lieutenant-Colonel of the Eighty-fourth regiment, was born at Moreland, Pennsylvania, on the 28th of August, 1835. His father was a well-to-do farmer, and his parents cherished a laudable ambition to see their son well educated. He displayed on his part great aptness to learn. He graduated in due course and with honor at the Lewisburg University, and afterwards at the Law School at Poughkeepsie, New York. With the most flattering prospects of success he entered upon the practice of his profession at Muncy. But he was scarcely established in his chosen vocation, when the war came on. He instantly dismissed the hope of fame and fortune which seemed opening before him, and volunteered for the war in the Eighty-fourth regiment, in which he was commissioned a Lieutenant. He was promoted to Captain in May, 1862, to Major in October, and to Lieutenant-Colonel in December. These rapid advancements were earned by real worth and genuine manhood. He served first with Lander and subsequently with Shields in the Shenandoah Valley, and with the latter commander shared in the triumph over Stonewall Jackson at the battle of Winchester, on the 23d of March, 1862, though his regiment suffered grievous loss, and its commander, the highly-esteemed Colonel Murray, was among the killed. He was also at Port Republic, Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville, and in the campaign of Gettysburg, though in the latter battle his regiment was not at the front, having been assigned to important and difficult special duty. On the second day of the battle of the Wilderness, while leading his men in a charge with his accustomed gallantry, he was shot through the right lung and soon after expired, the terrible sounds of the conflict saluting his ears to the last.

The Rev. J. C. Wynn, who was a classmate of Colonel Opp, gives the following tribute to his memory: "At the age of nineteen, he entered the collegiate department of the University of Lewisburg, from which he graduated in 1858. His mind was symmetrical: it showed no excessive preponderance of particular faculties. Possessed of genuine love of truth and of knowledge, he addressed himself to mathematics or classics, to physics or metaphysics, with almost equal facility and enthusiasm. He was a faithful student—a refined scholar. His youthful tastes were elevated and ennobling. With him the sensual was very subordinate; the intellect reigned. His natural inclination revealed itself in his choice of the profession of law. The highest ideal that his soul knew was that of a faithful advocate pleading for justice to his client. Colonel Opp was above the average stature, being five feet ten inches in height. His general health was good. His habits of life regular and temperate. He had no military education previous to the War of the Rebellion."

JOHN W. CROSBY, Lieutenant-Colonel of the Sixty-first regiment, was born in Philadelphia. He entered the service of the United States as a Second Lieutenant in the Twenty-third regiment, in April, 1861. When that regiment was recruited for three years, at the expiration of the short term, he received a Captain's commission, and served under Colonel Birney until March, 1862, when his, with other companies, was transferred to the Sixty-first regiment. He was with his command through the Peninsula campaign, the Second Bull Run, Maryland, and Fredericksburg. In the storming of Marye's Heights in the Chancellorsville campaign his regiment was of the light brigade which had been formed to lead in the assault, and here he was wounded. In April, 1864, he was promoted to Major, and in the desperate fighting of the Wilderness he was again wounded. When the Sixth corps, to which his regiment belonged, was brought to Washington, in July of that year, for its defence against Early, Major Crosby was lying in one of the hospitals at the capital. He obtained a short furlough and sought permission to lead his old command. It was granted, and in the encounter before Fort Stevens he lost his left arm. In December he resigned, but his wound having healed, he rejoined his regiment on the 22d of February, 1865, and was re-commissioned Lieutenant-Colonel. In the assault upon Petersburg, on the 2d of April, he was killed while gallantly leading his men upon the hostile works. An obituary notice thus characterizes him: "He was idolized by his men for his bravery and soldierly bearing. In him the country has lost a devoted servant and a true patriot. The regiment mourns the loss of a brave leader. His little girls are left orphans—they who were his comfort and pride while away from them fighting the battles of his country. When the names of the many brave and fallen heroes are gathered up, and shine as stars in the pages of history, as bright and fair as any among them will shine that of our lamented Colonel Crosby."

HEZEKIAH EASTON, Captain of Battery A, First Pennsylvania Artillery, was killed at Gaines' Mill on the 27th of June, 1862. He had been instrumental in recruiting this battery, and had entered the service as its Captain, in May, 1861. To great energy and perseverance he joined rare skill in the arm of the service which he had chosen. At Dranesville, where the first victory of the Army of the Potomac was gained, Easton's Battery played an important part, exploding the enemy's caissons, and knocking his gun-carriages to pieces. At Gaines' Mill, Easton, with Kern, covered with their artillery the left of the Union line, resting upon the Chickahominy. Desperate fighting and repeated charges with massed troops finally broke the Union infantry, and drove them back, leaving the guns unsupported. But Easton, giving little heed to the misfortune of his supports, resolutely stood by his guns and continued to pour in double charges of canister. A force of cavalry was sent to his relief, but the ground, broken by ravines, was unfavorable for a charge of horse, and it was thrown into confusion by the terrible fire of the foe. Checked and broken in their advance, the mounted fugitives came pouring through the battery, carrying with them to the rear all the available limbers. The enemy, yelling like so many fiends, advanced boldly to the guns, now left without ammunition, crying out to Captain Easton and those officers and men who bravely withstood the storm, to surrender. His reply, never to be forgotten by his comrades who clustered about him, was, "No! We never surrender!" Alas! The next moment that voice was hushed in death. He fell beside his guns; none were left to surrender them. In the varying fortunes of the fight two of his faithful men attempted to bring off the body, but lost it in the melée. A solitary peach tree marked the spot where he fell.

"Easton," says a soldier, George W. Crepps, who served with him, "was a genial, warm-hearted, Christian officer. He was killed at Gaines' Mill. Mountz, the chief bugler, was the first to bear the melancholy tidings to us, which he did on Sunday morning, as we lay in battery below Savage Station. I need not say that it sent a thrill of anguish to all, and especially to us who knew him. The sad news of poor Kern's death also deeply moved us. Captain Easton was enrolled with Battery B at Hagerstown. He told me that he had been owner, or largely interested in some iron works in Maryland before the war."

ROBERT P. CUMMINS, Colonel of the One Hundred and Forty-second regiment, was born in Somerset county, Pennsylvania. A considerable portion of this regiment was recruited under his supervision, and when an organization was effected he was chosen its Colonel. It was attached to Magilton's brigade of the Reserve Corps on reaching the front. Not long afterwards Colonel Cummins was prostrated by sickness, by which he was much reduced. He was still an invalid when the Fredericksburg campaign opened; but, being intent on leading his men in the battle which he saw impending, he proceeded to the field, arriving just as the Lieutenant-Colonel was addressing his men preparatory to advancing to the attack. Colonel Cummins at once assumed the command, and led his regiment in a most perilous, destructive charge. His horse was shot under him, and two hundred and fifty of his men had fallen before they had been an hour in action. In the Chancellorsville movement the First corps, to which the Reserves were attached, supported the Sixth corps on the first day, being posted opposite Franklin's crossing, where Colonel Cummins again had his horse killed. At Gettysburg, the First corps was subjected to a terrible ordeal on the 1st of July, being greatly outnumbered; and here, while holding his men up to the fight, and stimulating and encouraging them, he received a mortal wound, and died on the following day.

GEORGE C. SPEAR, Colonel of the Sixty-first regiment, entered the service as Captain of Company A of the Twenty-third, three months' regiment, but was soon after promoted to Major. When the Twenty-third was recruited as a veteran regiment he was still retained as Major. But as this organization had fifteen companies, soon after taking the field Major Spear was transferred, with four of the companies, from this to the Sixty-first regiment, of which he was made Lieutenant-Colonel. In the battle of Fair Oaks, on the Peninsula, on the 31st of May, 1862, the Sixty-first bore a prominent part and won lasting honor. In this battle its Colonel, Oliver H. Rippey, was killed, when Lieutenant-Colonel Spear was promoted to succeed him. Colonel Spear participated with his regiment in the battles of the Potomac army with singular earnestness and fidelity, until the second battle of Fredericksburg, where he was killed while leading the assault on Marye's Heights. A marked compliment had been shown him, in selecting his regiment as one of a light division, formed specially for dangerous duty, and was given the lead in the famous assault which swept the enemy from the strongholds which had defied the utmost efforts of Burnside to carry.

HENRY MALCOLM EDDY, Major of the One Hundred and Fourteenth regiment, was born on the 27th of October, 1838, at Philadelphia. He was the son of Jason and Sarah (Raban) Eddy. His father was a native of Massachusetts. He was educated in the public schools of the city, and developed a strong predilection for literature and history. In April, 1861, but a few days after the call for troops, he enlisted as a private in the Eighteenth regiment, and at the close of his term in this, reënlisted as a private in the Independent Zouaves d'Afrique. In July, 1862, he was appointed First Lieutenant in the One Hundred and Fourteenth regiment, and in April, 1863, was promoted to Captain. In the afternoon of the second day, in the battle of Gettysburg, he received a slight wound from a spent ball, but kept the field. In October, 1864, he was promoted to Major, and in the charge upon the rebel works before Petersburg, on the 2d of April, 1865, where he was in command of the regiment and was leading it with undaunted heroism, he was mortally wounded. The charge was of the most desperate character, having to be made in the face of a ceaseless fire of artillery and small arms, and over abattis and ditches of the fort, against a foe who was completely shielded from harm. But the charge was most gallantly executed and the enemy routed. For the able and fearless manner in which Major Eddy led in the assault, he was commended in orders. Captain Dunkel, who enlisted with him, and served by his side throughout, says that the following epitaph may truthfully be inscribed upon his tomb: "Here lies one who served his country for four years, and never once faltered in the performance of his duty as a soldier."

CONRAD FAEGER JACKSON, Brigadier-General of volunteers, and Colonel of the Ninth Reserve regiment, was born on the 11th of September, 1813. His ancestors were Quakers, and his father, Isaac Jackson, was a member of that sect, but joined the Army of the United States in the War of 1812, and died six years thereafter of disease contracted while in the service. His maternal grandfather, Conrad Faeger, for whom he was named, was for many years sheriff of Berks county. After the death of his father he was taken into the family of his uncle, Joseph Jackson, a resident of Chester county, and was educated in schools of the Friends' Society. Arrived at man's estate, he commenced business in Philadelphia, in a commission warehouse, but subsequently abandoned this for a position as conductor on the Philadelphia and Reading Railroad. In 1845, he was appointed by President Polk a Lieutenant in the revenue service of the United States, and subsequently was sent to Mexico as the bearer of despatches to General Scott.

At the opening of the Rebellion he was employed in the management of a petroleum oil company in the Kanawha Valley. The secession of Virginia left him but one alternative. He immediately resigned his position, and, returning to Pennsylvania, entered actively upon the business of recruiting troops.

When the Ninth Reserve regiment was organized, he was made its Colonel. Upon the Peninsula he led his command with so much gallantry that, at its close, he was promoted to Brigadier-General, and placed in command of the Third brigade of the corps. In the actions at Bull Run, South Mountain, and Antietam, General Jackson displayed the qualities of a true soldier and an unswerving patriot, his brigade rendering the most efficient service in each of these hard-fought battles.

At Fredericksburg, where the Reserves were given the place of honor to lead in the assault upon the enemy, the ground was contested, with infantry and artillery, on both sides with great pertinacity; but the Union column gained a decided advantage. Supports failing to come, it was finally compelled to yield ground. Of the service rendered here by Jackson's brigade, General Meade, who commanded the corps, says: "The Third brigade had not advanced over one hundred yards when the battery on the height on its left was re-manned, and poured a destructive fire into its ranks. Perceiving this, I despatched my Aide-de-camp, Lieutenant Dehon, with orders for General Jackson to move by the right flank till he could clear the open ground in front of the battery, and then, ascending the height through the woods, sweep round to the left and take the battery. Unfortunately Lieutenant Dehon fell just as he reached General Jackson, and a short time after, the latter officer was killed. The regiments did, however, partially execute the movement by obliquing to the right, and advanced across the railroad, a portion ascending the heights in their front. The loss of their commander, and the severity of the fire, from both artillery and infantry, to which they were subjected, compelled them to withdraw." No greater encomium could have been passed upon the influence of General Jackson than the report of the superior, that the troops executed, without orders, and after their commander had fallen, the movements which the leader of the corps had intended. General Jackson had ridden forward to give the contemplated order; but before it had passed his lips he was struck by a volley from the enemy and mortally wounded. In mentioning his death, General Meade said, in his report:

"The public service has also to mourn the loss of Brigadier-General C. Faeger Jackson, an officer of merit and reputation, who owed his position to his gallantry and good conduct in previous actions."

Samuel W. Black, Colonel of the Sixty-second regiment, was born at Pittsburg, Pennsylvania, in 1818. He was the son of the Rev. John Black, D. D., one of the earliest and most distinguished of the Covenanter clergymen of the State. He received a liberal education, and chose the law as his profession, in which he soon rose to a lucrative practice, and withal became prominent in political life, being especially effective upon the stump. He married, when very young, the daughter of Judge Irvin of Pittsburg, by whom he had four children. In the Mexican War he served as Lieutenant-Colonel of the Second Pennsylvania regiment, and acquitted himself with distinction. He was appointed United States Judge for Nebraska Territory by President Buchanan, in 1857. In the following year, upon the death of Governor Richardson, Colonel Black was appointed to succeed him. In the spring of 1861, he recruited the Sixty-second regiment, of which he was commissioned Colonel, and was assigned to duty in Morrell's brigade of Porter's division. He was engaged at Hanover Court-House, where the enemy was put to flight, and his camp and garrison equipage and many prisoners were taken. Colonel Black says, in his official report: "In the course of the afternoon's operations, we captured eighty-one prisoners, including seven officers. From a great many arms taken, about seventy-five were brought into camp. By the annexed statement, it will be seen that our loss is only six men wounded, none killed, and not one missing. I should do the brave and faithful men I have the honor to command, injustice if I refrained from expressing, in strong terms, my admiration of their conduct from first to last. In common with the other regiments of your brigade, they went into action with their bodies broken by fatigue, and their physical strength wasted by the hard toils of the day. But their spirits failed not, and they went in and came out with whatever credit is due to dangers bravely met, and the noblest duty well performed."

The enemy soon began to make himself felt on the left bank of the Chickahominy, and on the 26th of June, 1862, fought a stubborn battle at Beaver Dam Creek. The Pennsylvania Reserves were upon the front, but the brigade to which Colonel Black belonged was soon ordered to their support. Colonel Black led his men forward with that fervor and enthusiasm which always characterized him, anticipating severe fighting; but the Reserves were able to hold their position, and Colonel Black, though under fire, was not engaged. In the night the Union forces retired to Gaines' Mill, where, on the following day, the battle was renewed with great fury. Morrell's division had the left of the line, its left resting on the slope which reaches down to the Chickahominy, Griffin's brigade, which included Colonel Black's regiment, having the right of the division. The battle was opened by the advance of Longstreet's corps, which came down upon this flank. At the very outset of the battle, the Sixty-second Pennsylvania and the Ninth Massachusetts were ordered to advance under a terrific infantry fire. They charged across a ravine in their front, and gained the woods on the opposite side, handsomely driving the enemy. But while making the charge, and before the woods were reached, Colonel Black, while the heroic exploit which he inspired was in full tide, was killed. Few Pennsylvania soldiers, at the time of his death, had made a brighter record, and none could look forward with better hope of advancement. He died, deeply lamented by the whole State and mourned by a wide circle of personal friends.

Of his personal traits the following, from the pen of John W. Forney, conveys a vivid idea: "Twenty-two years ago, more or less, a young man electrified the cities and towns of western Pennsylvania by his peculiar and irresistible eloquence. He was more boy than man. His fine face and laughing eye, his well-knit and handsome figure, his winning voice, and his mother wit made 'Sam Black' the wonder of more than one exciting campaign. The son of a Presbyterian clergyman who was an object of veneration and love in thousands of hearts, and whose life had been one prayer, and sacrifice, and thanksgiving to God, Sam inherited a fervent religious sentiment, and frequently punctuated his political appeals and legal arguments with Bible points and periods. And how he loved that old gray-haired father! In his most impulsive moments, however surrounded or flattered or aroused; whether fired with indignation, or revelling with merriment created by his exuberant humor, a mere allusion to his father called tears to his eyes and gratitude to his lips. . . . To fall in the battle-field, and for his country, was to die as Samuel W. Black preferred to die. If there was one trait conspicuous in him it was courage, and courage of the purest chivalry. It called him to the fields of Mexico, where he plucked laurels almost from the cannon's mouth. It always made him the champion of the weak or the wronged. It made him irresistible at the bar."

THEODORE HESSER, Lieutenant-Colonel of the Seventy-second regiment, was a native of Philadelphia. He entered the service of the United States in August, 1861. In the Peninsula campaign the regiment did excellent duty at Fair Oaks, the brigade to which it was attached being led by General Burns. Few regiments suffered more severely than did this in the battle of Antietam. Thirty-one were killed, and nearly half its strength went down in the terrible struggle. Colonel Hesser was in command of the regiment in the Mine Run campaign, and on the 27th of November, near Robertson's Tavern, the enemy was encountered. The regiment was deployed as skirmishers and advanced. The enemy, from his covert, opened with great violence, and in the midst of the attack, while the command was being formed for an assault, Colonel Hesser was killed. The loss was a severe one, as he had from the first been with his men, and had won their confidence and esteem.

RICHARD COLEGATE DALE, Lieutenant-Colonel of the One Hundred and Sixteenth regiment, was born on the 19th of December, 1838, in the city of Allegheny. His father, Thomas F. Dale, M. D., and his mother, Margaret Kennedy Stewart, were both natives of Delaware. He received a thorough English and a partial classical education in his native city. He was from early youth characterized by strong individuality. He was engaged for a time as a clerk in commission and manufacturing houses, but finally became an active partner in a mercantile firm. When the war came, he frankly said to his father: "Mr. Lincoln has called for men. Many, on account of family or other relations, cannot go as well as I. Do not think it is a fit of enthusiasm. I do not imagine it will be any pleasure to be a soldier. His is a life of trial and of peril, and I do not know whether my constitution will be strong enough to bear those toils and exposures; but I think it my duty to go." An only son, and carefully reared, it was with great reluctance that the consent of his parents was given to his resolution; but he would listen to no temporizing, and he enlisted as a private in Company A of the Ninth Reserves, in the spring of 1861. In the following August he was detailed from his regiment to serve in the United States Signal Corps. In a School of Instruction for that arm of the service, at Tenallytown, and afterwards as clerk to Major Myers, the commander of the corps in Washington, he was employed till the opening of the spring campaign under McClellan, with whom he went to the Peninsula, and served with fidelity and skill until the final battle at Malvern Hill had been fought. He then received leave of absence for ten days; but in Washington, while on his way home, his furlough was extended by the Adjutant-General, and he was authorized to raise a company for signal duty. He opened a recruiting station at Pittsburg, on his arrival, but having been elected First Lieutenant of Company D of the One Hundred and Twenty-third regiment, he accepted the position, and at once entered upon its duties. For four months he served as Adjutant of the regiment, exerting himself to bring the organization up to an efficient standard, when he returned to his place in his company. At the battle of Fredericksburg he acted with great gallantry, taking command of his company when its leader, Captain Boisol, was wounded, and had his haversack riddled with bullets, though he himself escaped without injury. He was soon afterwards appointed Assistant Adjutant-General of the brigade. A vacancy occurring in the office of Lieutenant-Colonel, he was promptly elected to fill it by the line officers, though the junior Captain among them. So methodical and complete were all his acts that, when notified of his promotion, he was in readiness to turn over his business at the head of the brigade in a finished condition, and at once to assume the responsible one in command of the regiment. He was engaged at Chancellorsville, and when the term of the regiment had expired, which occurred soon afterwards, he returned with it to Pittsburg, where it was mustered out.

When he heard the intelligence of fighting at Gettysburg, he hastened home, exclaiming, "Our boys are fighting and falling at Gettysburg, and I am here doing nothing. I cannot stand this!" Gathering up a few articles of clothing, he hurried away to the depot, and reached Harrisburg that night. He immediately reported to the Governor, and asked to be sent to the front, saying, "I must go. I can at least volunteer as aid to some General, to carry despatches over the field." But the Governor could not provide transportation. Indeed, all the avenues were closed—even a private carriage could not be secured, the inhabitants fearing the action of the enemy's cavalry, and refusing every offer, unless bonds were entered into for the safe return of the conveyance. Finding it impossible to reach the field, he was obliged reluctantly to return home.

Soon afterwards, General Brooks, at the head of the Department of the Monongahela, offered him the command of a battalion of six-months' cavalry. "I was drilled in cavalry movements when in the signal service," was his response, "and I shall be glad to serve in any capacity to which you may assign me." The companies were already recruited and in camp, and fears were entertained that officers who were expecting the command, much older than himself, would object to having a boy set over them. The very troubles arose which were anticipated; but so firmly and judiciously did he suppress the first rising of revolt, and so wisely and well did he enforce his discipline and drill, and instruct his charge, that a large part of the men were desirous of being led by him for a three years' term. He was stationed in Fayette county, and was charged with guarding the border, a duty which he performed to the satisfaction of General Brooks, and, what was more difficult, to the entire approval of the inhabitants among whom he was quartered.

In January, 1864, while General Hancock was engaged in reorganizing the Second corps, which became famous under his leadership, Dale was offered the position of Lieutenant-Colonel in the One Hundred and Sixteenth regiment, which was accepted, and he was immediately engaged in recruiting, it having been decimated in previous campaigns while still a part of the celebrated Irish brigade. In the battle of the Wilderness, where his command was closely engaged, a bullet penetrated his coat, but he escaped. On the 9th of May, his regiment was ordered to the picket line, to support General Miles' brigade, and was under a hot fire of rebel grape and canister. On the following day it was again engaged in a long, hard fight, in which Colonel Mulholland was severely wounded in the head. The command then devolved on Lieutenant-Colonel Dale, and in the assault upon the enemy's works, at dawn of the 12th, while gallantly leading his regiment into the "imminent deadly breach," he fell, instantly killed or mortally wounded, as is supposed, no tidings having ever been had of him, and no information pertaining to his last resting-place been discovered. When a sufficient time had elapsed to preclude all hope of return, resolutions were passed by his brother officers commemorative of his great ability as a soldier and his many virtues as a man. The Colonel of his regiment said of him: "He was a man of splendid abilities, virtuous, gentle, brave and accomplished. He was remarkably calm in battle, and was very much beloved by his comrades." His two sisters, who survive him, say, in closing a communication concerning him, "No sisters ever had a more devoted brother."

William Gray Murray, Colonel of the Eighty-fourth regiment, was born on the 25th of July, 1825, in the town of Longford, Ireland. He was the eldest son of John and Sarah (Gray) Murray. When but nine months old, his parents, with their two children, emigrated to New York, where the father engaged in business. He soon after removed to the interior of the State, and settled in Utica, where, and at Canandaigua and Rome, he established mercantile houses. He was for a time remarkably prosperous, and showed great business tact and talent; but the financial crisis of 1835–36 came upon him like a whirlwind, and, like many another involved in that catastrophe, his fortunes were wrecked. Possessed of great buoyancy of spirit, and endless resources within himself, he determined to remove to Pennsylvania, and settled, first at Lancaster, and afterwards at Harrisburg, engaging in active business in both places, and meeting with success. Of pleasing manners, generous and hospitable to a fault, he was deservedly popular. In religion, he was a Roman Catholic, and his children were all brought up in the same faith. He died in the fall of 1844.

The son, being intended for mercantile life, received a good education in those branches best calculated to be useful to him. On leaving school, he entered his father's store; but, that he might have the best advantages which could be afforded, he was placed in a large mercantile house in the city of New York, where he remained until the spring of 1845. On coming to his majority in the following year, he had perfected his arrangements for entering business on his own account, when the Mexican War broke out, and he volunteered as a private in the Cameron Guards. He was made Sergeant, and while serving in that capacity at Vera Cruz, was appointed a Second Lieutenant in the Eleventh United States Infantry, by President Polk. In this position he served to the close of the war—having been in some of the most memorable engagements of the campaign.

He was sent by General Scott to Washington, with confidential despatches to Mr. Marcy, then Secretary of War, which having been delivered, he was ordered to recruiting duty at Philadelphia, and afterwards at Easton, in both places being eminently successful. Preferring to be with his regiment in the field, in response to his solicitations he was ordered forward; but, when on the eve of sailing, the order was countermanded, and he was sent to Fort McHenry, near Baltimore, to aid in organizing fresh levies. Upon the conclusion of the war, he was transferred to Fort Hamilton, New York harbor, to assist in the discharge of troops. Recognizing his ability as a soldier, he was urged to continue in the service; but, yielding to the solicitations of his family, he resigned, and, returning to private life, settled in Hollidaysburg. He was energetic in business, as he had been in the army, and bore a conspicuous part in the political struggles of the time. In 1851, he was married to Miss Elizabeth Daugherty, by whom he had three children, two of whom survive him. In 1852, he was appointed Postmaster of Hollidaysburg by President Pierce, and was re-appointed by President Buchanan.

At the outbreak of the Rebellion, he took strong grounds with the Union side, and avowed his intention of entering the army. A Captain's commission in the regular service was tendered him, but, his wife being in the last stages of consumption, he declined it. Having had much experience in recruiting and organizing troops, his counsel was sought, and his services were invaluable in enlisting and pushing forward recruits for the volunteer force. His wife died in August, 1861. A short time afterwards, he received authority from Governor Curtin to recruit a regiment of infantry, and, obedient to the promptings of duty, he at once set about the work. When it was known that he would take the field, the hardy farmers and mountaineers from Blair and Clearfield counties came in large numbers to his standard.

On the 19th of December, 1861, his regiment, the Eighty-fourth, marched from camp, and was drawn up before the Capitol to receive its flag. Governor Curtin, in presenting it, referred to Colonel Murray as a tried soldier, and to the men as actuated by the purest and loftiest patriotism, leaving wives, mothers, and children, and the endearments of home, to maintain the laws and the Constitution with the sword. In response, Colonel Murray said: "I accept this beautiful standard, presented by the Legislature of the Keystone State, through you, its honored Chief Magistrate, in such glowing and eloquent terms. As the period for speech-making has passed, and the hour for energetic action has arrived, my remarks on this occasion shall be brief, as becomes a soldier. In accepting this flag on behalf of the regiment, I do it with a full consciousness of the relations which both officers and men bear to our noble State, and the Nation whose cause we have espoused. Permit me to thank you, sir, for the terms of commendation in which you have been pleased to speak of the Eighty-fourth, and of my humble self, and to assure you that whatever our fate may be in the future, we will endeavor by good conduct, and a strict discharge of our duties, to make such a record as will bring no dishonor upon the Stars and Stripes, which we go to maintain and defend, or the proud Commonwealth whose sons we deem it an honor to call ourselves.

> 'No shrewish tears shall fill our eyes,
> When the sword-hilt's in our hand;
> Heart-whole we'll part and not a sigh
> For the fairest of the land.
> Let piping swain and craven wight
> Thus weep and puling cry;
> Our business is like men to fight,
> And Hero-like to die.'"

The Colonel delivered the flag into the hands of Sergeant Stokes, with this injunction: "Into your hands I entrust this standard. Answer for its safety with your life." The Sergeant replied: "Governor and Colonel: If I don't return this flag, 'twill be because Ned Stokes will occupy five feet eight of ground."

The active campaigning of the regiment commenced on the 1st of January, 1862, when it was led by Colonel Murray to Bath, Virginia, to the relief of the Thirty-ninth Illinois and a section of artillery commanded by Lieutenant Muhlenberg, crossing the Potomac at Hancock, Maryland. The opposing force greatly outnumbered them, being estimated at from sixteen to twenty thousand men. After twenty-four hours of irregular skirmishing, the Union force succeeded in withdrawing across the river and bringing off the guns. On the following day, General Lander arrived with reinforcements. The campaign was an arduous one; but despite all the difficulties which the division had to encounter, the troops succeeded in opening the country before them to Winchester, where they arrived on the 12th of March. On Tuesday morning, March 18th, General Shields, who, upon the death of General Lander, had succeeded to the chief command, ordered a reconnoissance in force on the Strasburg road. The enemy was met and driven to a point five miles below Strasburg. On Thursday, the 20th, this force returned to camp, making a march of twenty-two miles. General Williams' division was now ordered away to Washington, starting on Saturday, the 22d, leaving only the division of Shields and the Michigan Cavalry. When it was known that the Union force had been thus depleted, Stonewall Jackson, who was in command of the rebel army, having been reinforced by Longstreet and Smith, advanced upon Winchester with the design of crushing Shields in his weakened condition. At five P. M. of Saturday, the 22d, the Union pickets were driven in; but the enemy was checked, and a portion of the division was pushed out two miles in advance of the town, where the men lay on their arms during the night. It was evident that a general battle would occur on the following day, Sunday. At dawn the troops were formed, and they had not long to wait. The enemy attacked with great spirit and determination; and from eleven in the morning until three in the afternoon the battle raged furiously. At this juncture, Shields ordered a charge. The Eighty-fourth, which, from the hard service to which it had been subjected, had been reduced to barely 300 men, was selected to lead in the assault upon the enemy's batteries, which were securely posted, and were particularly destructive. The ground was open which they had to cross, and repeated charges were made, which Colonel Murray led with great gallantry, officers and men falling on every side, strewing the ground with the dead and the dying. In the midst of the struggle, his horse was shot under him. Extricating himself, he renewed the charge on foot. A little later, his cap-cover was shot from his head. The carnage was now terrible, the enemy screening themselves behind a stone wall and a curtain of wood. But, nothing daunted, Colonel Murray led on his regiment, and just as it was entering the grove which crowned the summit, while rushing on with sword in hand, and exclaiming, "Charge, boys! charge!" he was struck by a rifle ball which, crashing through the bugle of his cap, carrying the figures 84 with it, passed through his brain, tearing away the top of his skull. But though fallen, his heroism was not without its reward; for the stronghold, in carrying which he had sacrificed his life, was taken and the victory gained. His body was received in Harrisburg with imposing ceremonies, the Governor, heads of departments, the two Houses of the Legislature, and military and civic societies, moving in the sad procession. It was the first Colonel fallen in battle whose remains had been returned to the State Capital, from whence so many had been sent forth, and the solemn event produced a deep impression. Flags were at half-mast, many of them draped in mourning; and while the train was moving, the bells of the city were tolled. The body lay in state at the residence of his mother, and was viewed by great numbers. From the Capital it was taken to Hollidaysburg, where even more universal sorrow was manifested, and tokens of respect were shown. At the residence of his father-in-law, John Daugherty, Esq., thousands of sorrowing friends and relatives gathered, eager to take a last look at the fallen soldier. At St. Mary's Church, High Mass was celebrated, and a most touching and eloquent discourse was delivered over the remains, by the Rev. John Walsh. He was finally laid to rest beside his wife, whom he had but a few months before followed to the grave.

The New York *Tribune*, in speaking of the action in which Colonel Murray fell, after describing the varying phases of the fight up to the last decisive moment, says: "General Tyler, commanding our left, ordered another charge on the batteries on his left. Two advances were successively repulsed by the enemy, with slaughter; but the third prevailed, routing the rebels who opposed it, capturing two guns and four caissons. Of the Eighty-fourth Pennsylvania, which led this charge, Colonel Murray and twenty-six other men were killed and eighty-three wounded—in all, one hundred and nine—out of three hundred who followed the standard into the fight. This success decided the fate of the battle." The flag was carried that day by private Graham. His left hand, which bore it aloft, was shot off; but before the starry emblem fell, he grasped it in the remaining hand, and held it triumphantly. The right arm was next disabled; but still clinging to the flag, he suffered it not to touch the ground until he was shot dead.

Colonel Murray was a man of large and active benevolence, warm and ardent in his impulses, though singularly calm and equable, and energetic and untiring in the path of duty. In person, he was six feet in height, with a large and muscular frame. He was of light complexion, brown hair, eyes of a light grey and expressive, features prominent, movements quick, and to courage of the highest order was united a strong sense of religious responsibility.

JOHN D. MUSSER, Lieutenant-Colonel of the One Hundred and Forty-third regiment, was a native of Pennsylvania. He enlisted in Company K, in October, 1862, which he was active in recruiting, and of which he was made First Lieutenant. In the following month he was promoted to Major, and in June, 1863, to Lieutenant-Colonel. He was placed in command of the regiment at the battle of Gettysburg—Colonel Dana having succeeded to the leadership of the brigade—which he continued to exercise for a considerable portion of the time, until the second day in the Wilderness, May 6th, 1864, when he was killed. He was a faithful, fearless officer.

JOHN M. GOSLINE, Colonel of the Ninety-fifth regiment, was born on the 7th of February, 1826, in Medford, New Jersey. He was the son of John Gosline, a native of Pennsylvania. His experience in militia service previous to the Rebellion was extensive, having entered the National Guards when nineteen years of age, and having served sixteen years. He was characterized by the Colonel of his regiment as a thorough disciplinarian. He entered the service of the United States as a Captain in the Eighteenth regiment of the three months' campaign, and at its conclusion reëntered, as Colonel of the Ninety-fifth, on the 12th of October, 1861. He marched with his regiment to the Peninsula in time to join McClellan's army, as it moved up the Chickahominy, being attached to Franklin's division. On the 27th of May, 1862, the rebel army, having come out from Richmond in strong force, attacked the isolated corps of Fitz John Porter at Gaines' Mill, the larger portion of the army being on the opposite side of the Chickahominy. Franklin's division was hurried across to the support of Porter, and in the desperate struggle which ensued Colonel Gosline was killed, and nearly a hundred of his men were lost.

MARTIN TSCHUDY, Lieutenant-Colonel of the Sixty-ninth regiment, was born in Charleston, South Carolina, in the year 1824. He was the son of an Episcopal clergyman, and previous to the Rebellion was practising law in Philadelphia. He was commissioned Lieutenant and appointed Adjutant of this regiment on the 19th of August, 1861, was promoted to Major on the 1st of January, 1863, and to Lieutenant-Colonel on the 31st of March following. While he was Adjutant, which was practically until the opening of the Gettysburg campaign, a great responsibility rested upon him, as much of the care of every regiment devolves upon that officer. As Lieutenant-Colonel he went into the battle of Gettysburg. On the evening of the second day, at the point where the enemy believed he had effected a lodgment in the Union lines—and actually sent off despatches to Richmond that the day was won—it was there that he met the Sixty-ninth and other brave regiments, and, after manifesting unexampled heroism, was thrust back. In that struggle, Colonel Tschudy was badly wounded. But so eager was he to be with his men to the last, and to beat the foe, that he refused to go to a hospital, and remained at the head of his column. On the afternoon of the following day came the great charge, and it fell full upon the spot where this heroic officer stood; and in the midst of the wild storm of battle, when the sheets of flame, that wrapped friend and foe, leaped from myriads of guns, he perished, illustrating, in his life as in his death, the highest type of the soldier, exemplifying the sentiment of the poet:

> "That is best blood that has most iron in 't
> To edge resolve with, pouring without stint
> For what makes manhood dear."

DENNIS O'KANE, Colonel of the Sixty-ninth regiment, was born in Ireland in 1824. He entered the service, as Major of the Twenty-fourth regiment, on the 1st of May, 1861, and at the conclusion of its three months' term, on the 19th of August following, reëntered it as Lieutenant-Colonel of the Sixty-ninth, and was promoted to Colonel on the 1st of December, 1862. The excellent fighting qualities of this regiment gave its leader, Colonel Owen, special prominence, and he was early put at the head of a brigade, and on the 29th of November was promoted to the rank of a Brigadier-General. This threw the entire care of the regiment upon the Lieutenant-Colonel. The fighting at White Oak Swamp and Charles City Cross Roads, in the Peninsula campaign, and at Antietam and Fredericksburg, was severe. At Gettysburg Colonel O'Kane led his regiment, on the second day, with great steadiness, performing a prominent part in repulsing Wright's rebel brigade from its determined assault to gain the left centre, and on the following day won immortal renown in repulsing the charge of Pickett, in the last grand effort of the battle. Here the Sixty-ninth stood in the very centre—the target of the enemy's supreme effort—battling with deathless energy and holding on immovable to the last; and here, at its head, was Colonel O'Kane until cut down, breathing his last in the midst of the strife.

GEORGE W. GOWEN, the third Colonel of the Forty-eighth regiment, soon after the breaking out of the war volunteered for service for a term of three years, and was commissioned First Lieutenant of Company C. After the arrival of the regiment at Hatteras Inlet, North Carolina, he was made Provost-General of Hatteras Island by General Williams. Subsequently he was ordered to detached duty with Battery C, First United States Artillery, where he showed himself possessed of marked ability in that arm of the service, his gun rendering efficient duty in the reduction of Fort Macon. In June, 1862, he was made acting Adjutant of the Forty-eighth. In this capacity he passed through the campaign of Pope in Virginia, and that in Maryland under McClellan, evincing throughout the rarest qualities of an officer, and at its close was made Captain of his company.

In the spring of 1863, his regiment, together with the rest of the Ninth corps, was sent to Kentucky, and he was put upon detached service, in the construction of fortifications about Camp Nelson. His tact displayed in securing the services of negroes for the execution of this labor was remarkable, as the inhabitants were exceedingly jealous of any interference in their employment. This work having been successfully accomplished, he was ordered to duty, with a corps of officers, in making a survey of a military railroad to connect with the Kentucky Central at Nicholasville. His ability as an engineer was conspicuous, he having, in civil life, made it a study and a business. His skill in this secured him the appointment of Assistant Chief-Engineer of General Burnside, upon the advance of that officer into East Tennessee. During the siege of Knoxville, which followed hard upon, his talent found ample scope, and to his judicious preparations may be attributed largely the success of the defence on that part of the line where he was posted. He was made a personal Aide-de-camp on the staff of General Parke, after the raising of the siege.

He returned with the Ninth corps to the Army of the Potomac, and joined in the spring campaign of 1864, under General Grant. For his gallantry at the Wilderness, Spottsylvania, Tolopotomy, Cold Harbor, and Petersburg, he was brevetted Major and Lieutenant-Colonel of his regiment, and in December was made its Colonel. In the assault of the enemy's works at Fort Mahone, on the morning of the 2d of April, 1865, he led his command with great heroism. Seeing his troops about to give way, after being fearfully decimated, he sprang to the front, and, raising his cap in one hand and waving his sword with the other, led them forward with such courage, that the rebel stronghold, which for many months had defied every attempt to take it, yielded, and the triumph was complete. But in the midst of the act, and at the moment of victory, he fell mortally wounded and poured out his lifeblood upon the field of his noble exploit. Says his biographer, Mr. Wallace, "Colonel Gowen died, beloved, honored and mourned by all who knew him. Thus when fortune seemed ready to crown the manly efforts of one so promising, he fell, a martyr to the cause of freedom. For his many social qualities, for his genial, frank, honest nature, and for his military abilities, he is mourned."

Peter Keenan, Major of the Eighth Pennsylvania cavalry, was born on the 9th of November, 1834, in the town of York, Livingston county, New York. He was the son of John and Mary Keenan, natives of the county of Lowth, Ireland, who emigrated to this country in 1834, and are still residents of Friendship, Allegheny county. The son, at an early age, was taken into the family of Philip Church, by whom he was reared and educated. As soon as he had arrived at a suitable age, he was set to surveying wild lands, of which the Church family had extensive tracts. In 1857, he went to Philadelphia to visit some relatives, and remained there until the breaking out of the war, being, at that time, in the employ of Mr. Boyd. Early in the summer of 1861 he proceeded to Williamsport and assisted in recruiting the Eighth cavalry, and was mustered into service on the 19th of August, as Captain of Company C, Captain David McM. Gregg, of the Sixth Regulars, being appointed Colonel.

Samuel Wilson, an intimate companion-in-arms of Keenan, and who afterwards rose to Colonel of this regiment, says of him: "He never appeared to be so full of life and enjoyment as when engaged in a lively brush with the enemy. He never waited until ordered, but if he saw an opportunity of meeting the enemy, he would seek permission to 'go in.' If the army was advancing, he would manage to have command of the advance guard, and if on retreat, to be with the rear guard, always choosing the post of danger. In the advance on Richmond, under McClellan, in 1862, our regiment was in the advance of the left wing, Keyes' corps. On arriving at the Chickahominy, where it is crossed by Bottom's Bridge, the enemy was discovered at a wood in front, where they were busy felling trees. Keenan reported the fact, and was ordered by Colonel Gregg to send twelve picked men to flank the position and ascertain if artillery was being masked. The order was executed, and as the foe seemed not to be in much force, and that he might be entirely certain of his information, he charged upon a mound which he suspected might cover a gun, but which he found to contain only two or three rebels. Nothing but a reliable report would satisfy him. During the seven days' fighting before Richmond he was frequently sent for to report to head-quarters of the army, having often scouted from Bottom's Bridge and Savage Station, off towards White Oak Swamp, Willis' Church, and Malvern Hill, at one time going in the night, without any accompanying force, entirely through General Wise's command, to the James river, so that he was able to give reliable information. During the night after the battle of Malvern Hill, he was summoned to the head-quarters of the army at nine in the evening, and again at two in the morning."

There were but three cavalry regiments in the battle of Chancellorsville. One of these was the Eighth Pennsylvania, and, at a critical period in the battle, it played a conspicuous part. On the evening of Saturday, the 2d of May, 1862, the Eleventh corps, which was occupying the right of the line, had been routed by Stonewall Jackson, and driven in upon the centre. Jackson's column, which consisted of 25,000 men, was seen passing across the Union front from left to right, early in the day; but the belief prevailed that it was retreating towards Gordonsville. Sickles, who occupied the left centre of the line, had taken out a part of his corps, with the cavalry, under Pleasanton, to harass this passing column, and was handsomely at work, making some captures, when the noise of Jackson's assault, and the rout of Howard's troops, reached his ears. It was a perilous moment for the safety of the army; for upon the left centre was open, elevated ground, which commanded the field, and was, indeed, the key to the position. The whole Union left wing was in rout, and the massed columns of the victorious foe were pressing on. They had almost reached this elevated ground, and no force was in readiness to hold it. Pleasanton, who was with Sickles out in advance, had suggested, as the country there was a dense wood, and unsuited to the action of horse, that it had better be taken back to the open ground which they had left, and it was on its way thither when the assaults of Jackson were made. "As I was going back at a trot," says Pleasanton, "an aide-de-camp came up to me and said, 'General, the Eleventh corps is falling back very rapidly, and some cavalry is necessary to stop it.' I understood pretty well what that meant. I had only two regiments of cavalry with me; one of them having been retained by General Sickles at the front to protect his right, and there was one battery of horse artillery with me. When I came to this open space which I had before left, I found it filled with fugitives, caissons, ambulances, guns, and everything. I saw the moment was critical, and I called on Major Keenan of the Eighth Pennsylvania, and gave him his orders. I said to him, 'Major, you must charge in these woods with your regiment, and hold the rebels until I can get some of these guns into position.' Says I, 'You must do it at all cost.' I mentioned the Major, because I knew his character so well, that he was the man for the occasion. He replied to me, with a smile on his face, though it was almost certain death, 'General, I will do it.' He started in with his whole regiment, and made one of the most gallant charges of the war. He was killed at the head of his regiment; but he alarmed the rebels so much that I gained about ten minutes on the enemy. Major Keenan had only from four to five hundred men." By this bold manœuvre the rebels were, for a moment, startled—no doubt expecting that this cavalry charge would be followed up by infantry—and time was given General Pleasanton to get twenty-two guns into position bearing upon the edge of the wood, whence they would emerge; and when, finally, in dark masses they came rolling out, screeching and yelling, those guns, double-shotted with canister, swept them back with deadly effect. For nearly an hour, without infantry supports, did Pleasanton maintain the fight with artillery alone, repulsing the enemy in three separate charges, and finally held the ground—night shutting in, and closing the conflict. Thus, by the daring of Keenan and his few trusty followers were Stonewall Jackson's victorious legions checked, though at the sacrifice of his own life and of nearly his entire command; and by the resolute fighting of Pleasanton was disaster to the army stayed. The daring valor of Keenan on this field is scarcely matched in the history of warfare. "The moment," says Colonel Wilson, "the head of the column reached the plank road, the order was given, 'Draw sabre!' and the next moment came the word, 'Charge!' Keenan fell, and at his side Captain Arrowsmith and Adjutant Haddock." Three officers, fifty-six men, and ninety horses were sacrificed in the few moments of that mortal strife. Just before Major Keenan was seen to fall, he was flourishing his sabre with unequalled rapidity, and many a traitor who came within his reach was made to bite the dust. He was a powerful man, and, nerved at that supreme moment by superhuman power, his trenchant blade was more effective than that of a Black Prince in his most desperate hour. In his general order to the brigade, General Pleasanton characterizes him as "the generous, the chivalric Keenan." "In the loss of Major Keenan," writes a correspondent of the Williamsport *Gazette*, "this regiment has parted from a valuable officer, and our country with a brave leader. In battle, where warmest waged the combat there was he always to be found, and, by his cool, undaunted bravery, would ever encourage the men to stand boldly forth and teach rebellious hirelings how loyal men can fight." Dr. Webster, in command of an infantry detail, searched for missing officers within the enemy's lines, that night; and when the men came upon the body of Keenan they instantly recognized it, though every vestige of clothing that could disclose his rank had been torn from it. It was brought in, and, says Colonel Wilson, "General Pleasanton gave me a leave of absence for five days, to take charge of his remains and accompany them to his former home, in Allegheny county. I was met at the depot by his father and Major Church, who received the body of the hero, and, on the following day, it was committed to the grave by the hand of parental affection."

"As boys at school," says De Peyster, "we have read of the one-eyed Horatius and the equestrian Curtius. As students of history, we recall the intrepid Piedmontese Sergeant, who, hearing the tramp of the assaulting column of the French above the mine, with whose supervision he was charged, totally oblivious of himself, thrust his burning candle into the powder, and, at the sacrifice of his own life, saved the Washington of his country. Many have heard in speeches of the self-immolation of Arnold of Winkelreid, which gave the victory of Senepach, along with their independence, to his countrymen. Those who have visited Amsterdam have doubtless seen that magnificent picture in the State House, portraying the act of patriotism by which a Dutch Lieutenant saved the honor of his flag, when, with his cigar thrust into the magazine, he blew up his vessel, rather than surrender to an accident that had delivered him into the power of the rebel Belgians, his deck being jammed with their boarders. But neither Roman, nor Piedmontese, nor Swiss, nor Hollander, performed a nobler achievement than that done by an American on this second day of Chancellorsville. It was an act far more worthy of commemoration by a magnificent picture, placed in the Capitol of Pennsylvania, than the decisive moment of Gettysburg, whose glory belongs equally to all the loyal States; and as long as the Keystone Commonwealth shall continue to exist, she will do a grievous wrong, if at her hands no enduring monument arise in commemoration of Peter Keenan, Major of the Eighth Pennsylvania Cavalry.

"Eighteen years ago, the writer visited the Succursale, or branch establishment of the National Hospital for Invalids, in the famous old city of Avignon. There he was struck with the wonderful sagacity displayed by the rulers of the warlike nation of France, for the purpose of keeping alive the military ardor of their people, by honoring and commemorating every exhibition of their patriotic valor. On every side the garden wherein the veterans took their daily walks, or lingered to chat of other days around a cross of honor emblazoned with fragrant pansies and evergreens, marble tablets, set in the encompassing walls, displayed illustrious acts in appropriate pithy records. One of these bore only a few sentences, but those simple lines were sufficient to tell an ennobling story:

"'Go be killed there!' said Kleber to Schowardin, at Torfu.

"'Yes, my General.'

"And Schowardin and his command—a couple of hundred braves—threw themselves against the pursuing royalist (Vendean) masses, perishing, but saving the republican army. This was grand. But, Northerners, what one of our own brethren did was grander; and we need not go to France, nor any other country, nor to any other age, for the highest types of patriotic devotion. Our own annals teem with them; and nothing in all time will shine with greater brilliancy than the unquestioned—not fabulous—self-sacrificing, and saving self-sacrifice, of Major Peter Keenan."

CHAPTER V.

DIED IN THE SERVICE.

DAVID BELL BIRNEY, Colonel of the Twenty-third regiment, and Major-General of volunteers, was born at Huntsville, Alabama, on the 29th of May, 1825. His father, James G. Birney, was singularly devoted to the sentiment of freedom, though bred in the Slave State of Kentucky. In 1835 he manumitted his own slaves, and at the death of his father chose the slaves as his share of the patrimony, that he might extend to them likewise the boon of freedom. He was educated at Princeton, studied law at Philadelphia with Alexander J. Dallas, and, returning to Kentucky, married Agatha McDowell, a cousin of General Irwin McDowell. Not long afterwards he removed to Huntsville, where he formed a law partnership with Arthur G. Hopkins, afterwards Governor of the State. During his residence there Mr. Birney was appointed Attorney-General, and in 1834 was commissioned to secure a faculty for the new State University. In his tour through the North in this latter capacity he met prominent philanthropists, with whom he exchanged sentiments and formed lasting friendships. Moved by his sincere love of freedom, he soon after went to reside in Cincinnati, where he established the *Philanthropist*, a weekly newspaper. Its columns ably advocated the cause of the oppressed and down-trodden the world over; but its keenest weapons were directed upon American Slavery. Its utterances became distasteful to the slave power, and his office was repeatedly mobbed, and his types consigned to the river. In 1844 he was nominated by the Free Soil party as their candidate for President of the United States, receiving 64,653 votes. Henry Clay, who was the candidate of the

JOHN M WETHERILL
Colonel 82d Regiment

GEORGE SHORKLEY
Brev Col 51st Reg Brev Maj [illegible]

JOSEPH ROBERTS.
Col 152d Reg 3d Art Brev Brig Gen USA

JOHN S. McCALMONT
[illegible] Reserve Regiment

[illegible]
[illegible]

[illegible]

Whig party, was defeated, and his failure was largely attributed to the party led by Birney. Soon afterwards Mr. Birney retired from politics. He died in 1858. Mr. Birney married for his second wife Elizabeth Fitzhugh, a daughter of the New York branch of an old Maryland family.

The son, David B., was put to school at Andover, Massachusetts, where he early took a prominent place, and where he acquired exact and thorough training. After leaving Andover he went to Cincinnati, and entered a large business house, where he soon became junior partner, and married Miss Anna Case, of Covington, Kentucky. The firm with which he was connected met with disaster, and, upon the termination of its business, he went to Upper Saginaw, Michigan, where he studied law and was admitted to the bar; but desiring a wider field for the practice of his profession, removed to Philadelphia. For a time he was employed in a commercial agency, but soon returned to the practice of the law, in which he was associated with O. W. Davis, the firm attaining to great success and eminence, so much so that it became necessary to open a branch office in New York. His first wife having died, he married Miss Maria Antoinette Jennison, daughter of William Jennison.

As the clouds of civil war began to lower, Birney turned to the military profession, for which he had a natural taste, enlisting in the First City Troop, an organization which has been preserved unbroken from the days of the Revolution. In 1860 he was elected Lieutenant-Colonel of the First regiment, Third brigade of the First division, Pennsylvania Militia. When the call was made for troops in April, 1861, this regiment was promptly tendered, and its ranks speedily recruited, being known in the line as the Twenty-third. It was at first stationed on the Philadelphia, Wilmington, and Baltimore railroad, but subsequently joined the corps of General Patterson at Chambersburg, and with him advanced as far as Bunker Hill, taking part with credit in the affair at Falling Waters, where Birney commanded, the Colonel being kept from the field by sickness.

At the expiration of the three months for which the regiment had been mustered, Lieutenant-Colonel Birney determined to recruit the old regiment for three years' service, and obtained permission from the State authorities to retain the number by which it had been previously known, men and officers feeling a just pride in its soldierly bearing. Birney was commissioned Colonel, on the 2d of August, 1861, and with ranks swollen to 1500 men, this regiment became a part of the brigade of General L. P. Graham, stationed at Queen's Farm, four miles north of Washington, in which it was associated with the First New York *Chasseurs*, commanded by John Cochrane. Birney was a man earnest in doing whatever he undertook in the best possible manner, and under his moulding hand his command soon became distinguished for good discipline, ease and accuracy in evolutions, and all the qualities which go to make up an effective force. This excellence did not fail to attract the attention of his superior, and of President Lincoln himself, who invited the Colonel to parade with his regiment in front of the White House, and when, in the presence of his Excellency and a large concourse of citizens, embracing officers high both in the civil and military service, it manœuvred with the precision and spirit of veterans, it was greeted with frequent outbursts of applause. The skill and energy displayed by its commander was not without its reward. On the 17th of February, 1862, he was commissioned a Brigadier-General, and assigned to the command of the brigade left vacant by the promotion of General Sedgwick, composed of the Third and Fourth Maine and the Thirty-eighth and Fortieth New York regiments, having a place in the Third corps.

Among the first to reach the Peninsula, in McClellan's campaign against Richmond, Birney's brigade was early brought face to face with the enemy, but was restrained from attacking by the power which then exercised supreme control, and was put to felling trees and constructing works which were the wonder of the army, and from before which the enemy finally fled. At Williamsburg, the old capital of Virginia, the enemy made a stand, and Hooker, who attacked with his division, found himself outnumbered and liable to be crushed. Kearny, who had a little before succeeded to the command of the division which embraced the brigade of Birney, came gallantly to the support of Hooker. Kearny's leading brigade was commanded by Berry; but with this Hooker could barely hold his ground. At this juncture, Birney came upon the field. It was the turning-point in the fortunes of the day. In gallant style his well-ordered columns wheeled into position. The enemy was driven at all points, and the Union forces occupied the field. The conduct of Birney in this fight attracted the attention of Kearny, a soldier in the armies of two hemispheres, whose name is a synonym for gallantry, and the two were ever after fast friends. Volunteer Generals from civil life were viewed with jealousy and distrust by those bred to the profession of arms, and Birney often found himself under the ban of the latter, even experiencing the shafts of malice; but Kearny never yielded to this petty weakness, judging every man by the qualities which he displayed in the hour of peril. He found in Birney a manhood which won his soldier heart. In his report of this battle, Kearny said: "I have to mark out for the high commendation of the General-in-chief, Generals Jameson, Birney, and Berry, whose soldierly judgment was alone equalled by their distinguished courage." In a letter to Governor Curtin, he said: "In conclusion, your Excellency, it is not only by her noble regiments Pennsylvania was distinguished in the last great battles; I have to bring to your notice and to that of the people of the State that the Second brigade of my division was commanded by a Pennsylvanian, General Birney. This officer displayed coolness and courage, and brought into the field the talents which distinguished him among his fellow-citizens. He has proved himself a good Colonel. His brigade is a model of good discipline. His genius of command was especially conspicuous on this day."

At Charles City Cross Roads, and at Malvern Hill, Birney bore a conspicuous part, Kearny saying of him in the latter engagement: "The coolness and judicious arrangement of General Birney influenced his whole command to feel invincible in a very weak position."

Upon the return of the army from the Peninsula to the support of Pope, now struggling in the toils of the enemy, the Third corps, having given that General the necessary aid to enable him to retire across the Rappahannock, was advanced to the plains of Manassas. A daring reconnoissance was made by Birney to Centreville with two companies of cavalry, where the head of the hostile column was struck, the General narrowly escaping capture by shooting down his pursuer. In the battle which ensued, Kearny's division held the right of the Union army on the turnpike. "I kept Birney's most disciplined regiments," says Kearny, "reserved and ready for emergencies. During the first hours of combat, as tired regiments in the centre fell back, General Birney of his own accord rapidly pushed across to give them a hand to stimulate them to a renewed fight." In concluding his report, Kearny says: "My loss has been about 750 men. It makes me proud to dwell upon the renewed efforts of my generals of brigade, Birney and Robinson."

On the afternoon of the 1st of September, Stonewall Jackson attacked the right wing of the Union army, in the neighborhood of the little village of Chantilly, with his characteristic fury. Reno first felt the shock; but Kearny was soon at his side—Birney's division in the advance—and stayed, by his powerful supports, the shattered line. It was in the midst of a terrific thunder-storm, and the roar of the elements drowned the awful voice of the battle. Kearny appeared as touched by inspiration, and, as he moved upon the field, shone like the heroes of Homer, or a descended god of war. This was his last battle, and he must needs grace the end with acts of undying valor. Only intent on saving the day, after doing deeds worthy the hero, he was finally shot down from coming inadvertently into the enemy's lines. "At this juncture," says Birney, "General Kearny reached the hill with Randolph's battery, and, placing it in position, aided my brigade by a well-directed fire. I then pointed out to the General a gap on my right, caused by the retreat of Stevens' division, and asked for Berry's brigade to fill it. He rode forward to examine the ground, and, dashing past our lines into those of the enemy, fell a victim to his gallant daring." A rebel Captain, observing him riding up, called out to him to surrender. Discovering his peril, he leaned forward on his horse and put spurs to its sides, hoping to extricate himself. But a volley from the enemy's muskets was too well directed, and he fell dead upon the spot. Birney had remonstrated with his bold commander against exposing himself where it was certain the enemy was swarming, but without avail. Judging by his protracted absence that he had fallen into the enemy's hands, Birney assumed command of the division, directing its movements with consummate skill, gaining the victory and saving thereby the whole army from disastrous rout. A message was received from the enemy's lines, giving the first intelligence of the death of Kearny, and tendering his body to the Union commander. It was received under flag of truce by his trusted staff-officer, Captain J. Mindel. At midnight the army moved, and with it the remains of the mangled General. At the defences of Washington, the army halted, and the funeral cortege passed on to his home at Newark, New Jersey, where it was received by a sorrowing wife and family, and without ostentation committed to the grave.

At the conclusion of Pope's campaign, General Birney was designated to sit with Generals Casey and Harney in a court-martial, and his division was led by another in the battle of Antietam. While engaged in this service, General Birney was the recipient of a most flattering testimonial to his gallantry in the late engagements from citizens of Philadelphia, who had watched, with a just pride, the brilliant career of their fellow-townsman. It consisted of a valuable horse and fine equipments, and sword. The guard of the sword was elaborately set with the initials, D. B. B., in diamonds. The hilt was adorned with an olive leaf, wrought with the same glittering jewels. Accompanying the sword was a handsome dress and undress scabbard, on the former of which was the inscription, "GEN. D. B. BIRNEY, *October*, 1862, *from his fellow-citizens of Philadelphia.*"

After concluding his labors upon the court-martial, General Birney was put in command of Kearny's old division, General Stoneman who had commanded it in the Antietam campaign being placed over the Third corps. While in camp before Fredericksburg, Mrs. Birney visited head-quarters, and was untiring in her attentions to the sick and wounded in the hospitals of the division. Meade having been selected by Franklin to make the attack on the enemy's left, in the battle of Fredericksburg, on the 13th of February, 1862, Birney was ordered to cross the Rappahannock and take position in support of Meade. Gallantly did Meade assault the well-manned breastworks of the foe, breaking through his lines and reaching his camps. But the division was too weak to maintain the advantage gained. He called on Birney for support. Birney referred the call to Stoneman, his corps commander; but, seeing the ranks of Meade shattered and broken, took the responsibility of ordering up his brigades and advancing his batteries. His troops were now subjected to a terrible ordeal; but he was everywhere upon the field, and by his presence, unheeding danger, inspired his men to hold their ground, closing up where the line was broken, and repelling the repeated and determined attacks. "The state of affairs," says General Stoneman, "when Birney's (First) division arrived on the ground, followed soon after by Sickles' (Second) division, was anything but promising. . . . In doing this valuable service, the First division lost upwards of a thousand men as brave as ever pulled a trigger. Of the conduct of this division, I cannot speak too highly. Composed, as it is, of regiments from almost every State from the Penobscot to the Mississippi, the entire country may justly feel proud of its well-earned fame."

Upon the accession of Hooker to the command of the Army of the Potomac, Birney could count upon a sincere and warm personal friend in the new Chief. Hooker felt that men of the stamp of Birney should occupy the most responsible places, and he accordingly wrote to the President, saying, that "if service and qualifications are of weight, he is richly deserving promotion. He has been in command of Kearny's old division the greater part of the time since the death of that officer, and I know of no better division commander in this army, or one that I would prefer to have in my command. He is an ornament to any service." At Chancellorsville, Birney took position with his division to the right of the Chancellor House, and succeeded in occupying a continuous line through the woods south of the plank road. "At about eight o'clock in the morning," he says in his official report, "I reported to Major-General Sickles that a continuous column of infantry, trains, and ambulances was passing my front towards the right, and that I should give it a few shots from Clark's rifled battery. Sending a section to a good point in the little field in my front, it opened with effect, the column double-quicking past the point reached by our shots." At twelve M., Birney was ordered to pierce the advancing column and gain a position on the road over which it was passing. This was promptly executed, reaching with little opposition the Forge, a company of the enemy which occupied this place being captured and sent to the rear. This seemed an important position, and as the fire of musketry on the left of the line at this time was terrific, Birney was ordered to halt at that point until reinforcements could come up. Whipple's division of the Twelfth corps, and Barlow's brigade of the Eleventh, were pushed forward. Upon their arrival, Birney again advanced, and nearly 200 of the enemy were captured. At half past six P. M., he was again ordered to advance rapidly, and as his force, now well supported, went forward, the enemy was driven by a well-directed fire, and the roads, over which the hostile columns had been seen moving, were soon entirely at his command. He was about preparing to bivouac for the night, when he was informed that the Eleventh corps—which formed the right wing of the army, and on which he was relying for support upon that flank—was broken, and in complete rout. This left him in a most perilous situation. He was far in advance of the main line of the army, across difficult ground, with his supports gone, and the victorious enemy sweeping on to seemingly assured victory. Before the enemy reached the track by which Birney had advanced, however, the foe had been checked, their trusted leader Stonewall Jackson slain, and darkness coming, a lull in the battle had succeeded. But still the Union army was in the worst possible position, the force under Birney being particularly disjointed, and liable to be cut off. Something must be done, as morning would bring a renewal of the fight, and the isolation of Birney would be discovered. At midnight, Sickles gave the order for Birney to retrace his steps, and when he had arrived at the breastworks, which had been held by the Union army, but were now in the hands of the enemy, to storm and carry them at the point of the bayonet. As noiselessly as possible the troops moved back, and when arrived before the works behind which the enemy was sleeping, Birney opened with his artillery. It was midnight of Saturday, and the first hour of the Sabbath was advancing, when Birney's guns roused the wearied soldiers of both armies, now reposing in close proximity to each other. The roar of artillery for a little time was terrific, and the fire told fearfully upon the rebel line. The infantry was held in readiness, and the instant the first great shock of the guns had been felt they dashed forward and poured in a most destructive fire. The enemy was taken by surprise, little dreaming of an attack from that direction in force; and that invincible corps, which had been led by its renowned Captain to victory in nearly every battle with the Army of the Potomac, was broken and thrust back, leaving the portion of the field with its works which it had snatched, in the early evening, from the Eleventh corps, in the hands of Birney's men. The victory was signal, inasmuch as it gave the Union forces a foothold for the contest, which was sure to be renewed at early dawn; and it opened a gateway for this force, which was practically isolated and cut off from the main body, to restore its connection, and to take position on the main line at its most exposed and vulnerable point. The fighting commenced early on the Sabbath, the 3d of May, and the hours of that peaceful day were given to most frightful carnage. Unfortunately, the Third corps stood where it was assailed from three sides, and it was soon found impossible to hold its position. To withdraw it to defensible ground now became the absorbing problem. Only by determined fighting could this be executed. Manfully did its gallant divisions stand, in one of the most trying situations in which a soldier can be placed, where he is conscious of fighting, not for victory, but to save what he can; and none fought more gallantly than the division of Birney. The movement to the new line in the rear was successfully executed, but at a fearful cost. This withdrawal practically ended the battle on the Chancellorsville field, and after facing each other for a few days and keeping up a show of battle at arms' length, returned to their old camping-grounds about Falmouth and Fredericksburg. The valor of Birney in this battle was duly recognized. He was made a Major-General, his commission to date from the 2d of May, 1863.

In the Gettysburg campaign, Birney led the Third corps until the army reached Frederick, Maryland. Sickles, who had been absent from the field, returned and resumed command. The corps reached the field during the night of the 1st of July. About noon of the 2d, it was led by Sickles into position on the diagonal ridge between Cemetery and Seminary Ridges, striking the Emmittsburg pike at the Peach Orchard. With that wise forethought which characterized him, Birney early sent out a force from his command to feel upon his front. It found the enemy moving heavy masses of infantry and artillery around upon the Union left. The position and force of the Union army was easily discernible by the enemy. Not so his from the Union side, as he moved behind a curtain of wood, along White Oak or Seminary Ridge. This important piece of information, vital to the safety of the army, was at once communicated to Sickles, who ordered Birney to dispose his division so as to face this newly-developed line of the foe. Longstreet's veterans were concentrated upon the extreme Union left; indeed, had really outflanked the Union army when discovered, and were ready to fall like Stonewall Jackson at Chancellorsville upon the unsuspecting and unprepared Union line, and take it in reverse. Fortunately, not as at Chancellorsville, a vigilant officer was here, who divined the movements of the foe and was prepared to meet him when he came. Ward's brigade was posted on the left, near the Devil's Den in front of Round Top; De Trobriand's along the wooded and rocky ground by the Wheat Field; and Graham's reached to the Emmittsburg pike and for some distance along its course towards the village of Gettysburg. This line was over a mile in length, facing the corps of Longstreet and Hill. The odds were fearful. At length the storm burst with a fury rarely paralleled in the annals of war. The thin lines of Birney bent before it, but did not break. Beating back the strong columns of the enemy on one part of the line only insured a blow with redoubled force in another. Supports were called for and speedily came. Sickles, stricken in the heat of the battle, was borne away, and the command of the corps devolved upon Birney. It was an awful moment. Should this wing give way the field would be irretrievably lost. But the iron will of Birney was equal to the emergency. With a fortitude unsurpassed, he brought his men to the fearful work, and battled with a superior force until one-half of the eight thousand who composed that heroic corps had gone down in the fight. The enemy had everywhere been checked, and fresh troops had now come to take their places. He accordingly gave the word for his worn-out men to retire. Falling back, they took position on the new and more contracted line of battle, and these begrimed heroes who survived rested upon their arms for the night. Birney, though everywhere in the thickest of the fight, was hit but twice, only slight wounds being inflicted. "Notwithstanding the stubborn resistance of the Third corps, under Major-General Birney," says Meade, in his report of the battle, "superiority in numbers and corps of the enemy enabling him to outflank its advanced position, General Birney was counselled to fall back and reform behind the line originally designed to be held."

After the battle of Gettysburg, General Sickles having lost a leg, and being incapacitated for further field service, by every principle of justice General Birney should have succeeded to the command of the Third corps; but other counsels prevailed, and it was found convenient to consolidate this corps with the forces stationed at Harper's Ferry under General French, and the latter was placed over the combined force, Birney returning again to the command of his old division. It was the bane of the Army of the Potomac, that its officers were divided into cliques, actuated by certain political or professional views, and many an able soldier was crushed beneath the heel of the despotism of that one which happened to be in the ascendant.

It is unnecessary to describe the part taken by General Birney in the forty or more battles in which he was engaged, and in which his valor shone conspicuous. Before entering upon the campaign of the Wilderness, the Army of the Potomac was reorganized. The Third corps was broken up. The First, Second and Fourth divisions of the Third were consolidated, forming the Third division of the Second corps, and General Birney was assigned to the command, thus enabling him to retain under him the men whom he had led from the first, and with whom he had been associated. To the command of the corps General Hancock was assigned.

At the opening of May, 1864, the army crossed the Rappahannock and, plunging into the dense wood, was soon lost to sight beneath the dense shadows of the Wilderness. Scarcely had the movement commenced before it struck the columns of the enemy marching to meet their assailants. And now commenced one of the most remarkable and hotly-contested campaigns of the war. Massive army corps were hurled against massive army corps, and not an inch was gained on either side without desperate fighting and the loss of myriads of brave men. Until the keen blasts of winter swept the hills and valleys of Virginia, and the cold breath of the ocean chilled the blood of the contestants, was this struggle maintained in all its sanguinary horrors. In the three days of battle in the Wilderness, in the two weeks of fighting before Spottsylvania Court-House, in the heroic charge across the North Anna on the 23d of May, at Cold Harbor during the first days of June, in the assault on the intrenchments before Petersburg on the 16th of June, and in the advance upon the Weldon Railroad, the division of Birney was where the fighting was sternest, and in all he led with the heroism of the bravest and the skill of the most renowned captains.

In the advance upon the Weldon Railroad Birney was in command of the corps, Hancock having been incapacitated to lead by the breaking out of his wound received at Gettysburg. The attack was to be made upon the enemy behind intrenchments. The quick eye of Birney recognized the hopelessness of the movement, and he protested in earnest terms against it; but the order was imperative, and the commander-in-chief was inexorable. Birney knew the strength of the enemy's works, and judged correctly of the preparations which would be made to receive the Union force. The dispositions were skilfully made, and the assault delivered with great gallantry; but it failed of success, as its commander had foreseen from the first. Birney was the subject of abuse, and the voice of detraction was loud against him. But though the ignorant blamed and the envious were busy with aspersions, the Lieutenant-General, before whose ever-vigilant eye no deed was hidden, could discover nothing to censure. On the contrary, he was filled with admiration for the cool courage and undaunted bravery displayed by the temporary leader of the corps, and it was not long before the promotion came which was justly earned.

On the 21st of July General Birney wrote to his law partner: "I am making every exertion to come home and recruit. You will see me in a few days, when I hope that business will permit you to join me in a trip to some quiet place, where I can lay aside shoulder-straps and enjoy a few evenings of quiet talk. I am greatly bored by the want of something to do here. Nothing relieves the monotony of the day but the occasional report of a heavy gun, which for a few moments starts us from our lethargy; but we soon relapse into as perfect quiet as if we were in some grove near by Philadelphia." That contemplated visit was never made. That quiet, friendly converse in some cool retreat was never enjoyed. Two days after thus writing he was assigned to the command of the Tenth corps. In mentioning this promotion, in a letter to a friend, he speaks with a feeling of just pride: "I am much pleased," he says, "with my new command. My assignment to it by General Grant, in the field, in preference to a dozen others who deserved it, nearly all of whom outranked me, was a compliment far greater than if I had been assigned to the corps by the President upon political or personal grounds."

It was not without a deep feeling of regret that he parted with the tried veterans of his old division, which the lamented Kearny had first led; but he at once took the field with his new command, and the sharp fighting and decisive gains of Deep Bottom showed that he had not assumed the duty of leading without the spirit and the will to face the enemy and drive him from his chosen ground. Again and again did that enemy, stung with mortification at his loss of guns and strong positions, return to the contest, hurling heavy masses of his best troops upon the devoted Tenth corps, but with little effect. On the 19th of August he telegraphed to General Butler, who commanded the Army of the James, to which the Tenth corps belonged: "The enemy attacked my line in heavy force last night, and was repulsed with great loss. In front of one colored regiment eighty-two dead bodies were counted. The colored regimental troops behaved handsomely and are in fine spirits. The assault was in column, a division strong, and would have carried the works if they had not been too well defended. The enemy's loss was at least one thousand."

For a time the Tenth corps, having returned to the Petersburg front, remained in the trenches, where little of daring was required. While here General Birney was authorized to raise two new regiments, which were recruited with unusual celerity. Indeed, the people of Philadelphia had observed the gallantry of Birney with pride and satisfaction. In recognition of his eminent services the Select and Common Councils passed highly eulogistic resolutions, and tendered him the use of Independence Hall for a reception of his friends and the public. But this flattering mark of favor he was unable to accept.

A plan of operations for the Army of the James was concerted on the 20th of September by Generals Grant and Butler, and on the 28th the movement commenced. Its object was to surprise the rebel forces on the north bank of the James, and passing them, gain the city of Richmond. To Birney was assigned the task of carrying the New Market road. The Eighteenth corps and the cavalry of Kautz moved in conjunction. The enemy were strongly posted and well intrenched on the New Market Heights. The gallant men of the Tenth corps dashed forward, and though many were swept down before the enemy's fire, they faltered not till the works were gained and the foe was fleeing in confusion towards Richmond. So important was the capturing of this position that Butler and Grant accompanied Birney in the advance, both expressing the greatest satisfaction with the result. Not content with this victory, Birney pushed his columns forward in pursuit, Grant riding by his side, gaining the position at the intersection of the New Market and Mill roads; a portion of the corps reaching a point within six miles, and Kautz's division of cavalry within three miles of the rebel capital. At this point General Grant telegraphed to General Halleck: "General Ord's corps advanced this morning and carried the very strong fortifications and long line of intrenchments below Chapin's Farm, some fifteen pieces of artillery and from two to three hundred prisoners. General Ord was wounded, though not dangerously. General Birney advanced at the same time from Deep Bottom, and carried the New Market road and intrenchments, scattering the enemy in every direction, though he captured but few. He is now marching towards Richmond. I left General Birney where the Mill road intersects the New Market and Richmond roads. This whole country is filled with fortifications thus far."

The success of this movement was a marvel in military operations. Says an eye-witness: "Birney was at each of the lines laid out for him to attack at the very moment directed in the plans of the general movement. No opposition offered by the enemy, no fatigue suffered by his men, no difficulties in the way, of any nature, however formidable, were permitted to check his progress; but at the hour set he was at the junction of the two roads, the point beyond which his movements were contingent upon circumstances, and subject to direction of his superior officers."

The brilliant operations of the Army of the James caused infinite chagrin to the enemy, and to regain the lost ground was his absorbing study. General Lee came from before Petersburg to plan and direct the operations in person, bringing with him the veteran division of Hoke. On the afternoon of the 30th, having perfected his plans, he gave the signal for the assault, and with characteristic yells and enthusiasm, excited by the presence of the General-in-chief of their army, these daring troops rushed forward to their bloody work. The soldiers of Birney were ready to receive them, and with a steadiness and determination unexcelled on any field, they poured into the bosoms of the foe a leaden storm. The shock was too terrible to withstand, and after struggling ineffectually to reach the Union line, the column broke and fell back in confusion. Nothing daunted, their leaders re-formed them, and with fresh troops drawn out in three compact lines, they again advanced with renewed spirit; but it was all in vain. Their reception was, if possible, even warmer than at first, and again were they driven in rout and confusion. A third time, goaded to desperation, did they advance over that field of blood, but with no better success. The repulse was complete. Over two hundred prisoners and several battle-flags were lost by the enemy in his last charge.

Birney followed up his advantage on the morning of the 1st of October, sending forward strong reconnoitring columns which drove the enemy's skirmishers in upon the main line of fortifications. The following day was spent in strengthening the new position. For nearly a week the enemy remained comparatively quiet on General Birney's front, but the disgrace put upon some of his best troops by the Army of the James was with impatience borne. An opportunity to wipe out the stain was studiously sought. Early dawn of the 7th was selected, and General Lee again came in person upon the ground with the divisions of Hoke and Fields, each four brigades strong, well supported by cavalry and artillery.

On the previous day General Birney had been attacked by a malarious fever, and had placed himself under the care of the medical director of his division. He had passed a restless night, and the fever was unabated. The cavalry of Kautz was on Birney's front, and when the strong columns of the enemy advanced, in the first gray of the morning, Kautz was little able to stem the torrent, his force being almost instantly stampeded. The artillery with a single regiment of mounted men alone remained firm. The guns were served with rapidity, and did fearful execution. But it was impossible for them to stay that wave of resistless valor advancing upon them, or to save the guns, and, when the enemy was just upon them, the gunners mounted their horses and dashed away to the rear. This left nothing on the Tenth corps front, and the grand stampede of the cavalry and the loss of all their guns had anything but an inspiriting effect. The danger was imminent. The rebel leader had determined to turn the flank of the Union position and compel a retirement to Deep Bottom. The noise of battle had no sooner reached the ear of Birney than he rose from his bed, where through the long weary hours of the night he had tossed in the paroxysms of fever, and, in spite of the remonstrances of his medical adviser, mounting his horse, was quickly in the midst of his tried veterans marshalling them for the desperate encounter. The dispositions were none too soon made; for scarcely had the artillery wheeled into position, and the infantry grasped their muskets, than the serried ranks of the foe were upon them. And during all that terrible day of battle, where the bravest met the bravest, in whatever place the trial was sorest and the need most pressing, there the iron will of Birney was felt.

Four batteries, of six guns each, had been posted in a commanding position, covering the open ground over which the enemy must pass, and were concealed from view. As the wild yell of the advancing foe rent the air, these were opened. Soon the infantry joined, and on every side the work of carnage was pressed. Every attempt of the foe to break Birney's lines was foiled, and the crest-fallen rebels again retired from before him. At nightfall the victory was complete. But the hero had fought his last fight, had won his last battle. In the afternoon his fever returned with renewed violence, and he was obliged to dismount and take to his ambulance. At night he returned to his head-quarters with the proud satisfaction of having gained the day; but disease had taken fast hold of him. Three days after, he turned over the command of his corps to his next in rank, and, at the earnest entreaty of General Butler, consented to be taken to his home in Philadelphia. The boat Greyhound was sent to bear him to Baltimore, and thence he was carried by a special train to his destination. It was the day of the State election for Governor. Before going to his home he insisted on being taken to the polls to deposit his vote. He was weak and had to be assisted from his carriage. But even here the soldier, fresh from the gory fields of his country's defence, met a rebuff. His right to vote was challenged, which involved delay. But, as in battle, that stern resolve never varied, and not till his vote had been recorded did he turn away. It was a characteristic act, and no better can be cited to exemplify the true character of David B. Birney. On reaching his home medical aid was summoned, and after several days he was thought to be better, and he was led to believe, as he had constantly flattered himself since leaving the front, that he could shortly return. But it finally became evident that his end was approaching, and that the noise of battle would never reach him more. In his delirium he imagined himself on the point of departure, and calling to his faithful body-servant, he said: "John, have my valise packed and my horse ready, for I am going back to-morrow." At other times he imagined himself already there and in the act of preparing for battle. "Boys," he exclaimed, "the road through the woods will soon be completed. We must move on it cautiously and make an attack on the flank." Believing the vision real, when all was ready, he sprang up, saying: "Tell my staff to get ready, I am going now." And as if already in the fray and catching glimpses of the advancing foe, as a last monition before meeting the terrible shock, he said: "Keep your eyes on that flag, boys;" and these were the last military words that passed his lips. The tongue soon after ceased to obey the dictation of the spirit, and a soul as true and brave as ever filled the bosom of a patriot passed to the presence of its Maker.

He died on the 18th of October, and his remains, after lying in state, were committed to his last resting-place in Woodland Cemetery, on the banks of the Schuylkill, amid every demonstration of respect and love which devoted friends and a sorrowing city could bestow. His death created a profound sensation in the army, where he had come to be regarded as among the ablest of its leaders. The Commander of the Army of the James issued the following order: "Soldiers of the Army of the James, with deep grief from the heart, the sad word must be pronounced, Major-General Birney is dead. But yesterday he was with us—leading you to victory. If the choice of the manner of death had been his, it would have been to have died on the field of battle as your cheers rang in his ears. . . . Surrounded by all that makes life desirable—a happy home, endeared family relations—leaving affluence and ease, as a volunteer at the call of his country, he came into the service in April, 1861. Almost every battle-field whereon the Army of the Potomac has fought has witnessed his valor. . . . The respect and love of the soldiers of his own corps have been shown by the manner they followed him. The PATRIOT—The HERO—The SOLDIER. By no death has the country sustained a greater loss. Although not bred to arms, he has shown every soldierly quality, and illustrated that profession of his love and choice. . . . Amid the din of arms, and upon the eve of battle, it is fit that we, his comrades, should pause a moment to draw from the example of his life the lesson it teaches. To him the word duty, with all its obligations and incentives, was the spur to action. He had no enemies, save the enemies of his country—a friend, a brother to us all, it remains to us to see to it, by treading the path of duty as he has done, that the great object for which he has struggled with us and laid down his life shall not fail, and his life be profitless."

CHARLES FERGUSON SMITH, Major-General of volunteers, was born in Pennsylvania, in 1805. He was educated at West Point, where he graduated in 1825, and was made Second Lieutenant of Artillery. Four years later, he was appointed Assistant Instructor of Infantry Tactics, at the Military Academy. In 1831, he was made Adjutant, and, in the following year, First Lieutenant. He was given the place of Instructor of Infantry Tactics in 1838, and promoted to Captain. At Palo Alto, Resaca de la Palma, Contreras, and Cherubusco, he behaved with marked gallantry and was breveted Major and Lieutenant-Colonel, fairly winning by this service the title of a veteran soldier. He was shortly after appointed acting Inspector-General in Mexico. In 1854, he attained the full rank of Major, and, in the following year, of Lieutenant-Colonel.

When the war of Rebellion opened, he was sought to lead the new troops, and was made Brigadier-General of volunteers, being assigned to command at Paducah, Kentucky. At a moment of despondency on both sides in the battle of Fort Donelson, when the Union arms had been roughly handled and driven back from some of the ground originally taken, and each was ready to assume the defensive, General Grant says that "he saw that either side was ready to give way if the other showed a bold front, and he determined to do that very thing." Accordingly, Wallace was ordered to attack on the rebel left and retake the lost ground at that point, while Smith was directed to assault opposite the right. And now was seen what a resolute man in the moment of peril can effect. When artillery and infantry were sweeping down with terrific fire the Union advancing column, and the raw troops were ready to fly, Smith appeared at their head with sword in hand, and shouted, "Forward!" That word was enough. Where before was despondency and terror was now but one thought—that of following where he should lead; and the triumph was achieved. While the army was advancing south, after the victory at Donelson, General Grant fell under the displeasure of General Halleck, who was in chief command, and he was suspended for the space of ten days, during which time General Smith was intrusted with the entire management of the army. Halleck complained to the authorities at Washington that Grant had left his command and gone to Nashville to confer with Buel without orders, and that he had failed to report his numbers and exact positions—all of which charges appear to have been unfounded—and he adds: "C. Smith is almost the only officer equal to the emergency." It was while General Smith was in command that the movement of the army was made which carried it upon the battle-ground of Shiloh, or Pittsburg Landing. General Grant was loudly blamed after the battle for taking position here, with a hostile army in his front and a wide deep river at his back. But the responsibility for that movement, and the selection of that ground, was entirely with General Smith. "It was chosen," says General Sherman, "by that veteran soldier, Major-General Charles F. Smith. . . . General Smith ordered me in person also to disembark at Pittsburg Landing, and take post well out, so as to make plenty of room, with Snake and Lick Creeks the flanks of a camp for the grand army of invasion. It was General Smith who selected that field of battle, and it was well chosen. On any other, we surely would have been overwhelmed, as both Lick and Snake Creeks forced the enemy to confine his movement to a direct attack, which new troops are better qualified to resist than where the flanks are exposed to a real or chimerical danger." Halleck, however, became reconciled to Grant before the battle came on, and the latter again resumed command. Unfortunately for the country, General Smith was soon after prostrated by sickness, and when the battle was fought he was too ill to lead his division. In debarking from a transport a few weeks before, he fell and received injuries which disabled him. So serious were they, that a fever followed, which, together with a chronic dysentery contracted while in service in Mexico, resulted fatally on the 25th of April, 1862. At the period of his death he was regarded as one of the ablest of the Union Generals, and his loss at the very opening of the great events of the war was deeply felt.

ROBERT MORRIS, JR., Major of the Sixth Cavalry, a son of Robert Morris, M. D., of Philadelphia, and a great-grandson of Robert Morris, one of the Revolutionary patriots, and their ablest financier, was at the time of his death in the twenty-seventh year of his age. He was educated in the University of Pennsylvania, and at the outbreak of the war was a member of the City Troop, in which he served through the three months' campaign under Patterson. At the expiration of this term he assisted in recruiting the Sixth Cavalry, of which he was made Major. He distinguished himself upon the Peninsula in the summer of 1862, and at the battle of Malvern Hill was wounded in the bridle hand, but refused to leave his place in the line. He had command of the regiment in Stoneman's celebrated raid, which he continued to hold to the day of his death. Up to the time of his assuming authority this regiment had carried the lance. In a country such as that wherein the armies were operating, this weapon was comparatively useless. Major Morris discarded it and substituted the carbine. In the great cavalry action at Beverly Ford, on the 9th of June, 1863, he had the long-coveted opportunity to show the prowess of his men; and when the command came to him from General Buford, "to clear the woods in his front," he led out his force as only one can who has confidence in himself and in those who follow him. The steeds were soon put to a charging pace, and when arrived almost in reach of the enemy's line of battle they were saluted by grape and canister from a battery to their left, which was served with deadly effect. Then followed a hand-to-hand struggle in which the Sixth would have been completely overpowered, had not relief been sent. It was in this combat that the horse of Major Morris fell wounded upon his side, carrying down the rider, and before he could extricate himself he was taken captive and borne away to Libby Prison, where the harsh treatment accorded to its inmates soon broke his constitution, and rendered him peculiarly susceptible to the disease of which he died, on the 12th of August, after a short illness. His remains were interred at Oakwood Cemetery, being followed to the grave by Chaplain McCabe, United States Army, and Lieutenants Lennig, Colladay, and Herkness of the Sixth Cavalry, his fellow-prisoners. "Major Morris," says Colonel Starr, "was a cool, brave, able and ever-ready leader. Men and officers were always glad when he rode at the head of the column. He was a strict disciplinarian, but he never favored himself; a man of high tone and principle, a reliable friend and a model soldier. Had fortune favored, he would have made a reputation which would have gone far beyond the limits of his own regiment."

CHARLES RIVERS ELLET, Colonel of volunteers, was born in Philadelphia in 1843. He was the son of Colonel Charles Ellet, Jr., an eminent civil engineer, elsewhere noticed. The son received a thorough education, which was subsequently enriched by foreign travel and a residence in Paris. He studied medicine on his return to this country, and at the outbreak of the Rebellion was appointed Assistant Surgeon. But preferring to follow the fortunes of his father, when the latter went West to construct rams upon the Mississippi, he accompanied him. After the destruction of the rebel fleet in the action off Memphis, he was sent to demand the surrender of the city, which was reluctantly accorded, and the stars and stripes were unfurled over the Post-Office, in the midst of an angry and threatening crowd of the populace. By order of his uncle, General A. W. Ellet, who had succeeded his brother in chief command, he, with a few daring spirits, was sent to communicate with Admiral Farragut, who was lying with his fleet below Vicksburg. The party were obliged to wade through almost impenetrable swamps, and often lie flat for hours in mud and water to elude the vigilance of the enemy, at every turn suffering great privation. They finally reached the flag-ship "Hartford," and, signaling, were taken on board more dead than alive. They were received with kindness by the good Commodore, recruited and sent back with despatches. thus opening communications with the fleet below and the Union forces above for the first time.

Upon the organization of the Marine brigade, for service upon the waters of the Mississippi, he was commissioned Colonel therein, and given command of the "Queen of the West." He succeeded in running successfully the rebel batteries at Vicksburg, Port Hudson, and other points upon the river, and made a reputation for enterprise and daring. In February, 1863, he moved up the Red river, capturing rebel craft as he went, till he reached a point opposite a rebel fort, where his vessel was run aground by a treacherous pilot, and the boat was soon disabled, falling into the enemy's hands. Ellet made his escape by means of a bale of cotton, and was picked up by another of his vessels. At the siege of Vicksburg he rendered signal service to General Grant in opening and maintaining untrammelled his communications. While engaged in this service, from over-exertion and the miasms of the swamps, he contracted a disease from which he soon after died suddenly, at the age of twenty. He was a man of great activity, fertile in resource, and died greatly lamented.

HENRY C. WHELAN, Lieutenant-Colonel of the Sixth cavalry, served as First Lieutenant in Company F, Seventeenth regiment of the three months' service, and upon the organization of the Sixth cavalry was commissioned Captain of Company C. During the first two years he was almost constantly at the post of duty, and executed every trust with ability and fidelity. In February, 1863, he was commissioned Major, and during the arduous duties of the campaign which followed, his constitution, which was never strong, received such a shock that he was obliged to leave the field, soon after the close of the Mine Run campaign, and never returned, having died of pulmonary disease in Philadelphia on the 2d of March, 1864. "Major Whelan," says Mr. Gracey, author of "Annals of the Sixth," "was distinguished in the regiment for soldierly qualities, his manly presence, and courteous manners. He was a strict disciplinarian in camp, and a brave and judicious leader in the field; a man in whom the war developed great thoughtfulness of character and earnestness of purpose. He had before been obliged to take leave of absence on account of ill health, and had returned to duty against the advice of his physician and friends. His death was sincerely and deeply felt throughout the regiment, where he had won the respect and esteem of all, and to which he left a conspicuous example of self-sacrifice and devotion to duty."

THOMAS A. ZEIGLE, first Colonel of the One Hundred and Seventh regiment, was born at York, Pennsylvania, on the 28th of September, 1824. He was educated at Pennsylvania College, Gettysburg. For the Mexican War, which broke out about the time of his leaving this institution, he volunteered as a private in Company C, of the First Pennsylvania regiment. This noble body of men participated in the siege of Vera Cruz, fought at Cerro Gordo, Passa La Hoya, and Huamantila, and was at the siege of Puebla and Alisco. It was left at Puebla and at Perote—four companies at the latter place under Colonel Wynkoop, and six at the former under Lieutenant-Colonel Black—to preserve the communications, and hold these important points, while General Scott, with the rest of his army, advanced upon the city of Mexico. Zeigle gained promotions by his soldierly conduct in these campaigns, and at the conclusion of the war, in 1848, came home as Captain of his company.

On returning to private life he prosecuted the study of the law, but his tastes were martial, and he gave much attention to military matters. He organized an amateur company of volunteer militia, known as the Worth Infantry, which attained great proficiency and a wide reputation for accuracy of drill, both as light infantry and Zouaves. With this company, and the York Rifles, he moved toward Baltimore at the time of the destruction of the railroads and bridges near that city, in April, 1861. An end having come to this destruction, he returned and encamped at York. He was soon after appointed Colonel of the Sixteenth regiment for three months' service, of which his own favorite company formed part. He served, during this campaign, in Patterson's column, in the Shenandoah Valley. Upon his return, at the expiration of his term, he was authorized by the Secretary of War to recruit a regiment for three years. The full complement of men was not obtained until March, 1862, when he was commissioned Colonel, the organization being designated the One Hundred and Seventh regiment. He was ordered to Washington, soon after, with his command, which was assigned to the brigade of General Duryea. Colonel Zeigle served with intelligence and credit in the corps of General McDowell until July 15th, 1862, when he died, after a short illness, from congestion of the brain, in the field, near Warrenton, Virginia. His remains received funeral honors appropriate to his rank, and after being embalmed were returned to his former residence at York, where they were consigned to their last resting-place with imposing civic and military ceremonies.

JOSEPH HEMPHILL WILSON was born on the 16th of May, 1820, in Franklin township, Beaver county, Pennsylvania. He was a son of Thomas, and Agnes (Hemphill) Wilson, natives of the United States, but of Irish descent. He was educated at Jefferson College, at Canonsburg. Until the age of twenty-two he was a farmer. He subsequently studied law, and became one of the most trusted of his profession at the Beaver county bar. He early formed studious habits, which were preserved during life. One who knew him well says of him: "He was social and pleasant in his manners, kind-hearted, attentive to the sick and those in distress, easily approached and generous, temperate, virtuous, religious, and eminently exemplary in private life. He was not a profound thinker, but a popular man. As a lawyer his honesty was ever recognized."

In 1853 he was elected to the office of District Attorney for Beaver county, which he held for a period of three years, discharging its duties with marked integrity. In 1858 he was elected a member of the lower house of the State Legislature, and was returned for the two succeeding terms. In September, 1861, he was commissioned Colonel of the One Hundred and First regiment, which he had been largely instrumental in recruiting. He was active in the siege of Yorktown; and in the battle of Williamsburg, though not long under fire, displayed great coolness and courage. Three days after the battle, he was attacked with typhoid fever, the result of hardship and exposure, and died at the house of a farmer near Roper's Church, on the 30th of May, the day before his regiment fought so determinedly at Fair Oaks. A fellow-officer says of him: "No man could have been more respected by his regiment. Every one in it loved him. He was too kind-hearted to be a strict disciplinarian; but such was the respect felt for him that he had no difficulty in securing the most implicit obedience to all his orders. On the march, he was often known to walk for miles that a sick man might ride, and when short of provisions he would share his last ration with the men. While he lived no comfort was wanting in his command that it was possible for him to obtain, and he seemed to hold his regiment in the same regard that he would have done his family." The loss of Colonel Wilson just at the opening of an honorable career was deeply felt in the community where he dwelt, and nowhere more than among his companions in arms. In person he was five feet ten inches in height and well formed. He was never married.

THOMAS WELSH, Colonel of the Forty-fifth regiment and Brigadier-General, was born at Columbia, Pennsylvania, on the 5th of May, 1824. He was the son of Charles and Ann (Dougherty) Welsh. After receiving a common-school education, he engaged in the lumber trade with Mr. John Cooper. At the breaking out of the Mexican War, he volunteered as a private in the Second Kentucky regiment. In the fierce fighting at Buena Vista, he received a severe wound in the leg, by which he was disabled and from which he never fully recovered, undergoing much suffering at times from its effect during his whole life. He was for a time in hospital on the field, but subsequently returned home. As soon as he was sufficiently improved he went again to his regiment, and, for gallant conduct and bravery on the battle-field, was commissioned Lieutenant, in which capacity he served to the close of the war.

The echoes from Sumter, in 1861, had scarcely died away, when, with that determination and zeal which ever characterized him, he marched with a company of volunteers to Harrisburg, being among the first to arrive. He was soon after sent in the direction of Baltimore, on the line of the Northern Central Road. By his opportune arrival he was instrumental in saving several important bridges on that great thoroughfare. He was subsequently ordered back to York, where his company was incorporated in the Second three months' regiment, of which he was unanimously elected Lieutenant-Colonel. He served in the army of Patterson in the Shenandoah Valley. On being mustered out, he at once set about recruiting a regiment for the war, which was speedily accomplished, of which he was commissioned Colonel, known as the Forty-fifth of the line. Recognizing his ability as a soldier and the great advantage to be derived from his services in organizing the volunteers, not one in a thousand of whom was acquainted with military duty, he was made commandant of Camp Curtin.

At the opening of the spring campaign of 1862, he was sent with his regiment to the Department of the South, and, in the battle of James Island, he had command of a brigade. Shortly afterwards he was ordered to report to General Burnside and was sent to Newport News. From this place he proceeded to Acquia Creek with the troops destined for the reinforcement of General Pope, where, for some time, he was commandant of the post. With Burnside's corps he moved into Maryland, and, at South Mountain and Antietam, performed important service. In the battle of Fredericksburg, on the 13th of December, 1862, he was upon the right centre, opposite the fatal stone-wall and Marye's Heights, when his command was subjected to a terrific fire. So brave and heroic was his conduct on that field that his superior officers, Generals Burnside, Parke, and Wilcox, earnestly sought his promotion to Brigadier-General. This was accorded him, and he afterwards commanded the First brigade, and at times the First division of the Ninth corps. Soon after the battle of Fredericksburg this corps was ordered West, and, after performing duty for a time in Kentucky, was sent to the aid of General Grant before Vicksburg. After the fall of that place he marched with Sherman to Jackson against the army of General Johnston. In this campaign, General Welsh, in common with many other officers of the Northern army, contracted disease that proved fatal. After the repulse of Johnston the Ninth corps returned North. In the march to Jackson and return, which proved very exhausting, General Welsh was much exposed to the malarious influences of the climate, and, while upon the voyage up the Mississippi, he was prostrated with congestive fever. The journey from Vicksburg to Cairo and thence by rail to Cincinnati consumed eight days—days of anguish and suffering, when thoughts of home and family came often thronging to his mind. Arrived at the latter city, he was taken to the house of Charles O. Lockard, a friend and former townsman; but he only survived seven hours, his final dissolution coming unexpectedly to all.

A notice of his death in the Columbia *Spy* closes with the following tribute to his memory: "Brave as a soldier, popular as a man, genial as a friend, affectionate as a husband, indulgent and kind as a father, he passed away from amongst us, and the sun of his usefulness has set,

"'As sets the Morning Star, which goes
Not down behind the darkened West, nor hides
Obscured amid the tempests of the sky,
But melts away into the light of heaven.'"

JOSHUA B. HOWELL, Colonel of the Eighty-fifth regiment, and Brevet Brigadier-General, was a native of Somerset county, Pennsylvania. He was commissioned Colonel of this regiment on the 12th of November, 1861, and moved to the Peninsula with McClellan's army. As a part of Keim's brigade of Keyes' corps, his regiment had the advance in the operations which drove the enemy in upon their capital. At Fair Oaks a great disaster befell it, the enemy coming upon it in overwhelming force, and thrusting it back, entailing severe loss. After the evacuation of the Peninsula, Wessell's brigade, embracing the Eighty-fifth, was sent to North Carolina, where, in connection with the corps of General Foster, it made a short campaign into the interior. On its return it was transferred to the Department of the South, where, upon his arrival, Colonel Howell was put in command of a brigade, and continued in that capacity the greater portion of the time during the remainder of his service. He was employed in the operations for the reduction of Charleston, and during the siege for the possession of Fort Wagner, which was conducted under General Gilmore, was subjected to great hardship and responsibility. It was here, on the 30th of August, that Lieutenant-Colonel Purviance was killed.

In April, 1864, Colonel Howell with his command was ordered to Virginia, and on the 20th of May he led his brigade in a daring charge on the enemy's works, driving them out and taking the fortifications at the point of the bayonet. He participated in the vigorous operations of the Tenth corps on the north side of the James, leading his brigade until the early part of September, when he was assigned to the command of a division of colored troops. On the 12th of this month he received fatal injuries by the fall of his horse, and died two days thereafter.

Colonel Howell was a devoted officer, and was sincerely esteemed by his troops. When his regiment was shut up on one of the sea-islands around Charleston harbor soon after their arrival, and the men were unable to procure tobacco, an article which many of them had never been without, he sent away and purchased it by the keg and distributed it freely to them. His soldierly and heroic bearing was proverbial. Prisoners who were taken said that in the rebel army the conspicuous figure of that "old, daring, white-headed officer" was well known, and that their commanders had frequently ordered them to single him out with their rifles, but that they had failed to reach him. Only three times during his over three years of service was he absent from his command—one of these an occasion of rising from a sickness of typhoid fever, and another only extending to Philadelphia on business. In battle he was cool and courageous, never saying, "Go, boys," but, "Follow me." General Terry said of him, "He was both a soldier and a gentleman; his death is a loss both to the army and the country."

John Butler Conyngham, Colonel of the Fifty-second regiment, was born at Wilkesbarre, Pennsylvania, on the 29th of September, 1827. His father, John N. Conyngham, a native of Philadelphia, was President Judge of the Eleventh Judicial District of the State. His mother, Ruth Ann Butler, was a granddaughter of Captain Zebulon Butler, a Revolutionary officer who commanded the patriots in the battle of Wyoming, on the 3d of July, 1779. He was educated at the Wilkesbarre Academy, at St. Paul's College, Long Island, and finally at Yale College, New Haven, where he graduated. He was admitted to the bar of Luzerne county at the August term, 1849, and afterwards practised at St. Louis, Missouri, for a period of five years. Returning to Wilkesbarre, he resumed business there, which he followed successfully until the opening of the war. He had been connected with the militia, as a member of the Wyoming Light Dragoons, and when the Eighth regiment of the three months' service was formed he entered it as Lieutenant. He assisted in recruiting the Fifty-second, a veteran regiment, of which he was commissioned Major. In January, 1864, he was promoted to Lieutenant-Colonel, and, in March, 1865, to Colonel. He went with his command to the Peninsula, and in the battle of Fair Oaks won the warm commendation of General Naglee, for his courage and skill displayed in a pressing emergency.

Early in the year 1863, the Fifty-second was sent to the Department of the South, and here he was engaged in all the operations undertaken for the reduction of Fort Wagner. The siege was especially severe, and the labor in making regular approaches, under a sun in a southern clime, was very wearing. Its fall was a subject of great rejoicing. In June, 1864, a scheme was formed for the reduction of Charleston, which involved the capture of Fort Johnson. The advance was to be made in three columns embarked in boats. One o'clock, on the morning of the 3d of July, was fixed for the embarkation. It was low-tide at that hour, and the party which the Fifty-second headed had difficulty in crossing the bar which lay in the way; but that was passed, and when nearing the shore they were discovered, and the alarm was given. Without quailing before the fire that was opened upon them, they landed, captured a two-gun battery, driving out the foe, and, charging the main work two hundred yards on, crossed the side of the fort and had gained the coveted position, when it was found that the supporting columns had failed to follow. No alternative but surrender remained, and the entire party fell into the enemy's hands. The advance upon the main work was made in the face of a terrible fire, in which Colonel Conyngham received a buckshot wound in the cheek. "The boats," says General Foster, in orders, "commanded by Colonel Hoyt, Lieutenant-Colonel Conyngham, Captain Camp, and Lieutenants Stevens and Evans, all of the Fifty-second, rowed rapidly to the shore, and these officers, with Adjutant Bunyan (afterwards killed), and one hundred and thirty-five men, landed and drove the enemy; but, deserted by their supports, were obliged to surrender to superior numbers. . . . They deserve great credit for their energy in urging their boats forward, and bringing them through the narrow channel, and the feeling which led them to land at the head of their men was the prompting of a gallant spirit, which deserves to find more imitators." Colonel Conyngham, with the officers of the party, was confined at Macon, and was afterwards placed under the fire of the Union guns in the city of Charleston. He was mustered out of service with his regiment on the 12th of July, 1865, and was appointed Captain in the Thirty-eighth infantry of the regular army. He died in May, 1871, of disease contracted in the service while stationed in Texas.

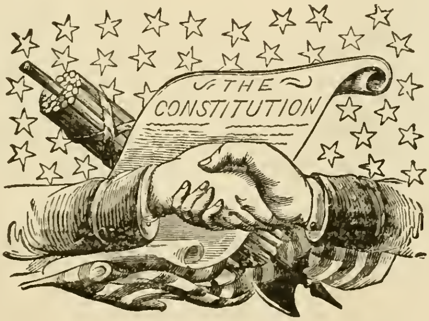
DAVID MORRIS, JR., Major of the Forty-eighth regiment, was born at Bridgewater, Beaver county, Pennsylvania, on the 7th of September, 1831. He was the son of David and Rachel (Berry) Morris. He was educated at Jefferson College, where he graduated in 1850, and received his professional training in the Medical Department of the University of Pennsylvania. For a period of four years he practised his profession at Beaver, at the end of which time he removed to Pittsburg, and opened a drug store. He was on the point of entering into partnership in his profession with an eminent physician of that city, when his contemplated associate was removed by death, and he returned in 1860 to Beaver. He entered the service of the United States on the 23d of September, 1861, as Surgeon of volunteers, with the rank of Major, and was assigned to duty with the Forty-eighth regiment. Before departing he was married to Miss Sarah Howell Agnew, second daughter of Chief Justice Agnew. His regiment was first sent to Hatteras Inlet, North Carolina. In February, 1862, Major Morris was detailed to duty with the Ninth New Jersey regiment, the Surgeon of which had perished in the surf while attempting to reach the shore. He was landed on Roanoke Island on the 7th, and remained all night upon a swampy beach. On the morning of the 8th the battle of Roanoke Island opened, and the wounded soon came streaming to the rear. It was his first field-service. For several days and nights he continued on active duty without intermission, having, at one time, in charge a hospital containing sixty rebel wounded in addition to his own. He was wholly prostrated by his labors, and his exhaustion was followed by an attack of what was then thought to be bilious colic; but is since believed to have been intestinal intussusception. On the evening of the 13th he grew easy, and it was supposed that the severity of the attack had passed; but on that night he began to sink, and died on the morning of the 14th. Brigade-Surgeon William Henry Church says in his report: "Words cannot express to you my distress at the loss of Dr. Morris. During the action of February 8th, he had charge of the hospital at Ashby's House. He worked there unceasingly day and night until yesterday. I never gave him an order, for the reason that he promptly performed any duty asked. Even our short acquaintance had inspired me with the greatest respect and admiration for his character, and in his death you and the army have every reason to deplore his loss. I saw him yesterday, and he agreed with me in the conviction that his illness would be slight, and I then left him, my mind impressed with the fear that I had overtasked a too willing professional brother. If there is any mark of respect that can be bestowed upon a deserving officer, I most urgently request that it may be extended to my deceased friend, as every regiment owes him a debt of gratitude." In general orders it was declared, "He lost his life by disease brought on by his untiring devotion to the wounded during and after the action of the 8th. To the forgetfulness of self which kept him at the hospital, regardless of rest or sleep, the department owes a debt of gratitude." He was characterized as "one whose patriotism and conscientious sense of duty led him to sacrifice himself for his country, a man of high order of intellect, and of a cultivated mind, an exemplary Christian, a physician of excellent standing, and a gentleman in all his deportment." He was beloved by his own regiment, and his character was impressed upon those among whom he died, though strangers, and was beautifully and simply expressed in the inscription upon the little wooden slab that marked his temporary grave at Roanoke Island:

"Gentleman—Patriot—Scholar. *Requiescat in pace.*"

PROSPER DALIEN, brevet Major of the Two Hundred and Eighth regiment, was born at Nancy, France. He was educated at Nancy, and at the military school at St. Cyr. Upon his graduation he became an officer in the French army and served through the Italian War of 1859, as Lieutenant of cavalry, and was brevetted Captain, and presented with two medals for gallant conduct at Solferino, by Napoleon III. He was given authority to recruit a company for the Two Hundred and Eighth regiment, in the summer of 1864, and, on the 9th of September, he was commissioned Captain of Company C. He was an efficient officer, and soon made his influence felt in the regiment both by his example and his counsel. His friends, knowing of his superior training, sought to have him transferred and placed in a higher command. When General Hartranft, who was over the division to which he belonged, became aware of his skill and experience, he detailed him for duty upon his staff as engineer. This was a position more to his taste. It was while serving in this capacity that the most notable exploit of his life was performed, and in which he received his mortal wound. He chanced to be staff officer of the day when Fort Steadman—a work on the main Union line before Petersburg—was attacked and captured on the morning of March 25th, 1865. At half-past four in the morning, divining by the sound that an attack was being made, he leaped upon his horse, and rode to the scene of the struggle. At five minutes past five he had reported the disaster to General Hartranft, whose head-quarters were more than a mile away, and, receiving the instructions of that officer, immediately led the nearest regiment—which happened to be his own—to the breach, putting it in upon the left, while General Hartranft moved in person upon the front and right. Seeing the regiment upon the front hard pressed and falling back, in the midst of a furious storm of deadly missiles he attempted to reach it; but before he was far on his way his horse was killed by a shell, and he hurried forward on foot. In less than five minutes he was struck by a Minié ball and mortally wounded in the left lung. He was taken to the hospital at City Point, and subsequently to Washington, where hopes were entertained of his recovery, having received in both places the tender ministrations of Mrs. Theodore Fenn, of Harrisburg. But on the night of the 2d of June a severe hemorrhage set in, which terminated his life in a few hours. His body was embalmed, and buried in Kalma Cemetery at Harrisburg.

The brevet rank of Major was conferred upon him as a reward for his meritorious conduct on that fatal morning. In forwarding his commission to his father in France, General Hartranft, after narrating the circumstances of the engagement, said: "He thus fell in the full discharge of his duties as a brave and gallant officer. Much of my success depended upon his prompt report that Fort Steadman was captured by the enemy. It enabled me to place the few troops then convenient in such position as to prevent the enemy from making any further advance, and without further advance he had gained no advantage. When the balance of my troops came up, the foe was driven out with heavy loss, leaving his dead and wounded on the field, with two thousand prisoners and eleven battle-flags in our hands." In his relations to his men Captain Dalien was kind and considerate, and had their respect and love in a remarkable degree. Whilst a staff officer he was careful to save those of slender constitutions from unnecessary exposure, always detailing men of robust health for duty in severe weather.

While he was at City Point, President Lincoln visited all the hospitals there, and as he came to the cot of Captain Dalien he took him by the hand and asked his name and rank. When he had learned who the wounded soldier was, the good President seated himself upon a cracker box that had been ingeniously converted into a camp chair, and entered into familiar conversation with him. He complimented the Captain for his services at Steadman, and said that he had heard all about him at headquarters, and that the War Department was about making out his brevet. He promised him a place in the regular army if he recovered, and addressed him when he left as America's Second Lafayette.



CHAPTER VI.

GEORGE GORDON MEADE, Major-General in the Regular Army. Of all those who are now noted for their prowess in the late war few will in a future generation be remembered or named, and fewer still will achieve thereby immortality. Gouverneur Carr, in an article which he contributed to the United States *Service Magazine*, after remarking upon the tendency to oblivion in all martial exploits, frames a paragraph which he imagines some Rollin of a few centuries hence will devote to the great struggle which now holds so large a place in the public eye, and in its narration fills so many volumes. It reads thus:

"Buchanan was succeeded by Lincoln, a wise and patriotic ruler. During his presidency the Southern States revolted. After several indecisive actions, Lee, the insurgent leader, was defeated at Gettysburg by Meade, who commanded the principal force of the republic; the Southern territory was overrun by numerous armies; its ports were effectively blockaded; the slaves were declared free, and many of them enlisted in the National armies; and finally, Richmond, the capital of the revolted States, was captured by Grant, the Commander-in-chief of the United States Armies; and the insurgents were compelled to lay down their arms. Lincoln was re-elected President, but was soon after assassinated by an obscure actor." Of the five names here represented as surviving the wreck of time that of General Meade is one.

George Gordon Meade was born on the 31st of December, 1815, at Cadiz, Spain, during a temporary residence of his parents in that country. He was descended from a family long resident in Philadelphia, of Irish origin, one member of which, at least,

W. W. H. DAVIS
Col 104th Reg Bv Brig Gen

HENRY M. HOYT
Col 52d Regt Bvt Brig Gen

RICHARD COULTER
Col 11th Reg Bvt Brig & Maj Gen

[illegible]
Col [illegible]

[illegible] M'[illegible]N
[illegible]

enthusiastically supported the patriot army in the Revolution. His father, Richard W. Meade, being engaged in mercantile pursuits in Spain, was intrusted by the United States with the adjustment of certain claims which the government had against that country, and became naval agent at the port of Cadiz. Through his efforts negotiations were entered upon which finally resulted in the cession of the territory of Florida to the United States.

The parents returned to this country while the son was yet an infant, and he was early put to a boys' school in the city of Washington, taught by the late Chief Justice Chase. He was afterwards a student at Mount Airy, a Military Academy near Philadelphia, and in 1831 entered the United States Military Academy at West Point, whence, in due course, he graduated with honor. In 1835 he entered the army as brevet Second Lieutenant in the Third artillery, and in it served in the Seminole War in Florida. He was promoted to a full Lieutenant at the end of a year. The poisonous exhalations of the swamps seriously affected his health, and while thus detained from duty he escaped the Dade Massacre, by which many of his comrades were cut off. Providence thus interposed to spare him for greater usefulness on fields then little dreamed of. So serious was his sickness that, in October, 1836, he resigned his commission in the army, and after his recovery engaged in the business of a Civil Engineer, being employed with the party sent to survey the northeastern boundary line of the United States. In 1842, returning to the army, he was commissioned Second Lieutenant of Topographical Engineers, and was industriously employed in the great survey from Lake Superior to the Gulf of Mexico. In this capacity he served upon the staff of General Taylor in the early part of the Mexican War, and afterwards upon that of General Scott, distinguishing himself in the actions of Palo Alto and Monterey. His services were recognized, the Government awarding him the brevet rank of First Lieutenant, dated September 23d, 1846, and upon his return home he was presented with a fine sword by citizens of Philadelphia. In time of peace the fighting soldier has little employment, but the engineer's work is never done. He was at once put upon duty in supervising river and harbor improvements, and in constructing light-houses on Delaware Bay and off the coast of Florida. In 1851 he was made First Lieutenant, and, in 1855, Captain.

He was on duty at Detroit, Michigan, in 1861, having been charged with the survey of the Northern Lakes. He always regarded his labors here as the most important and valuable that he rendered in the civil line of his profession, looking with just satisfaction upon their scientific results. When the Rebellion opened, he was at once ordered to Washington. On the 3d of September, President Lincoln sent to the Senate for confirmation, among others, the name of Captain George G. Meade, of the Topographical Engineers, to be Brigadier-General of Volunteers, and he was assigned to the command of the Second brigade of the Pennsylvania Reserve Volunteer corps. He was by nature and education an exact, methodical man, and disciplining the fine body now put in his hands was an agreeable task. He was for a time in camp at Tenallytown; but, on the 9th of October, crossed into Virginia and took position on the extreme right of the line of the army, in the neighborhood of Langley, where he continued until the opening of the spring campaign. When McClellan went to the Peninsula, Meade remained behind in McDowell's corps of observation before Washington, advancing as far as Fredericksburg.

Finding difficulties multiplying as he went, McClellan asked for more troops, and the Reserves were sent to him. They arrived in time to open the famous Seven Days' battle at Beaver Dam Creek, where this division sustained the contest almost unaided. Meade with his brigade was at Gaines' Mill when the battle opened, but hastening forward, he reached the field in time to render efficient service at a moment when sorely needed. On the following day his brigade was roughly handled, one of his regiments holding its ground until cut off and captured, and the others were with difficulty withdrawn.

There was no more desperate fighting in this campaign than that at Charles City Cross Roads, on the 30th of June. The Reserves held the fore-front in that engagement, and received, for a time unaided, the brunt of the enemy's fierce onset. Meade stood upon the right of the line, and his brigade, though the last to be attacked, felt the full power of the blow. Near the close of the day, and when the fighting was well nigh over, he was severely wounded and was borne from the field. Almost at the same instant he was struck by two balls, one hitting him in the arm and the other, entering the body just above the hip-joint, passed out near the spine. Though losing blood rapidly, and fainting from weakness, he remained for some time with his men; but was finally carried to a hospital. He soon rallied, and his wounds healed so that he took the field before the army left the Peninsula.

Upon the resignation of General McCall, soon afterwards, General Reynolds succeeded him in chief command, and at the Second Bull Run battle the division rendered efficient service, Meade holding with great gallantry the approaches to the Warrenton turnpike, by which Pope's beaten army was retreating, and which the enemy was making desperate efforts to seize. So well did he acquit himself here, that the campaign had no sooner closed than he was given the command of the entire division. which was placed in Hooker's corps. At the Gaps of the South Mountain, where the enemy had taken position to dispute the passage of the Union army, Meade met the troops of Longstreet and Hill. The advantage was all with the foe, he having taken ground behind stone walls, rocks, and trees. But by skilful dispositions, and the gallantry and courage of his men. he succeeded in dislodging and driving the enemy from his stronghold. Meade pushed rapidly forward, and was given the advance in finding the rebel troops on the Antietam field. The fighting opened on the evening of the 16th of September, 1862, and was maintained until nightfall with singular earnestness. The Reserves slept on their arms, and renewed the battle early on the following morning. When the fighting was at its height Hooker received a severe wound. Before leaving the field, he turned over the command of the corps to General Meade. The part of the field which he held was the most desperately contested, and his troops were terribly torn and decimated, he himself receiving a wound, and having two horses shot under him.

But the field on which General Meade manifested greater daring and heroism than on any other, perhaps, in the whole course of his military life, was that of Fredericksburg, and it was his conduct here which undoubtedly pointed him out as the future Commander-in-chief of the Army of the Potomac. Burnside's plan seems to have been to turn the enemy's left flank. To Meade with his Reserves was given the task of breaking the enemy's line, and making a lodgment where it could be taken in reverse upon the right. Most gallantly they executed this desperate labor, and though

"Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon in front of them,
Volley'd and thunder'd,"

and sheets of flame leaped from the pieces of the infantry crouching behind walls and hedges, the Reserves moved steadily on till the hostile line was pierced at a vital point, and the rear was gained, where were muskets stacked, and the rebel troops in no preparation to meet so bold and heroic an assault. But after the blow had been dexterously dealt, and the antagonist hit with stunning force, that gallant division, but a handful of devoted men, being unsupported, was obliged—bleeding and staggering under the weight of the force of the enemy concentrated upon them, and when victory seemed within the grasp of the Union army—to fall back, and abandon the whole advantage, gained at a fearful sacrifice of valor and of life.

Meade was now placed in command of the Fifth corps, and when at Chancellorsville Lee pounded upon the Union left with his artillery, and sought to break through and turn that flank, he found there troops ready and watchful; and though there was hard fighting later in the struggle yet no advantage was gained. It was the vigilant commander of the Fifth corps who stood guard at that point, and no shame came to the army through any lack of attention or weakness of judgment on his part.

At Frederick, Maryland, on the 28th of June, 1863, in the very midst of a campaign of unexampled greatness, involving issues vital to the Nation, and the turning of which the whole civilized world was watching with absorbing interest, he was placed at the head of the Army of the Potomac, and three days thereafter the great battle of Gettysburg opened. He had to this time shown himself an exceedingly reliable and safe officer in the subordinate positions in which he had been placed; but from being the commander of a brigade, a division, a corps, he was now suddenly thrust forward to command a hundred thousand men, with whom he was expected to meet an army of still larger proportions of veteran troops hitherto victorious. He evidently felt the great responsibility resting upon him, and prepared to meet it with a manful and heroic spirit.

The battle was precipitated before he had an opportunity to concentrate his army. When he discovered that it was likely to come, he made an effort to bring his corps together at a point near the centre of the territory over which they were spread. Before this could be effected, the enemy struck the extreme flank, and there, with a dogged resolution and a heroism unsurpassed, a few thousands held their ground for a whole day against the half of the hostile army. As soon as General Meade found that it would be possible to bring his troops to that point so as to fight upon something like equal terms, he resolved to make Gettysburg the battle-ground. When that resolution was once taken, he showed great energy in hastening forward his troops, in which he was most nobly supported by his subordinates, and during the hours of a short summer night his army was brought up.

On the second day at Gettysburg a number of untoward circumstances occurred, and though the soldiers fought with unexampled courage and determination, the results were in many respects unfortunate. Yet all this was reversed on the third day, by an exceedingly judicious disposition of the forces, and a glorious victory was gained. Nor was the triumph marred by a hasty and ill-advised use of the army against an enemy at bay. The result caused universal joy. The enemy was conquered—a full half of the army with which he had made the invasion was lost to him—the North was freed from the disgrace of being overrun—and the tide of disaster, which had been setting strongly against the National cause, was turned, ever after to recede. The thanks of Congress were presented to General Meade for his signal service in this battle.

A campaign of manœuvres followed, in which the rebel leader sought by a sharp, bold move to cut his antagonist off from his communications. But Meade was too wary to be taken at a disadvantage, and the movement, which was begun in the confident expectation of complete triumph, ended in total failure and was turned to the advantage of the assailed—the actions at Bristoe and Rappahannock bridge resulting in brilliant victories to the Union arms. Meade soon after initiated a bold aggressive movement. With eight days' rations in haversack, he launched his army across the Rapidan, seeking to interpose between the two wings of Lee's army, and beat them in detail; but the tardy movement of some of his troops made futile the intended surprise, and he found the rebel forces so well intrenched behind Mine Run, that he determined not to attack, and returned again to his camps—a resolution which required a degree of courage not surpassed by that displayed in the most daring assaults.

In the spring of 1864, General Grant was placed in command of all the armies, and took the field with that of the Potomac; and though General Meade still held the immediate command of that army, and exercised the complete control of it, the glory of his achievements was shadowed in the public eye, and whatever was done was attributed to the mind of the superior. At the Wilderness, Laurel Hill, Spottsylvania, North Anna, Bethesda Church, Cold Harbor, Petersburg, with all the operations of the siege, and the numerous enterprises undertaken for its reduction, down to the final campaign and the surrender of the rebel army at Appomattox Court House, he exercised that command, and endured the hardships and responsibilities incident to the execution of manœuvres and plans of battle, which were never before equalled on this continent. General Grant bore ample testimony to the worth of General Meade as a soldier, and particularly referred to the disadvantage he labored under in being second in command, in his estimation with the public, in his recommendation for the confirmation of Meade as Major-General in the regular army. "General Meade," says General Grant, "is one of our truest men and ablest officers. He has been constantly with that army [Army of the Potomac] confronting the strongest, best appointed, and most confident army in the South. He, therefore, has not had the same opportunity of winning laurels so distinctly marked as have fallen to the lot of other Generals. But I defy any man to name a commander who would do more than General Meade has done with the same chances. General Meade was appointed at my solicitation, after a campaign the most protracted, and covering more severely contested battles than any of which we have any account in history. I have been with General Meade during the whole campaign; and I not only made the recommendation upon a conviction that this recognition of his services was fully won, but that he was eminently qualified for the rank which such command entitled him to."

The recommendation was promptly acted on and he was confirmed without question, his commission dating from the 18th of August, 1864. He had previously been advanced through the ranks of Major, Lieutenant-Colonel, Colonel, and Brigadier-General in the regular army. After the close of the war he was assigned to the command of the Military Division of the Atlantic; but in 1868 he was transferred to that of the Third Military District—comprising Georgia, Florida and Alabama—a section where the work of pacification was arduous and responsible, requiring a man of great weight of character, and discretion in the execution of his duties. In the following year he returned to the command of the Atlantic Division, with head-quarters at Philadelphia. This was his former home, and it was grateful for him, after his campaigns were ended and the noise of martial strife was hushed, to sit down and enjoy the quiet and repose which he had justly earned. He here lived in a house presented to his wife—a daughter of the Hon. John Sergeant—by his fellow-citizens, in grateful recognition of his eminent ability and services devoted to the welfare of his country.

General Meade's personal appearance is thus graphically sketched by an English traveller who was introduced to him soon after the victory at Gettysburg: "He is a very remarkable-looking man—tall, spare, of a commanding figure and presence; his manners easy and pleasant, but having much dignity. His head is partially bald and is small and compact; but the forehead is high. He has the late Duke of Wellington class of nose; and his eyes, which have a serious, almost sad expression, are rather sunken, or appear so from the prominence of the curved nasal development. He has a decidedly patrician and distinguished appearance. I had some conversation with him; and of his recent achievements he spoke in a modest and natural way. He said that he had been very 'fortunate,' but was most especially anxious not to arrogate to himself any credit which he did not deserve. He said that the triumph of the Federal arms was due to the splendid courage of the Union troops, and also to the bad strategy, and rash and mad attacks made by the enemy. He said that his health was remarkably good, and that he could bear almost any amount of physical fatigue."

General Meade developed eminent ability as a soldier, and was life-long devoted to the service; yet scenes of carnage and blood were revolting to his nature. He was of too tender and sympathetic a temperament to regard with other than aversion the sufferings and heart-breakings which war entails. In August, 1863, the officers and men of the Reserve corps presented to him a costly sword, with sash, belt, and golden spurs. The presentation was made by General Crawford, in presence of many officers of the army high in rank, and distinguished civilians. In reply to the remarks of General Crawford, General Meade made quite a lengthy speech, recounting in a very just way the achievements of the Reserves from the beginning. In the course of his address he artlessly disclosed the feelings and motives which swayed his breast as a soldier. "While, however," he said, "I give expression to these feelings, they are not unmingled with others, of a sad and mournful nature, as I look around you and reflect that so many of the brave officers and soldiers who originally composed this division sleep their last sleep, and that others have been obliged to return home crippled and maimed for life. It is terrible to think that there should be any necessity for so much misfortune and misery! Sad, that in this country, a land flowing with milk and honey, and in which we are all brothers, we should raise our arms against each other, and such scenes should be enacted as I have been a participant in. It is sad that there should be an occasion like the present, and a necessity for the presentation of a testimonial such as this. These are sad, sad thoughts to me, but at the same time I am sustained in my present position by a consciousness that I am acting from a high and proper sense of my duty to my country. It is impossible that this great country should be divided; that there should be two governments or two flags on this continent. Such a thing entirely out of the question. I trust that every loyal man wo be willing to sacrifice his life before he would consent to hav more than one government, and one flag wave over the whole territory of the United States."

"General Meade was," says a writer in the New York *Tribune*, "a man of such even, such exact temperament, that he was free from those emotions and impulses, those eccentricities of feeling and action which give to the soldiers and their friends at home those easy and broad impressions of character which are fixed and conveyed in epithets and nicknames. He was never called Daddy, Fighting George, or Poney, or Stonewall. It is doubtful if any soldier in his command ever ventured to think of him but as General Meade. . . . He deprecated praise, and used to say that he was not fit to take the command of great armies, or the initiative in great campaigns. . . . He is one of the men whom history will call happy. His life was laborious, full of honors and success. He had his share of glory without that conspicuous eminence which tempts the dart of envy and malevolence. His public career was free from vicissitudes, as his private life was free from storms. He was a good soldier, a true patriot, and an honest man. He deserved well of the Republic, and received as a general thing the credit he deserved."

JAMES QUIGLEY ANDERSON, Colonel of the Seventeenth cavalry, was born in Brighton, Beaver county, Pennsylvania, on the 5th of July, 1831. He was the son of Hugh and Sarah (Quigley) Anderson. Until the age of nine he lived upon a farm. He received a good English and classical education at the Beaver Academy. He left school in 1845, and from that date until 1853 was engaged as civil engineer upon the lines of the Erie and Pittsburg, and Carrolton and Allegheny Valley Railroads. In 1854 he went to Kansas, and for a period of three years was in charge of a party of engineers engaged in laying out Government lands. In 1857 he was elected City Engineer of Kansas City, Missouri, in which capacity he served until the breaking out of the Rebellion, when he returned to his former home in Pennsylvania.

Though he had no military education, his occupations had been such as to fit him to control men, and to take easily and naturally to life in the field; while his skill as an engineer gave him many advantages in judging of the nature of the country in which he was operating, and in discerning its defensible positions. In July, 1862, he commenced recruiting a company of cavalry, of which he was commissioned First Lieutenant. It became Company A of the Seventeenth Pennsylvania, which went to the field, under Colonel Josiah H. Kellogg. In January, 1863, he was promoted to Captain, and, in command of his company, took part in the battle of Chancellorsville. At the most critical juncture in that engagement, at the moment, on the evening of the 2d, when Stonewall Jackson was bearing down all before him, having put to rout the entire Eleventh corps, General Pleasanton, with two regiments of cavalry, the Eighth and Seventeenth, was returning from the attack of Sickles' men upon Jackson's rear, when he discovered the misfortune which had befallen the right wing of the army. Comprehending the situation, he ordered the Eighth, which was an old regiment, to charge the enemy and hold him in check until he could bring his artillery, of which he had twenty-two pieces, into position. When that was done, he posted the Seventeenth, which had never been under fire, in line in rear of the guns, to give the appearance of strong support, with orders to charge should the enemy approach; and with no other protection, those twenty-two guns, by being effectively and skilfully served, were able to arrest the force of the enemy's blow and save the whole army from destruction.

In the Gettysburg campaign, the Seventeenth was with the column led by the intrepid John Buford, who pushed on in advance, and first met the enemy before the town, holding him in check until the infantry could arrive. Captain Anderson had, in the meantime, been commissioned Major, and led a battalion in that great battle. For his gallantry in a critical period of the engagement, he was publicly complimented by General Buford. He continued in command of a battalion in the affairs at Funkstown on the 7th of July, at Brandy Station on the 1st of August, and at Raccoon Ford on the 14th of September. On the 18th of February, 1864, he was promoted to the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel, to date from June 1st, 1863, and led his regiment in the battle at Todd's Tavern, on the 7th and 8th of May. When Sheridan started on his raid towards Richmond, Lieutenant-Colonel Anderson manœuvred his force with a courage and a steadiness that won the highest commendation of that eminent cavalry leader, being warmly engaged at Yellow Tavern, and at Meadow Bridge on the 11th and 12th of May. After reaching the James, and communicating with Butler's army, he returned with Sheridan's columns to the Army of the Potomac, and took part in the battle of Hanovertown, on the 27th of May, Hawes' Shop on the 28th, Old Church on the 30th, and Cold Harbor on the 31st and June 1st. Cutting loose at this point from the main body of the army, the cavalry moved towards Gordonsville, and came upon the enemy in force at Trevilian Station on the 11th and 12th of June, where he participated in the sharp encounter which then occurred. Returning again to the James, he was in the engagement at White House on the 21st, and at Darbytown road on the 28th.

Soon after rejoining the combined armies before Petersburg, Sheridan, with a portion of his cavalry, was ordered to the Shenandoah Valley, to meet a heavy body of the enemy under General Early. On reaching its destination, Colonel Anderson, whose health had been much impaired by constant and severe duty, was obliged to leave the front, and from that time until November was confined to the hospital in Washington. On rejoining his regiment he resumed command, and moved with General Torbert in his raid upon Gordonsville, taking part in the battle which was there fought on the 22d of December. Having just come forth from the hospital, the hardships and suffering during this wintry march bore heavily upon him. In January, 1865, he was promoted to Colonel, to rank from the 18th of December. His health again declining, he left his command in February, and, on returning before the opening of the spring campaign, the Government, desirous of relieving him so far as possible from exposure, placed him in command of the Remount Camp at City Point. He was with his regiment at Lee's surrender, and with it was mustered out of service.

Colonel Anderson left the army with a constitution broken by exposure and hardship, and as he retired to his home he went to die. His strength sufficed to reach it; but he was, from that day, confined to his room, with pulmonary consumption; and on the 9th of October following, the tried and trusted soldier quietly breathed his last. In person he was of commanding figure, being five feet ten inches in height, and though robust previous to the war, was predisposed to pulmonary attacks. His scholastic attainments were considerable, especially in mathematics and the science of engineering. He was naturally of an adventurous and enterprising disposition. As a soldier, he enjoyed the confidence of his associates in a remarkable degree. One who knew him intimately says: "It is the testimony of his men that, in all the battles in which he was engaged, he not only *commanded*, but he *led* them bravely and efficiently."

Hugh Sym Campbell, Lieutenant-Colonel of the Eighty-third regiment, was born in the city of Glasgow, Scotland, on the 25th of April, 1829. He was the son of Hugh and Janet (Kessin) Campbell. He was liberally educated, first in the High School in his native city until his fifteenth year, and subsequently in the University of Glasgow, where for three years he pursued the ancient classics. At the end of this period, he entered upon commercial pursuits as travelling agent for the business house of his father. But the love of adventure, coupled with a desire to travel in foreign countries, induced him to forsake the comforts and advantages of home, and at the age of nineteen he emigrated to the United States, arriving in New York in April, 1849.

He remained at the metropolis but a short time, when he rambled westward to Buffalo, where he engaged in business, first as book-keeper, and finally as partner, in an extensive mechanical manufactory, for a period of ten years. He was married on the 12th of July, 1850, to Miss Margaret Boyd. In May, 1860, he removed with his family to Waterford, Erie county, Pennsylvania. When, in July, 1861, intelligence of the defeat of the National army at Bull Run was received, he rallied around him a hundred young men, whom he organized as Company E of the Eighty-third regiment, then being formed at the city of Erie by that intrepid soldier, John W. McLane. He had never had any military training, but such was the confidence reposed in him that he was elected Captain, and at the terrible battle of Gaines' Mill, fought on the 27th of June, 1862, where both the Colonel and the Major were slain, the command of the regiment devolved upon him at a critical juncture. Isolated by the giving way of troops upon its right, the staff officer killed who had been sent to order it back, Captain Campbell resolved not to leave his position without the motion of his superior, and the regiment fought on over the dead bodies of its leaders, causing the enemy to shun it by its very boldness and audacity. Finally a messenger reached him and he withdrew, but steadily and full of spirit. In the engagement at Malvern Hill on the 1st of July, Captain Campbell led his men in a charge which hurled the enemy back, and resulted in the capture of the colors of a South Carolina regiment; but he was himself severely wounded. He, however, kept the field until the 9th, when, being unable to walk, and there appearing to be no further prospect of an immediate renewal of the contest, he received a leave of absence, and returned home. In the brief space of twenty days, which was the limit of the furlough, he obtained one hundred recruits, most of whom went with him to the front.

He at once resumed command, and in ten days after again led his regiment on the disastrous field of Bull Run. Here, while leading a charge upon the enemy, he was severely wounded, a Minié ball shattering the large bone of the left leg. The regiment was in full motion and passed over his body in carrying out his order. In the varied fortunes of the battle, it was obliged to give ground, and in retiring came again upon him and bore him back. He was sent in an ambulance to Alexandria, where he remained several weeks. As soon as he was able to travel, he returned to his home, but was obliged to be conveyed the whole distance upon his cot, his surgeon not allowing him to travel upright. For over a year, he was able to move only upon crutches. His name still remained upon the rolls of his regiment, he having leave of absence from the Secretary of War until recovered. Despairing of ever being able again to take the field, he offered his resignation and was mustered out of the service, on the 14th of May, 1863. Immediately thereafter, he was tendered the position of Provost Marshal of the Nineteenth District of Pennsylvania, which he accepted, and retained until its abolition in 1865, discharging its duties to the great acceptance of the Government and his constituents. He was tendered, likewise, the appointment of Lieutenant-Colonel in the Veteran Reserve corps, which he declined.

William McFinn Penrose, Colonel of the Sixth Reserve regiment, was born at Carlisle, Pennsylvania, on the 29th of March, 1825. His father, Charles B. Penrose, was a native of Philadelphia, of Welsh descent. His mother was Valeria F. Biddle, also a native of Philadelphia. His boyhood was mostly spent at school, and he graduated at Dickinson College, Carlisle, in due course. He had had no military experience previous to the Rebellion; but when the call was made for troops for the Reserve corps he was active in securing recruits, and upon the organization of the Sixth regiment of that corps he was commissioned its Lieutenant-Colonel. The location of the camp where the troops were first stationed near to Washington was an unhealthy one, and about three hundred were stricken with fever, among whom were Colonel Ricketts and Lieutenant-Colonel Penrose. For this cause Colonel Ricketts was discharged, and soon after died.

The battle of Dranesville was fought on the 20th of December, 1861, in which the Sixth regiment bore a prominent part. Lieutenant-Colonel Penrose was in command, and for his steadiness and soldierly bearing in the hour of peril was warmly commended by General Ord, who commanded the brigade engaged, and also by Major-General McCall. The regiment was first held in support of Easton's battery while the duel with the enemy was in progress. When, by the superior skill and accuracy of Easton's fire, the rebel artillery was silenced and driven, the regiment, by direction of General Ord, was ordered to follow on the right of the road leading to Manassas, and gallantly pursued until the discovery was made that the foe had fled beyond reach. The victory of the Reserves in this battle was complete, a large number of the enemy having been killed and wounded, a caisson blown up, and a considerable quantity of arms, ammunition, and clothing taken.

On account of ill health, induced by the malarial fevers at the first camp, Colonel Penrose resigned soon after this battle, and was never afterwards able to rejoin the army. A little more than a month from taking leave of his command General Ord wrote: "Your departure, together with his (Colonel Ricketts'), has left the regiment badly off for field officers. I wish circumstances could have enabled you to have remained; your coolness at Dranesville satisfied me that, had you taken hold, the regiment would have gone ahead in discipline with a corresponding zeal."

When the rebel army invaded the State in 1863, and a body under General Ewell approached Carlisle, Colonel Penrose, who was then a member of the town council, went out with Assistant Burgess Allison and Major Martin Kuhn to meet it and endeavor to secure protection to the place. The greatest consternation prevailed, as Union troops were in the vicinity, and a battle seemed imminent. They were fired on as they attempted to make their way through the rebel lines, but succeeded in obtaining an agreement that the enemy should not charge into the place, though a brisk artillery duel was had, in which several buildings were struck and more or less injured.

Colonel Penrose married, on the 23d of July, 1857, Miss Valeria M., daughter of Brigadier-General Charles Merchant, of the United States army. Colonel Penrose was a member of the town council of Carlisle in 1861–62–63. He was by profession a lawyer. He was nearly six feet in height, and previous to the Rebellion was of robust health, but after his retirement from the service never fully recovered from disease there incurred, and died in 1873.

WILLIAM R. GRIES, Chaplain of the One Hundred and Fourth regiment, was born at Womelsdorf, Pennsylvania, on the 3d of September, 1826. His father was Doctor William Gries, an eminent physician of Reading. At the opening of the Rebellion he had charge of a parish in Doylestown, Bucks county, of the Protestant Episcopal Church; but when the One Hundred and Fourth regiment was formed, in the summer of 1861, he accepted the position of Chaplain and continued with it during the war, performing, if not dangerous, laborious and efficient duty. He had two brothers in the service, John M., Major of this regiment, who fell at Fair Oaks, and Lemuel, First Lieutenant of the Ringgold Artillery. Colonel Davis, of the One Hundred and Fourth, in his history of the regiment, says: "Before I conclude I deem it necessary to say a few words about the labors of Chaplain Gries. The regiment was fortunate in having such a Chaplain. Neither officer nor man was more faithful in the discharge of his duties. He served out his full time of three years, and was seldom absent from the regiment unless on duty. During this time he held more than a thousand religious exercises. He preached every Sunday in camp, with a prayer-meeting and a short address every evening when possible. Besides these he held special service in the hospital. For a long time he was the only Chaplain on duty with the brigade, and he alone held daily and continuous services among the troops. For a considerable period during the operations on Morris Island he was the only Chaplain in that army to officiate at the burial of the dead. At one time he was engaged in this duty nearly every hour in the day. While connected with the regiment Mr. Gries baptized and received into the church fifty-nine soldiers and one officer."

Besides the important work here sketched, Chaplain Gries was active in ministering to the needs of the men, personally taking charge of remittances of money and paying it over to their families, who were often in great need. After leaving the army he became pastor of a parish in Churchtown; and, in 1868, removed to Allentown, where he became Rector of Grace Church. In October, 1872, he sickened and died. In the church he held a high rank, in private life was greatly esteemed, and in the family circle was regarded with that affection which only the good can command.

WILLIAM ALBERT LEECH, Colonel of the Ninetieth regiment, and Brevet Brigadier-General, was born on the 3d of February, 1832, in the city of Philadelphia. He was the son of

Henry and Frances S. Leech. He graduated in due course at the Philadelphia High School, and subsequently at the United States Military Academy at West Point. After the decease of his parents, and not long after his leaving the Academy, he resigned his commission and commenced the study of the law in the office of Benjamin Gerhard, with whom, after being admitted to practice, he continued until the breaking out of the Rebellion. He had for some time previous been an officer in the First Pennsylvania Artillery, a volunteer organization of some reputation. This regiment responded promptly when called, and after having been filled to the maximum strength was received into the service, as the Seventeenth of the line, for three months. Of this he was Major. It was the first regiment to enter Baltimore after the attack of the mob on Massachusetts and Pennsylvania troops. It was quartered for a time in the Senate Chamber on reaching Washington, and when Patterson entered the Shenandoah Valley, proceeded up the Potomac to join him in the column led by General Stone.

At the expiration of this term of service he returned to Philadelphia, and assisted in recruiting the Ninetieth Pennsylvania regiment, of which he was appointed Lieutenant-Colonel. When the campaign upon the Peninsula opened, his regiment, being attached to the column of McDowell, remained before Washington and was actively employed in the operations in the Valley of Virginia. At Thoroughfare Gap, where Longstreet sought to force his way through to form junction with Jackson who had gone before, Ricketts' division, in which the Ninetieth served, held that able leader with his entire corps at bay for the space of eight hours, while Pope was concentrating his forces, and finally, when forced back, retired in good order. Henceforward the Ninetieth shared the fortunes of the Army of the Potomac, and Colonel Leech participated in nearly all the battles and skirmishes in which that historic body was engaged. Colonel Lyle, the leader of the regiment, was often called to the command of a brigade, which left Colonel Leech its chief, and ably did he discharge the duty.

At the battle of Weldon Railroad, fought on the 18th of August, 1864, the division to which he was attached was flanked by heavy masses of the enemy under the rebel General Mahone and, before the line could be withdrawn, Colonel Leech and a number of officers and men were taken prisoners. When the Colonel found that there was no possibility of escape, determined that the enemy should not take from him his sword, he thrust it into the ground and broke it, casting away the pieces. It was raining heavily when he was captured, and a rubber coat which he wore afforded some protection. But this was unceremoniously taken from him, the beginning of a series of indignities and barbarities which reached through his sad imprisonment, and fastened in his system the seeds of disease which finally carried him to an early grave. He was confined in succession at Libby, Danville, and Salisbury. The exposure and harsh treatment here was extreme, and the authorities knew and encouraged it. On one occasion, while General Leech was standing under an oak tree within the inclosure at Salisbury, a rebel guard shot and killed a Lieutenant while engaged in gathering acorns, though more than twenty feet within the dead line. For this murderous act the rebel guard was given a furlough of thirty days. Colonel Leech was not released until February 20th, 1865. He was soon after offered command of one of the fine regiments then being raised by the Union League of Philadelphia; but so enfeebled had he become from his imprisonment that he could not accept it, though he cherished the purpose of returning to the army as soon as health would permit. That time never came. The war closed soon afterward, and on the 20th of July, 1870, he died, a victim to rebel barbarity.

On the 13th of March, 1865, he had received the brevet ranks of Colonel and Brigadier-General. In 1867 he was elected Register of Wills for the city of Philadelphia. In person he was tall, with a military bearing. He was a brave and humane soldier, and, while a strict disciplinarian, still held his command by warm attachment. As a token of their friendship the soldiers of his regiment presented him with a costly sword. In private life he was esteemed for his social and liberal qualities, and for his gentlemanly and Christian virtues. He was married on the 4th of October, 1860, to Hannah T., daughter of Edwin and Susan V. Greble. His widow and three children survive him. He was buried with military honors at Woodlands Cemetery, beside his brother-in-law, Lieutenant John T. Greble, United States Army, who was killed at Big Bethel.

ROBERT L. BODINE was born on the 30th of May, 1832, in Northampton, Bucks county, Pennsylvania. His father, John R. Bodine, and his mother, Sarah Lewis, were both of American origin. The son during boyhood was engaged in the usual labors of his father's farm, and in attending the district school. He afterwards spent some time at the Doylestown Academy. As his mind became developed, he manifested a strong liking for mechanical studies, and the science of military operations. A fondness was also exhibited for the study of history, especially the valorous deeds of the great men of past time.

His tastes naturally led him to seek some opportunity for military training, and he joined a volunteer company then existing in Bucks county, known as the Pennsylvania Blues. In this he served for several years, rising to the position of a commissioned officer. At the opening of the Rebellion, he made haste to enroll himself as a private in the Twenty-sixth Pennsylvania regiment, among the very first to be organized in the State for the three years' service. The date of his entrance to duty was the 5th of May, 1861. He commenced at the lowest round in the ladder; but his ability and worth soon found him out, and his advancement was rapid. On the 30th of the same month he was promoted to Commissary Sergeant; on the 25th of August following, to Second Lieutenant of Company K; on the 15th of January, 1862, to Captain, and on the 10th of July to Major of the regiment. During all this period, he was in constant service with his command, bearing a conspicuous part in the battle of Williamsburg with General Small, and at Fair Oaks, Seven Pines, Glendale, and Malvern Hill. When the remnants of McClellan's army, spared by the bullets of the enemy and the no less deadly and destructive miasms of the Chickahominy, retired from the Peninsula, and proceeded to the support of Pope on the Rappahannock, this regiment, forming part of Hooker's division, was prompt to move. When it was ascertained that

Stonewall Jackson had come in upon the rear of Pope's army and was at Manassas Junction, Hooker was ordered to move back upon the railroad to meet him. Major Bodine was now in command of the regiment, and took the lead of the brigade in that march. A sharp encounter resulted in the triumph of Hooker, and he moved on to the Second Bull Run battle-ground. The regiment was here put to severe service, at one time being led with the brigade upon an old railroad grading, behind which the enemy was concealed, and from whom it received a deadly fire; and at others supporting artillery in different parts of the field that was hotly engaged, sustaining throughout severe losses and acquitting itself worthily.

After the battle of Fredericksburg, in which the Twenty-sixth participated, the whole army was reorganized under that gallant leader, General Joseph Hooker; and here the early tastes and reading of Major Bodine proved of great service. He opened a school for the instruction of the officers of the regiment, in which the elementary and necessary principles of military duty were studied and explained with great acceptance and signal usefulness. The battle of Chancellorsville disclosed the value of the instructions which had been given, the regiment being manœuvred in the most trying situations with great ease and success. After this battle, the Colonel being obliged to retire from service on account of wounds received at Chancellorsville, and its Lieutenant-Colonel being permanently on detached service, the entire command devolved on Major Bodine, and he was soon after advanced to the grades of Lieutenant-Colonel and Colonel.

Few commanders of regiments were placed in more trying circumstances than was Colonel Bodine at the battle of Gettysburg. Carr's brigade of Humphreys' division was posted on the right of Sickles' corps, on depressed, open ground where the enemy from all sides, from commanding positions, could sweep it with his artillery, his sharpshooters and line of battle, with terrible effect. And here, with nothing to shield it from the deadly fire, it was compelled to stand through the long hours of that terrible day and submit to swift destruction. The regiment went into position with 364 enlisted men, of whom 213 were either killed or wounded. Of eighteen officers two were killed and nine severely wounded. Two of the nine died of their wounds, and five were disabled and made cripples for life. Three color-bearers were killed.

With the Army of the Potomac, Colonel Bodine continued to lead his regiment in all the hard marches and desperate fighting of that heroic organization, until the expiration of his term in June, 1864, when with his regiment he was mustered out of service. In March previous he was brevetted Brigadier-General for meritorious conduct. At Gettysburg he received special commendation from General Carr; and early in the war, when with four cavalrymen and a negro guide he proceeded eighteen miles down the Potomac and captured five of the enemy, with large quantities of contraband goods ready for transfer to the rebel army then lying opposite, and brought them all to General Hooker's head-quarters, he received the warm approval of that intrepid soldier.

General Bodine was appointed, in July, 1866, Consul to Cape Town, Africa; but resigned in September, on account of differences in political sentiments between himself and the President, Andrew Johnson, and took an active part in the canvass for Governor during that year. He was appointed Flour Inspector of Philadelphia, in March, 1867, by Governor Geary, which office he held until March 1st, 1873. He was married on the 10th of July, 1856, to Miss Kate Y. Burn. He died at his residence in Philadelphia, on the 16th of January, 1874, universally esteemed for his nobility of nature and kindness of heart.

ELISHA B. HARVEY, the first Colonel of the Seventh Reserve regiment, was born at Harveyville, Luzerne county, Pennsylvania. His father, Benjamen Harvey, was of English descent, though his more immediate ancestry were from Connecticut. His mother was Sally (Nesbitt) Harvey, also of English descent. The occupation of his father was that of a farmer, and in this the son participated during his boyhood, receiving the rudiments of an English education in the public schools. He prepared for college under the instruction of Deacon Dana at Wilkesbarre, and in the grammar school of Dickinson College, and subsequently graduated at the Wesleyan University, Middletown, Connecticut. He was, for a time, Professor of Mathematics in the Wyoming Seminary at Kingston, but commenced almost immediately the study of the law in the office of Charles Dennison, and was admitted to the bar on the 4th of November, 1847. He possessed in a remarkable degree the confidence of the public, and was elected County Superintendent of Schools, and Register of Wills and District Attorney. Though his tastes inclined him to literary pursuits, he had a strong predilection for military pageants, and early joined a militia organization, holding, at different times, from 1832, when he first enlisted, to the opening of the Rebellion, the position of Lieutenant and Captain of a troop, Captain of artillery, Colonel of a volunteer regiment, and Brigade Inspector—a place which he held for five years. The company of artillery he recruited and took to the field in 1861.

Upon the organization of the Seventh Reserve regiment, Captain Harvey was chosen Colonel. Having, for nearly thirty years, been familiar with militia duty in all arms of the service, he was well fitted to instruct and drill a raw regiment. This duty he performed in such a manner as to attract the attention of the commander of the division, calling forth his hearty approval. His first experience of active service was at Great Falls, on the Potomac, above Washington, where his skirmishers were face to face with and in close proximity to those of the enemy. On the 4th of September, 1861, the enemy attacked, with a battery of two howitzers and three rifled guns, and for two or three hours a brisk cannonade was kept up. Colonel Harvey, being only provided with smooth-bore pieces, ordered the Captain of the battery not to reply, and the enemy finally withdrew, the regiment sustaining only slight loss in wounded.

The first great conflict in the Seven Days' battle before Richmond fell upon the Reserves, who, almost single-handed, breasted the torrent of the attack. To Colonel Harvey's regiment was assigned the task of supporting Easton's battery, which played an important part in the battle. "Somewhat later in the day," says General McCall, in his official report, "a heavy column was launched down the road to Ellison's Mill, where another most determined attack in force was made. I had already sent Easton's battery to General Seymour, commanding the left, and I now despatched the Seventh regiment, Colonel Harvey, to the extreme left, apprehending that the enemy might attempt to turn that flank by crossing the creek below the mill. Here again the Reserves maintained their position, and sustained their character for steadiness in fine style, never retiring one foot during a severe struggle with some of the very best troops of the enemy, fighting under the direction of their most distinguished General (Lee). For hour after hour the battle was hotly contested, and the rapid fire of our artillery, dealing death to an awful extent, was unintermitted, while the greatly superior force of the enemy enabled him to precipitate column after column of fresh troops upon my nearly exhausted lines."

In the battles at Gaines' Mill, Charles City Cross Roads, and Malvern Hill, Colonel Harvey's command fought with a determination and a bravery unsurpassed, the flower of the regiment being cut down in these sanguinary struggles. The hardships during this week of battles have rarely been exceeded, and at its close Colonel Harvey found himself prostrated by disease. He was attacked with rheumatism of such a type as to preclude service in the field. Accordingly, on the 4th of July, 1862, he resigned. During his active duty he received a buckshot wound in the neck, and a slight flesh wound from a Minié ball.

In person, Colonel Harvey was above the medium height, sparely made, and of a fair complexion. Though of a naturally weak constitution, his health was well preserved by temperance and sobriety.

He was twice married; to Miss Phebe Maria Frisbie, who died in 1849, leaving one son; and to Miss Sarah Maria Garretson, of Summerville, New Jersey, who, with five children, survives him. After leaving the army he resumed the practice of his profession at Wilkesbarre, and opened a classical school for both sexes, his pupils at one time exceeding two hundred. He was soon after chosen Burgess of the town, and subsequently Justice of the Peace, which office he continued to exercise until his death, which occurred on the 20th of August, 1872.

OLIVER BLACHLY KNOWLES, Colonel of the Twenty-first cavalry. The death of no officer since the close of the war has called forth more universal and heart-felt sorrow in the circle of his acquaintance than that of General Oliver B. Knowles. Having passed through all the grades of honor, from that of a private, entering the ranks at the age of eighteen, up to that of Brigadier-General at the age of twenty-two, and earning every promotion by the sterling qualities of his head and his heart, without the patronage or assistance of those in place, his death has caused a void in the breasts of all who had come to know his worth, and has sent a pang to the heart of every one who had felt the influence of his open and frank demeanor and that unaffected kindness and sympathy which he was ever ready to bestow.

Oliver Blachly Knowles was born on the 3d of January, 1842, in the city of Philadelphia. His father, Levi Knowles, was a native of New Jersey, and has for many years been an honored and respected merchant of Philadelphia. His mother was Elizabeth Adeline Croskey, a native of that city, an intelligent lady with great force of character. The boy early evinced a strong predilection for equestrian exercise, and soon became a good rider. He was educated in the public schools of the city, spending two years in the High School, and at the age of fifteen entered the business house of his father, where he was actively employed at the breaking out of the war.

At the first drum-beat for troops, young Knowles was alive to the call of patriotism, and enlisted as a private in Company C of the First New York (Lincoln) Cavalry. The order authorizing the raising of this regiment was originally issued to General Carl Schurz, with the design of obtaining a company from each of the several States. But soon after receiving the order, Schurz abandoned the project, and transferred the authority to another, and the regiment, with the exception of this company which was from Philadelphia, was recruited in New York. Knowles was active in securing men for his company, urging the firemen and his associates to enlist; and he was early selected its clerk. It is related by Captain Boyd, who commanded the company, as an example of his obedience and strict fidelity, that on one occasion he himself rode with him to the post-office, and having to attend to some business in the next street, directed him to await his return. Forgetting the injunction, Boyd went back to headquarters by another route, and did not again think of his orderly until late in the day, when, hastening to the post-office, he found this faithful officer where he had ordered him to remain.

Scarcely a month from the time the company received its horses and arms, and before the men had fairly learned to sit their saddles, it was sent on a scout towards Fairfax Court House. When near Pohick Church, and moving leisurely along, it came suddenly upon a force of the enemy's cavalry concealed behind a wood. At sight of these the advance guard turned, and galloping in, reported a hostile army in front, which so terrified the men that they instinctively wheeled and began a hasty retreat. Knowles, who was with the advance, having carefully noted the enemy's force, dashed past his comrades, and soon reaching the rear of the column, informed the Captain that the foe was in no greater force than his own. Relying upon this report, the retreat, by his assistance, was suddenly stopped, and after forming, and preparing the minds of his men by encouraging words, the bugles sounded the charge. Dashing forward with shouts for the onset, and using their pistols as they came to close quarters, the enemy, after firing one volley, was put to disorderly flight. Thus at the very outset of his career he manifested, though but a private, a coolness, intelligence, and courage which saved the force from what was likely to become a disgraceful panic, and led to a spirit-stirring victory, the effect of which was never lost upon the company. For his gallantry here he was soon after, in September, 1861, promoted to Corporal, though it was only by the entreaties and finally the commands of the Captain that he was induced to accept it. From this point his advancement was rapid. In January following he was made Orderly Sergeant, a position of more responsibility than that of any other non-commissioned officer, where he was at once brought into intimate relations with the entire company, among whom he inspired respect and love. This regiment being a New York organization, all promotions to positions in the line had to come from the Governor of that State, and the field and staff, through whom advancement was regularly procured, were citizens of that Commonwealth. But by the recommendation of Governor Curtin, at the instance of Captain Boyd, he was, at the close of the Peninsula campaign, in which he participated with distinguished gallantry, promoted to the rank of Second Lieutenant. Captain James H. Stevenson, of the same regiment, in speaking of him at this period, says: "He soon became a favorite in the regiment, and he was the idol of his company. He was impelled by no mean or mercenary spirit in going out to serve his country, so he submitted patiently and cheerfully to all the privations of the camp and field, thus setting a good example to the men, and winning the hearts of his superior officers. He was never sick, always ready for duty, and seemed to regard the most fatiguing service or hazardous undertaking as pastime."

He was on the advance line in the Antietam campaign, and met the enemy in spirited engagements at Hyattstown, Frederick, Antietam, and Williamsport. His regiment now became part of the army commanded by General Milroy, stationed in the Shenandoah Valley and along the valley of the Potomac. Here guerilla warfare was rife, and duty more hazardous than with the Grand Army. The sagacity and courage of Knowles proved invaluable, and many were the dashes he executed, which by his strategy and daring were almost invariably attended with success, binding new laurels about his brow. So marked were these that in April, 1863, he was commissioned First Lieutenant.

In June following, he obtained a furlough of a few days—the first since his enlistment—and had just reached home when he heard that disaster had befallen Milroy's command. The entire army of General Lee, on its way to Pennsylvania, in the Gettysburg campaign, had come upon Milroy unawares, and before he could extricate himself was surrounded, and had to cut his way out, sustaining great loss. The instant Lieutenant Knowles heard of the discomfiture of his comrades he decided to forego the pleasure of home and the society of friends, and return at once to his command. At Harper's Ferry he learned that his company had escaped into Pennsylvania, by the way of Bloody Run. He accordingly hastened to Harrisburg, where he met it, and at once entered upon that campaign in his native State ever memorable and ever glorious.

His company was now put upon the extreme front, and scouted the Cumberland Valley, while the Confederate army was moving on Harrisburg. In one instance, he, with only seven men, surprised a party of the enemy near Chambersburg, and took over thirty prisoners with their horses and equipments. On another occasion he captured a party of seventeen horsemen—his own men not having a charge of powder in their pistols, nor any ammunition upon their persons except what had been ruined by excessive rains. On the 2d of July, with fifteen of his company, he charged into Fayetteville, where a Confederate column was passing, and captured fifty prisoners and a number of horses, snatching them from between the main body and its rear guard, and while neither was more than 500 yards away. Sending his prisoners to Harrisburg, he started over the mountains towards Gettysburg, and on the 4th dashed into Arendtsville and captured eighty prisoners, nine wagons, and a large number of horses. On the 6th, he took thirty-one prisoners near Waterloo. Of his conduct in this stirring campaign, Captain Boyd says: "It is worthy of being recorded in letters of gold. Were I to recount all that he did during that exciting time, I fear it would take longer to write than the campaign lasted."

In recognition of the services rendered by this company during the campaign, Governor Curtin gave its Captain command of a new regiment just then being recruited, and to Lieutenant Knowles the position of Major. So attached was the latter to his old company in the Lincoln Cavalry that it was with difficulty he could be induced to leave it, and not until the new regiment was reorganized at the end of six months for a further period of three years did he consent to accept this honorable promotion. During the time which expired between his original appointment and his acceptance in March, 1864, the Lincoln Cavalry was engaged in the most active and fatiguing campaigns of the war.

The new regiment to which he was transferred, after having been mounted and drilled as cavalry, was temporarily ordered to act as infantry, and in that capacity bore an active part in the hard-fought battles of Bethesda Church, Cold Harbor, Petersburg, Jerusalem Plank Road, Explosion of the Mine, Weldon Railroad, and Poplar Grove Church. In the last four of these engagements the regiment was commanded by Major Knowles, his superior officers having been wounded.

On the 8th of October, the regiment was remounted, and in November, Major Knowles was promoted to Colonel—the wounds of Colonel Boyd unfitting him for field duty. Joining the cavalry corps of General D. McM. Gregg, under that able commander Colonel Knowles led his regiment in the severe engagements at the Boydton Plank Road, and in the raids to Stony Creek and Bellefield, in both of which he acted as rear guard. In the movement to Hatcher's Run he commanded the brigade. On the 29th of March, the final campaign of the war opened, and at Dinwiddie Court House, Amelia Springs, Cedar Creek, Farmville, and Appomattox Court House, he followed General Sheridan, and won the commendation and warm approval of that fiery and impetuous leader. The last charge was actually delivered after the terms of surrender had been agreed upon. The operations of the morning of the 9th of April were being actively pushed, the Confederate General Rosser having been hard pressed, and driven nearly a mile, where he took a sheltered position and made a firm stand. The brigade had been drawn up for a charge, and the word to advance given, when news of the surrender was received. Colonel Knowles failed to get the notice, and led his regiment in a gallant charge alone. Seeing that he was unsupported by the rest of the line, he halted, when the recall was sounded, and the four years of fighting in the Army of the Potomac ceased.

The conduct of Colonel Knowles throughout his entire military career, from that of a private carrying the carbine to his last charge when the foremost of all the Confederate leaders had been compelled to surrender, was most devoted and heroic, winning the respect and affection of those beneath him, and the confidence and admiration of his superiors. His unaffected simplicity of manner, genial bearing, and never-failing wit won for him troops of friends wherever he moved. As a token of their esteem, he was presented by his companions in arms with a horse, sword and equipments. He was warmly commended by Generals Sickel, Gregg, and Sheridan, and it was at the suggestion of the two latter that shortly after the surrender he was commissioned a Brigadier-General, as a special recognition of his merit in the final campaign.

On the 4th of July General Knowles was honorably discharged, and mustered out of service. Returning to Philadelphia, he began to look about him for an opportunity to engage in an active business life. He chose the city of Milwaukee, as one of the great grain entrepôts of the West, and was soon settled in trade in that commodity, commanding by his excellent business capacity and assiduous attention to duty the trust of all with whom he came in contact. Possessed of a good constitution and robust health, a long life of activity and usefulness seemed open before him. But, alas! man's ways are not as God's ways, and His purposes are past finding out. At midnight of the 5th of December, 1866, he was stricken with cholera, and in five hours the strong man, the pride of his family, and the centre of a wide circle of friends, was no more. For a day or two he had not been in his usual health, but had attended regularly to business, and on the evening before his death was present at an exhibition in Music Hall. He left before the close of the performance, but not until midnight was medical aid called. Two of his friends who were with him at the entertainment, Captain Goodrich and Mr. Boyd, noticing his departure, and the unwonted pallor of his face, went to his room at that hour, and found him suffering. Physicians were summoned and were speedily at hand; but it was obvious from the first that his sickness would prove mortal. He sent messages of affection to his family, and said he was not afraid to die.

The Chamber of Commerce of Milwaukee, of which he was a member, passed resolutions of respect and sympathy of more than the usual formal expression of sorrow, delegating one of their number to accompany his remains to his parents in Philadelphia, and in a body followed in procession to the train which bore him away. His comrades of the Lincoln Cavalry, and of the Twenty-first Pennsylvania cavalry, which he led so gloriously, also passed resolutions of fraternal respect and tenderness. On the day of his death notice of his appointment by the Secretary of War as Major in the regular army reached his home—a signal mark of the confidence which his military life as a volunteer had inspired. But, when the intelligence of this honor came, the ear which it was intended to gladden was heavy, and the brow it was to glorify cold in death. He had passed to that unseen world where the noise of battle never comes, and the carnage of mortal strife is unknown.

The death of one so young, so brave and so good, so untimely cut off, occasioned a shock of sorrow and grief seldom witnessed. There now lies open before the writer a volume of letters of condolence framed in a rare spirit of tenderness and affection. The following, written by Captain James H. Stevenson, who commanded the company in the Lincoln Cavalry of which he was Lieutenant, is selected on account of the intimacy of the relations which subsisted between them. It was written on the receipt of a photograph of the deceased presented him by the father. "As I gaze," he says, "on the likeness of his youthful and manly face, I call to mind the many hardships and dangers through which we passed together, and his patient and soldierly bearing under the most trying circumstances. His goodness of heart was only equalled by his courage and patriotism. His gentlemanly and truly modest deportment, his cheerful obedience, and his faithful, prompt, and intelligent execution of all orders, first attracted my attention to him, and I mentioned him to the Captain for promotion. But he needed no 'friend at court,' for he earned his own promotion in the very first engagement, only one month after muster into service. All acknowledged his promotion merited, and recognized him as a worthy leader. He was beloved by all the men, and they rejoiced at his success. He was more conspicuous in deeds than in words, and, recognizing this, his comrades rendered it unnecessary for him to sound his own praises. He had the talent to command in the midst of danger, and presence of mind to meet and surmount extraordinary perils. His presence seemed to dissipate fear, calm disturbed minds, and inspire confidence in the breasts of all under his charge. He had the faculty of enforcing discipline under the guidance of justice, moderation and good sense. Always yielding a cheerful obedience, he set an example to his inferiors which secured their obedience in return. . . . When I rejoined the old company as Captain, he came as my First Lieutenant. We ate, slept, rode, enjoyed ourselves, and suffered hardships together, and I came to love him as a brother. When he was promoted Major of another regiment and took leave of me, although I rejoiced at his well-deserved and hard-earned promotion, I felt as though I had lost my only friend and companion. I never heard of his promotion afterwards without feelings of pride, and when the news of his sudden death reached me, I felt as though an arrow had pierced me. I trust he has entered into his rest and is in possession of the crown and palm and glorious robe."

General Knowles died at the early age of twenty-five, not on the field of battle, where in the face of the foe he had often courted death, but in the quiet walk of life. In person he was of a most noble and commanding presence, being six feet and two inches in height, well-proportioned, and of fair complexion. He was unmarried. His remains were buried in Laurel Hill cemetery, and upon the stone which marks his resting-place is inscribed by the hand of affection these most truthful words:

"He was:
Gentle, yet Courageous,
Firm, but Magnanimous,
Beloved by all."

ANDREW HART TIPPIN was born on Christmas day, 1823, in Plymouth, Montgomery county, Pennsylvania. His father, George Tippin, was of Irish descent, and his mother, Catharine (Hart) Tippin, of German origin, though both Pennsylvanians by birth. He received a fair English education in the schools of his native place, and afterwards learned the printing business. He at one time published the *Montgomery Ledger* at Pottstown. He was possessed of a strong desire for knowledge, and became a voracious reader.

At the breaking out of the Mexican War, he received the appointment of Second Lieutenant in the Eleventh United States infantry, his commission bearing date of the 9th of April, 1847, and a few months later that of First Lieutenant. He became Adjutant of the regiment, which position he held during the greater part of the war. He was engaged at the National Bridge, Contreras, Cherubusco, Molino del Rey, Chapultepec, and Garita de Belen; and received two brevets for gallant and meritorious conduct in these actions.

At the opening of the late war he was commissioned Major of the Twentieth regiment in the three months' service, and afterwards Colonel of the Sixty-eighth, for three years. With the latter regiment he joined the Army of the Potomac and was assigned to duty in Birney's division of the Third corps, participating with it in all the engagements in which that fighting division had a part. At Gettysburg the regiment was in Graham's brigade, which held the noted angle at the Peach Orchard, where so many brave men fell, battling with heroic valor to hold the ground against a vastly superior opposing force. Here Colonel Tippin received a slight wound, but remained upon the field.

In a sharp encounter at Auburn, Virginia, on the 14th of October, 1863, he was taken prisoner and marched away to Libby, where for over nine months he was subjected to the hard usage accorded to the inmates of that loathsome den. On being released he returned to his regiment, and was with it in the campaigns before Petersburg, and until the close of the war. At Sailor's Creek, just previous to the final surrender, Lieutenant-General Ewell and nearly his entire command were taken prisoners. The head-quarters brigade of the Potomac army, of which Colonel Tippin had command, was detailed to escort the captives to City Point. "Among the prisoners," says Colonel Tippin, in describing this event, "were Lieutenant-General Ewell, Major-Generals Custis Lee, Kershaw, and other prominent Generals of the rebel army together with about 600 officers of lesser grade. At a point on the route where we all rested for a short time, I received a despatch that General Lee had surrendered. I communicated the intelligence to Generals Ewell and Custis Lee, but both doubted its truthfulness. They could not think it possible. In a very short time, and before leaving our resting-place, General Benham came up with his engineer brigade, and gave the terms of the surrender. Young General Lee dropped his head on his breast, and General Ewell threw up his arms, exclaiming, 'The jig is up.'"

Colonel Tippin was above the medium stature, being five feet eight inches in height, and possessed of an excellent constitution. He was married on the 11th of August, 1846, to Miss Ellen Lightcap, of Pottstown. He at various times held offices of public trust, having been Clerk of the Orphans' Court of Montgomery county, Clerk of the Sessions and of Oyer and Terminer, Chief Deputy of the United States Marshal for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania, and agent of the State on the Columbia Railroad. He died in February, 1870.

ALFRED B. McCALMONT, Colonel of the Two Hundred and Eighth regiment, and Brevet Brigadier-General, was born on the 28th of April, 1825, at Franklin, Pennsylvania. He was the son of Alexander McCalmont, and brother of John S., of the Tenth Reserve. He was for one term, in 1840, a student in Allegheny College, and graduated in 1844 at Dickinson College, standing second in a class of twenty. He studied law at Franklin with his father, then President Judge of the Eighteenth Judicial District, and was admitted to the bar in 1847. He commenced practice in Pittsburg. In 1853 he became associated with T. J. Keenan in conducting the *Daily Union* and the Pittsburg *Legal Journal*. In 1855 he was appointed Prothonotary of the Supreme Court for the Western District of the State, and resigned in May, 1858, to accept a position in the office of the Hon. Jeremiah S. Black, who was then Attorney-General in the cabinet of President Buchanan. On the creation of the office of Assistant Attorney-General, Mr. Black appointed Mr. McCalmont to that place, which he held during the continuance of Mr. Buchanan's administration. He resumed the practice of his profession at Franklin in June, 1861, in partnership with James K. Kerr, who soon after entered the volunteer service of the United States, as Major of the Fourth Pennsylvania cavalry. Mr. McCalmont followed his partner the next year, and after recruiting a company, entered the service on the 1st of September, 1862, as Lieutenant-Colonel of the One Hundred and Forty-second regiment. After the fall of the Colonel of the regiment, at Gettysburg, McCalmont received a commission to fill the vacancy; but could not be mustered, as his regiment was reduced in number below that required by the regulations of the War Department. He, in common with many other officers, complained of the injustice of a rule which virtually stopped promotion in all regiments that had seen hard service. His case, in particular, was made the subject of an eloquent appeal to Congress by a brother officer, Colonel Webster, of Maryland, who labored in vain to abolish the objectionable regulation.

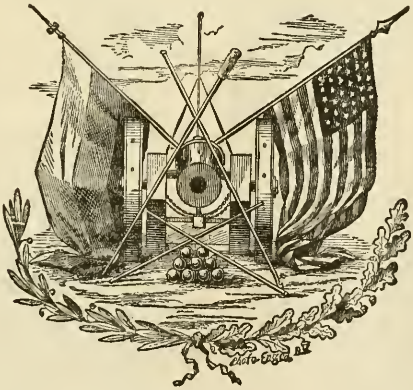
In the fall of 1864 he was allowed to accept the position of Colonel of the Two Hundred and Eighth regiment, by way of indirect promotion. He served during the remainder of the war in General Hartranft's division of the Ninth corps, in front of Petersburg, and commanded a brigade in the assault upon, and capture of the enemy's works and the occupation of that city on the morning of the 2d of April, 1865. In recognition of his gallantry and soldierly conduct throughout the war he received from Secretary Stanton the brevet rank of Brigadier-General. After the close of the war he pursued the practice of the law at Franklin, his native town.

He was appointed to deliver the address before the Society of the Army of the Potomac, on the occasion of the annual reunion to be held at Harrisburg on the 12th of May, 1874; but having submitted to an operation by an eminent surgeon, for a tumor upon the face, he was attacked with erysipelas, which terminated his life on Thursday, May 7th, 1874, at Philadelphia. His remains were returned to Franklin, where they were consigned to the grave with much ceremony, and many demonstrations of respect to his greatly esteemed public and private worth.

GEORGE ARCHIBALD McCALL, Major-General of volunteers, the first commander of the Pennsylvania Reserve corps, was born in Philadelphia, on the 16th of March, 1802. He received the appointment of a Cadet at West Point in 1818, whence he graduated in due course. In April, 1831, he was made Assistant Adjutant-General on the staff of General Gaines, then at the head of the Western Department of the United States. In September, 1836, he was promoted to Captain in the Fourth infantry, and in that capacity distinguished himself under Colonel Worth in Florida, being recommended by that officer for the brevet rank of Major, for gallant conduct in the battle of Pelalicaha, who said: "He will do more honor to the rank than the rank can confer on him." He was with General Taylor in his march to the Rio Grande, and for "gallant and distinguished services" in the battles of Palo Alto and Resaca de la Palma he was brevetted Major and Lieutenant-Colonel. On the 7th of July, 1846, he was made Assistant Adjutant-General with the rank of Major, and on the 26th of December, 1847, Major of the Third infantry. His fellow-citizens of Philadelphia, justly glorying in his gallant bearing in recent battles, presented him with an elegant sword, as a token of their appreciation of his services, on his return from Mexico.

His health having been impaired by active duty, he determined to spend a year in Europe, and, both in England and upon the Continent, visited military schools, and minutely inspected fortifications, camps, and hospitals, gaining a large acquaintance with the improvements in modern warfare. On his return he was placed in command of the Third infantry, stationed at Santa Fé. Before joining his regiment he was requested by the War Department to prepare a historical account of the territory newly acquired from Mexico, accompanied by statistical tables of population and resources, which was published by Congress. On the 10th of June, 1850, he was appointed Inspector-General of the United States Army, with the rank of a Colonel of cavalry, and as such made a personal examination of military posts and the troops in New Mexico, California, and Oregon. His health, which was never robust, again failing, on the 29th of April, 1853, he resigned his commission, determined to retire permanently to private life. Being well read in natural science he prosecuted his studies in this department, and made valuable contributions to its literature. In 1855, he removed from Philadelphia to a farm in Chester county, and here prepared and published a work entitled *Letters from the Frontiers*, in which he gave an account of his services in the Department of the West. At the breaking out of the Rebellion he was called to Harrisburg by Governor Curtin for advice and consultation. While there he was elected Colonel of the Tenth Reserve regiment, which position he declined. He was shortly after appointed Major-General by Governor Curtin, and given command of the Pennsylvania Reserve corps, consisting of twelve regiments of infantry and one each of cavalry, artillery, and riflemen. He planned the movement on Dranesville, which resulted in the first victory gained by the Army of the Potomac. When McClellan moved to the Peninsula, McCall remained before Washington, and soon after marched along the line of the Alexandria railway and thence to Fredericksburg. He had thrown a part of his force across the stream, and his cavalry was moving down the Richmond railway, the purpose being to join McClellan overland, when he was ordered back and taken down the Potomac by transport. He arrived just as the Seven Days' battle was opening, and was thrust out to the fore-front, where he received the first shock at Beaver Dam Creek, on the 26th of June. McCall was here almost alone pitted against thrice his number. But he had chosen well his position and had thrown up earthworks—a lesson which the Potomac army was slow in learning—and against him the tide of battle beat in vain. The victory was signal and complete, and attained at little cost, though immensely destructive to the foe. Having but a small force, and his right flank liable to be turned, he was recalled during the night, and moved back without loss, in the face of a vigilant enemy. On the 27th, at Gaines' Mill, McCall was held in reserve till the front line of battle was broken and being driven back, when he was ordered forward. But here there had been no systematic and continuous earthworks thrown up, and a fragment of the Union army having been caught at a disadvantage, was overwhelmed, and his command suffered severely. At Charles City Cross Roads, on the 30th, was enacted the great military exploit of his life. It was next to the last of the noted Seven Days. Here it was that the rebel leaders had determined to fall upon the flank of the Union army and cut it in twain. But the vigilant McCall was there; and though the onsets of the foe were terrible and oft repeated, yet he withstood the brunt of their assaults, and by the aid of Hooker and Sumner, who came to his assistance, totally defeated the cherished purpose of the foe, though not without great loss and a terrible breaking and scourging of his gallant corps. Just at dusk, while reconnoitring with Major Stone of the Bucktail regiment, he was taken prisoner.

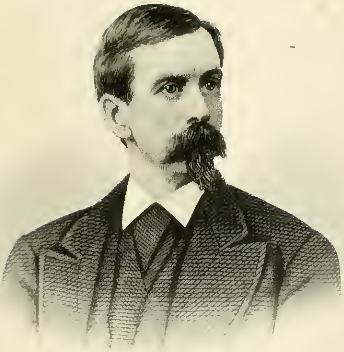
"General McCall," says Stone, "had come out of the woods, wounded and alone, and taken his place at the head of the column. After the halt, the General took me forward a few paces with him, and in the darkness we suddenly found ourselves close upon the levelled muskets of a hostile column which filled the road in front of us. We were ordered to halt and dismount, but I turned and escaped, only slightly hurt, drawing two volleys from the enemy. General McCall was not so fortunate, and is in their hands." He was taken to Richmond and incarcerated in Libby Prison. After his release, having suffered from his wound and the unusual severity of the campaign, he resigned his place in the army, and returned to his home in Chester county, where he remained in private life until his death, which occurred on the 25th of February, 1868.



CHAPTER VII.

JOHN WHITE GEARY, Colonel of the Twenty-eighth regiment, Brigadier and Major-General of volunteers, and Governor of Pennsylvania, was born on the 30th of December, 1819, near the little village of Mount Pleasant, in Westmoreland county, at the head of the Ohio valley, a region pronounced by the Duke of Carlisle to be the most picturesque and beautiful which the wide world affords. His father, Richard Geary, was a native of Franklin county, Pennsylvania, and was a man of culture, and of singular uprightness and integrity of character. His mother, Margaret White, was a native of Washington county, Maryland, of an old slaveholding family, and, like her husband, was of Scotch-Irish ancestry. Soon after their marriage the parents removed to Westmoreland county, where the father engaged in the manufacture of iron, which, owing to the depression in the market for that commodity, proved a losing venture, and he was obliged to abandon it, absorbing not only the capital he had invested but entailing debts which he was unable to liquidate. In this situation, doubly harassing from his delicate sense of honor, he resorted to teaching, for which he was well qualified; but soon sank to his grave, his declining hours embittered and doubtless hastened by the sense of his indebtedness.

Many of the most gifted and successful of the public men of America have had an humble origin. Geary was no exception to this rule. A log cabin sheltered him in boyhood. There were four children, all boys. The first and third died young. The second, the Rev. Edward R., has for nearly twenty years prosecuted a faithful and consistent ministry in Oregon. The youngest, John W., after the usual preliminary course, entered Jefferson



R. [illegible]
Capt Bat E [illegible] Regt

[illegible]
Lt Col [illegible] Regt

DAVID LEASURE
Col 100th 'Roundhead' Regt
Brev Brig Gen

[illegible] WARD
Maj [illegible] Reserve

[illegible]

[illegible]

College; but owing to the death of his father he was obliged to leave before graduating. His mother had inherited a number of slaves, but, impelled by that strict sense of probity and justice which ever characterized her, she not only manumitted them but before doing so gave them all the rudiments of an education. That he might provide for that mother's immediate wants and make her comfortable, he taught school for a time, and by frugality was not only able to accomplish this filial duty but to complete his education. A short experience in a wholesale business house in Pittsburg convinced him that he was not born for a tradesman, and he prosecuted the study of civil engineering, for which he had early developed a fondness. He subsequently read law, and was admitted to practise. But, an opportunity opening for employment as an engineer in Kentucky, he went thither, and was engaged in the survey of several lines of public works, acting as the joint agent of the State and the Green River Railroad Company. With the income from this service, and the fortunate sale of a small land venture, he was enabled to return to his mother with sufficient means to discharge all his father's debts, which he did.

He soon after became assistant superintendent and engineer of the Allegheny and Portage Railroad in his own State, an important and responsible position; but he had not been long thus engaged before the Mexican war opened, and he at once abandoned a lucrative place, and recruited a company in Cambria county which was called the *American Highlanders.* It was incorporated in the Second Pennsylvania regiment, Colonel Roberts, of which Geary was chosen Lieutenant-Colonel. It joined General Scott's army at Vera Cruz and became a part of Quitman's division. His first action was at the Pass of La Hoya, and in the storming of Chapultepec he received a wound. Upon entering the valley of Mexico, Colonel Roberts was disabled by sickness, and the active command devolved upon Geary. In the sharp action at Garita de Belen, he displayed such intrepidity that, upon the fall of the city, General Quitman assigned him to the command of the great citadel. Colonel Roberts died soon afterwards, and Geary was promoted to succeed him.

The executive ability displayed in his Mexican service attracted the attention of President Polk, who appointed him Postmaster of San Francisco, and general mail agent with authority to establish offices, routes, and appoint postmasters - being in effect a deputy Postmaster-General on the Pacific coast. It was a position of great labor; but his ability to systematize soon enabled him to bring order out of chaos, and to inaugurate a well-regulated plan. A new administration soon succeeded with altered politics, and with it a change of Postmasters, and Geary was superseded by Jacob B. Moore. But he was not long suffered to remain in retirement. The citizens of San Francisco elected him First Alcalde, and shortly after he was made Judge of First Instance by the Military Governor of the Territory, General Riley. These were Mexican offices, and involved nearly all the civil and criminal business of the city. He was almost unanimously re-elected Alcalde, and when, in the following year, the Mexican forms gave place to American, he was chosen the first Mayor of the city. A turbulent population was now rushing to the new El Dorado, and his task in maintaining order was difficult. In the meantime the question of a State Constitution was presenting itself for decision, and though not a member of the convention which framed that instrument, his voice is known to have been potential in devising and carrying through in the face of the fire-eaters of the South the clause which excluded slavery, and made it a free State.

He had married, in 1843, Miss Margaret Ann, daughter of James R. Logan, of Westmoreland county. Her failing health decided him to return to the Atlantic States in hope of her restoration. Her death, soon after his arrival, caused him to abandon the purpose which he strongly cherished of going back to the Pacific coast and making it his permanent home. He accordingly devoted himself to improved stock-raising and farming, in his native county. Three years had scarcely elapsed, and his farming was just beginning to take the form which he had prefigured, when he was called to Washington by President Pierce, and asked to take the governorship of Utah. This he declined, feeling that there was no field here for the development of executive ability. But when, a short time afterwards, he was urged by the Chief Magistrate to take the helm on the troubled waters of Kansas, he recognized the opportunity for great usefulness, and promptly accepted it. The outlook before him was anything but promising. Governor Reeder had failed to carry out the views of the administration, and had been superseded by Shannon, who in turn was leaving with no better success than his predecessor. Governor Geary was a known Democrat when he left Pennsylvania. He therefore entered the Territory with no very strong sympathies for the abolitionists, nor on the other hand had he any sentiments in common with the border ruffians. He accordingly determined to pursue an upright and impartial course, let who would go down before it. In his first communication to Secretary Marcy he says: "The existing difficulties are of a far more complicated character than I had anticipated." But he was one of the most hopeful and resolute of men, and the greater the difficulty the more was he aroused to meet it. After giving a graphic picture of the condition of the Territory, where murder, arson, and crime were running riot, he concludes by saying: "Such is the condition of Kansas, faintly pictured. It can be no worse. Yet I feel assured that I shall be able ere long to restore it to peace and quiet." His previous political teachings and experience caused him to enter upon his duties with prejudices against the more violent of the abolitionists. Yet when he came face to face with the two parties, and understood the real designs and purposes of each—that one was bent on settlement, and the other on breaking up such settlement—he determined to allow no preconceived opinions to have weight, and he declared, in his first address to the people, "I have deliberately accepted the executive office, and as God may give me strength and ability, I will endeavor faithfully to discharge its varied requirements. . . . In my official action here, I will do justice at all hazards. Influenced by no other considerations than the welfare of the whole people of this Territory, I desire to know no party nor section, no North, no South, no East, no West—nothing but Kansas and my country." But this was not what the pro-slavery party wanted of a Governor, nor, as it subsequently appeared, what the administration at Washington designed. To break up free-soil emigration and settlement and make it a slave State was the only purpose. When, therefore, the Governor strove to stop outrage and violence, and give every *bona fide* settler a fair chance, he incurred the mortal hatred of the fire-eaters, was thwarted by nearly every local officer and Federal appointee, was threatened with assassination, and was left alone to battle with the wrathful elements. "He no longer," says his biographer, "doubted his true position. He was alone in the Territory. He was not only not supported by a single officer sent there by the General Government, but every one of them was exerting his influence and power to oppose his efforts to do justice and secure the peace he had effected." In one of his addresses to an excited crowd at Topeka which seemed bent on doing him personal violence, the Governor said: "Gentlemen, I come not to treat with, but to govern you. There is now no other Governor in the Territory than myself. I will protect the lives and property of every peace-loving and law-abiding citizen with all the power I possess. I will punish every lawbreaker, whatever may be his position or pretensions. I will not for a moment tolerate any questioning of my authority. All who are in favor of restoring peace to this distracted Territory can range themselves under my banner; all others I will treat as bandits and robbers, and as such extirpate them at the point of the bayonet. Don't talk to me about slavery or freedom, free-state men or pro-slavery men, until we have restored the benign influences of peace to the country; until we have punished the murderer, and driven out the bandit and rabble, and returned the industrious citizens to their homes and claims. Do not, I pray you, attempt to embarrass me with your political disputations. You shall all, without distinction of party, be alike protected. This is no time to talk about party, when men, women and children are hourly being murdered at their own firesides or whilst sleeping in their beds, or are being driven by merciless bands of marauders from their homes without money, food, or clothing. In God's name, rise for a moment above party, and contemplate yourselves as men and patriots. I am your friend—your fellow-citizen—moved by no other impulse than the welfare of the inhabitants of this Territory, and the protection of their honor, their lives and property. When peace is fairly restored, I will see that every man of you is secured in his political rights."

Although himself a Democrat of the strictest sect, and the appointee of a pro-slavery administration, there was a sentiment ever uppermost in the heart of John W. Geary that would never allow him to stand unconcernedly by and see right and justice trampled in the dust, and iniquity prevail, however much his party might seem to be strengthened thereby. As a consequence, bloodshed, arson, and turbulence of every description were checked under his rule, and the tide of *bona fide* population set strongly and rapidly towards the new Territory. The pro-slavery men saw their darling projects withering in his hand, and set themselves vigorously to work to have him recalled. But in the meantime the administration of Pierce was at an end, and, moved by a desire to relieve the successor from any embarrassment on his account, he promptly placed his resignation in the hands of Mr. Buchanan on the day of his inauguration, and soon after issued his farewell address, in which he referred with honest pride to the pacification which had resulted from his rule, and the consequent prosperity and growth of the Territory, commending the interests of the infant State and the nation to the instincts of patriotism, and declared: "All true patriots, whether from the North or South, the East or West, should unite together for that which is and must be regarded as a common cause, the preservation of the Union; and he who shall whisper a desire for its dissolution, no matter what may be his pretensions, or to what faction or party he claims to belong, is unworthy of your confidence, deserves your strongest reprobation, and should be branded as a traitor to his country."

On retiring from Kansas he resumed his agricultural operations, which had suffered in his absence. Four years of turmoil soon passed, in which the elements of discord which he found in Kansas, and which he strove to settle, were kept in constant agitation. On the morning after the attack upon Sumter, Governor Geary, unconscious of what had transpired, drove his farm-wagon to the neighboring village, where he learned that the flag of his country had been insulted and pulled down in Charleston harbor. His resolution was immediately taken, and in less than one hour from that time he had an office open for recruits, and promptly tendered his services to the Government. He was given authority to raise a regiment, and so great was the desire to serve with him that sixty-six companies sent applications to be taken into his command. In consequence of this he was permitted to have fifteen companies and a battery of six guns. As soon as officered and equipped, his command was assigned to the army of General Banks, and was posted at Harper's Ferry, where he had a front of twenty-one miles upon the river to guard. On the 16th of October, while a portion of his force was out gathering wheat from the enemy, he was attacked by a large body under Ashby and Evans with seven guns; but he succeeded in repulsing them and capturing one of their pieces, though sustaining some loss and himself being wounded. In the spring he was given the advance in the movement up the Valley, captured Leesburg, and uncovered, in succession, all the important passes through the Blue Ridge. Soon after this he was appointed Brigadier-General of volunteers, and assigned to the command of a brigade in the Second corps. In the hotly contested battle of Cedar Mountain, where Stonewall Jackson fought with his usual impetuosity and skill, General Geary, leading his brigade with remarkable courage and daring, was wounded, first in the foot and afterwards severely in the arm, to save which from amputation he was obliged to give himself unreservedly to surgical treatment.

Upon the formation of the Twelfth corps, after the Maryland campaign, General Geary was assigned to the command of its Second or White Star division. This corps accompanied Hooker in his advance upon Chancellorsville, and was on the centre of the original line of battle. When disaster befell the right, and Hooker was obliged to fall back to a more defensible position, Geary was left upon the front to check the foe until the movement could be executed, and in finally withdrawing was fearfully exposed and suffered severely. He was himself struck over the heart with the fragment of a shell, and his division lost over one thousand men in killed, wounded, and missing. During the first day at Gettysburg the First and Eleventh corps and a division of cavalry were alone engaged. Just at the close of the day, when, broken and decimated, the remnants of those heroic corps were retreating through the village of Gettysburg, the fainting and dispirited soldiers descried far down the Baltimore pike a cloud of dust. Higher and higher it rose, and finally was revealed to their eager gaze the dim outline of the stars and stripes. It was the head of Geary's division advancing to the rescue, and soon his solid columns were deploying upon the field, bringing hope to their depressed and despondent minds. Its arrival was known to the enemy, who was deterred from attacking, since that gallant division was ready to be thrown upon any part where he might choose to assault. As the left of the line, in the direction of Little Round Top, was open and most liable to be turned, Geary was sent thither. On the following morning he was recalled and put upon Culp's Hill, which he fortified. Towards evening he was ordered over to the left with two of his brigades; but before he reached the point intended he returned to Culp's Hill. In his absence the enemy had attacked and nearly overborne the brigade which he had left, and completely overrun his own works. To regain them the struggle was desperate, commencing at dawn and lasting till past ten o'clock. Assault after assault of the enemy was repulsed, and the ground was piled with the slain and wounded. Finally, seeing his antagonist weakened and beginning to waver, Geary charged and swept all before him, retaking his lost breastworks and inflicting fearful slaughter. This ended the last real advantage obtained by the enemy on this field, and was an important agency in finally gaining the victory.

But perhaps the two most notable military exploits of General Geary's life, though by no means the ones in which his manhood was most severely tested, were those of Wauhatchie, and Lookout Mountain or the BATTLE ABOVE THE CLOUDS. Soon after the Gettysburg campaign closed, General Hooker, with the Eleventh and Twelfth corps, was sent to Chattanooga to the relief of Rosecrans, who was shut up in that out-of-the-way place, and in imminent peril of capture from the combined forces of Bragg and Longstreet, the latter, detached from Lee's army in Virginia, having reached this place in advance of Hooker. The Union forces were pushing forward to open the way to the starving army of Rosecrans, the main avenues to which were in possession of the enemy. On the 27th of October, Geary, with a portion of his division, had reached a point opposite Lookout Mountain, where the Kelly's Ferry road intersects the railroad near the banks of Lookout Creek. His force numbered but 1463, and no Union troops were within several miles. It was an important position, as it commanded the roads necessary to be kept open for the passage of supplies, a result which the enemy was eager to defeat. It lies immediately beneath the shadow of Lookout Mountain, upon whose serene summit a number of rebel generals, among whom were Longstreet, Breckenridge and Hood, were watching the toilsome progress of the Union troops. Seeing this little force of Geary encamping with no supports they determined to surprise it by a night attack, and crush it utterly. Geary was not aware when he formed his camp that any hostile forces were near him. But it was a marked characteristic of him to be ever watchful, and fortunately he was that night especially vigilant. He sent Colonel Rickards, with the Twenty-ninth Pennsylvania, to picket all the roads, with injunctions to throw the guards well out, and in double strength. Colonel Rickards was a shrewd officer, and, when his men were posted, went to the house of a magistrate near by, under pretence of having some bread baked, and in response to a question apparently casually put to one of the women of the household he learned that the enemy had that very day been upon the ground. This was startling intelligence. Could it be that the foe in force was upon his track and no part of the Union army in supporting distance? The magistrate was brought to General Geary's tent and quickly made to disclose the whole truth—that the enemy in heavy battalions, at least four times his own, was at that moment lying at the head of the bridge leading across the creek, not a mile and a quarter away, ready to advance and give battle. The situation was critical; but General Geary was determined, if attacked, to sell his command dearly, and accordingly made every disposition.

At a little past midnight, as he had anticipated, the attack came; and now was seen the advantage of strong picket lines well out; for they made a good fight, falling back slowly, and contesting every inch stubbornly, so that, by the time they had reached the main body, it was in readiness to receive the oncoming foe. Charge after charge was made and the incessant flashes of the guns lighted up the whole heavens. But firmly this handful of men held their ground, and dealt fearful destruction. Thirty-five out of forty-eight artillery horses in Knap's battery were killed. General Geary's son, Edward R., a gallant young officer, was instantly cut off while sighting his gun. Until four o'clock the struggle was maintained. The sixty rounds of ammunition were exhausted, and the dead and wounded were searched for a supply. The Union guns were ably handled and produced terrible effect. Finally, one of the pieces was dragged to a position where it enfiladed a rebel force which had taken shelter behind a railroad embankment, the fire from which caused his line to waver. Taking advantage of this sign of weakness, Geary ordered a charge, which drove everything before it. At this moment a pack of frightened mules broke away, and with their traces dangling at their sides rushed in a body in the same direction, producing the impression that the Union cavalry was charging, and causing a stampede—the confident midnight assault of the enemy ending in inglorious rout. One hundred and fifty-seven of the enemy's dead were left on the field, and one hundred and thirty-five severely wounded. When Generals Grant and Hooker arrived, and witnessed the evidences of the intensity of the struggle, they expressed their surprise and gratification that so small a body of men had made so gallant a fight. General Slocum wrote: "I wish you and your command to know that I feel deeply grateful for their gallant conduct, and for the new laurels they have brought to our corps." Badeau in his life of Grant says: "Mr. Jefferson Davis had visited Lookout Mountain only a week before, and feasted his eyes with the sight of the National army shut up among the hills, like an animal ready for slaughter; and now, at a single stroke, the prey had been snatched from his grasp. The door for relief was opened, and, from a besieged and isolated army, the force in Chattanooga had suddenly become the assailant. . . . The army felt as if it had been miraculously relieved. Its spirit revived at once, the depression of Chickamauga was shaken off, and the unshackled giant stood erect." "For almost three hours," says General Hooker in his official report of this battle, "without assistance he [Geary] repelled the repeated attacks of vastly superior numbers, and in the end drove them ingloriously from the field. At one time they had enveloped him on three sides, under circumstances that would have dismayed any officer except one endowed with an iron will, and the most exalted courage. Such is the character of General Geary." No words could more veritably portray his character, and the victory achieved

"In the dead waste and middle of the night,"

against numbers many fold his own acting upon a preconcerted and well-matured plan, was gained by that iron will and most exalted courage.

Scarcely a month had elapsed before he divulged to General Hooker an ingenious plan for sweeping the enemy from the seemingly impregnable heights of Lookout Mountain. At a distance of half or two-thirds up the side of this bold chain rises a perpendicular, and in some parts overhanging, face of rock which reaches to a great height. His device was to cause a close column to hug this palisade—where it would be sheltered from the fire of the troops above—which should turn the flank of any body of soldiers that might be encountered on the lower slope of the mountain, like the point of a ploughshare, and follow this up closely by a heavy force three lines deep and well supported, which like the moulding-board of the plough should overwhelm and scatter every opposing force. His plan was adopted and he was given a strong column. A dense fog on the morning of the 24th of November served to screen his preliminary movements, and before the enemy were aware of it that resistless ploughshare was running along under the shadow of the towering rock. Stubborn resistance was made; but taken unawares and in the reverse direction from that in which they were fortified to fight, they were swept along by this novel and swiftly moving force. Still, taking advantage of the little ravines by which the face of the mountain is seamed, and the loose rocks everywhere covering the ground, desperate fighting at every turn was kept up. But nothing could stay the onward progress of Geary. Mists hung low on the breast of the mountain, and the combatants were shut out from the view of the distant observer; yet the progress of the fight could be discerned by the flashes of the musketry. Grant, and Thomas, and Sherman, and Hooker, with their troops a hundred thousand strong, from their several positions were watching with the deepest solicitude the progress of the contest. As Geary fought his way on he gradually wound upwards, and finally, having swept all before him, emerged into the bright sunlight far above the black clouds that still hung on the breast of the mountain, and planted the White Star flag upon the lofty summit. As the Union army beheld that beautiful emblem floating upon the serene air, and knew that the victory was won, peals of rejoicing rung out from every valley and hillside, and the distant mountains repeated the glad shout. It was the noted BATTLE ABOVE THE CLOUDS, which the imagination has allied to the fiery contests of angels upon heaven's battlements, as pictured by the prolific fancy of Milton.

The battle of Missionary Ridge followed on the next day, when Sherman stood upon the left, Thomas upon the centre, and Hooker upon the right. Geary was sent to turn the extreme right of the rebel column, and gaining the rear of that flank dashed on in triumphal course. His progress here, as described by himself, was the most exciting and inspiring of any in the whole course of his military life.

Early in the spring of 1864, Sherman commenced his campaign on Atlanta, where, for a hundred days, was one almost continuous battle, in which General Geary never for one moment left his post. At Peachtree Creek, where the enemy, under Hood—the new rebel Commander-in-chief—attacked with unwonted power, he stood unmoved, and finally beat back the foe, gaining a complete triumph. In the March to the Sea he led his division with unbroken success, and when arrived at Savannah, and that stronghold had fallen with its outlying forts, he was selected to be Military Governor of the city. With the march northward through the Carolinas, and the surrender of Johnson, the war virtually ended, and the armies were disbanded. General Geary now returned to private life, and, in 1866, was nominated and elected Governor of Pennsylvania for a term of three years. At its close he was re-elected for a second term. In his administration of civil affairs he showed himself, if possible, more gifted than in the field. His messages abound in recommendations for correcting abuses in legislating and in administering affairs. To this end the veto power was freely used, and a most careful and scrutinizing personal supervision was given to the entire working of the Government. During the six years of his administration the State debt was diminished by the sum of $10,992,662.54. In January, 1873, his gubernatorial labors closed. Without allowing himself any time for relaxation, he at once entered upon extensive business projects, which he was preparing to carry forward with his usual unrelenting hand; but on the morning of Saturday, the 8th of February, while seated at the breakfast table in the midst of his family, his head dropped upon his breast, and without a struggle he expired. An examination disclosed no apparent signs of disease. But a microscopical inspection by an expert proved that death was caused by fatty degeneration of the heart and kidneys. His brain weighed fifty-six and a half ounces, one of the largest on record. The suddenness of his death, coupled with his having so recently laid aside the gubernatorial dignity, created a marked sensation at the capital and throughout the State. A public funeral was accorded. The Governor and heads of departments, members of both houses of the Legislature, military and civic societies, united in paying the last sad rites, which were rendered unusually solemn and impressive.

By his first marriage he had three sons, one of whom died in infancy, another was killed at Wauhatchie, and a third was a recent graduate at West Point. Mrs. Geary died in 1853. In 1858, he was married to Mrs. Mary C. Henderson, daughter of Robert R. Church, of Cumberland county. The issue of this marriage was three daughters and one son.

In person Governor Geary was six feet four inches in height, and well proportioned. In manners he was courteous, and at the same time affable and cordial. He was endowed with a deep sense of religious obligation, and was hence preserved from those vices which have dragged down many of the most exalted intellects. He had much of the iron in his nature, and consequently was exacting and imperious, not only towards others but also towards himself. He was careful of the public welfare. Few men have been more successful. Though cut off in middle life, he had been much in the public eye, and had filled numerous stations of great responsibility—a soldier in two wars, and practically Governor in three States. What to most men would have been regarded a short life to him was long and full; for

> "We live in deeds, not years; in thought, not breath;
> In feelings, not in figures on the dial.
> We should count time by heart-throbs when they beat
> For God, for man, for duty. He most lives
> Who thinks most, feels noblest, acts the best;
> And he but dead who lives the coward life."

CHARLES JOHN BIDDLE, Colonel of the Bucktail regiment, was born on the 30th of April, 1819, in the city of Philadelphia. He was the son of Nicholas, and Jane Margaret (Craig) Biddle. He was educated at Princeton College, and read law in his native city, where he was admitted to the bar. He volunteered in the militia for the suppression of the riots in 1844, and at the breaking out of the Mexican War recruited a company—of which he was made Captain—for service in one of the new regiments just then ordered for the regular army, in which Joseph E. Johnston was Lieutenant-Colonel. He participated in all the battles fought in the Valley of Mexico, and received honorable mention in the reports of his superiors, General Scott designating him as "among the first in the assault" at Chapultepec, and his regimental commander saying, "Captain Biddle behaved with his accustomed bravery; he joined us in the morning from a sick-bed, against my wish and orders." He was breveted Major for "gallant and meritorious" conduct, and was selected as Aide-de-camp by General Kearny. Upon his return from Mexico he resumed the practice of the law, and in 1853 was married to Miss Emma Mather.

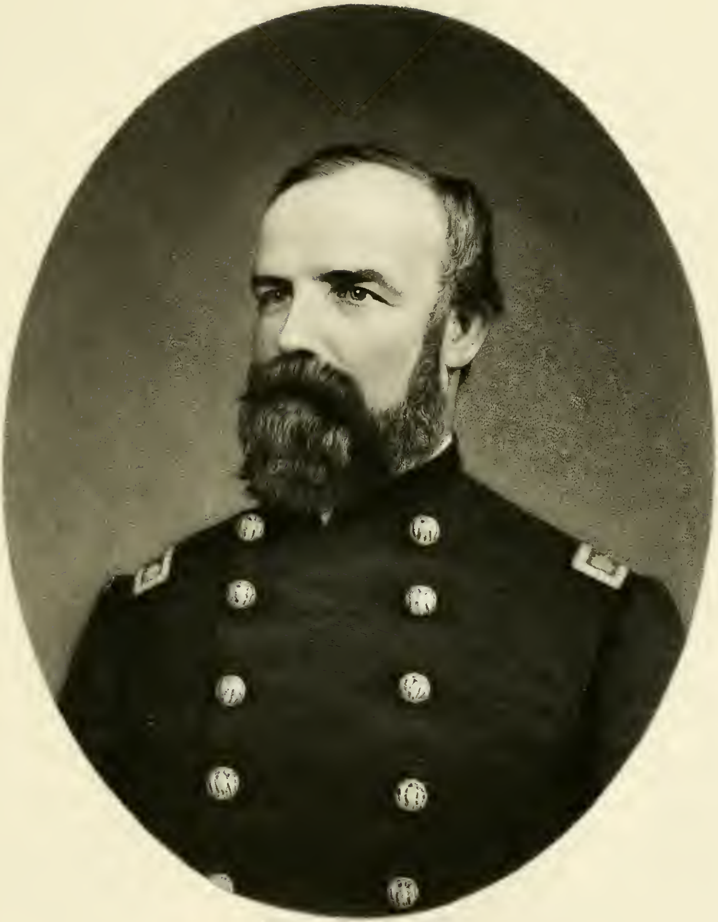
At the breaking out of the Rebellion he was appointed a member of the Committee of Public Safety for the city, and was active in drilling troops. He was commissioned by Governor Curtin, Colonel of the Bucktail regiment, and upon his arrival in Harrisburg was placed in command of Camp Curtin, then crowded with new levies, where his superior discipline had a happy effect. In June, 1861, on an occasion of alarm for the safety of the southern border of the State, Colonel Biddle was sent thither with his own, the Fifth regiment, and a section of artillery, where he displayed, says McClellan, in his official report, "great activity and intelligence." After the defeat of the Union army at Bull Run, his position was for a time perilous; but he maintained it until the advance of the army under General Banks in the Shenandoah Valley brought relief. In that army the command of a brigade of five regiments and a battery—on the departure of General George H. Thomas to the western army—was given to Colonel Biddle. In September he was ordered with his regiment to join the Pennsylvania Reserves before Washington. In the meantime, at a special election held in Philadelphia, Colonel Biddle had been elected a member of Congress. He did not take his seat at the called session in July, as he was then facing the enemy; but at the opening of the regular session in December, being in camp, with no immediate prospect of hostilities, he resigned his position as Colonel and was installed in that body. His political views at this period are illustrated by a single paragraph from his reply to the address of his constituents: "The Government that embraces the great, rich, and populous States of the North must sink to no humble, no degraded place among the nations. National prosperity is too nearly allied to national dignity to suffer us to stand in the relation of the vanquished to those who never can secede from geographical connection; with whom close relations, warlike or amicable, must continue always." At the close of his congressional term he returned to Philadelphia. In the emergency, in the fall of 1862, he volunteered as a private in the militia, and was among the first to cross the border into Maryland. When arrived in close proximity to the enemy, and there was a prospect of a collision, he was assigned to duty as an officer. Again, in 1863, he was active in encouraging enlistments and in raising troops, until the victory at Gettysburg put an end to hostile invasion. In 1865 he was nominated for City Solicitor, but was defeated. He had in the meantime become editor of a daily newspaper in Philadelphia, and one of its proprietors. In this capacity he continued to labor with marked skill and ability until the day of his death, which occurred suddenly on the 28th of September, 1873. "He was," says John Cadwalader, in his memoir, "of a frail body but great soul. The body, in his own language, he regarded as a 'hack-horse to be urged on by the soul to the journey's end, though the galled jade should fall on the road.' His rule of conduct was, in his own words, always to seek 'practical and active employment; for without it,' he said, 'even if our time is spent in the most arduous study, there is danger that the character may be sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought, and lose its vigor and aptitude for the contests of life.' He added that he had found 'nothing which so nearly approached happiness as the self-satisfaction arising from the exact fulfilment of prescribed duties.'" "I should say," says Peter McCall, of the Philadelphia bar, "he was a man for an emergency. If an enemy were at the gates, he was the man under whom I would have liked to serve. . . . He was a man of the highest probity, a true patriot, a lover of his country and of its institutions. . . . He was a scholar, a ripe scholar, and a thorough gentleman. His scholarship was more than ordinary. He was a graduate of Nassau Hall, and that was my first bond of union with him, and mark me, Nassau Hall will set him down among her distinguished children."

ALEXANDER SCHEMMELFINNIG, Colonel of the Seventy-fourth regiment, and Brigadier-General of volunteers, was born in Germany, in 1824. In the Hungarian War he was a soldier with Kossuth, and upon its unfortunate termination came to America. In 1854 he published a work entitled "The War between Russia and Turkey." He was commissioned Colonel of the Seventy-fourth, on the 23d of July, 1861. He was of the column which marched, in inclement weather and across swollen streams, to the support of Fremont in West Virginia, and had scarcely reached his destination before, with Fremont, he returned to the assistance of Banks in the Shenandoah Valley. He was afterwards in the corps of Sigel, and with it fought in Pope's campaign, distinguishing himself in the battle of Bull Run, for which he was made Brigadier-General. In the battle of Chancellorsville he commanded a brigade in the Third division of the Eleventh corps, and when the First division, commanded by Devens, gave way before the attack of Jackson, he faced to meet the disaster and, with Buschbeck's brigade of the Second, held the enemy in check under fierce assaults for nearly an hour.

The indiscriminate denunciation heaped upon the corps for its conduct called forth the vigorous protest of this intrepid soldier. In a letter to General Schurz he says: "For the surprise on the flanks and the rear in broad daylight, by a force outnumbering us four to one, the responsibility falls not on the Third division, holding the centre, but upon the First division, which held the right wing, and upon those whose duty it was to anticipate such a contingency, and to prepare for it. General, I am an old soldier. Up to this time I have been proud of commanding the brave men of this brigade; but I am convinced that if the infamous lies uttered about us are not retracted and satisfaction given, their good-will and soldierly spirit will be broken, and I shall no longer see myself at the head of the same brave men whom I have heretofore had the honor to lead."

General Schemmelfinnig commanded the Third division in the battle of Gettysburg, where he did effective service when hard pressed by the Louisiana Tigers. Early in the year 1864, he was transferred to the Department of the South, and had command of the forces on St. John's Island. Upon the fall of Charleston, on the 18th of February, 1865, his forces were the first to enter the city, and to take possession of Forts Sumter and Moultrie. He died at Minersville, Pennsylvania, on the 7th of September, 1865.

JOHN CLARK, Lieutenant-Colonel of the Third Reserve regiment, was born in Philadelphia on the 30th of November, 1822. He was the son of George and Ann (Kearney) Clark, of Irish descent. He received a good common-school education, but no military training previous to the Rebellion. He entered the service of the United States on the 31st of May, 1861, as Captain of Company E, in the Third Reserve. No officer of his command was more attentive to duty nor more constant than he. He was with the corps throughout the entire Seven Days' battle upon the Peninsula, and at its close was promoted to Lieutenant-Colonel for meritorious services. At Antietam he was wounded in the hand, but refused to leave the field, and did not go to a hospital, though the wound resulted in the permanent injury of one of his fingers. He was here in command of the regiment, as also at South Mountain and Antietam, where he was in the



John Clark

thickest of the fight and acquitted himself with distinction. Soon after the battle of Fredericksburg, Colonel Clark was detailed for special duty in the engineer corps. It was at a time when the Government was carrying on stupendous campaigns reaching over almost the entire breadth of the continent, and the building and repair of railroads for the transfer of troops and supplies was not among the least of its labors. Colonel Clark had, in early life, acquired great familiarity with the practical part of railroad construction, and his services were invaluable. At the close of his term he was mustered out, and was subsequently chosen a member of the City Council of Philadelphia, and a member of the Pennsylvania House of Representatives, of which body he was elected Speaker. He died at his residence in Philadelphia, on the 30th of May, 1872.

JOSEPH ROBERTS, Colonel of the Third artillery, and Brevet Brigadier-General, was born on the 30th of December, 1814, at Middletown, Delaware. His father, Joseph Roberts, was a native of Delaware, but has for many years been a resident of Philadelphia, where, at the advanced age of eighty-eight, he still lives. His mother was Elizabeth Booth, also a native of Delaware. The greater portion of his early years was spent in New Castle, where he received his preliminary educational training. At the age of sixteen he entered the sophomore class of the University of Pennsylvania, where he remained one year; but in 1831, having received an appointment to the Military Academy, he left the University and became a cadet at West Point. He graduated in 1835, standing the eighth in the class of fifty-six, and was promoted to Brevet Second Lieutenant in the Fourth United States artillery. He was, at successive periods, advanced through the several grades to that of Lieutenant-Colonel of the regiment. For a year after entering the service he was in garrison at Fort Hamilton, New York harbor. In 1836, he was on active duty in the Creek Nation, in Georgia and Alabama. From September to November of this year he was Captain of a body of mounted Creek Indian volunteers, who were employed in the Florida War.

At the opening of the academic year of 1837, Captain Roberts was transferred from field duty in Florida to civil duty at West Point; and for a period of twelve years was Assistant Professor of Natural and Experimental Philosophy at the United States Military Academy, where he had under his instruction Grant, McClellan, Stonewall Jackson, Longstreet, and many others who have since become famous in either army during the great Civil War. Little did Professor Roberts think, while he was quietly but earnestly engaged in teaching these boys the elements of the sciences, that they would eventually use the knowledge thus acquired in leading armed hosts of their own countrymen against each other in mortal conflict, and that these then nameless youths would be world-wide known, and chief in the eye of fame. But so it proved, and their later eminence bears ample testimony to the excellence of their early military instruction.

In 1849 he was again ordered to the field, having the year before been promoted to Captain in his regiment, and was engaged in active duty against the Seminole Indians in Florida. After a year's service here he was employed in garrison duty at Key West, Florida, in 1850; Fort Mifflin, Pennsylvania, in 1850–'53; Ringgold barracks, Texas, in 1853–'55; Fort Wood, New York, in 1855; Ringgold barracks, Texas, in 1856; and Forts McRae, Jupiter and Capron, Florida, in 1856–'59. At this period he took the field, and was again engaged in hostilities against the Seminole Indians, in that seemingly endless Florida War. After a brief period of duty he was transferred to the frontier at Fort Leavenworth, Kansas, and in 1858 to Platte Bridge, Nebraska. In 1859 he was detailed upon recruiting service, and in 1859–'60–'61, was in garrison at Fortress Monroe, employed in the Artillery School of Practice, and as a member of the board to arrange the programme of instruction for that institution.

Soon after the Rebellion broke out he was placed in command at Fortress Monroe, and promoted to the rank of Major in the regular army. On the 13th of September, 1862, he was selected for Chief of Artillery in the Seventh army corps, which position he continued to fill until the 19th of March, 1863. In the meantime the Third Pennsylvania Heavy Artillery—One Hundred and Fifty-second of the line—had been recruited, and an experienced officer was desired to lead it. Major Roberts was selected for this purpose and commissioned Colonel. He was assigned to the command of Fortress Monroe, and his regiment to duty at this point and with the Army of the James. From June 10th, 1863, until November 9th, 1865, he continued to exercise this important trust, having in the meantime been brevetted Brigadier-General in the volunteer service, and Colonel and Brigadier General in the United States Army, "for meritorious and distinguished services during the Rebellion." He was subsequently for a short time in command of Fort McHenry, near Baltimore; but was, in November, 1866, called to court martial duty, where he was retained until April, 1867, when he was made Inspector-General of the Department of Washington. His merit as an instructor had been tested by a long service early in his career, and in March, 1868, he was assigned to duty as Superintendent of Instruction in the Artillery School at Fortress Monroe, where he has continued to serve with great credit until the present time. General Roberts was married on the 4th of October, 1860, at Fortress Monroe, to Miss Adeline C. Dimick, third daughter of General Justin Dimick, of the United States Army. In person he is below the medium height, but of powerful make, with the air and carriage of a soldier. He is the author of a "Hand-book of Artillery," published in 1861, and revised in 1863, which has given him a deserved reputation as a writer and a tactician.

SULLIVAN AMORY MEREDITH, Colonel of the Fifty-sixth regiment, and Brigadier-General of volunteers, was born in Philadelphia on the 5th of July, 1816. He was the son of the late William Meredith, an eminent lawyer of that city, and a brother of the Hon. William M. Meredith. He was educated at St. Mary's College, Baltimore. In 1835 he went to the Southwest, and resided at Natchez, Mississippi, for a period of three years, when, owing to the great commercial revulsion of 1837, he returned to Philadelphia. In 1840 he sailed for the west coast of South America, and after visiting the principal cities along the Pacific shore, returned and took up his residence in the city of New York, where he remained in business until 1849. Gold had then just been discovered in California, and he joined a com pany who proceeded thither by the way of Mexico. It numbered a hundred strong, and sailed from New York to Vera Cruz. Here he organized a squadron of ten picked men, who elected him their Captain, and having purchased horses, proceeded across the country to San Blas, on the Pacific shore, by the way of Jalapa, Puebla, City of Mexico, Guadalaxara, and Tepic. This was the first company that reached California by that route. After two years he again returned to New York.

At the breaking out of the Rebellion he was in business in Philadelphia, and at the first call for men by President Lincoln tendered his services to Governor Curtin, and was elected and commissioned Colonel of the Tenth Pennsylvania regiment, called for a term of three months, which he led in Patterson's campaign in Northern Virginia. Upon his return at the close of this service he was appointed, by the Governor, Colonel commanding at Camp Curtin, near Harrisburg, where he superintended the drill and forwarding to the seat of war of more than 40,000 men. He organized and was made Colonel of the Fifty-sixth regiment, enlisted to serve during the war. In the winter of 1861–'62 he garrisoned Fort Albany. In April following he was ordered to the lower Potomac, and after reaching Fredericksburg was assigned to McDowell's corps. With this he served during the entire campaign, up to the Second battle of Bull Run, when on the 31st of August, 1862, he was severely wounded. His immediate commanding officer at this period says in a letter in which he refers to Colonel Meredith: "None is better fitted to command than he, and his conduct in battle has always excited my highest admiration." He was held in high esteem by his men.

For his gallantry in this engagement he was promoted to Brigadier-General, his commission bearing date of August 29th, 1862. When so far recovered from the effect of his wounds as to attend to business, he was appointed commissioner for the exchange of prisoners, and in the spring of 1863 proceeded to Fortress Monroe, where he remained until late in that year, performing the delicate duties of his office to the entire satisfaction of the Government. Early in 1864, he was ordered to report to General William S. Rosecrans at St. Louis, Missouri, under whose command he served until the close of the war. He was honorably discharged on the 24th of August, 1865, having been in the service four years and six months.

ALGERNON SIDNEY MOUNTAIN MORGAN, Colonel of the Sixty-third regiment. The science of surgery made great gains during the late war, though at a fearful expense of life and limb. In many cases it was matter of astonishment how small an injury would produce death, while in others, what would seem almost certain to prove mortal, resulted in complete recovery. The subject of this sketch was of the latter class, and though wounded in a ghastly manner, was almost miraculously restored.

He was born on the 9th of May, 1831, at Morgansa, Washington county, Pennsylvania. His father was James B. Morgan, and when a youth of only sixteen, shouldered his musket, and with a company raised in the county marched across the mountains to meet the British, who, after burning the Capitol and President's House at Washington, were moving on Baltimore. His grandfather, General John Morgan, entered the army as an ensign at an early age, and served as aid to General Butler, at St. Clair's defeat. His great-grandfather, Colonel George Morgan, was in the service during the entire war of the Revolution. His mother was Susan S., daughter of James Mountain, a lawyer of Pittsburg. The year after his birth his parents removed to that city, where he was educated, graduating in the class of 1849 at the Western University.

Following the example of an illustrious line of ancestry, he enlisted in the First regiment, and served in the three months' campaign. Active in raising the Sixty-third regiment for three years, he was elected Lieutenant-Colonel, being associated with that sterling soldier, Alexander Hays, who was its Colonel. Morgan was very assiduous in drilling the regiment, though never having had any military education, and under the direction of Hays, who was a graduate of West Point, became an excellent drill-master. With the army of McClellan he went to the Peninsula, and at Fair Oaks was terribly wounded. The battle had been for a long time in progress before the division of Kearny, to which this regiment belonged, was ordered up. When the command was at length given, it marched at double-quick, and went into position in a wood, a part of which was already filled with masses of the foe. Nearly every tree concealed a sharpshooter. The action was of the most determined and desperate nature, and until after nightfall the crash of musketry was incessant. The Sixty-third sustained severe losses—the dead and wounded covering all that blood-washed ground. In the midst of the fight, Colonel Morgan was struck by a musket ball in the left hip, just above the joint, which went tearing through, and issued from the right hip at almost the exact corresponding place. He was immediately carried off the field, and was transported to Philadelphia, where he was attended by Dr. George W. Morris, among the most eminent of his profession. His case was regarded as a remarkable one, and attracted the attention of many surgeons. He was afterwards removed to his home in Pittsburg, and for a year was helpless. He then began gradually to regain his strength. He finally recovered the use of his limbs, but with a broken constitution and greatly impaired health. All hope of ever being able to rejoin his regiment having been given up, he was, in April, 1863, mustered out of service. In December of that year, he was appointed military storekeeper, Ordnance Department of the Allegheny arsenal, near Pittsburg, which position he still holds.

Owen Jones, Colonel of the First cavalry, Fourteenth Reserve regiment, was born on the 29th of December, 1819, in Montgomery county, Pennsylvania. He was educated at the University of Pennsylvania, and read law with the Hon. William M. Meredith, of Philadelphia. After his admission to the bar he turned his attention to agricultural pursuits with a genuine zest. He was a member of the Board of Revenue Commissioners on the part of Montgomery and Bucks counties, and represented the fifth Pennsylvania district—comprising Montgomery county and part of Philadelphia city—in Congress, during a portion of Mr. Buchanan's administration. He entered the army as a Captain in the First Pennsylvania cavalry, on the 1st of August, 1861, was promoted to Major, August 5th, and to Lieutenant-Colonel in the October following. He was with this regiment at Dranesville, and when Stonewall Jackson made his appearance in the Shenandoah Valley, creating consternation and horror by the superiority of his numbers, and his tireless energy, the First cavalry was sent thither. By forced marches it reached the valley in time to follow and engage the rebel rear-guard. For more than a week the action of the cavalry was almost constant, and at Harrisonburg, Port Republic, and Cross Keys, sharp encounters occurred. When the rebel army, after the close of the Peninsula campaign, began to press upon Pope's front, the cavalry was thrust out in all directions to hold him in check, and be informed of his movements. At the opening of May, 1862, Jones was promoted to Colonel, and now had the entire command of the regiment. At Cedar Mountain, in all the preliminaries to Bull Run, and throughout the trying battles at Groveton and Chantilly, he was where duty called, and rendered a service which must ever command the respect and gratitude of his countrymen. He was here under the immediate command of those heroic soldiers, Generals Reynolds and Bayard, and won their hearty approval. In the battle of Fredericksburg he had the advance of Franklin's grand division, and with his regiment opened that bloody contest. He afterwards had command of the cavalry on the left of the line. Upon the accession of General Hooker to the head of the Army of the Potomac, he resigned, and has since been exclusively employed with his private affairs.

William Dunlap Dixon, Colonel of the Sixth Reserve regiment, and Brevet Brigadier-General of volunteers, was born at St. Thomas, Franklin county, Pennsylvania, on the 11th of December, 1833. He was the son of David and Catharine (Jeffery) Dixon, natives of that county, of Scotch-Irish descent. His ancestors on both sides served in the Revolutionary war, his grandfather, William Dixon, having been also a soldier in the French and Indian war, and his maternal grandfather, Benjamin Jeffery, having received a severe wound at the battle of the Brandywine, where he was captured and for over a year endured the horrors of British imprisonment. He was employed in early life in the varied occupations of the farm, where his frame was well developed by exercise, and the vigor imparted by much exposure to sunlight and pure air. He was educated at the public schools then just being inaugurated throughout the State, and at Millwood Academy, Shade Gap, where he obtained a good English and classical training. For three years before the breaking out of the war he had been a member of a militia company.

Among the first to respond to the call for troops to suppress the Rebellion, he was, on the 18th of April, 1861, mustered into service for three months, and upon the expiration of this term recruited a company in his native county, for the Reserve corps, which became Company D of the Sixth regiment. In the battle of South Mountain, on the 14th of September, the Reserves rendered signal service in turning the left flank of the enemy, and gaining possession of the mountain pass which insured a speedy advance upon his main body. Captain Dixon led his company with marked skill and ability, carrying one after another a series of strong defensive positions occupied by the enemy, and finally emerging upon the summit forced him to retire. For his gallantry in this engagement, and in that which followed two days after at Antietam, he was promoted to the rank of Major.

At Fredericksburg, on the 13th of December, 1862, where the Reserves led the main assault of Franklin's column, and achieved a temporary success, as brilliant as it was dearly bought, Major Dixon's regiment was on the advance line of the brigade, leading the way with a heroism unsurpassed, bearing down all before it, but suffering most grievous losses. His valor in this charge won for him the commission of Lieutenant-Colonel, to date from the day of the action. In the battle of Gettysburg he was engaged with his command on the left, where he was brought to the assistance of Sickles' hard-pressed troops and won lasting honor. He received a slight wound in this engagement and was brevetted Colonel. In consequence of great losses sustained by the Tenth Reserve regiment in the Wilderness, Colonel Dixon was ordered by General Crawford to take command of it, which he did, and continued to lead it until the close of its service. At Spottsylvania Court House, in the Wilderness campaign of 1864, he was again conspicuous for nerve and daring, which won for him ready recognition and the brevet of Brigadier-General. On the last day of his service, he fought with his division at Bethesda

Church, and received two wounds, but fortunately slight. On the following day, the three years for which the Reserves had enlisted expired, and with the corps, after having shared their fortunes with singular steadfastness and fidelity, he was mustered out of service. General Dixon is in person six feet in height, muscular, of robust health, and in disposition quiet and taciturn. He held the office of Postmaster in his native town under the administration of President Buchanan. He was married on the 14th of June, 1856, to Miss Martha Gillan.

JOHN FREDERICK BALLIER, Colonel of the Ninety-eighth regiment, and Brevet Brigadier-General, was born on the 28th of August, 1815, in Wurtemberg, Germany. He received a good education in his native tongue in the place of his birth, and during the years 1833–'34 was a student in a military school in the city of Stuttgard. On leaving this he came to America, and settled in Philadelphia, where, from 1839 to 1845, he was a member of the Washington Guard, a volunteer militia company. For the Mexican War he volunteered as a private in the First Pennsylvania, in which he was made First Lieutenant of Company E. On his return from Mexico, he again joined the volunteer force, and became Captain and Major. From 1853 to the breaking out of the Rebellion in 1861, he was employed in the United States Mint at Philadelphia.

He was commissioned Colonel of the Twenty-first regiment for three months' service, which he had been active in recruiting, and which had received the designation of the First Rifle regiment. With this he served in the Shenandoah Valley, and after being mustered out at the expiration of the term, was authorized to recruit the Ninety-eighth regiment for three years, and was made its Colonel. He was with McClellan upon the Peninsula, was on the advance guard from Williamsburg to Richmond, and until arrived at Malvern Hill participated in all the actions of the campaign. At Antietam, Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville, Gettysburg, and that entire series of actions from the Rapidan to Petersburg, and in the siege of that place, down to the surrender at Appomattox Court House, including the brilliant campaign in the Shenandoah Valley, which was an episode to the regular season's work, the Ninety-eighth bore an important and honorable part. In the action of Salem Heights, where the Sixth corps was saved from annihilation by the steady valor of this, together with the One Hundred and Second Pennsylvania, Colonel Ballier received a painful wound which completely incapacitated him for duty. In the action at Fort Stevens, before Washington, in July, 1864, where the rebel General Early sought by a sudden dash with his corps to capture the Capital, he was again wounded. He was, in this battle, in command of the First brigade Second division. The last wound proved serious, causing a rupture and permanent disability. He was promoted to Brevet Brigadier-General for meritorious services. After the close of the war he was employed as Inspector in the United States Custom House at Philadelphia, until 1867, when he was made City Commissioner, in which capacity he served until 1871.

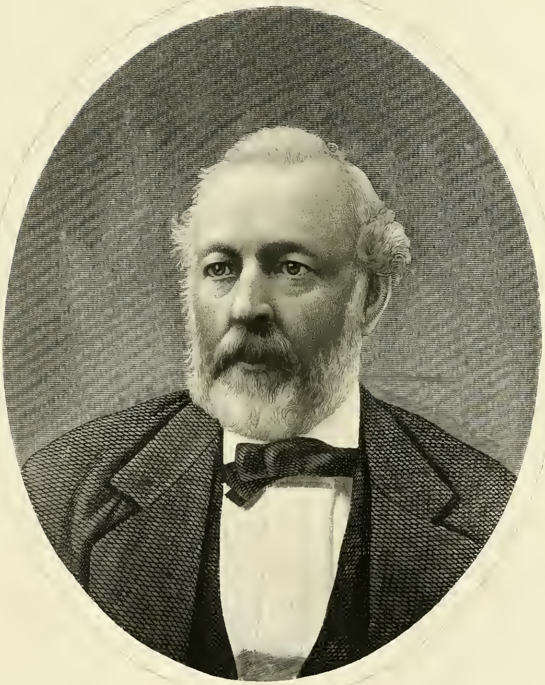
JAMES STARR, Major of the Sixth cavalry, was born at Philadelphia, on the 19th of July, 1837. He was the second son of Isaac and Lydia Starr, and was educated at Harvard University, where he graduated in 1857. He served as a private in Company F, Seventeenth regiment, in the three months' campaign, and at its close recruited Company I of the Sixth cavalry, of which he was commissioned Captain. At the First Fredericksburg he served as Aide-de-camp to General Franklin, commander of the left Grand Division. He was with the head-quarters of General Hooker at Chancellorsville, and aid to General Meade at Gettysburg. In March, 1864, he was promoted to Major, and took command of his regiment in the spring campaign. In the action of Todd's Tavern, on the 7th of May, he received a gunshot wound in the face, by which he was for a time disabled for field duty; but returned to his command, then before Petersburg, on the 12th of July. He led his regiment in Sheridan's campaign in the Shenandoah Valley, and was mustered out at the expiration of his term of service in October. He was brevetted Lieutenant-Colonel "for highly gallant conduct at the battle of Todd's Tavern," and Colonel "for meritorious services during the campaign in the Shenandoah Valley, and while in command of the Remount Camp at Pleasant Valley, Maryland."

De Witt Clinton McCoy, Colonel of the Eighty-third regiment, was born January 18th, 1824, near the town of Mercer, Pennsylvania. He was the son of John and Elizabeth (Mourer) McCoy. Until the age of sixteen he was employed upon such work as he was able to perform in his father's shop, which was that of a wheelwright. He was then apprenticed for a term of three years to learn the business of chair-making. His opportunities for early education were, consequently, very limited, not having had the advantage of more than twelve months' instruction, and this of a few weeks at a time, at long intervals between the ages of nine and fifteen. But being endowed by nature with a good degree of mental activity he acquired a large stock of useful information, as many another has done, without the aid of teachers. After serving faithfully his apprenticeship, he commenced business on his own account in the village of Sheakleyville, Mercer county. In 1850, he was elected a Justice of the Peace for a period of five years. In the following year he sold out his interest in the chair factory, and procuring the necessary books commenced in earnest the study of the law, which he designed to make his permanent business, and in which he found employment congenial to his tastes. This he diligently prosecuted in the intervals of his official business until 1853, when he was admitted to practice in the courts of Crawford county. In the following year he resigned the office of Justice, and removed to Meadville, where he commenced the practice of his profession. In 1859 he was elected District Attorney for a term of three years. But when the cry was heard for troops to crush rebellion, he left a lucrative and honorable office, and buckling on his sword, went to the field as Captain of Company F of the Eighty-third regiment, commanded by John W. McLane. Upon the Peninsula, Captain McCoy led his company in the siege of Yorktown, in the battles of Hanover Court House and Gaines' Mill. In the latter, when the fighting was of the most desperate character, he was wounded.

Returning, after a brief absence, he was engaged at Bull Run, Antietam, Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville, and Gettysburg. In the latter battle the brigade of Vincent, in which was the Eighty-third, performed prodigies of valor, preserving to the Union commander Little Round Top—the key point of the whole Gettysburg field—when attacked by the impetuous General Hood leading on a powerful body of the foe, fully intent on possessing it. The company of Captain McCoy occupied a prominent place on the very breast of the little mount, looking toward the Devil's Den; but fortunately being shielded by rocks and small trees, was able to inflict grievous slaughter, without being itself greatly injured. Early in the year 1864, he was promoted to the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel.

On the first day in the battle of the Wilderness, the leader of the Eighty-third, Colonel Woodward, was severely wounded and the command devolved on Lieutenant-Colonel McCoy. It was at a moment of great peril in the fortunes of the day, but ably did he execute the trust, pushing forward with unflinching valor and sweeping the enemy far back through the thickets of that gory field. Through all the battles of this terribly wasting and bloody campaign, from the Rapidan to the opening of the siege of Petersburg, he continued to have the leadership of the Eighty-third, manœuvring his command in the face of the enemy with the skill of a veteran officer. As an instance of this, the following, given by Mr. Greeley, in his History of the *American Conflict*, may be cited. The regiment had just crossed the North Anna, and was hastening to the relief of imperilled troops. "In making this advance," says Greeley, "the Eighty-third Pennsylvania, Lieutenant-Colonel McCoy, swept closely past the flank of Brown's (rebel) column, when McCoy instantly wheeled his forward companies into line, and gave a volley, which, delivered at close quarters on the flank and rear of the rebel column, threw it into utter disorder and rout, one of McCoy's men seizing Brown by the collar and dragging him into our lines, while nearly a thousand of his men were gathered up as prisoners."

At the expiration of his term, on the 14th of October, 1864, he was mustered out of service. On the 25th of April, 1865, he was brevetted Colonel, to date from August 1st, 1864, by the President, "for gallant and distinguished services at the battles of Spottsylvania and the North Anna." Upon his retirement from the army he resumed the practice of his profession, and



D C McCoy

became associated with Joshua Douglass, the firm, under the title of Douglass and McCoy, attaining a rank as one of the most eminent and successful in the State. In person Colonel McCoy is above the medium stature, deep-chested and powerfully made, and of a grave and dignified bearing. In military dress, which his grey locks set off to admirable advantage, he has the look and bearing of the ideal soldier. He was married on the 17th of April, 1846, to Miss N. J. Nelson.

JAMES ADDAMS BEAVER, Brevet Brigadier-General, was born on the 21st day of October, 1837, at Millerstown, Perry county, Pennsylvania. He was the son of Jacob and Eliza (Addams) Beaver. He was educated at Jefferson College, Cannonsburg, where he graduated in August, 1856. Subsequently he studied law and was admitted to practice at Bellefonte, Centre county, in January, 1859. He was for some time Lieutenant of the Bellefonte Fencibles, a volunteer company of which Andrew G. Curtin—since Governor of the Commonwealth—was Captain. and acquired some knowledge of elementary tactics.

When the echoes of rebel guns turned upon Fort Sumter aroused the loyal North, few troops were more prompt to rally to the national standard than the Bellefonte Fencibles. It was the third company to arrive at the camp of rendezvous at Harrisburg, and of this he was chosen Second Lieutenant. It became Company H of the Second regiment, and he was soon after promoted to First Lieutenant. He served in this capacity to the close of his term, and after being mustered out was commissioned Lieutenant-Colonel of the Forty-fifth regiment. With this organization he proceeded to South Carolina, and was stationed in command of a battalion of five companies, at Fort Walker. occupying the fortifications commanding the entrance to Port Royal Bay. For several months he was engaged in active duty upon the sea islands before Charleston, for the most part having an independent command, and frequently meeting the enemy, by day and by night, in hostile encounters.

Towards the close of July, 1862, the regiment returned north. and, near the beginning of September, Lieutenant-Colonel Beaver was promoted to Colonel of the One Hundred and Forty-eighth, one of a number of new three year regiments then being recruited. The Antietam campaign was just opening when he assumed command, and he was ordered to guard a portion of the Northern Central Railway most exposed to incursions by the enemy, and one of the main lines of supply for the Capital and the army. Upon the eve of the battle of Fredericksburg, he was ordered up, but was not put into the fight. At Chancellorsville, Colonel Beaver, while leading his command and while at close quarters with the enemy, was shot through the body and carried off the field. He was removed to a hospital in Washington, where he received the most skilful medical aid and attendance. It was near the middle of July before he was sufficiently recovered to return to his regiment. In the meantime the battle of Gettysburg had been fought and won, and the army was again advancing into Virginia. At Bristoe Station, and at Mine Run, he was actively engaged, at the former place the enemy being handsomely repulsed.

At Po River, on the fourth day after the opening of the spring campaign of 1864, Colonel Beaver led his command in a determined fight, holding his ground in the most intrepid manner. At Spottsylvania, the North Anna, and Tolopotomy, the struggle on the part of the two armies was no less desperate, but still indecisive. In the first of these, Colonel Beaver was struck by a Minié ball, but fortunately was shielded from its full effect by a memorandum book, in the thick cover and leaves of which its deadly power was spent. In the charge delivered at Cold Harbor by the division to which he was attached, the most desperate resistance was met, and upon the fall of the leader of the brigade, Colonel Beaver succeeded to its command. Here, too, he was again struck, but not disabled.

In the first assault upon the works before Petersburg, on the evening of the 16th of June, while gallantly leading his brigade amid the crash of musketry, and a terrific fire of artillery, he received a serious wound from the fragment of a shell, inflicting internal injuries, and cutting a ghastly gash in the side. Again was he confined to the hospital for weary weeks. Eager to be with his men at the front, he left it before he had entirely recovered. He chanced to reach the field just as his division was preparing to go into battle at Reams' Station, and at once assumed command of his brigade. The fighting here was of unparalleled severity. Round shot and shell ploughed the field. Assault followed assault without decided advantage, and neither party was disposed to yield. In their desperation the combatants came hand to hand, and the crossing of bayonets and deadly thrusts were of frequent occurrence. In the midst of this terrible strife, as though some demon was its guide, he was again struck by the fatal missile, and so shattered was his right limb that amputation above the knee had to be resorted to. Possessed of temperate habits, he was able to withstand the shock, and soon recovered his accustomed health and vitality.

On the 1st of August, 1864, he received the brevet rank of Brigadier-General, as a recognition of valuable services rendered while commanding his brigade at Cold Harbor. After the close of the war he returned to his home at Bellefonte, and resumed the practice of the law. He was married, on the 26th of December, 1865, to Mary A. McAllister, daughter of H. N. McAllister, of Bellefonte. In person he is five feet ten inches in height, and previous to entering the military service was of a delicate organization, but became more robust and healthy while in the field—a vigor which he still retains. Sincerely devoted to the interests of his country, he displayed remarkable tenacity of purpose in the discharge of his duty, and though singularly unfortunate in having been often the mark for the shafts of the foe, was enabled to render signal service at a period when the most desperate and continued fighting of the whole war was in progress.

LANGHORNE WISTER, Colonel of the One Hundred and Fiftieth regiment, and Brevet Brigadier-General of volunteers, was born at Germantown, Philadelphia, on the 20th of September, 1834. He was the son of William and Sarah Logan (Fisher) Wister. His boyhood was spent in the country, where a natural fondness for out-door life had full play. He was educated at the Germantown Academy, which he left at the age of eighteen to engage in business.

He received no military education, but on the 19th of April, scarcely a week from the firing upon Fort Sumter, entered the service. He was successful in recruiting, and when the noted Bucktail regiment was formed he joined it with a company of which he was elected Captain. At Dranesville, where he first met the enemy in close combat, he stood with his company in a position where he was the object of the severest fire experienced by any of the Union troops on that field, and received the warm commendations of the commander of the regiment. His single company had two killed and four wounded. Six companies of the Bucktails, including Captain Wister's, under Major Stone, were sent to join McClellan on the Peninsula, and reached him in time to take the advance in the movement upon Mechanicsville. They were the first to meet the enemy as he came out to offer battle, and with wonderful skill and daring held him in check, skirmishing gallantly until the main line of battle was formed behind Beaver Dam Creek, and rifle pits completed. In the engagement which ensued, and in the subsequent retreat to Gaines' Mill, no troops could have acted with greater steadiness, or have rendered more efficient service. To the Bucktails was given the difficult and dangerous duty of skirmishing with the enemy, on the morning of the 27th, while the main body fell back. In all these manœuvres and hard fighting Captain Wister was among the most reliable and trusted of a battalion that was a special object of regard throughout the whole army. In the battle of the 27th, he received a severe contusion of the right ankle, but was able to keep the field, and at Charles City Cross Roads, where the Reserve corps for a third time in the Seven Days' fight was put at the fore-front, and made to bear the brunt of the battle, sustained his part with the same unflinching valor as on the preceding fields.

Soon after the retirement of McClellan's army from the Peninsula, the formation of a Bucktail Brigade was ordered, and Captain Wister was selected to head one of the regiments—the One Hundred and Fiftieth. The reputation which he had gained as a leader of one of the old Bucktail companies inspired confidence, and made it from the outset almost the equal of a veteran regiment. He was stationed a while at Washington, whence he was ordered to the Army of the Potomac, then lying about Falmouth.

In the preliminary movements to the battle of Chancellorsville, this brigade performed a leading part, marching to Port Conway, for a feint, afterwards operating with the First corps to which it belonged at the lower crossing before Fredericksburg, and finally joining the main army in the great battle itself, occupying the right of the line, and meeting every advance of the enemy with cool courage.

At Gettysburg Colonel Wister led his regiment upon the field at a little before noon of the first day, where the gallant Buford had presented a bold front and had held the enemy in check, covering the town until the infantry should come up. His position was upon a slight ridge, a little in rear of that held by Buford, and in advance of Seminary Ridge. Here, exposed to a fierce artillery fire, and the frequent assaults of the enemy's infantry, he held his men, changing front to meet every advance, until Colonel Stone, who commanded the brigade, was badly wounded and borne from the field, when he assumed control, turning over the regiment to Lieutenant-Colonel Huidekoper. The situation was every moment becoming more and more critical, as the enemy, having already brought up the main body of his forces, began to close in on all sides and to press heavily in front. With remarkable skill Colonel Wister manœuvred his small body of men to meet the masses brought against him, when he also was wounded, a Minié ball striking him in the face and shattering the jaw. "Colonel Wister," says Colonel Stone, in his official report, "though badly wounded in the mouth, while commanding the brigade, and unable to speak, remained in the front of the battle."

In recognition of his gallantry, General Doubleday made honorable mention of him in his report, and recommended him for promotion to Brevet Brigadier-General, which rank was conferred by the President and confirmed by the Senate. He resigned his commission in February, 1864, and resumed the business which he had left on entering the army—that of manufacturer of iron at Duncannon. A resolute purpose and undaunted heroism characterized him from his first entrance to military life, and the Bucktail corps had no more worthy or valiant representative.

CHAPTER VIII.

JOHN FREDERICK HARTRANFT, first Colonel of the Fifty-first regiment, Brigadier and Brevet Major-General, and Governor of Pennsylvania, was born in New Hanover township, Montgomery county, on the 16th of December, 1830. He was the son of Samuel E. and Lydia (Bucher) Hartranft, both of German origin, their ancestors having emigrated to this country in the first half of the last century. He received his elementary training in his native county, from the lips of those esteemed educators, John F. Evans, Philip Cressman, and Samuel Aaron. At the age of nineteen he entered Marshall College, and at the end of one year passed to Union College, Schenectady, New York, where he graduated in 1853. He distinguished himself in mathematics and civil engineering, and was popular among his fellows, being selected as their leader for society positions likely to be hotly contested, and, as in later years when on the broad arena of State and national politics, was sure to come out of the struggle bearing the palm.

He practised his favorite employment, civil engineering, for a time, having been engaged in running the line of the Mauch Chunk and Wilkesbarre Railroad, and subsequently of a proposed route from Chestnut Hill to Doylestown or New Hope. In 1854 he was made Deputy Sheriff of Montgomery county by the incumbent of the office, M. C. Boyer, though of opposite politics, Hartranft's business tact and popularity commending him above all others who were eligible. In this position he continued for nearly two terms, a period of four and a half years, in which he had a good opportunity for the development of his capacity for settling intricate business transactions, this being one of the largest counties in the State, and its interests varied. In the meantime,

J. F. Hartranft

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

he read law with James Boyd, and finally in the office of A. B. Longacker, and was admitted to practice in 1859. The citizens of Norristown, where he now dwelt, manifested their confidence in him, thus early, by electing him a member of the Council, School Director, and President of a fire company—offices of little or no emolument, but demanding judgment and sound discretion.

For several years he had been active in a militia organization, serving in various grades up to that of Colonel, in which capacity he was acting when the war broke out. Though opposed to the policy of the new administration, his resolution was at once formed. It was enough for him to know that the flag of his country had been fired on, and that its government was in peril. He proceeded to Harrisburg and tendered the services of his regiment, which were promptly accepted, and it became the Fourth of the line. Its term of three months expired just previous to the first battle of Bull Run, and it was mustered out; but Hartranft returned to the field and was assigned to duty on the staff of General Franklin. On that terrible day, when the hopes of twenty millions of people were dashed, and hosts of brave soldiers went down, he was in the hottest of the fight, encouraging the brave and holding the wavering, himself a tower of strength. "His services," says Franklin, in his report, "were exceedingly valuable to me, and he distinguished himself in his attempt to rally the regiments—Fifth and Eleventh Massachusetts—which had been thrown into confusion." And McDowell, in a letter afterwards addressed to him, said: "I always regretted that I did not make an exception in your case in my report of the battle of Bull Run, and name you for your good conduct, instead of leaving it with General Franklin. I regret this the more as General Franklin's report was not printed."

Some time previous he had sought and obtained permission to recruit a regiment for three years or the war. The fires of Bull Run had only tried, not weakened his ardor to serve his country, and before the smoke of that awful struggle had cleared away, he was on his way to Pennsylvania to call his trusty followers of his old command about him. An organization was speedily completed, in which he was Colonel, and it was sent under Burnside to the coast of North Carolina. The troops had a stormy passage, and were with difficulty landed. The enemy was found intrenched on Roanoke Island. To attack in front was to entail disaster. Hartranft was, accordingly, sent to lead his men through a swamp, which the foe had supposed was impassable, and to storm the works. The result was a signal victory, nearly the entire rebel force being captured. It was the key-note to the campaign, and inspired all with hope. The mainland was reached on the 13th of March, 1862, and an advance at once commenced upon Newbern. The place had been well fortified, the approaches being guarded by thirteen finished redans, well provided with artillery to sweep the ground for miles around. Skirmishing commenced early in the day, and at noon the battle became general. For three hours the roar of artillery and the crash of small arms was incessant. Finally, the Fifty-first was ordered to lead in a charge on the works. It was planned with judgment and executed with gallantry. A redan was carried from which the enemy fled in precipitation. It was the signal for a general advance, and the whole rebel line of works was soon waving with the stars and stripes. The city fell without further struggle, and the entire North Carolina coast was under the power of the Union arms. Hartranft was not present in the affair at Camden, the only engagement in which his regiment had a part while he remained at its head in which he did not participate. Sickness in his family induced him to ask for a furlough of twenty days. Two of his children died, and after committing them to the grave he hastened again to his post.

It was about this time that he was asked by his political friends to accept the nomination for Surveyor-General of the State. His answer discloses the feeling which actuated him in going to the field, and of what manner of man he was: "I thank you," he says, "and my friends in Blair county, for your kind intentions; but I do most positively decline to have my name brought before the public as a candidate for office. I desire to serve my country in no other position, during the continuance of the Rebellion, than that in which it has been my fortune to act since President Lincoln issued his proclamation for 75,000 men."

On the 22d of July, 1862—Burnside having returned to Virginia with his troops, except Foster's division, and Stevens having joined him with a division from Port Royal—was organized the Ninth corps, with whose career—a long succession of glorious achievements—Hartranft and his regiment were identified. It was hurried forward to the relief of Pope, who was beginning to feel the weight of the enemy's power. Hartranft was sent with the brigade—Ferrero, its commander, being absent—to dispute his crossing the Rapidan. Without attempting to force a passage the enemy moved above, and soon had turned the right of Pope's army. Hartranft was ordered to retire across the Rappahannock, and act as rear-guard to the column in its movement back. A few days of manœuvring and fighting brought the two armies upon the old battle-ground of Bull Run, Hartranft's position on the line being almost identical with that on which he had fought in the former battle. It was at a critical moment in the struggle when the Union forces, broken and overborne, were being forced back, that Ferrero's brigade was posted in support of Graham's guns, to check the oncoming foe. Three times with desperation the enemy charged; but he met an unyielding resistance. Finally Ferrero with one of his regiments retired under a misconstruction of orders; but Hartranft, who had received his commands from General Reno, held fast his ground with the two remaining regiments, until the way was clear, when he withdrew with his guns unmolested. No less calm and considerate was his conduct at Chantilly. He had posted his guns where they would be particularly effective, when he was ordered by Reno to withdraw them. This he refused to do until he had seen that officer and explained his situation. Relying upon his judgment Reno directed him to remain; and when, in the progress of the fight, the fiery missiles of that battery rolled back the torn columns of the foe, it was seen how clear and correct was the judgment of Hartranft.

At the southern pass near Turner's Gap of the South Mountain, he again met the enemy. They were screened from view, and as he led on his regiment to the support of troops who had been ordered before him, and where he supposed a line had been established, he was suddenly assailed by a powerful force. Falling back to a wall near by he opened in reply, and by steady and stubborn fighting held his assailants in check until reinforced.

The bridge of Antietam has come to be celebrated with that of Lodi. It is on that part of the Antietam field, where it was necessary for the left of McClellan's forces to cross in order to reach the foe. Burnside with the Ninth corps was there, and he had ordered parts of Crook's and Sturgis' divisions to carry it. It is a stone structure of three arches, and the causeway leading over it was commanded by artillery which swept it from end to end, while infantry crouching behind the walls that skirt the roads leading above and below, and in the wooded thickets overhanging, were ready to shoot down any force which should approach from the Union side. Crook made a good fight but was beaten back. Sturgis charged gallantly, and his men reached the head of the bridge; but they also were unable to stem the tide of destruction setting against them. Is that bridge to defy the whole Ninth corps, glorying in valor, and never defeated? Shall a half of McClellan's army lie idly by, and see their comrades upon the right devoted to destruction for the lack of a crossing? It was not in the nature of the stubborn Burnside to bend to this humiliating alternative. When told that two determined attempts had been thwarted he exclaimed: "What! not carry that bridge! I will see! Ride to Ferrero's brigade, and tell Hartranft that I order him to open a passage." From a sheltered position Hartranft had watched all that had been done, and when the order came from his chief his plan was already matured. Avoiding the highway which leads up the bank of the creek, and where he would be exposed to a withering fire in reaching the bridge, he led his command along the bluff till he had come to a point opposite its head, when he burst like an avalanche upon it. Scarcely had the enemy time to point his guns before Hartranft was already upon the bridge. The Fifty-first New York, Colonel Potter, was advanced rapidly to his assistance, and though torn by shot and shell and many of his bravest stricken down, no destruction nor danger could deter his troops, and that narrow causeway, obstructed by the mangled and the dying, was crossed and the enemy dispossessed. "It was not till after Lodi," said Napoleon, "that I was struck with the possibility of my becoming a decided actor on the scene of political events. There was first enkindled the first spark of a lofty ambition." The triumph at this bridge may not have inspired such ambitious desires, but it was no less signal and complete.

When Burnside, then in command of the Army of the Potomac, crossed the Rappahannock at Fredericksburg to offer battle, he put the Ninth corps upon the right centre; and here Hartranft manifested the same sterling qualities as on other fields. It was from the start a struggle against hope; but he faced the terrible storm with the intrepidity inspired of success.

In the campaign before Vicksburg he led a brigade, and though prostrated by sickness, directed the movements in the march upon Jackson from an ambulance. But in no part of his career were his talents and military skill more conspicuous than in the management of the retreat from Loudon to Knoxville, Tennessee, previous to siege of the latter place by Longstreet. He had just risen from a protracted illness, and had been placed in command of the Second division of the Ninth corps. Longstreet, who had suddenly cut loose from Bragg before Chattanooga, had come upon a fragment of Burnside's force unawares, and was likely to sever and overwhelm it. His purpose was discovered in time to thwart it. And to Hartranft was given the difficult task. Longstreet had already got upon the most direct road to Campbell's Station, a point where several thoroughfares cross, and the party which should reach it first was sure to win. Hartranft had heavy artillery and long trains to move. The roads were sodden, and terribly cut by the passage of heavy pieces. All night long his men toiled on. A stout heart and never yielding courage triumphed. Hartranft reached the menaced point in advance, and deploying upon the Kingston road was ready to meet the foe when they arrived. Burnside posted his artillery and infantry, as they arrived, in commanding positions, and as the masses of Longstreet came on, he hurled them back, torn and bleeding. But he was everywhere immensely outnumbered, and it was only for a little time that he could hold his ground. By retiring to new positions as often as turned out of the preceding, and at every turn fighting with the most determined spirit, Hartranft held Longstreet at bay until darkness set in, when the struggle was given over, and under cover of night the whole force with its guns and trains were brought safely into Knoxville. Here Burnside was closely besieged, and the troops were kept busy night and day fortifying for its defence. The place was invested by the foe and the siege vigorously pushed; but before Longstreet was ready to assault, the defences were measurably complete, and his best efforts to carry it were fruitless. At the point where Hartranft's division lay was a small stream, by damming which it was made to flood a considerable area, rendering his position secure. Finally the troops began to suffer from famine, and were driven, at last, to subsist on meagre and unwholesome diet; but they never for one moment faltered, and their endurance was at length rewarded with success; for Sherman, who had been detached by Grant at Chattanooga, came thundering upon the rear of Longstreet, causing him to relax his firm grip, and make a hasty retreat towards Virginia, whither he was pursued and sorely harassed.

The three years for which his regiment had enlisted being now near its close, he returned home and was joyfully welcomed, "his foresight on the march, his coolness, bravery and judgment on the battle-field," being publicly recounted and commended. His regiment reënlisted and was strengthened with recruits, and he again entered, with the Ninth corps, the Army of the Potomac. At the Wilderness, where many of his troops were raw, he was fearful lest they might be thrown into confusion by the sudden attack of the enemy. To assure them, he freely exposed his person, riding down the whole front of his line while the battle was on, and just as they were ordered to make a charge, and pausing before each regiment to give a word of advice. Its effect was electrical, and he had no difficulty ever after in manœuvring them in the most exposed positions. Few troops were more conspicuous for gallantry in the obstinate and bloody battle around Spottsylvania Court House than were those of Hartranft's brigade. He led them in a charge which shattered the rebel front, and for the time a marked advantage was gained, guns and prisoners falling into his hands; but the enemy rallying and receiving strong supports, checked him in his progress, and entailed a desperate struggle, in which both sides sustained terrible losses. From this charge dates Hartranft's commission as Brigadier-General. It had been fairly won at Bull Run, at Antietam, at Fredericksburg, and at Campbell's Station, each of which should have brought the promotion. But from none of these was the general advantage gained equal to the expectations of the Government, and it was consequently slow in recognizing even conspicuous merit.

In the actions at Cold Harbor and before Petersburg, his conduct was alike worthy of notice; but it is unnecessary as it is impossible to exemplify all of that brilliant series of actions with which his name will ever be honorably associated. During the excavation of the noted Petersburg mine, it was given to him to guard the engineers and working parties. Wilcox's division was chosen by Burnside to make the attack, and Hartranft's brigade was selected to lead; but before the explosion occurred, which gave to destruction an immense fort with all its heavy armament and garrison—lifting the huge mass high in air, and then burying all in undistinguishable ruin—the plans were changed, and what was hoped might result in the rout of the rebel army ended in ignominious failure, though not from any fault of the troops making the assault: for never did men behave with greater gallantry. General Hartranft led his command resolutely forward to the crater; but the movement had been so long delayed that the enemy had fully rallied from the surprise, and had concentrated his fire upon the men huddled together, and no valor would suffice to gain an advantage. The only course dictated by wisdom in the emergency was to get the troops back with as little loss as possible. Hartranft was the ranking officer, and when the order came to retire, he sent a messenger out requesting that the guns to right and left should be opened upon the enemy, under the fire of which he might move. For a long time he was held in painful suspense; but finding no indications of compliance, and discovering that the enemy was preparing to deliver a relentless charge, gave the order to fall back, as commanded. This he managed to accomplish, narrowly escaping with his own life, men falling on every side.

A notable example of General Hartranft's presence of mind and soldierly judgment is afforded in his conduct at the Weldon Railroad, on the 18th of August. His brigade was supporting General Warren, who had captured an important portion of the road. There was danger that the enemy would assault at some vulnerable point and retake it. Towards the close of the day he was ordered to go to the assistance of General Ayers, the enemy just then attacking. But he had but a few moments before come from the head-quarters of that officer, and knew from the sound of the fray that Ayers was not in danger. He accordingly acted upon his own judgment and replied, "I will move in the direction of the fire." Most fortunate was the decision! For the rebel General Mahone, having attacked, routed and captured a considerable part of Crawford's division, was bearing down all before him, and making for the very vital point in Warren's corps. Forming rapidly, Hartranft met him, and after a determined struggle beat him back and saved the whole corps from inevitable discomfiture. Hartranft's horse was killed under him, and his losses were very severe.

In December, 1864, General Hartranft was assigned to the command of a division of new troops, consisting of six full regiments—all Pennsylvanians. To the disciplining of this force, 6000 strong, he gave himself unreservedly. With this division he was engaged in two actions which will be ever memorable in the history of this war. The first was the recapture of Fort Steadman. Early on the morning of March 25th, 1865, the rebel commander, having assembled a powerful body of his best troops, assaulted just before day, and captured this strong fort with all its outlying works, and was advancing unchecked upon the railroad that led to City Point, where were the immense stores of the whole army. At four in the morning General Hartranft was aroused from sleep by an unusual noise, occasioned by the moving of signal officers upon the roof of his head-quarters. Springing from bed, he had not had time to dress, before it was reported to him that the enemy had assaulted and captured Fort Steadman. His faithful aide, Captain Dalien, was despatched to verify the report, and he at once got his division under arms. In the meantime he received orders from Parke, who commanded the corps, to support Wilcox, whose division was upon the front and had been thus suddenly broken in upon. His whole division was speedily in motion, all bearing upon the dissevered line. Wilcox was found, but was in total ignorance of the real condition of affairs—his Adjutant-General and McLaughlin's brigade having been captured—and was mounted with his staff, his tents struck, in readiness for a movement to the rear. Hartranft perceived at a glance that what was to be done must be done quickly, and that he must rely upon his own troops unaided. He accordingly made his dispositions, and having drawn a cordon around the break, and resolutely driven back the enemy from his advanced position, ordered an assault along his whole line. At the moment of moving he got an order from General Parke to defer his attack until support should be sent. But his troops were full of spirit and confident of success; and he deemed it unwise as it would have been difficult to arrest a movement which was already in progress. He accordingly led on, and though fearfully exposed on all sides and suffering severe losses, he paused not until the entire works were in his possession, and nearly the whole rebel force were captives in his hands. His loss in killed and wounded was less than two hundred and fifty, while that of the enemy, in killed, wounded, and prisoners exceeded three thousand. "When you were about to make your final charge," said a rebel officer to Captain Sholler, who was detailed to deliver up the dead under flag of truce, "our Generals were holding a council of war; but it was the shortest council of war you ever saw; for when they beheld such magnificent lines advancing, they adjourned by each taking to his heels without ceremony." This action brought the eyes of the whole army upon Hartranft, and he received universal applause. The President immediately conferred upon him the rank of Brevet Major-General, and he was everywhere hailed as the HERO OF FORT STEADMAN.

The second action was his assault upon and capture of the enemy's works before Petersburg, on the 2d of April. As a military exploit it far exceeded, in daring and resolute courage that at Steadman, and had it been executed before the army had moved on its final victorious campaign, when the whole heavens were resounding with the noise of battle, it would have been bruited as one of the great triumphs of the war. The rebel works stood as they had for nearly a year previous, defying the best efforts of the Union arms. They were manned by as strong a force as they had ever been; the only difference being that there were no supports behind them. His division had never been in but one heavy engagement before—that at Steadman—and in that it had been successful. It accordingly went to the work with a confidence that old troops would have lacked. The left of his line rested upon the Jerusalem Plank Road, with a part of Wilcox's division upon his right, and Potter's upon his left. The enemy were on the alert and their artillery was in full play, the sky being ablaze with bursting shells, and the fiery trails of the mortar missiles. At daybreak a rocket was sent up from the head-quarters of Hartranft, which was the signal for the advance. It was gallantly executed, Colonel Cox of the Two Hundred and Seventh leading the way. A murderous fire from the whole rebel front tore their ranks; but they unfalteringly moved on, fired by the spirit of their leader, and rested not until they had passed picket line, double line of chevaux-de-frise, moat and ditch, and had scaled the steep sides of the main works. The victory was complete, the enemy being driven, and his own guns turned upon his fleeing troops. The rebel cordon of works was broken, and that city which for so many months had defied the most subtle arts known to war, was finally compelled to yield to the gallant division of Hartranft.

Hostilities soon after ceased and the armies returned home. In the meantime the good President had been assassinated, and the conspirators who had plotted the foul deed had been apprehended. The Secretary of War was seeking some fearless, vigilant officer to take charge of them and hold them securely. General Hancock was consulted. He named Hartranft, and the appointment was immediately made. It was a just tribute to a true man. He executed that trust, as he had all others, with fidelity, and, while he showed the prisoners every kindness, he suffered no laxity of duty.

In the summer of 1865 he was nominated for Auditor-General of Pennsylvania, an office the most responsible of any in the government, even more so than that of the executive. He was triumphantly elected. At the end of three years he was reëlected, and by the unanimous action of the Legislature held it for a part of a third term. In 1872 he was nominated for Governor, and though, in the complication of party and personal interests, he was violently opposed, he was again triumphant.

In person Governor Hartranft is tall and commanding, of dark complexion, with a fine prominent eye, and is well preserved by temperance and sobriety. In all that pertains to executive ability in the management of the complicated affairs of State he is unsurpassed, the Commonwealth having rarely if ever had an executive so fully master of every subject himself, and so little dependent upon his constitutional advisers. He was married on the 26th of January, 1854, to Miss Sallie Douglas Sebring, daughter of William L. Sebring, of Easton. The issue of this marriage has been six children, of whom four survive—two sons and two daughters.

RICHARD COULTER, Colonel of the Eleventh regiment, and Brevet Brigadier and Major-General. The Mexican War schooled many a soldier who figured prominently on either side in the War of the Rebellion. Of such, none proved a more apt scholar and none served in the latter contest with more signal ability than Richard Coulter.

He was born in Greensburg, Westmoreland county, Pennsylvania, on the 1st day of October, 1827. His father, Eli Coulter—an active business man and prominent politician, holding the office of prothonotary for many years—was a brother of the Hon. Richard Coulter, a Justice of the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania, and died on the 18th of April, 1830. His mother was a daughter of Colonel John Alexander, of Carlisle, Pennsylvania, an officer of the Revolution, and a sister of Major John B. Alexander, of Greensburg, and of General Samuel Alexander, of Carlisle. She was a woman preëminent for her Christian character, amiable disposition, and many virtues, and died on the 7th of August, 1854.

The son was educated at the Greensburg Academy, at the University Grammar School at Carlisle, and at Jefferson College. After leaving college in 1845, at the age of eighteen, he entered the office of his uncle, Richard Coulter, then a leading member of the Westmoreland bar, as a student at law, where he remained until the breaking out of the war with Mexico.

On the 24th of December, 1846, he was enrolled in the service of the United States, as a private in Company E, Second regiment, Pennsylvania volunteers, to serve during the war, and was on active duty throughout its entire period of service. He was engaged in the siege and capture of Vera Cruz, in the battles of Cerro Gordo, at the storming of Chapultepec, Garita de Belen, and in the capture of the City of Mexico. Returning at the close of the war he was mustered out of service, with his regiment, at Pittsburg, on the 14th of July, 1848.

He immediately resumed the study of the law, and was admitted to practice on the 23d of February, 1849. His uncle having in the interim been elevated to the Supreme bench, the nephew, upon his admission to the bar, succeeded to the business of the office, and zealously pursued his profession until the opening of the Rebellion.

The mutterings of treason were listened to with an attentive ear, and when, in the early spring of 1861, the intelligence was brought to the young lawyer that the old flag had been fired on, he had no question as to his duty. Turning his back upon a successful and lucrative practice, he sounded the call for recruits, and on the 20th of April reported at Camp Curtin, in Harrisburg, with a full company, of which he was chosen Captain. His company became part of the Eleventh regiment, of which he was made Lieutenant Colonel. At Falling Waters this, with other troops, was pitted against rebel forces commanded by the afterwards famous Stonewall Jackson, and in the brisk skirmish which ensued that commander was driven, Coulter's regiment bearing a leading part and being crowned with the credit of that achievement.

At the conclusion of the three months' service, for which all Pennsylvania troops had been called, Colonel Coulter set about reorganizing his regiment for three years. It was composed largely of the men of the old regiment, and retained its former number. Of this he was appointed Colonel. During the Peninsula campaign he remained with McDowell, opposing the demonstrations of Jackson in the Shenandoah Valley. In Pope's campaign he rendered signal service at Cedar Mountain, upon the line of the Rappahannock, and at Thoroughfare Gap, in opposing the progress of the rebel army; and in the battle of Bull Run his command suffered great loss in men and officers. In the midst of the latter battle, the fall of General Tower and Colonel

Fletcher Webster left Colonel Coulter at the head of the brigade, who, with his accustomed heroism and daring, succeeded in checking the enemy's onset, and in bringing off his command.

On the morning of the 17th of September, the brigade, now commanded by General Hartsuff, was led into action on the field of Antietam with the corps of Hooker. With almost the first shot, Hartsuff was wounded, and Coulter took command of the brigade. For four hours he faced the enemy fighting to maintain their well-chosen position; but the valor of those troops led by the gallant Coulter proved superior, and the enemy was forced back. When relieved, one-half of the effective strength of the brigade had fallen, having lost six hundred and three out of twelve hundred and eleven. In the battle of Fredericksburg Colonel Coulter was severely wounded, and for a considerable time he was confined to the hospital; but a few days before the battle of Chancellorsville he was so far recovered as to resume command, and led his regiment in the desperate fighting of that unfortunate field.

At Gettysburg Colonel Coulter was upon the soil of his native State, and within sound of the homes of many of his relatives and friends; and never did the begrimed veterans of this regiment meet the storm of battle with stouter hearts. They were of the First corps, which soonest met the shock, and the ground on the right flank, where repeated assaults were triumphantly met, and the desperate charges of his men were rewarded with substantial fruits, is thickly strewn with the graves of friend and foe. In the desperate encounter of that First corps, when opposed by thrice their number, the commander of the First brigade, General Paul, was severely wounded. Thereupon the Eleventh Pennsylvania regiment was transferred from the Second brigade, where it belonged, to the First, and Colonel Coulter was ordered to assume command in place of the fallen General. In the last desperate struggle, on the afternoon of the third day of the battle, Colonel Coulter, while in the act of leading his brigade to a threatened part of the line, received a severe wound in the arm; but he persisted in remaining with his command until the battle was ended.

In the campaign of the Wilderness and before Petersburg, Colonel Coulter was constantly at the post of duty, leading his own regiment, endeared to him by years of constant and devoted service, or the brigade and division as the exigencies required. For his services in these campaigns he was made a Brevet Brigadier-General, a recognition tardily bestowed, and not until after many an officer with far less experience and merit but more pretension had received it. General Coulter was now assigned to the command of the Third brigade, and started on the spring campaign with the Grand Army in its last struggle with the foe. It was of but short continuance, and ended in triumph at Appomattox Court House, General Coulter sharing the fortunes of his brigade to the last hour of its service, and until every enemy of the Government was willing to lay down his arms, and acknowledge that flag which in the beginning had been derided and trampled in the dust.

The rank of Brevet Major-General was conferred upon General Coulter for meritorious services in the final campaign, and in four years of constant and devoted duty. The record of the casualties which befell him show how well he deserved of his country. In the Second Bull Run, his horse was shot under him. At Fredericksburg, he was severely wounded, in the heat of the battle. At Gettysburg, he was struck in the arm. On the first day in the Wilderness, he had his horse killed and on the second day another horse wounded. At Spottsylvania, while drawing up his brigade for a charge upon the enemy's works, he received a wound in the left breast from a missile of the enemy's picket.

On being mustered out of service at the conclusion of the war General Coulter returned to the practice of his profession at Greensburg. In person he is five feet and eleven inches in height and stout, of fair complexion, and blue eyes.

Adolph Buschbeck, Colonel of the Twenty-seventh regiment and Brigadier-General. On the evening of Saturday, the 2d of May, 1863, the Eleventh corps of the Army of the Potomac, while in position on the right wing on the field of Chancellorsville, was attacked on its right flank and rear by Stonewall Jackson, with an overwhelming force of the rebel army. At the time this attack was made, Buschbeck's brigade was occupying a position on the extreme left of the corps. "At about four o'clock P. M.," says General Steinwehr, who was commanding the division, in his report to General Howard, "you ordered me to send the Second brigade, General Barlow commanding, to support the right wing of General Sickles' corps, then engaged with the enemy. The brigade started immediately and, accompanied by yourself and myself, reached the right wing of General Birney's division of Sickles' corps in about an hour's time. We found General Birney's sharpshooters skirmishing with the enemy, and as no engagement was imminent, I returned to the First brigade, Colonel A. Buschbeck, commanding, near Dondall's Tavern. Soon I heard heavy firing in that direction, which showed that a strong attack was being made upon our corps. When I arrived upon the field I found Colonel Buschbeck with three regiments of his brigade still occupying the same ground near the tavern, and defending this position with great firmness and gallantry. The fourth regiment he had sent to the south side of the road to fill the place lately occupied by the Second brigade. The attack of the enemy was very powerful. They emerged from the woods in close columns, and had thrown the First and Third divisions —which retired toward Chancellorsville—into great confusion. Colonel Buschbeck succeeded to check the progress of the enemy, and I directed him to hold his position as long as possible. His men fought with great determination and courage. Soon, however, the enemy gained both wings of the brigade, and the enfilading fire which was now opened upon the small force, and which killed and wounded nearly one-third of its whole strength, forced them to retire. Colonel Buschbeck then withdrew his small brigade, in perfect order toward the woods, the enemy closely pressing on. Twice he halted, faced around, and at last reached the rear of General Sickles' corps, which had been drawn up in position near Chancellorsville. There he formed his brigade in close column and you will recollect offered to advance again to a bayonet charge."

Rarely on any field were soldiers subjected to such an ordeal as were those of Colonel Buschbeck in this terrible conflict. The whole right wing of the army was flying in disorder. The first troops to meet and interpose a check to the hordes of the enemy rushing forward, exultant and victorious, was this small brigade. The heroism there displayed is of so signal and pronounced a character that it stands out as one of the striking events in that battle, and as a brilliant achievement in the life of its commander.

Adolph Buschbeck was born on the 23d of March, 1822, in Coblentz, Prussia. His father, Adolph Buschbeck—Major in the Engineer corps—and his mother, Minna (Morgenstern) Buschbeck, were natives of Dresden, Saxony. From his eleventh to his seventeenth year he was a cadet in the military school at Berlin. He received the full education necessary to enter the University, besides instruction in tactics for infantry, cavalry, and artillery, practical surveying, and in the German, English, and French languages. Upon his graduation from the military school, he was commissioned a Lieutenant in the Prussian army, and in 1846 was commended by the then Prince of Prussia, now the Emperor William. General von Steinwehr said of him, "I can also state from personal knowledge that Colonel Buschbeck is one of the most thoroughly educated officers of the service."

Colonel Buschbeck came to this country several years before the war, and in September, 1861, was commissioned Lieutenant-Colonel of the Twenty-seventh Pennsylvania volunteers. A month later he was made Colonel of the regiment, and on the 25th of October, 1862, was assigned by General Banks to the command of the First brigade, Second division of the Eleventh corps. During the winter of 1864 he commanded a division of this corps, and was subsequently brevetted a Brigadier-General of volunteers.

Of the character of General Buschbeck, the authority of his superior officers will be received as conclusive. General Sherman, in his report of the 19th of December, 1863, says: "The brigade of Colonel Buschbeck, belonging to the Eleventh corps, which was the first to come out of Chattanooga to my flank, fought at the Tunnel Hill, in connection with General Ewing's division, and displayed a courage almost amounting to rashness. Following the enemy nearly to the Tunnel gorge, it lost many valuable lines." General von Steinwehr, in a communication of the 26th of February, says of him: "He distinguished himself particularly in the battle of Cross Keys, where he saved his regiment and a battery attached to it during the action, by resolute determination and intrepidity." General Hooker says, in a communication addressed to the Secretary of War, dated March 3d, 1864, at his camp in Lookout Valley: "His mode of governing men and enforcing discipline is excellent. He is cool, prompt, and fearless in battle and his private relations are unexceptionable." General Buschbeck since the close of the war has for the most part resided in Philadelphia, where he married Agnes, youngest daughter of the late Doctor William E. Horner, Professor of Anatomy in the University of Pennsylvania.

CHARLES P. HERRING, Colonel of the One Hundred and Eighteenth regiment, and Brevet Brigadier-General, was born in the city of Philadelphia. Until the opening of the Rebellion he was engaged in mercantile pursuits. In June, 1861, he became Second Lieutenant of Company C, of the Grey Reserves, commanded by Captain Charles M. Prevost. In May, 1862, he acted as Adjutant of the battalion under Colonel Charles S. Smith, in its service in quelling the Schuylkill county riots. In August, 1862, he was commissioned Major of the One Hundred and Eighteenth regiment, and commanded the camp for recruits in Indian Queen Lane, near the Falls of Schuylkill. With little opportunity for drill the regiment was called to the front at a time when the Antietam campaign was in full progress. On the 20th of September, 1862, two days after the battle of Antietam, Barnes' brigade, which embraced the one Hundred and Eighteenth, was ordered across the Potomac to follow up the retreating foe. But Lee had left a strong rear-guard under A. P. Hill, which was held in ambush, and this regiment, which was in advance, was no sooner over than the enemy attacked and overwhelmed it, killing, wounding, and capturing considerable numbers. Its commander, Colonel Prevost, received a severe wound, when the direction of affairs partially devolved upon Major Herring, who with rare tact and judgment brought off the remnants of his troops. In the battle of Fredericksburg he was wounded in both arms, and at Chancellorsville was in command of the rear-guard in the retreat of the army across the river. The service at

Gettysburg was no less trying. He was brought upon the field at a critical period in the fortunes of the day on the afternoon of the 2d of July, 1863, and aided in checking the foe in his crushing blow aimed at the Third corps.

In November he was promoted to Lieutenant-Colonel. On the 7th of May, 1864, in the midst of the fierce conflicts of the Wilderness, Colonel Herring was placed in command of a brigade of five regiments, two of them of the regular army, and with it made a brilliant charge, driving the enemy and holding his ground. On the following day, at Laurel Hill, occurred the most notable act of his military life. General Crawford was moving forward with his command to charge the enemy when, at five P. M., Colonel Herring with his brigade arrived upon the ground, and was ordered forward to support the movement.. He had been on picket all the previous night and had been marching all day, but he went gallantly out, and met and signally repulsed one of the most determined and desperate charges made by the enemy, preserving throughout the struggle an immovable front, inflicted terrible slaughter, captured two hundred prisoners, and took two stands of colors. General Warren, in a familiar letter written just two years later, says: "Your successful engagement of the enemy on the evening of the 8th of May, two years ago, with its captures, will help relieve a record made up of many gloomy repulses so trying to us all." He continued with the army under General Grant, and was conspicuous in all the engagements in which his regiment had a part before Petersburg and Richmond. On the 6th of February, 1865, at Dabney's Mill, while at the head of his command, he was severely wounded in the leg, which resulted in its amputation. For his gallantry here he was brevetted Brigadier-General. After his recovery he sat upon a general court-martial convened in Philadelphia, and soon after his muster out of the service, in June, 1865, was appointed Brigade Inspector of the National Guard, in which capacity he was influential in resolutely holding up the standard of excellence. In a remarkable degree he had the confidence and friendship, not only of his own command, but of his superior officers. General Barnes, in allusion to his loss of a limb, said: "You bear with you the evidence of the perils of the field. This gives me no cause for surprise; for I had seen you at Shepherdstown, at Fredericksburg, and Gettysburg." "Gallant and ever reliable as an officer," says that bold soldier, General Griffin, "he was humane and considerate towards those under him, always being solicitous for their welfare. On the field of battle, or in camp, his manly bearing won for him the friendship of all. His record is one that he not only should feel proud of, but his State should prize as belonging to one of her sons." "With a moral courage," says Major-General Chamberlain—late Governor of Maine—who served with him, "scarcely excelled by his physical daring, he won and held my perfect confidence and love."

Matthew Stanley Quay, Colonel of the One Hundred and Thirty-fourth regiment, was born on the 13th of September, 1833, at Dillsburg, York county, Pennsylvania. He was the son of Anderson B. and Catharine (Kane) Quay. He was educated at Jefferson College, where he graduated at the age of sixteen. After completing his course he travelled in the South, but finally settled in Beaver as a student at law, where he was admitted to the bar in 1854. In 1856 he was appointed Prothonotary of Beaver county, and in the fall of the same year was elected to that office by the people, and reëlected in 1859. When the tocsin of war was sounded in April, 1861, he resigned his civil employment, and received the appointment of Lieutenant in Company F, Tenth Reserve regiment. In June following, he was elevated to a more arduous and responsible position, that of Assistant Commissary-General of the State. On the 1st of January, 1862, he was selected by Governor Curtin as his private Secretary. In August, when the General Government was importunate for troops, he again took the field as Colonel of the One Hundred and Thirty-fourth regiment. He was brought upon the ground at Antietam near the close of the battle, and remained under arms in momentary expectation of a renewal of the fight, until it was discovered that the enemy had fled. On account of serious ill health he was obliged to tender his resignation, which was accepted about a week previous to the battle of Fredericksburg. When he ascertained that a battle was imminent, he refused to leave the field, and volunteered as aid upon the staff of General Tyler, commanding the brigade to which his former regiment belonged. In this capacity he was in the hottest of the fight at the Stone Wall on Marye's Heights, and by his courage and endurance won the high commendation of his commander, both upon the field and in his official report. In closing the detail of the action of his brigade, he says: "Colonel M. S. Quay, late of the One Hundred and Thirty-fourth Pennsylvania infantry, was on my staff as a volunteer aide-de-camp, and to him I am greatly indebted. Notwithstanding his enfeebled health, he was in the saddle early and late, ever prompt and efficient, and especially so during the engagement."

When his health had become measurably restored he was appointed agent of the State at Washington, where he performed highly important and useful labor in looking after and protecting the interests of Pennsylvania soldiers. He had not been long engaged in this capacity when he was recalled to Harrisburg, to perform official duty near the person of the Governor. At the State election, in October, 1864, he was chosen, by the almost unanimous vote of his district, a member of the Legislature, where he exerted a commanding influence, and on being returned for the succeeding term was selected as Chairman of the Committee of Ways and Means—the virtual leader of the House. He was returned for a third term, when he was a prominent candidate for Speaker. After retiring from this office he founded at the seat of his county the *Beaver Radical*, an eight-page sheet, which, under his skilful and able management, gained a large circulation and an influence scarcely second to any in the State. When Governor Hartranft, at the opening of 1873, formed his cabinet, he called Colonel Quay to occupy the first place—that of Secretary of State—which he still worthily holds. In person he is above the medium height, well formed, and of a vigorous and determined mien. In debate he is ready and persuasive; and as a writer, terse and sententious, with few equals in the editorial corps.

JACOB H. DEWEES, Colonel of the Thirteenth cavalry, was born in Philadelphia on the 5th of December, 1831. He was the son of Henry and Louise Charlotte (Schollosser) Dewees.

He was brought up upon a farm, and received a liberal English education at the public schools and at the Lower Dublin Academy, especially distinguishing himself in mathematics and civil engineering. He was fond of field sports, and was a good horseman.

Before entering the United States service he had been connected with a volunteer company, known as the Washington Cavalry, where he acquired some knowledge of this arm. In May, 1862, he was commissioned Captain of Company A of the Thirteenth Pennsylvania cavalry. For the rough riding, in which he delighted, he now had ample opportunity; for bands of the enemy led by the daring partisan chieftains Moseby, White, and Imboden were active in the Shenandoah Valley, whither with his command he was sent, and it required all the skill and courage of which the Union forces were master to match them. In November, 1863, Captain Dewees was promoted to Major, and in the campaign of the Wilderness rode with Sheridan in advance of the Grand Army. The cavalry was tireless in this campaign, raiding upon the enemy's communications, pushing up to the very doors of Richmond, and away on the Trevilian Station enterprise. Finally, in the hard battle at St. Mary's Church, on the 24th of June, 1864, Major Dewees was taken prisoner, and for a period of nearly nine months, at a time when Union captives were treated with the greatest severity, was in the enemy's hands, being confined first at Macon, Georgia, for two months under fire of the Union siege guns in the city of Charleston, and finally at Columbia. Early in March he was released, and on rejoining his regiment was promoted to Lieutenant-Colonel. At the conclusion of the war, he returned to his home in Philadelphia, and has since been actively engaged in the construction of railroads, for which he has natural talent. He was married on the 29th of January, 1867, to Bella M. Dale, of Venango county, Pennsylvania.

EVERARD BIERER, Colonel of the One Hundred and Seventy-first regiment, was born at Uniontown, Fayette county, Pennsylvania, on the 9th of January, 1827. His father, Everhart Bierer, was a native of Wurtemberg, Germany, having been born in 1795, near Stuttgard. His mother was Catharine Margaretta Rukenbrod. He was reared amidst agricultural pursuits. He received his education at the common schools, and at Madison College, in his native county. A few days after the call of the President for troops, he commenced recruiting, and on the 23d of May was commissioned Captain of Company F, Eleventh regiment of the Reserve corps. He did good service with his company at Beaver Dam Creek, and in the desperate fighting to which his regiment was subjected on the following day at Gaines' Mill—where it was brought up as a forlorn hope—was taken prisoner. With other officers captured on that field, Captain Bierer was marched to Richmond, gratifying the eyes of the populace eager for a sight of Yankee prisoners, and was confined in Libby Prison. He was released on the 14th of August, and returned to his command in time to lead his company in the assaults at South Mountain. In the midst of the battle, while the enemy was contesting every inch of ground with the greatest obstinacy taking shelter behind rocks and wooded heights, the regiment was ordered to charge. Captain Bierer was the first of his company to issue from the covert of woods through which the line was moving, and, dashing forward into an open field amidst a storm of bullets, led the way. His heroic conduct reassured his men, and their onward move was resistless; but before the summit of the mountain was reached, while pressing on, he was struck just above the elbow, breaking the arm and injuring the joint. He was carried off the field, and his wound dressed; but not until the 25th of November was the ball extracted. The wound finally healed and the arm was saved.

As soon as he was fit for duty, he was appointed, by the Governor, commandant of Camp Curtin, near Harrisburg, with the rank of Colonel, and not long afterwards was chosen Colonel of the One Hundred and Seventy-first regiment. With this he was sent first to Suffolk, Virginia, and thence to North Carolina, where he was engaged against the rebel General Hill. At Blount's Creek, on the 9th of April, the brigade of Spinola was obliged to retire before superior numbers. To Colonel Bierer was assigned the command of the rear guard. The duty was critical, the enemy crowding upon him and attacking in heavy force. Nearly the entire night, in the midst of intense darkness, through pine forests and cypress swamps, the march was pushed, and he finally succeeded in bringing off the column, with the trains and all the wounded. He was subsequently advanced to the command of the brigade, which he led in a diversion towards Richmond, from Fortress Monroe, and subsequently to Maryland, to the aid of the Army of the Potomac in its conflicts with Lee. The term of service of his regiment soon after expired, when he was mustered out. In person he is nearly six feet in height, of an iron frame, and was never sick except when confined in Libby. Studious and industrious, he has acquired varied information, and by his integrity and worth commands respect and confidence. In October, 1850, he was elected district attorney of Fayette county, and in November, 1864, was one of the Presidential electors for Pennsylvania. He was married on the 8th of April, 1852, to Miss Ellen Smouse. In 1865 he removed to Hiawatha, Brown county, Kansas. In November, 1867, he was elected a member of the Kansas Legislature. His occupation has in the main been that of farming, stock-raising, and the practice of law.

ROBERT THOMPSON, Colonel of the One Hundred and Fifteenth regiment and Brevet Brigadier-General, was born on the 19th of July, 1828, in Philadelphia. His father was Robert Thompson. His mother was daughter of Dr. William Delaney, a surgeon in the Revolution, and a niece of Sharp Delaney, a prominent patriot in that struggle, contributor to the Robert Morris fund, first Collector of the Port of Philadelphia, having been appointed by Washington, and the founder of the *Friendly Sons of Saint Patrick*, from which strictly the First Troop, Philadelphia City Cavalry, originated. He received a thorough education in the schools of his native city. In the July riots of 1844, he served with the Washington Grays, an artillery corps, and subsequently, in 1849, attached himself to the First Troop. In 1852, he was married to Elizabeth S. Winebrener. Just previous to the breaking out of the Rebellion he raised a militia company, known as the State Guard, which became Company E of the Seventeenth regiment, commanded by Colonel Francis E. Patterson, and served as Captain through the three months' campaign. When, in April, 1862, the One Hundred and Fifteenth regiment was formed, he was appointed Lieutenant-Colonel. His first duty was to take charge of five hundred rebel prisoners captured in the fight at Winchester, in April, 1862, whom he took to Fort Delaware, and thence proceeded to Fortress Monroe with his regiment. He joined the Army of the Potomac in July, and had part in the second engagement at Malvern Hill. In the fierce fighting at Bristoe Station, with the enemy under Stonewall Jackson, and at Bull Run, which immediately followed, Lieutenant-Colonel Thompson commanded the regiment, in the former being particularly commended for a charge in which he led, and in the latter was complimented by General Carr, in the report of the battle, for his courage and gallantry in the face of a bold and defiant foe. At the close of Pope's campaign, he was obliged to leave the service on account of illness and loss of hearing incurred in the line of duty, the last four days of this campaign having been very depressing and exhausting. The command was without food, blankets, or covering during all this time, and he was compelled, from the loss of his horse, to march fifty miles, and led in three battles. Upon the recommendation of General Joseph Hooker, who commanded the division, he was brevetted Colonel, and Brigadier-General, which appointments were confirmed by the Senate.

JOSEPH H. HORTON, Lieutenant-Colonel ot the One Hundred and Forty-first regiment, was born at Tarrytown, Bradford county, Pennsylvania, on the 2d of June, 1842. He received a common school education, and engaged in mercantile pursuits previous to entering the service of the United States. He enlisted in August, 1862, in the One Hundred and Forty-first Pennsylvania regiment for the war, and was elected First Lieutenant of Company A. In August, 1862, he was promoted to Captain. At Fredericksburg he had his first experience of severe fighting, his regiment being in Birney's column. The battle of Chancellorsville brought hard marching and sharp conflict, the regiment sustaining heavy losses. At Gettysburg it performed important service, holding a very exposed position, and keeping back the masses of the enemy until it was finally pushed by sheer weight of numbers. "Captain Horton," says the Colonel of the regiment, "though severely stunned by the concussion of a shell, remained on the field, and I am greatly indebted to him for his services, as he was the only Captain left with the regiment." He was at Auburn, Bristoe Station, Mine Run, United States Ford, and the Wilderness, preserving, by his devotion to duty, his title to gallantry. At Spottsylvania he was wounded in the left arm and left hip by a gun shot. Neither proving serious, he was on duty again in time to take part in the battle of Cold Harbor, and continued through the siege of Petersburg down to the surrender of Lee. In January, 1864, he was promoted to Major, and in March, 1865, to Lieutenant-Colonel. The regiment made the final campaign under his command, and when he was about to start for home, on the morning of May 30th, 1865, General Pierce, who commanded the brigade, said: "I regret that the early hour at which you leave will forbid my turning out the brigade and firing a salute as you start for those homes you left some three years ago to battle for your country. You have all performed your duties faithfully, and the result is, our country is redeemed from traitors, the old flag now waves over every State in the Union, and you go home to be received by a grateful people, who will, I trust, not forget your sufferings and deeds of valor." Since the war, Colonel Horton has been Superintendent of the Sullivan Anthracite Coal Company.

JOSEPH W. HAWLEY, Colonel of the One Hundred and Twenty-fourth regiment, was born in Lionville, Chester county, Pennsylvania, on the 14th of July, 1836. His boyhood was spent at school and in the intervals in a country store. He received, in addition to that of the public schools, instruction for a year and a half in the best academies of the county. At the breaking out of the war he was paying teller of the Bank of Chester County, at West Chester. He was granted leave of absence therefrom, and recruited a company for the nine months' service, of which he was made Captain. It became part of the One Hundred and Twenty-fourth Pennsylvania regiment, which was ordered to the front under his command with the expectation of having Lieutenant-Colonel Thomas S. Bell of the Fifty-first made its leader. But this was not permitted, and Captain Hawley was commissioned Colonel. In the battle of Antietam his regiment was in the hottest of the fight, and was terribly decimated. Colonel Hawley received a rifle ball in the neck which just missed the jugular vein, lodging in the muscle. Its removal being considered dangerous it was allowed to remain, where, after the lapse of more than ten years, it still holds its place. His wound was sufficiently healed at the end of sixty days to enable him to return to his regiment, which in the battle of Chancellorsville was again exposed to a withering fire, and lost heavily. Its term of service expired a few days afterward, and Colonel Hawley returned to his place in the bank. He was afterwards commissioned Colonel of the Twenty-ninth regiment, Pennsylvania volunteer militia, called out for the emergency in 1863, but was in no engagement with the exception of a slight skirmish at Clear Spring, Maryland. On being mustered out he returned to his former duties. In January, 1864, he was appointed paying teller of the First National Bank of West Chester, and in March following was made cashier of the First National Bank of Media, Delaware county.

JOHN HERRON CAIN, Colonel of the One Hundred and Fifty-fifth regiment, was born at Pittsburg, on the 18th of November, 1839. He is the son of Henry P. Cain, a native of Trenton, New Jersey. His mother was Caroline (Wilson) Cain. He was educated at Bethel under the instruction of the Rev. George Marshall, receiving a good English training. He enlisted on the 19th of April, 1861, in the City Guards of Pittsburg, which subsequently became Company K, of the Twelfth Pennsylvania regiment, and for a term of three months served as a private. He was here associated with Alexander Hays, killed in the Wilderness campaign, with James H. Childs, who fell while leading a brigade at Antietam, with A. S. M. Morgan, who was fearfully wounded at the head of his regiment at Fair Oaks, and with A. B. Bonaffon, who also became eminent as a soldier, and yielded up his life while in the line of duty. On the 29th of August, 1862, he was chosen Captain of Company C, of the One Hundred and Fifty-fifth Pennsylvania regiment, which he had been instrumental in recruiting, and three days thereafter was made Major. In this capacity he participated in the battles of Antietam and Fredericksburg. In the latter, the regiment was subjected to an ordeal such as seldom falls to the lot of even veteran soldiers. In this trying situation he acquitted himself gallantly, and two weeks after was promoted to the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel, and given the active command of the regiment. At Chancellorsville, on the morning of the 3d of May, he was brought into conflict with the hitherto invincible troops of Stonewall Jackson, and the fighting was of a desperate character. When the division of Humphreys, to which the One Hundred and Fifty-fifth belonged, was obliged to fall back behind the guns, Lieutenant-Colonel Cain conducted the movement of his own men with much skill. In the battle of Gettysburg he was posted on the summit of Little Round Top, and was largely instrumental in holding that key-point of the field. Sharpshooting was rife, as almost every bush and rock concealed a rebel marksman, and many brave men of his command fell. A month after this battle he was promoted to Colonel, and soon afterwards resigned. Since the war he has been engaged in producing oil at various points in Venango county.

HORATIO N. WARREN, Colonel of the One Hundred and Forty-second regiment, was born in Clarence, Erie county, New York, on the 26th of October, 1838. He received a good English education in the Clarence Academy. His early occupation was that of a clerk, and he afterwards engaged in business on his own account. He was married on the 9th of September, 1861, to Miss Mary M. Everhart. On the 8th of August, 1862, he was commissioned Captain of Company A, One Hundred and Forty-second regiment. He at once took the field, and in the battles of Fredericksburg, Salem Church, and Gettysburg, led his company, exhibiting soldierly qualities. In February, 1864, he was promoted to Major and took command of the regiment. In that terribly wasting and bloody campaign from the Rapidan to the James, and subsequently before Petersburg, he displayed the most devoted gallantry, never having been absent from his command for an hour from the time when the army first plunged into the Wilderness, on the 4th of May, to the 4th of July, when it finally settled down to the siege of Petersburg. He was commissioned Lieutenant-Colonel on the 17th of September, and in the actions of the Weldon Railroad, Hatcher's Run, Dabney's Mill, where he had his horse shot from under him, and Boydton Plank Road, he displayed like devotion and steadfastness. In the battle of Five Forks, on the 5th of April, 1865, he was severely wounded, and had to be removed to the hospital at City Point. For his gallantry in this action he was promoted to Colonel, and at the close of the war was mustered out of service with his regiment.

SAMUEL B. M. YOUNG, Colonel of the Fourth cavalry, and Brevet Brigadier-General, was born on the 9th of January, 1840, at Forest Grove, Allegheny county, Pennsylvania. His father, John Young, was of English descent as was his mother, Hannah (Scott) Young. His early years were spent upon the farm and at school, where, in addition to the common English branches, a knowledge of civil engineering was acquired. His youthful inclination was for a military life, and the opening of the Rebellion, just as he was coming of age, afforded him the coveted opportunity. He enlisted in the Twelfth United States infantry, in April, 1861, and was made Corporal in the following June. On the 6th of September, 1861, he was commissioned Captain in the Fourth Pennsylvania cavalry. At the Peach Orchard, and at Charles City Cross Roads, he had experience in hard fighting, and, mere youth though he was, showed that he was constituted with those qualities of which heroes are made.

He led the famous charge of one squadron of his regiment, and one section of Tidball's guns under Lieutenant Dennison, across the Stone Bridge on the left centre of the line, in the battle of Antietam, where in the mortal conflict which ensued in defence of the Union guns the gallant Colonel Childs met his death. In November, 1862, with two squadrons of the Fourth, he attacked the rear of J. E. B. Stuart's column at Jeffersonville, Virginia, and dismounted two guns, destroying the carriages before the supports arrived. In the Fredericksburg and Chancellorsville campaigns the Fourth regiment was with Averell, and had little hard fighting, though in the latter the cavalry was in motion towards Gordonsville. But in the Gettysburg movement a close conflict occurred at Aldie and Upperville, where Major Young led his battalion in repeated charges with the steadiness and determination of a veteran officer. Moving on the right flank of the Union army this regiment stretched away in its course to the Susquehanna river, arriving at the Wrightsville head of the Columbia bridge just after its destruction. Hastening back, it came up on the flank of the army upon the Gettysburg field during the morning of the 2d of July. In the remainder of the struggle, and in the pursuit of the enemy upon his retreat, it was kept in constant service.

On the 12th of October, when Lee attempted his flank movement, the Fourth was sent to the relief of the Thirteenth Pennsylvania cavalry, which, while on picket duty near Jeffersonville, on the right bank of the Rappahannock and opposite the White Sulphur Springs, was attacked and hard pressed by the advancing enemy. What bravery could accomplish was done, the two regiments making a bold stand and fighting with remarkable courage; but it was hopeless, as the overwhelming masses of the enemy were pressing forward from all sides, and a large number of both regiments were killed, wounded, or taken prisoners. Major Young was conspicuous for his valor, and in the heat of the engagement was struck by a Minié ball in the right elbow-joint, inflicting a painful and serious wound. After six months of intense suffering, the arm was saved; but the joint was left permanently stiff. In an action on the 20th of July, 1864, this arm was again hit, both bones of the fore-arm being broken. Youth and a good constitution favored recovery, and in a comparatively brief period he was again with his regiment. In the following year the same arm was a third time struck; but from all its hard fate it holds out, and in striking for country is a good arm yet.

In October Major Young was promoted to Lieutenant-Colonel, and in December following to Colonel. The action at Hatcher's Run, in February, 1865, proved unfortunate for the Union arms; especially disastrous was it to Crawford's division. After an unsuccessful attempt had been made by an infantry brigade to drive the enemy from his intrenchments, Colonel Young was ordered to charge with his brigade of cavalry. Gallantly was the command executed, and the intrenched line before which the infantry had recoiled the cavalry carried. Colonel Young was complimented, in the presence of the entire division, by General Gregg for this heroic action. The rebel General John Pegram was killed in this encounter. Colonel Young was active throughout the entire final campaign of Sheridan's cavalry, from Five Forks to the surrender, in which the movements were remarkable for rapidity and skill. He led a charge of his brigade even after the surrender had been consummated, though not known upon the front, routing a rebel brigade and capturing its colors. For this action he was brevetted Brigadier-General. At the conclusion of the war he was appointed to a lucrative position in the Revenue Department of the General Government, but refusing to sacrifice his principles to party purposes, he was removed by President Johnson. He was soon after appointed Second Lieutenant in the Twelfth infantry. At the reorganization of the army, in July, 1866, he was commissioned a Captain in the Eighth United States cavalry, and with one exception has achieved remarkable success in every campaign against the hostile Indians in Arizona and New Mexico, whither his command was ordered.

JOHN MARKOE, Colonel of the Seventy-first regiment, and Brevet Brigadier-General, was born in the city of Philadelphia, on the 9th of January, 1844. The family came from Denmark to St. Croix, and afterwards to Philadelphia. His great-grandfather, Abraham Markoe, was the first Captain of the Philadelphia Troop of Light Horse, which acted as escort to Washington in the battle of Trenton. He graduated from the University of Pennsylvania in the class of 1860. He was fond of athletic sports, and held the bow oar in two races by the University boat. When recruiting of the Washington Grays for the three months' service commenced, he was the first man to affix his name upon the books as they were opened, and served as a private in that regiment throughout that campaign. He proved himself a good marksman, having been excused from guard duty for a time for having made the best shot at target practice.

While in camp at Kalorama, near Washington, he was tendered the position of Second Lieutenant in Colonel Baker's California regiment, Seventy-first Pennsylvania, then being recruited for the war, which he accepted, and was soon after promoted to First Lieutenant of Company A. At Fort Schuyler, New York harbor, where the regiment was encamped before taking the field, he drilled officers and men in the manual of arms and skirmish practice. The regiment was first ordered to Fortress Monroe, where he was promoted to Captain. After the first battle of Bull Run, it moved to Washington, and in the night advance to Munson's Hill he commanded the skirmishers, which were fired into by other United States troops, and had several killed and wounded.

In the action at Ball's Bluff, where Baker fell, Captain Markoe was selected to lead two companies of skirmishers upon the left wing. "Captain Markoe," says Colonel Wistar, "had a company I could trust, an excellent company, and I sent it out. . . . They had got about ten paces in the woods, and I was about thirty paces behind with the second company, when the whole of the Eighth Virginia regiment arose up from the ground, about thirty paces off, and ran right at them with the bayonet, without firing a shot. Captain Markoe held his men steady. I ran up with my company, and a very hot fire immediately commenced on our part. . . . I put these two companies in charge of Captain Markoe, and ran back as hard as I could to take command of my regiment. Captain Markoe, with his two companies, held his position there for about fifteen minutes, during which time they lost all their officers, all their sergeants but two, one of them wounded, all their corporals but three, and two-thirds of their privates, when the rest of them, under the command of the only remaining sergeant unwounded, fell back in pretty good order, bringing with them a First Lieutenant and fourteen men of the Eighth Virginia regiment prisoners, under the fire of the whole regiment." Captain Markoe received a severe wound in the shoulder and fell into the enemy's hands, after having himself taken Lieutenant Berry and three privates prisoners. His men did fearful execution in this engagement, as the enemy, being in greatly superior numbers, were much exposed, while his own stood in open order. For four months he was a prisoner in Richmond. During that time his name was twice deposited with those from which hostages were to be drawn; but he fortunately escaped the fate of the victims of retaliation.

On being exchanged he returned to his regiment in time to go with McClellan to the Peninsula. He was at Yorktown, West Point, and in the fierce fighting at Fair Oaks was severely wounded in the left thigh and right hand. For nine weeks he was unable to move. After the healing of his wound he was appointed by President Lincoln to the additional corps of aids, with the rank of Captain, and for a time served on the staff of General McDowell. But he soon tired of inactivity, and again returned to his regiment, of which he was made Lieutenant-Colonel, and had the active command. He led in a reconnoissance to Charleston, and in the battle of Fredericksburg, on the 13th of December, 1862, was of the column under Howard, where his troops were exposed in open ground to fire of infantry and artillery behind intrenchments, and were terribly cut to pieces. Colonel Markoe himself suffered greatly from his old wound which was still open, the weather being intensely cold. He was ultimately compelled on this account to resign, which he did on the 27th of February, 1863. He was subsequently brevetted Colonel and Brigadier-General. Few more resolute or heroic soldiers faced the enemy in the late war than John Markoe.

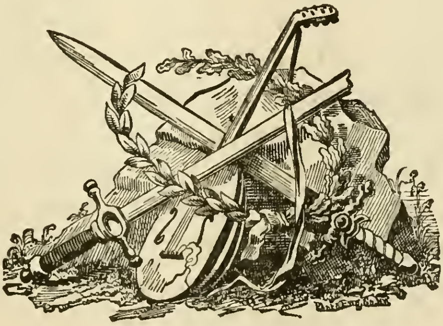
JOHN BAILLIE MCINTOSH, Colonel of the Third cavalry, Brigadier and Brevet Major-General, was born at Tampa Bay, Florida, on the 6th of June, 1829. His father, James S. McIntosh, was a Colonel in the United States army, and a native of Georgia. His mother was Eliza (Shumate) McIntosh. He was educated at Nazareth Hall, Pennsylvania, at S. M. Hammill's School, Lawrenceville, New Jersey, and at Marlborough Churchill's Military School at Sing Sing, New York, receiving a good classical and English training. His tastes were military, and efforts were made to have him appointed a cadet at West Point; but having one brother there already, they were unsuccessful. On concluding his studies he entered the navy as a midshipman, in 1848, at the age of nineteen, but after two years of experience, resigned. On the 2d of October of that year, he was married to Miss Amelia Short, of New Brunswick, New Jersey. In person he is five feet ten inches in height, and of robust health.

Soon after the opening of the Rebellion he was appointed Second Lieutenant of the Fifth United States cavalry, his commission bearing date 8th of June, 1861, and on the 27th of April, 1862, was promoted to First Lieutenant. With this regiment he served upon the Peninsula in the summer of 1862, and won the rank of Major by brevet in the affair at White Oak Swamp. On the 26th of September, 1862, he was appointed Colonel of the Third Pennsylvania cavalry, which he led in the campaigns under Hooker. In the battle of Kelly's Ford, he led a brigade under General Averell, in which Fitz Hugh Lee and Stuart were defeated and driven. "To the intrepidity," says General Averell, "promptitude and excellent judgment of McIntosh on that occasion our success was chiefly attributable. Although off duty from illness, he voluntarily joined his brigade in the field and displayed all the vigor of an indomitable soldier." After the battle of Chancellorsville he was placed in command of the First brigade, Second division, of the cavalry, Army of the Potomac. At the battle of Gettysburg, and subsequently in pursuit of the rebel army, he won for himself an enviable reputation as a leader. When the fighting at Gettysburg was ended, McIntosh's brigade of cavalry and Neill's of infantry were detached to follow up the line of rebel retreat, while the main body of Meade's army marched down on the south side of the Blue Ridge. On the 10th of July, McIntosh fell in with the rebel force at old Antietam Forge, where a brisk engagement ensued. In recognition of his services throughout this entire campaign he was brevetted Lieutenant-Colonel in the regular army, having been previously brevetted Major, and in the December following he was promoted to the full rank of Captain.

At half past six on the morning of the 5th of May, 1864, he held Parker's store with a single regiment of cavalry, and received the first attack of the enemy in the battle of the Wilderness. It was made by the advance of a whole corps, but it was withstood with all the stubbornness and determination of which so small a force was capable, and was finally driven down to near the intersection of the Brock road, where it was relieved by a division of the Sixth corps under General Getty. On the 8th of May McIntosh charged with his brigade into Spottsylvania Court House, took the town and captured many prisoners. Moving forward he attacked the rear of Longstreet's corps, and only withdrew upon the order of General Sheridan. Having defeated W. H. F. Lee's brigade at Hanover Court House on the 31st of May, he achieved a brilliant success on the following day at Ashland, where, with only three regiments, he withstood for two hours the combined attack of three brigades of rebel cavalry, and finally retired with the loss of only a few led horses. For his gallantry here he was brevetted Colonel in the regular service and made Brigadier-General of volunteers. He had already won a reputation for skill and bravery as a cavalry leader before entering with Sheridan upon the Shenandoah Valley campaign, and when that skilful General sought men for desperate and daring work, he chose McIntosh and was not deceived. The Shenandoah Valley, previous to the advent of Sheridan, had been literally the "valley of the shadow of death" to the Union arms. From the start, he was determined to turn the tide of disaster, and at once initiated an active campaign. By adroit manœuvres he succeeded in drawing his opponent, Early, forward to the Opequan creek. Then did he believe had come his time to act, and falling upon his adversary with the whole weight of his force, he scattered those legions which before had been invincible, as the wind drives the dust of the summer threshing-floor. In that marvellous achievement, Colonel McIntosh bore a conspicuous part. "Although the main force," says General Sheridan in his report, "remained without change of position from September 3d to 19th, still the cavalry was employed every day in harassing the enemy, its opponents being principally infantry. In these skirmishes the cavalry was becoming educated to attack infantry lines. On the 13th one of those handsome dashes was made by General McIntosh, of Wilson's division, capturing the Eighth South Carolina regiment at Abram's Creek." And of the great battle of the 19th, he further on in his report says: "Wilson, with McIntosh's brigade leading, made a gallant charge through the long cañon, and, meeting the advance of

Ramseur's rebel infantry division, drove it back and captured the earth-work at the mouth of the cañon. This movement was immediately followed up by the Sixth corps."

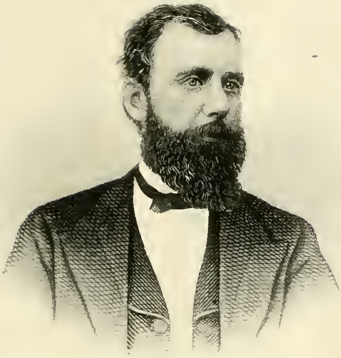
But though triumph could not have been more complete or glorious, it proved a costly victory to General McIntosh. He was struck, in the heat of the battle, in the leg, and so mangled was the limb that amputation had to be resorted to. If wounds must of necessity be received, an action could not have been chosen in which to have had them inflicted, more full of joyful and proud recollections, than this. "For distinguished gallantry, and good management at the battle of Opequan," such was the language in which the distinction was conferred, he was promoted to the rank of Major-General by brevet. In reviewing his record, General Averell said: "I beg to remark that there are few subalterns thoroughly capable of leading an advance guard. I do not remember above six in the cavalry, and McIntosh stood at the head of the list. As a brigade commander, either in camp or in action, he had no superior." And General Stoneman said: "His bravery, loyalty, and integrity are equal to his capacity, and all are conspicuous." On the 28th of July, 1866, he was appointed Lieutenant-Colonel of the Forty-second United States infantry, Veteran Reserve corps, which position he held until the reduction of the army. In the summer of 1869, he was retired upon the rank of Brigadier-General.

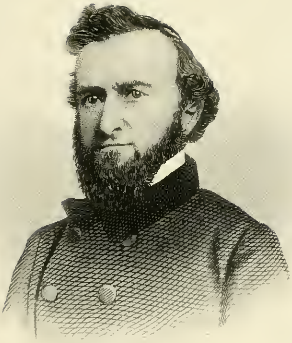


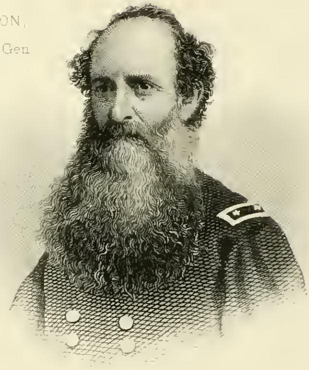
CHAPTER IX.

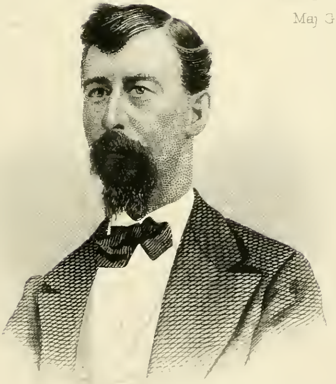
WINFIELD SCOTT HANCOCK, Major-General in the United States Army, was born in Montgomery county, Pennsylvania, on the 14th of February, 1824. He was educated at West Point, where he graduated in 1844. He entered the service as Brevet Second Lieutenant in the Sixth infantry, and distinguished himself in the war with Mexico, receiving the brevet rank of First Lieutenant for gallantry at Cherubusco, and subsequently becoming the Quartermaster, and afterwards Adjutant of his regiment. He was made First Lieutenant in 1853, and on the 7th of November, 1855, was promoted to Captain in the Quartermaster's Department, and ordered to duty in California, where he exerted his influence in retaining that State in the Union.

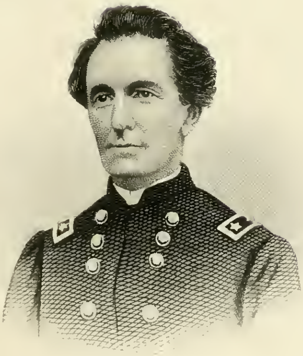
Possessed of a thorough military training, enriched by experience in active warfare in Mexico and against the crafty savage, he entered the volunteer service on the 23d of September, 1861, as a Brigadier-General. Youthful in appearance, modest in demeanor, with a countenance frank and open, he held the hearts of his associates and won the confidence of the stranger. He was fortunate in his first battle. Hooker had arrived in front of the rebel forces in their intrenchments at Williamsburg and had promptly attacked; but soon found his single division, though fighting gallantly, overmatched. Messenger after messenger was sent for reinforcements, first to Heintzelman and then to Sumner, who had that day superseded Heintzelman. Sumner, a true soldier and a skilful, sent Hancock with his brigade to the extreme right of the line. At the outset Hancock found himself outnumbered and was unsupported. It was a perilous situation; but that resource which never failed him—cool courage—proved


SAMUEL M JACKSON,
Col 11th Regt Brvt Brig Gen


OWEN JONES
Col 1st Pa (Reserve) Cavy


THOMAS J JORDAN
Col 9th Pa Cavy Brvt Brig Gen
Maj Gen Pa Nat Gd


[illegible] TRANWRIDGE
[illegible]


ROBERT C COX
Col 207th Pa [illegible]
[illegible]

[illegible]

equal to the emergency. He at first retired as if in trepidation, but with his force well in hand, and when the enemy came on pell-mell with overweening confidence, he gave them several heavy volleys, and then turned upon them with the bayonet, routing their entire force, killing and capturing 600 of their number, with a loss on his own part of only thirty men. It was the turning point in the battle, and assured the victory. It was a gallant exploit, and it glorified the name of the actor. Hancock was henceforward a household word.

The reputation thus early won was maintained, and when, at Antietam, General Richardson fell, Hancock succeeded to the command of his division and led it to the end of the battle. It consisted of the brigades of Zook, Meagher, and Caldwell, which he continued to lead in the battle of Fredericksburg, having in the meantime been promoted to Major-General of volunteers, and brevetted Major, Lieutenant-Colonel, and Colonel in the regular army. He followed French's division in the assault of the famous Marye's Heights, which bristled with artillery, and along the foot of which, screened by a stone wall, crouched the rebel infantry. French's men could effect nothing. Hancock moved rapidly to his assistance, and though his men displayed heroic bravery—returning again and again to the assault, Meagher's Irish brigade manifesting a reckless daring—he could effect no more than French. Two other divisions, those of Howard and Humphreys, followed; but no earthly power could stand against the storm of shot and shell, and the deadly missives which poured like ceaseless hail upon their defenceless and unsheltered heads. The day was lost, but through no want of valor. In the battle of Chancellorsville Hancock held the left centre, and with Geary's division of the Twelfth corps—at a moment when the enemy, having seized some key positions, was bearing down all before him, and the Union lines to right and left were crumbling—checked the rebel onset until the new line could be taken and the integrity of the army could be secured. After this battle he succeeded to the leadership of the Second corps.

When General Meade relieved General Hooker in command of the Army of the Potomac, and commenced the movement into Pennsylvania in pursuit of Lee, he kept the Second corps on the centre of the line of march; and when on the morning of the 1st of July he found that the left wing of his army had struck the enemy, and Reynolds had fallen, reposing great confidence in Hancock, he sent him upon the field to assume supreme command. Upon his arrival he found affairs in great extremity. The First and Eleventh corps had alone been pitted against a full half of the rebel army, and broken and bleeding were retreating through the town to Cemetery Hill, where the well-planted artillery of Steinwehr formed the nucleus for rallying, and where he saw at a glance was a favorable point for making a stand. It was with a thrill of gladness that the weary and begrimed soldiers hailed the face of the good chief. Howard, the leader of the Eleventh corps, who had been in command, was already there. Hancock made known his instructions from Meade. "You cannot take command over me," says Howard, "for I rank you." This was true, and by the organic law of the army General Meade had not the power to put a junior officer over a senior. "Well," says Hancock, "then I must return to General Meade." "No, no," says Howard, the nobility of his nature being aroused, "in this moment of dire necessity Agamemnon and Achilles must not quarrel. Stay and let us prepare to meet the common foe. I will not stand in the way. Our country at this hour needs us both." Soon General Sickles came upon the field, riding in from Emmittsburg; and he likewise ranked Hancock. But in the spirit of Howard he also waived his right and they all went resolutely to work.

Hancock had an excellent military eye. He could take in at a glance the advantages and defects of a great battle-field. The character and composition of the army, too, were perfectly familiar to him. His first care was to secure immediate safety, and to preserve it until darkness should come, when he could retire to a new position, if necessary; for as yet General Meade had not decided where he would fight. Hancock was instructed before leaving head-quarters to watch for good positions as he rode up. He was pleased with the Gettysburg ground and so notified Meade, though he detected its inherent weakness in its liability to be turned upon the left. His dispositions were wisely made. The resolute Wadsworth was sent to Culp's Hill to cover the little ravine that makes up in rear of Cemetery Hill, and there also he posted the artillery of Stevens. To the indomitable Geary was given the vulnerable ground stretching towards Round Top. The Eleventh corps was disposed upon the crest of Cemetery Ridge. Along the open ground on the left flank he placed the watchful Buford, and in rear of all, as a reserve, the dauntless Doubleday, with the remnants of the First corps, grim veterans who had all day long received unmoved a baptism of fire.

When the troops had been posted and all seemed secure, he turned over the command to Slocum, who had now arrived, and who also ranked him, and returned to head-quarters. His action was approved, and his dispositions were carried out in every particular by Meade when he came upon the field. On the afternoon of the following day, when the tornado of battle burst upon the army, and Sickles was wounded and his corps crushed, Meade called for Hancock, and put him in command of the whole left wing, which by vigorous efforts he succeeded in bringing into form and comeliness. On the evening of this day, when the Louisiana Tigers made their furious charge upon Cemetery Hill, without waiting for orders—knowing that peril was imminent—he sent Carroll's brigade to the rescue, which, advancing upon the run, came in time to repel the assault. In speaking of this event afterwards, Hancock said that he felt in his bones that there was urgent need of help. On the third day of the battle the grand charge of Longstreet fell full upon Hancock's corps; and gallantly was it met and its massed columns swept away as flax by fire. In the midst of this terrific onset, and when the whole heavens were wrapt in flame, while dashing over the ground unheeding danger, he was struck and severely wounded. He was laid in an ambulance but refused to leave the field until he saw the enemy beaten, and victory perching upon his standards. Nor was the bleeding hero yet content. "When I was wounded," he says, "and lying down in my ambulance and about leaving the field, I dictated a note to General Meade, and told him if he would put in the Fifth and Sixth corps, I believed he would win a great victory." By a joint resolution of Congress he received the thanks of that body for "his gallant, meritorious, and conspicuous services in that great and decisive victory."

In the battle of the Wilderness, in May, 1864, his corps, now recruited and enlarged beyond its pristine strength, was early in the fight and drove the enemy, inflicting great slaughter, until Hill, who was in his front, was reinforced by Longstreet, when he was in turn obliged to fall back. But it was at Spottsylvania Court House, on the morning of the 12th of June, that he achieved his greatest success and won his proudest trophies. The two armies for several days had been hurled against each other with terrific violence. The slaughter had been terrible. The keenest strategy had been employed on either side to gain an advantage, and the commanders had grown wary and vigilant. Not a soldier threw himself upon the ground for a half hour that he did not cover himself with a rifle-pit. Failing in his frequent endeavors to break the enemy's line, General Grant determined to strike a heavy blow upon the rebel right centre, nearly at right-angles to the opposing main line. Hancock was chosen to deliver it. On the evening of the 11th, marching quietly to the rear, he made a circuit to the designated point and at midnight was in readiness to move, having come in close upon the rebel position. At a little before daybreak the signal was given; and, moving forward under cover of a dense fog, he came upon the enemy unawares, capturing nearly 5000 prisoners with their battle-flags, and twenty pieces of artillery. But the resistance became more determined as rebel supports were hurried to the scene of the disaster; and finally, on reaching a new and main line of works—well manned and supplied with artillery—it became impossible to push farther, and preparations were made to hold what had been gained. This was now no easy task, for the enemy, nettled by his loss, was intent on regaining his works; and charge after charge, at each time by fresh troops, until five had been delivered, was made upon Hancock's exhausted men. But in each assault the foe was thrown back with great slaughter. Encouraged by the first successes, Hancock indulged the hope of winning a still greater triumph, and sent this message to Grant: "I have captured from thirty to forty guns. I have finished up Johnson and am going into Early." But he was soon after checked. It was subsequently discovered that he had come close in upon Lee's head-quarters, and had the rebel army nearly cut in two. The troops captured were General Edward Johnson's, of Ewell's corps. Johnson and General George H. Stewart were among the captives. The latter had been an old army friend and companion of Hancock, and when he was brought in, Hancock in a friendly way held out his hand in recognition, saying, "Stewart, I am glad to see you." But Stewart persisted in showing his teeth, and drawing back replied, "Under the circumstances, sir, I cannot take your hand;" to which Hancock quickly replied: "And under any other circumstances, sir, I would not have offered you my hand." He was made a Brigadier-General in the regular army, to date from this action.

In the battles at North Anna, Tolopotomy, Cold Harbor, and in the operations around Petersburg, he led his corps with his usual skill. On the evening of the 17th of June, 1864, on account of the wound received at Gettysburg, which was still open, and from which during the entire campaign he had suffered great pain, he was obliged to turn over the command of his corps to another and seek repose. He was sufficiently recovered to resume his place on the 27th, and at Deep Bottom on the 12th of August, where he led, in addition to his own, the Second and Tenth corps and Gregg's cavalry, he had a number of sharp engagements, gaining a decided advantage. On the 25th he fought the battle of Reams' Station against a superior force, and at the Boydton Road, on the 27th of October, drove the enemy with severe loss, capturing nearly a thousand prisoners and two stands of colors. In November, he was ordered to Washington to command an army corps of veterans which was to consist of 50,000 men. He remained in this duty until February 26th, 1865, when he was assigned to the Middle Military Division, comprising the Department of Washington, West Virginia, and Pennsylvania, with 35,000 men. But the rebel power was now rapidly waning. The war soon after ended, and the roar of battle which for four long years had sounded in his ears was hushed. He was brevetted Major-General in March, 1865, for gallant conduct at Spottsylvania, and in July, 1866, made a full Major-General in the regular army. In 1866 he was at the head of the Department of the Missouri, and made a campaign against the hostile Indians in Kansas and Colorado. In September of the following year he was assigned to the Department of the Gulf, with head-quarters at New Orleans, where he showed good administrative ability in civil affairs. In March, 1868, he was relieved at his own request, and was assigned to the Division of the Atlantic, but in the following March was placed over the Department of Dakota, where he remained until November, 1872, when he was again given the Division of the Atlantic, with head-quarters at New York.

THOMAS JEFFERSON JORDAN, Colonel of the Ninth cavalry and Brevet Brigadier-General, was born on the 3d of December, 1821, at Walnut Hill, in Lower Swatara township, Dauphin county, Pennsylvania. The family was of Scotch origin and came to this country in 1720, first settling in King and Queen county, Virginia. In 1742, his great-grandfather, James, left Virginia, and with his slaves came to Pennsylvania, where he bought a large tract of land on the Susquehanna river, near Wrightsville, York county. This he sold in a few years, and in 1754 bought and removed to Walnut Hill, at which place the grandfather, Thomas, and the father, Benjamin Jordan, were born. During the war of the Revolution the grandfather was a paymaster with the rank of Major, and served as such during the entire war. The father married Molly, the only daughter of Edward Crouch, a Captain in the Revolutionary army, she being a granddaughter of General James Potter, of Pennsvalley, also a soldier of the Revolution. The father during a long life sustained the reputation of an honest Christian gentleman, a true friend, a good citizen, and died universally regretted. He served six years in the House of Representatives, and two terms in the Senate of Pennsylvania.

During the first fourteen years of the son's life, he was educated, as were other farmers' boys, in the country school. At the end of that time he was sent to a seminary at Mount Joy, where he remained till the summer of 1839. In December of that year he entered the law school connected with Dickinson College, under the charge of Hon. John Reed. In 1842 he was admitted to practice, and followed his profession till the opening of the Rebellion. He early evinced a liking for military life, before he was of age having been an aid to General Alexander, of Carlisle, and afterwards held commissions from Captain to Lieutenant-Colonel.

On the 18th of April, 1861, he was mustered into the service of the United States, as Aide-de-camp to General Keim, who commanded one of the divisions of Patterson's army, and with him assisted in organizing the three months' levies. He first met the enemy at Falling Waters, on the 2d of July, when Keims' division struck Stonewall Jackson's brigade, and after a sharp skirmish drove him back on Martinsburg, which place was occupied on the following day. At the end of the campaign he was appointed Major and ordered to recruit a regiment of horse, which was known as the Lochiel Cavalry, afterwards the Ninth Pennsylvania, Ninety-second of the line. The regiment was ordered west to the column commanded by General Buel, then at Louisville, Kentucky, where it arrived in November, 1861. Major Jordan was soon after detached and ordered with one battalion to the front at Murfreesboro, and participated in all the movements of the army against Nashville in the spring of 1862. In the action at Lebanon, Tennessee, on the 6th of May, while in command of a detachment of his own and the First Kentucky cavalry, he assisted in defeating General John Morgan. On the 7th of July, at Tompkinsville, Kentucky, he again encountered General Morgan, but being largely outnumbered, was compelled to retreat, after a spirited action, and with his rear guard was captured. For five months he was a prisoner, first at Madison, Georgia, and afterwards at Richmond, Virginia.

He was exchanged, and returned to his command early in January, 1863. In the meantime the Colonel had resigned, and the Lieutenant-Colonel was sick even unto death. Jordan was, accordingly, appointed Colonel. At Shelbyville he led the charge on the left, a most gallant action, which scattered the enemy and put him to inglorious flight. At Thompson's Station, when Colonel Coburn of an Indiana regiment had tamely surrendered, he brought off the surviving forces, saving the artillery and baggage, and fighting heroically against a force of 5000 cavalry, led by the redoubtable General Forrest. At the moment when General Bragg's army was retiring across the Cumberland mountains at Cowan, Tennessee, Colonel Jordan charged with his command and captured over five hundred of his men. In the battle of Chickamauga, when ruin was impending on other parts of the field, he heroically defended the right of General Thomas, enabling that gallant soldier to stem the tide of disaster. For his good conduct here General Thomas mentioned him in terms of appreciation in his report. He fought and defeated General Dibbrel at Reedyville, though the latter was at the head of a force of 2500 men. He was active in the campaign against Longstreet in East Tennessee in the winter and spring of 1863–64, and fought in the battles of Mossy Creek, Dandridge and Fairgarden. In the battles of Lafayette, Dalton, Kenesaw, Big Shanty, Resaca, New Hope Church, Peach Tree Creek, and in front of Atlanta, Colonel Jordan was incessantly employed. When the enemy finally retreated, he followed close upon the trail and was sharply engaged at Jonesborough and Lovejoy's Station. He was placed in command of the First brigade of the Third division of the cavalry in the campaign to the sea, with which he met Wheeler at Lovejoy's Station, and after a sharp engagement routed him and captured all his artillery, retaining the pieces which were of superior quality in his command until the end of the war. He again defeated General Wheeler at Waynesburg, Georgia, where he led his brigade in a charge upon the enemy's position, and ended the fight before the reserves, sent to his relief, could arrive. He first invested Fort McAllister near Savannah, driving the rebels within their works, and was only prevented from carrying them by assault by the arrival of General Hazen, with his division of infantry, who superseded him in command.

On the march through the Carolinas Colonel Jordan crossed the Savannah river in advance of the infantry at Sister's Ferry, and covered the left wing of the army under General Slocum. His position in the column on the march north was such that he was brought often to severe conflict. He led the charge at Blackville, dislodging the enemy from the town. He held the position at Lexington, protecting the flank of the infantry, while Columbia was being occupied. With Wheeler and Hampton he had a stubborn action at Lancaster, and crossing into North Carolina led the advance to Fayetteville, daily and hourly skirmishing heavily. The battle of Averysborough, which opened early in the day, was sustained by his command unaided until two in the afternoon, when the infantry of the Twentieth corps came to his assistance. In this action every twelfth man in his entire force was either killed or wounded. At Bentonville he held the left flank, and participated in all the movements of the day. In the advance against Raleigh he again had the lead, and entered the city on the morning of April 12th, 1865. On passing through, he found that the rebel cavalry were ready for action on the Hillsborough road, and at once moved forward to the attack, driving them before him the entire day. At Morristown he was met by a flag of truce, with a letter for General Sherman from General Joseph E. Johnston, proposing to surrender, when fighting ceased. On the 23d of February, 1865, his appointment as Brevet Brigadier-General was confirmed by the Senate of the United States, and he was commissioned accordingly. This promotion was asked for by General Thomas, in a letter to the President, written soon after the battle of Chickamauga, for gallant and meritorious services in that action. With his regiment and brigade he was mustered out on the 18th of July, 1865.

William McCandless, Colonel of the Second Reserve regiment, was born on the 29th of September, 1834, in the city of Philadelphia. After passing through the public schools, he was apprenticed to Richard Norris and Son, to learn the business of a machinist, where he remained for a period of five years. Impelled by the sense of its exalted nature and an aptness within for its mastery, he turned from his trade to the study of the law, and was admitted to practice in 1858. When the call for troops was made in 1861, he enlisted as a private. At the organization of the Second regiment he was chosen and commissioned Major, and subsequently was promoted to Lieutenant-Colonel and to Colonel. At the head of the upper road, in the battle of Beaver Dam Creek, stood McCandless. It was his first fight; but a veteran could not have behaved with greater valor. Repeatedly did the enemy assail him, yet with steady nerve he met and hurled them back, and at last begged permission to deliver a counter-charge; but this would have hazarded too much. No less fearless was his bearing at Gaines' Mill, where he was thrown into the breach when the line of battle had given way, and in the dread encounter at Charles City Cross Roads.

At the Second Bull Run Colonel McCandless was severely wounded in the groin, after having manœuvred his regiment with rare skill throughout almost the entire battle, and fought with desperation in face of great odds. He attempted still to lead, and grasped the flag to advance; but had to be carried from the field. He was borne to a hospital in Washington, where, under skilful treatment, he rapidly recovered, and rejoined his regiment at Sharpsburg. At Fredericksburg he led in the assault on the enemy's works, where the only advantage—a gleam of sunshine in a most black and awful day—was gained, and where by his dash he captured an entire regiment of the enemy—the Nineteenth Georgia. The command of the brigade devolved upon him while on the field, and he led it in the battle of Gettysburg. In that memorable struggle on Pennsylvania soil, a victorious foe was pressing on, having overcome brigade after brigade, division after division, and portions of three corps, when McCandless formed for a charge to check and hurl him back in his triumphant course, the enemy having already come within easy rifle-range of the famous Little Round Top. The bullets were flying thick on every hand when the order to advance was given. Never was a charge more resolutely made or more successful in its results. The foe was checked and driven, and a firm line of battle established. On the following day the ground in front, which had run red with the blood of innumerable victims, was swept over, a battery captured, and prisoners, battle-flags, and small arms in abundance.

During the winter of 1863 Colonel McCandless commanded the division. He entered the Wilderness at the head of the First brigade. In obedience to orders he led it forward in that tangled field, where friend could scarcely be distinguished from foe, until he found himself surrounded and the way of retreat cut off. Fortunately he managed to elude his captors and returned to camp. At Spottsylvania Court House he was severely wounded in the hand and disabled from immediate duty, the Reserves then having but a few days longer to serve. The commission of a Brigadier-General was tendered him but he declined it, and returned to Philadelphia, where he resumed the practice of his profession. In 1865 he was elected a member of the Pennsylvania Senate, where he served with great acceptance for a period of six years. Possessed of a pleasing elocution, and ready in debate, he held a commanding influence in that body. He was nominated, in 1872, for Auditor-General of the State, but was defeated. He is at present engaged in his profession at the Philadelphia bar, where he has a large and lucrative practice.

St. Clair A. Mulholland, Colonel of the One Hundred and Sixteenth regiment, and Brevet Brigadier and Major-General, was born in Ireland in 1839. He came to this country in childhood. His tastes early inclined him to military duty, and he became a member of a militia company in the city of Philadelphia, where his family had settled. On the 1st of September, 1862, he was commissioned Lieutenant-Colonel of the One Hundred and Sixteenth, which he had been active in recruiting. Upon joining the Army of the Potomac he was assigned to General Meagher's Irish Brigade. While advancing to battle on the field of Fredericksburg, the commander of the regiment, Colonel Heenan, was severely wounded by the bursting of a shell, when Lieutenant-Colonel Mulholland assumed command, and in one of the bloodiest and most desperate struggles in which it was engaged during the war, he led it with dauntless bravery, until he was himself wounded and rendered incapable of duty. When his wounds were sufficiently healed he returned to the field, though not with promotion as the reward of gallantry and honorable scars, but with even a reduction of rank; for his command, having been fearfully cut to pieces, was so much reduced as to be unable to retain a regimental organization, and it was consolidated in a battalion of five companies, which he led with only the rank of Major.

In the battle of Chancellorsville, this battalion was charged with supporting the Fifth Maine battery. These pieces were in conflict with a number of powerful batteries of the foe, and gallantly maintained the unequal contest; but when, after repeated losses, the ammunition began to fail, and the guns were in danger of falling into the enemy's hands, Major Mulholland rushed forward and drew them off to a place of safety. During the 4th and 5th of May, he was field officer of the day for Hancock's division, and with fidelity preserved his lines, extinguishing the fires raging in the forest on his front, where many of the Union wounded were suffering excruciating torments.

At Gettysburg he led his command over the celebrated Wheat Field, which, in consequence of the large number of troops from several corps brought into conflict there, has been called the Whirlpool. The struggle was fearful in the wooded, rugged ground where it fought, and it held its position with determined valor; but the division, being unable to maintain its ground, was withdrawn, after having sustained severe losses.

In the winter of 1863–'64, the battalion was recruited to the full strength of a regiment, and Major Mulholland was promoted to Colonel. The Wilderness campaign proved one of unparalleled severity, and its commander suffered by repeated wounds. In the first day on the Wilderness field, at Po River, and Tolopotomy Creek, he was struck by the enemy's missiles, in the latter receiving what was supposed to be a mortal hurt. He however recovered, and being of that spirit which is not intimidated by hostile weapons, returned to duty, having been rewarded with the brevet rank of Brigadier-General. He was placed in command of the Fourth brigade, First division of the Second corps, in October, 1864, and on the 27th of that month, while heavy detachments from the whole army were moving to Hatcher's Run, he assaulted and carried one of the enemy's earthworks, which was permanently held, taking many prisoners. For his intrepidity in this affair he was brevetted Major-General. To the close of the war he was at the post of duty, and won for himself the enviable reputation of being among the most reliable of officers. After leaving the army, he was appointed Chief of Police of the city of Philadelphia, a position of great responsibility and power, and has acquitted himself with that ceaseless vigilance which characterized him in the field.

SAMUEL McCARTNEY JACKSON, Colonel of the Eleventh Reserve regiment, and Brevet Brigadier-General, was born in Armstrong county, on the 24th of September, 1833. He was the son of John and Elizabeth (McCartney) Jackson, both of Scotch-Irish lineage. He early shared in the toils of farm life, and in his sixteenth year was sent to the Jacksonville Academy, in Indiana county; but the death of his father at the end of a year necessitated his abandonment of a more liberal course of study which he had contemplated. He early developed a special liking for history and biography, in which he became well versed. In his thirteenth year he joined the militia as a drummer, and after several years was promoted to Lieutenant, and finally to Captain. He recruited a company for the Eleventh Reserve, of which he was Captain. In July, 1861, he was promoted to Major, in October following to Lieutenant-Colonel, and in April, 1863, to Colonel. On two occasions he received slight wounds.

The principal battles in which he was engaged were Gaines' Mill, Second Bull Run, South Mountain, Antietam, Fredericksburg, Gettysburg, Wilderness, Spottsylvania, and Bethesda Church. He particularly distinguished himself in the actions at South Mountain, Fredericksburg, Gettysburg, Wilderness, and Spottsylvania, where the conflicts were of such a nature as to thoroughly test his manhood. In the latter he commanded a brigade and was brevetted a Brigadier for his gallant conduct. At Gettysburg he was thrown forward upon the bloody ground where the Third corps had been driven back, and supports from several corps which had been sent to the relief of the Third had been terribly broken. The position there taken was held and the entire field was subsequently regained. At the Wilderness, while in command of his own and the Second regiment, he was cut off from the balance of the division by a strong force of the enemy; but rallying his men around him he charged the hostile lines, and by a circuitous route reached the Union front, where he had for several hours been given up for lost. At the close of his term of service he was mustered out and returned to private life. In the fall of 1869, he was elected to the Pennsylvania Legislature, and was re-elected in the following year, where he maintained the character of a valuable and faithful legislator.

William Jordan Bolton, Colonel of the Fifty-first regiment and Brevet Brigadier-General, was born on the 22d of October, 1833, at Norristown, Pennsylvania. He was the son of James and Mary Ann (Kirk) Bolton. He was bred a machinist and engineer. He completed his education at Freemount Seminary, under the Rev. Samuel Aaron. He early manifested a taste for military life, when a mere boy forming a company of his companions which he headed as Captain. For seven years he was a member of the volunteer militia, holding the position of Second Lieutenant. At the commencement of the war he recruited Company A of the Fourth regiment, of which he was Captain. At the conclusion of its service he recruited and reorganized his company for the Fifty-first, a veteran regiment. It went with General Burnside to the coast of North Carolina, returning in time to take a leading part at the Second Bull Run and Chantilly, South Mountain, Antietam, and Fredericksburg. Early in 1863 the corps was transferred to the West, and at Vicksburg, Jackson, and in the siege of Knoxville, performed much wearisome and perilous duty. In 1864, it returned to the Army of the Potomac and was with Grant throughout the remaining campaigns. In storming the bridge at Antietam Captain Bolton received a gun-shot wound in the face, the ball passing through the angle of the jaw on the right side, crashing on through the mouth, and emerging just below the ear on the left side. For his conduct here he was promoted to Major.

In the progress of the siege of Knoxville, in a night attack, the enemy had obtained possession of the Union picket line. Towards daybreak an order was received to retake it, and it was desirable that the attempt should be made before light. The progress of the preparations seemed dilatory to the chivalrous Bolton, and fearing that the darkness would entirely be dissipated, he went to the commander and with some impatience inquired if it was the intention to move. On being assured that it was, he asked and received permission to lead in the attack. Rapidly disposing his regiment, he led it on with unflinching bravery, and in three minutes had routed the foe and was in possession of the lost works. Soon after the arrival of the army before Petersburg, he was ordered to take his regiment out upon the picket line where afterwards was the crater of the mine. For several days and nights other regiments had been there exerting themselves to make an unbroken line, but still there was a space of a hundred yards reaching across the Petersburg road that they had utterly failed to cover. On that piece of "sacred soil" an enfilading fire of infantry and artillery was unceasingly kept up, apparently with the fixed determination to prevent its occupation. Waiting until the shadows of night had fallen, and aided by his brother Joseph K., he went resolutely to the work. On the first three nights every attempt to get possession failed; but on the fourth, profiting by previous experience, hugging the ground closely and crawling stealthily forward, they reached the coveted position, though a perfect storm of deadly missiles was poured without cessation upon them. His coolness and daring inspired his men, and daylight revealed to the astonished rebels a continuous line of Union pickets so well protected by rifle-pits as to defy their fire. In his charge upon the enemy immediately after the explosion of the mine, on the morning of the 30th of July, 1864, he received another severe wound in the face. In June of this year he was promoted to Colonel, and in March, 1865, to Brevet Brigadier-General. One who had served under him says, "As a disciplinarian he had few superiors. His government was not harsh, but was tempered with kindness and reason. He subjected himself to strict discipline, and he exacted unquestioning obedience from those beneath him."

JOHN IRWIN CURTIN, Colonel of the Forty-fifth regiment, and Brevet Brigadier-General, was born on the 17th of June, 1837, at Eagle Forge, Centre county, Pennsylvania. His paternal grandfather, Roland Curtin, emigrated from Ireland in 1797, and was one of the earliest and most enterprising settlers of that county. His maternal grandfather, John Irwin, was also from Ireland, who with his brothers pushed out towards the central part of the State, ascending upon a flat-boat from Columbia to Lewistown, and thence across the mountains on foot to Penn's Valley, then a wilderness, but which he lived to see bud and blossom as the rose. He is the second son of Roland Curtin, Jr., and a nephew of ex-Governor Curtin. He was educated at

Academia, Juniata county, and Dickinson Seminary, at Williamsport. He was of the corps of engineers which located the Bald Eagle Valley Railroad, and when the war opened, volunteered in the Bellefonte Fencibles, which became part of the Tenth regiment, sent first to defend the bridges on the line of railway leading to Washington, and subsequently to Patterson in the Shenandoah Valley. At the close of the three months' term, he recruited a company, of which he was made Captain, for the Forty-fifth, a veteran regiment. Soon after taking the field, in the fall of 1861, this regiment was sent to the Department of the South, landing at Hilton Head, and engaging, until July, 1862, in the operation undertaken for the reduction of the foremost of rebel cities. It was then ordered north and became part of the Ninth corps, under General Burnside. On the 30th of this month, Captain Curtin was promoted to Major, and to Lieutenant-Colonel on the 4th of September following. At Turner's Gap, in the South Mountain, Lee, glorying in his recent triumph at Bull Run, was met, and after a severe struggle was routed. Colonel Curtin here had command of the regiment and was struck in the right elbow, disabling the arm for a time, but not preventing his continuance in duty.

Soon after the disastrous battle of Fredericksburg, in which the regiment took part, the Ninth corps was ordered west, and for a while performed duty in Kentucky; but subsequently was sent to Vicksburg, where it participated in the siege, and shared in the glories of the capture. It then moved out under Sherman to Jackson, where, after a brief conflict, that able rebel chieftain was put to flight. In the meantime Lieutenant-Colonel Curtin had been made Colonel. The corps now returned to Kentucky, but was greatly reduced by sickness, a fever prevailing of which General Welsh, the original commander of the regiment, died, and Colonel Curtin was prostrated and returned on furlough to his home. In his absence the Ninth corps was sent to Knoxville, where, after having triumphantly entered and advanced towards Chattanooga to coöperate with the forces under General Grant, found itself confronted by a larger force, that had been detached from the main rebel column. For twenty-two days Burnside was shut up, making a stout and very gallant resistance, until

Longstreet, who was in chief command, withdrew. In the meantime Colonel Curtin, who had recovered from his sickness, while on the way to the front was placed in command of a brigade at Cumberland Gap, with which he rendered good service upon Clinch River in harassing the enemy, and when Longstreet was compelled to raise the siege, striking the rear of his column as he retreated towards Virginia.

The Ninth corps returned to the Army of the Potomac before the opening of the spring campaign of 1864. Colonel Curtin was here intrusted with the command of a brigade in General Potter's division, and wielded it with skill in the fierce fighting which ensued. On the 21st of May, he was sent in advance with his brigade to secure the crossing of the Po River near Stannard's Mill. Before reaching the designated point he met the enemy in considerable force, but drove him handsomely, and held the hither bank. Though the fighting of the campaign had been severe, it was nowhere so terrible and destructive as at Cold Harbor. The Ninth corps held the right here, and on the 3d of May Colonel Curtin led his brigade in a daring and impetuous charge—driving the opposing force, which consisted of parts of Ewell's and Longstreet's corps, from their skirmish line and rifle-pits, back to their fortifications—and planted his column immovably in the very face of the foe.

One of the most brilliant of the exploits of Colonel Curtin in the course of the war was executed at a little before dawn on the morning of the 17th of June. The Union army having just crossed the James had come up before Petersburg; but the enemy were already there and intrenched. Potter's division was ordered to make a night attack. Curtin and Griffin were to lead with their brigades, supported by Ledlie. Woodbury, in his *Ninth Army Corps*, gives a vivid description of this daring charge: "At the first blush of the morning," he says, "the word 'Forward!' was passed quietly along the column. The men sprang to their feet, and noiselessly, rapidly, vigorously moved upon the enemy—Griffin to the right, Curtin to the left. They burst upon him with the fury of a tornado. They took him completely by surprise. They swept his lines for a mile, gathering up arms, flags, cannon, and prisoners all along their victorious pathway.

A stand of colors, four pieces of artillery with their caissons and horses, fifteen hundred stands of small arms, a quantity of ammunition and six hundred prisoners were the fruits of this splendid charge. A wide breach had been made in the enemy's lines, and it seemed as though the defences of Petersburg were within our grasp. But the energetic movement of General Griffin was not followed up. Colonel Curtin had most gallantly done his part, and General Potter was promptly on the ground to direct the assault. But where were the supports?" These were not at hand and Curtin and Griffin could only hold fast what was gained. In this charge Colonel Curtin was severely wounded in the shoulder, and was carried from the field. He was removed to the hospital at Annapolis. His wound fortunately healed without permanent disability, and in August he again joined his brigade. His gallantry was not without its reward. In October, the brevet rank of Brigadier-General was conferred by President Lincoln. In the fierce encounter at Peebles' Farm the enemy succeeded in gaining the rear of the Fifth corps, seriously compromising the position of the left wing of the Union army. General Curtin that day rode a beautiful horse presented him by his old regiment. In the heat of the action it was killed under him, and although surrounded, and called on to surrender, he cut his way out and escaped while many were killed and captured. From this time forward until the close of the war he had command of a division. With his regiment he was mustered out of service in June, 1865, having served with honor and distinction during the entire period of the conflict. Upon his return to private life he went to Kentucky, where he was engaged in developing oil and coal lands, building a railroad for the use of the company. He returned to Pennsylvania in 1867, and entered largely upon the manufacture and sale of lumber in Clinton county, where he now resides.

JOSEPH P. BRINTON, Colonel of the Second cavalry, was born on the 22d of July, 1837, in Lancaster county, Pennsylvania. His father, Judge Ferree Brinton, was of Huguenot descent, his ancestors having been among the earliest settlers in that county, where the family for six generations has resided.

His mother, Elizabeth (Sharpless) Brinton, was descended from the earliest Quaker settlers in Chester county. The boy received careful rudimentary instruction from private Quaker teachers at the Watson boarding-school, and afterwards in the University of Pennsylvania, where he graduated in the Law Department. He further prosecuted his professional studies in the office of Eli K. Price, from whence he was admitted to practice at the Philadelphia bar.

As a youth he manifested a fondness for equestrian exercises, which naturally led him to choose the cavalry when he came to enter the service. When the call of the President was proclaimed he was a private in that historic body, the First City Troop, and with it he volunteered, serving during the three months' campaign with the column of Patterson in the Shenandoah Valley. Returning at the close of this period, he was, upon the organization of the Second Pennsylvania cavalry, commissioned senior Major, and in August following was promoted to Lieutenant-Colonel. By the frequent call of the Colonel to command the brigade, the charge of the regiment principally devolved upon Brinton. From October, 1862, to March, 1863, with the exception of a short interval, he had the active leadership, as he did also from July, 1863, to February, 1864, and from May to November of the latter year. During these periods the regiment performed almost constant severe service. In the actions at Rappahannock Station and Mine Run, in Meade's campaign of 1863, and at St. Mary's Church, Deep Bottom, Boydton Road, and Jerusalem Plank Road under Grant, the youthful commander particularly distinguished himself. At Trevillian Station, where the division was suddenly attacked by a superior force of the Confederate army, Brinton led a charge of dismounted cavalry with such steadiness and daring as to win the plaudits of his entire command, and the warm approval of his sturdy chief, General Gregg.

In August, 1864, he was brevetted Colonel, in the language of the commission, "for conspicuous conduct and distinguished gallantry in the battles of Trevillian Station and St. Mary's Church." In November, 1864, he was assigned to duty on the staff of General Meade, as Judge Advocate of the Army of the Potomac, in which position he remained to the close of his service, at the end of the war. During his long and active duty in the field he fortunately escaped without wounds, though he had six horses shot under him at various times, and was twice injured by their fall upon him. He was particularly commended by General Birney for a scout in the rear of the enemy's lines after the second battle of Bull Run—a daring exploit—and by General Gregg for his conduct in the Mine Run campaign, in addition to those mentioned in his brevet commission.

Duty in the cavalry arm of the service is more constant and harassing than in either infantry or artillery, and for it there is far less credit given in the general award. When a great battle is fought the cavalry is pushed out upon the flanks, and its exploits are scarcely mentioned in the glowing descriptions of the field plowed by grape, and the charges of the infantry hosts. But often the most critical and daring part of a battle is performed by this arm. When the battle is over and the infantry and artillery are relieved, the duty of the cavalry does not intermit, and often its most trying and wasting service is when no fighting is reported. Few men served with a more constant and unremitting valor than Colonel Brinton.

VINCENT MEIGS WILCOX, Colonel of the One Hundred and Thirty-second regiment, was born on the 17th of October, 1828, at Madison, Connecticut. He was the son of Zenos and Louisa (Meigs) Wilcox. His boyhood was spent upon the farm, and he was educated at Lee's Academy in his native place. For some years after leaving school he was engaged in teaching. He was married in 1856 to Catharine M. Webb. He became an officer in the State Militia of Connecticut in 1856, in which he displayed considerable enthusiasm. Having become a citizen of Scranton, Pennsylvania, upon the formation of the One Hundred and Thirty-second regiment he was appointed Lieutenant-Colonel. In the battle of Antietam Colonel Oakford, who led this regiment, fell, and the command devolved on Lieutenant-Colonel Wilcox. It held a position of great importance, inasmuch as it was the key to the Union position. The line had been broken in other parts, but if this could be held there was a chance of regaining the portions lost. In the crisis of the battle Colonel Wilcox received an order from General French, who commanded the division, directing him to hold the ground to the last extremity. But the ammunition had all been expended. By searching the bodies of the dead a little was obtained, which was economically used. When that was gone the Colonel reported the fact to General Kimball for orders; but instead of being relieved he was ordered to fix bayonets and charge, which was executed with the utmost gallantry, driving the enemy before him and capturing a Colonel and several men. The battle raged long and fearfully, and the loss among his men was very great; but he exercised his responsible duties with skill and fidelity, holding his position against powerful assaults made by a veteran foe. At the close of the battle he was promoted to Colonel, to date from the day of the engagement, as an acknowledgment of his merit; but his health soon afterwards failed, and he was obliged to leave the army. His service, though brief, embracing only the battles of South Mountain and Antietam, was marked by a full measure of devotion, and contributed not a little to the fortunate result of the campaign.

De Witt Clinton Strawbridge, Colonel of the Seventy-sixth regiment, was born at Millerstown, Perry county, Pennsylvania, on the 5th of August, 1837. His father, David Strawbridge, was a native of Pennsylvania, of Irish descent. His mother was Eve Long, of German origin. He received a good English education, embracing the higher mathematics and natural sciences, at Sharon, Pennsylvania, and at the Hiram Eclectic Institute, Ohio. His first experience in military duty commenced on the 20th of April, 1861, with the Nineteenth Ohio volunteers. On the 2d of July he was promoted to First Sergeant, and participated in the decisive campaign in West Virginia, under McClellan and Rosecrans, which terminated triumphantly on the 13th at Rich Mountain. For his capacity and faithfulness to duty here he was promoted, on the 24th of September, to Captain of Company B, of the Seventy-sixth Pennsylvania, and with it proceeded immediately to the Department of the South. Early in August he was promoted to the rank of Colonel, and in this capacity led his regiment in the affair at Pocotaligo, with such good judgment, and in the face of such hard fighting, that he was especially complimented by General O. M. Mitchell, in chief command. He was also conspicuous in the reduction of Fort Pulaski, and in the battle on James Island. He was of the force which stormed and took the batteries of the southern part of Morris Island, and here again his conduct attracted the attention and warm approval of General Strong, in command of the brigade. He also took part in the first assault upon Fort Wagner, and in the varied operations of the campaign conducted by General Hunter. His regiment having suffered severely in the engagements on Morris Island, and being reduced to scarcely two full companies, he was sent with the surviving veterans by General Gilmore in August to take charge of the post at Hilton Head, and was there placed in command of a brigade.

On account of injuries received in the service, which were incurable, he was forced to resign on the 20th of November, 1863. His health was, however, so much improved that in the summer and fall of 1864 he served as adjutant of the Seventeenth Kansas regiment for a period of five months, and until that body was mustered out. In person, Colonel Strawbridge is above the medium height. He was married on the 6th of April, 1868, to Miss Alice L. Turner, of Brookfield, Missouri, where he now resides.

ROBERT LEVAN ORR, Colonel of the Sixty-first regiment, was born on the 28th of March, 1836, in Philadelphia. He was the son of William Hennessy and Justinia (Scull) Orr. He was educated at the public high school, and until the breaking out of the war was employed in the dry goods house of the Sharpless Brothers. He entered the service on the 25th of April, 1861, and at the conclusion of the three months' campaign was made Captain in the Sixty-first regiment. In the terrible battle of Fair Oaks, the field officers of this body were all cut down and the command devolved upon Captain Orr. In a skirmish before Richmond in the month of June, he was wounded. He was engaged in all the battles in which the Sixth corps had a part, and in the storming of Marye's Heights, in the Chancellorsville campaign, displayed marked courage. In October, 1863, he was promoted to Major. In the battle of Winchester under Sheridan, and in all subsequent battles in the Valley, he rendered distinguished service, and at its close was brevetted Lieutenant-Colonel. With his gallant regiment he led the assault on the works before Petersburg on the morning of April 2d, 1865. He received a slight wound in that assault, and was promoted to Colonel for gallantry therein displayed. He was mustered out with his regiment on the 28th of June, 1865.

SAMUEL DALE STRAWBRIDGE, Colonel of the Second artillery, was born on the 31st of August, 1825, in Liberty township, Montour county, Pennsylvania. His father was James Strawbridge, of Scotch-Irish extraction, though his father and grandfather were natives of Chester county. His mother was Mary (Dale) Strawbridge. The son received his education at private schools in the neighborhood and in the Danville and New London Academies. He had no military training previous to the Rebellion.

He entered the United States service as First Lieutenant of Battery F, Second artillery, in January, 1862, and in December following was promoted to Captain of Battery I. The regiment was placed on duty in the defences of Washington, where it remained until the campaign of the Wilderness opened, when, to supply the great waste to which the army had been subjected, this regiment, which had been recruited to over thirty-three hundred men, was organized in two, and having been taken from their guns, were armed with muskets, and sent to the front. They went among veterans and were immediately put upon the advance line to do veterans' work. Captain Strawbridge was commissioned Major of the new regiment, and throughout the hard fighting which followed, and until the reunion of the two regiments in September, he was ceaselessly employed. His gallantry won for him the rank of Brevet Colonel. Of the united regiments he became in succession Lieutenant-Colonel, and Colonel, and until the muster out in the early part of 1866 was faithful and vigilant, commanding the esteem of his men, and the approval of his superior officers.

JOHN MILLER MARK, Colonel of the Ninety-third regiment, was born on the 15th of March, 1822, in East Hanover, Lebanon county, Pennsylvania. He was the son of George and Elizabeth (Miller) Mark. His boyhood was passed in a rural neighborhood and his school advantages were few. He entered the service as Captain in the Ninety-third on the 3d of October, 1861, and was promoted to Major in June following, and Colonel in November. He was with Peck in the battle of Williamsburg, of whom General Couch said, "He had the good fortune to be in advance, and arriving on the battle ground at a critical time, won a reputation to be greatly envied." In the desperate fighting at Fair Oaks, Colonel Mark was wounded in the right arm, which resulted in the stiffening of three fingers. At Antietam he was again with his regiment, and at Fredericksburg was in General Wheaton's brigade of General Franklin's Grand Division. On the 12th of March, 1863, Colonel Mark was mustered out of service.

THOMAS FOREST BETTON TAPPER was born at Germantown, Pennsylvania, August 31st, 1823. His father was John Tapper, by birth a Prussian. His mother, Lydia Maria (Vogal) Tapper, was a native of the city of Amsterdam, Holland. At a very early age he was put to work in a factory, and was also employed upon a farm. He subsequently spent four years in learning the trade of a carpenter; but being dissatisfied with this, finally became a machinist and engineer—employments for which he had genius. A single term at school when at the age of fourteen was all the opportunity he ever had of acquiring educational discipline. But being of an inquiring turn of mind, he was able to supply, by his own exertions, what of scholastic training had by the hard lot of poverty been denied him.

For several years previous to the war he was Lieutenant in the Spring Garden Rifle company. When hostilities opened, in April, 1861, he was active in recruiting soldiers for the common defence, and on the 29th of May was commissioned Captain of Company G of the Fourth Reserve regiment. He led that company in the battles before Richmond under McClellan; and at Charles City Cross Roads, on the 30th of June, 1862, performed prodigies of valor, receiving a sword-cut on the right arm, and a bayonet wound in the left leg. Though suffering intensely, and weak from the loss of blood, he kept the field and lay down at night with his men on the bare ground without cover.

At Second Bull Run, South Mountain, and Antietam, at Fredericksburg, Cloyd Mountain in West Virginia, and New River Bridge, he was with the foremost, and no soldier was more sorely tried nor found more vigilant. Few campaigns more severely tested the metal of men than that conducted by General Crooke in West Virginia. For twenty days the troops were upon the march; skirmishing commencing on the third day out, and continuing without cessation until the end of the campaign. But no hardship nor fatigue could turn a soldier like Tapper from his purpose, and with such, no enterprise was too daring, nor trial too great. On the 1st of March, 1863, he was promoted to Lieutenant-Colonel, on the 10th of May, 1864, to Colonel, and on the 17th of June following, having served the full period for which he had enlisted, was mustered out of service with his command.

William M. Mintzer, Colonel of the Fifty-third regiment, and Brevet Brigadier-General, was born on the 7th of May, 1837, in Chester county, Pennsylvania. He was the son of Henry and Rebecca (Bechtel) Mintzer. He entered the service of the United States on the 19th of April, 1861, as an enlisted man for the three months' term, and at its conclusion reëntered for the war as a Lieutenant in the Fifty-third. In this capacity he participated in the battle at Fair Oaks, and subsequently in the Seven Days' battle, in which he belonged to the rear guard, stubbornly holding back the foe at Peach Orchard, Savage Station, and White Oak Swamp. On the 2d of June, 1862, he was promoted to Major. In front of the sunken road, and the stone fence on the hill beyond, at Antietam, and at Marye's Heights in the battle of Fredericksburg, the Fifty-third was put to a severe test, but came forth from the ordeal with a reputation for valor unsurpassed. On the afternoon of the 2d of July, 1863, this regiment was put into the terrible maelstrom of battle near the Peach Orchard on the Gettysburg field, and here it combated under a deadly fire of musketry and artillery until a large proportion were either killed or wounded. At the Wilderness, Spottsylvania, Po River, Cold Harbor, Petersburg, and a score of minor battles, he was with his regiment, having the active command for the most part, and leading it with rare skill and judgment. On the 29th of September, 1864, he was promoted to Lieutenant-Colonel, and on the 30th of October following, to Colonel. At the Boydton Plank Road, where he charged, recharged, and finally took the enemy's works, resulting in the cutting of the Weldon Railroad, he displayed a coolness and courage unsurpassed, was warmly commended by his superior officers, and was brevetted Brigadier-General "for gallant and meritorious services."

Thomas Jefferson Town, Colonel of the Ninety-fifth regiment, brother of Gustavus W., noticed elsewhere, was born on the 9th of October, 1841. Their tastes were not unlike, and their education was substantially the same. He entered the three months' service as Second Lieutenant of the company of which his brother was First Lieutenant, and in the Ninety-fifth he was Captain of Company A, from which he was subsequently promoted to Major. In the battle at Salem Church, on the 3d of May, 1863, when his brother fell dead upon the field, he made strenuous efforts to bring off his body; but while thus engaged, received a severe and painful wound in the hip, compelling him to abandon the purpose. The field remained in the enemy's hands, and the body was never recovered. Major Town was commissioned Colonel; but his wound was of so serious a character that in the August following he was mustered out of service "for physical disability arising from wounds." In stature he is six feet and nearly three inches in height, and well proportioned.

William Ross Hartshorne, Colonel of the One Hundred and Ninetieth regiment, and Brevet Brigadier-General, was born at Curwensville, Clearfield county, Pennsylvania, on the 26th of January, 1839. He was the son of William and Sophronia (Swan) Hartshorne. He was educated at the Tuscarora Academy. He was commissioned First Lieutenant of Company K, Bucktail regiment, on the 29th of May, 1861. In August following, he was transferred to the Signal corps, in which capacity he served on the staff of General Banks. Before the Reserve corps departed for the Peninsula, he was made Adjutant of his regiment and returned to duty with it. At the battle of Beaver Dam Creek he received a severe wound, his skull being fractured by a musket ball. The process of trepanning was performed by rebel surgeons at Savage Station, and he remained a prisoner until August 10th, 1862, when he rejoined his regiment and participated in the battles of South Mountain and Antietam. On the 22d of May, 1863, he was promoted to Major, and after the fall of Colonel Taylor at Gettysburg, the command devolved upon him. At Gettysburg and the Wilderness he was hotly engaged, and led his men with great gallantry. At the close of the term of service of the Reserve corps, two veteran regiments were formed from the remnants who were willing to reënlist. The command of the first of these, the One Hundred and Ninetieth, was given to Colonel Hartshorne. On the 20th of July, 1864, he was placed at the head of the Third brigade, Third division, Fifth corps, which he led with marked ability in the fierce fighting before Petersburg. In the action at the Weldon Railroad, on the 19th of August, his command was overwhelmed and he was taken prisoner. He was confined in Libby Prison, Salisbury, and Danville, and not until the 25th of March, 1865, was he released, being subjected to great privation and suffering for a period of over seven months. Three days after his release he rejoined his command and led it till the close of the war. He was made Brevet Brigadier-General on the 13th of March, 1865, and was mustered out with his regiment on the 2d of July.

NORMAN MACALESTER SMITH, Brevet Lieutenant-Colonel of the Nineteenth cavalry, was born on the 22d of December, 1841, in Philadelphia. He was the son of Edward T. and Ann Macalester (Bacon) Smith. Until his sixteenth year he was educated in his native city, and in Burlington, New Jersey. He then entered the Norris locomotive works, for the purpose of learning practically mechanical engineering, which was frustrated by the opening of the war. He was deprived, by death, of a mother at ten, and a father at fourteen years of age. He volunteered, on the 19th of April, 1861, in the Commonwealth Artillery of Philadelphia, in which he served for three months at Fort Delaware. On being mustered out he was appointed Second Lieutenant in the Fifty-eighth regiment, but declined the position, enlisting instead in the Anderson Troop, on the 15th of October, and serving in it until June, 1862, having in the meantime participated in the battles of Shiloh and Corinth. In the former he was personal orderly to General Buell, who, in noticing the conduct of his staff, said: "I would add that the conduct of privates Smith and Hewitt came particularly under my observation, and the gallant manner in which, during the hottest of the fight, they rallied scattered parties of men, and led them back to their regiments, is deserving of the highest commendation."

In June, 1862, he was ordered to Pennsylvania to recruit for the Fifteenth Pennsylvania cavalry, then being organized, in which he was commissioned Captain. In this capacity he participated in the battles of Antietam and Williamsport, Maryland, and in Triune, Wilkinson's Cross Roads, Stone River, Lavergne, and Woodbury, Tennessee. In June, 1863, he resigned and entered the Nineteenth Pennsylvania cavalry, serving first as Quartermaster, then as Adjutant, and finally as Captain of Companies L and C, participating in the actions at Okaloona, Ivy Farm, Mississippi; Cypress Swamp, Tennessee; Gun Town, Black River, Utica, Port Gibson, Grand Gulf, Mississippi; Marion, Arkansas; Nashville, Hollow Tree Gap, Franklin, Anthony's Hill, Tennessee; and Sugar Creek, Alabama. During the summer of 1864 he served as Inspector and Assistant Adjutant-General of the First brigade, cavalry division of the Army of West Tennessee. In the Nashville campaign he was for the most part in command of his regiment, and by his energy and skill won for it lasting renown. General Hammond, who led the brigade to which it belonged, says: "The Nineteenth Pennsylvania cavalry was for the greater part of the time commanded by Norman M. Smith, who, although only a Captain, was alone able to do anything with the regiment. Under him it was efficient, and at all times ready for work. I strongly urged that he be made Lieutenant-Colonel of the regiment, a rank belonging to the position which he holds. I now hope that it is not too late to recognize his merit, by the brevets of Major and Lieutenant-Colonel, which he richly deserves for his services during the campaign when Hood was defeated at Nashville and pursued across the Tennessee River, even if he had served nowhere else, and for personal gallantry and attention to duty in the field." To this unqualified commendation General George H. Thomas added his own approval, particularly calling attention to the request.

HORACE BLOIS BURNHAM, Colonel of the Sixty-seventh regiment, was born on the 10th of September, 1824, at Spencertown, Columbia county, New York. He received a good English education, with some knowledge of the classics, and read law with D. A. Lathrop, of Luzerne county, Pennsylvania. He came to the bar in 1844, and practised in the counties of Luzerne, Carbon, Wayne, Pike, and Monroe. He was married on the 22d of February, 1846, to Miss Ruth Ann Jackson. He entered the service in July, 1861, and in October following was made Lieutenant-Colonel of the Sixty-seventh regiment. For more than a year and a half it was on duty at Annapolis, Maryland. It was at Winchester in the column of Milroy when struck by the head of the entire rebel army on its way to Gettysburg, and was terribly decimated in the encounter which ensued. He remained with the Third corps until the expiration of his term of service, on the 30th of October, 1864, when he was appointed by President Lincoln a Judge Advocate with the rank of Major in the regular army, in which capacity he acted on court-martial duty and in the Bureau of Military Justice at Washington, until April, 1867. He was then ordered to duty as Chief Judge Advocate of the First Military District, with head-quarters at Richmond, Virginia. He was at the same time Judge of Hustings Court here, from September, 1867, to May, 1869, and President Judge of the Court of Appeals of Virginia, from May, 1869, to May, 1870, by appointment, in accordance with an act of Congress. At the end of this time he was ordered to Atlanta, Georgia, as Chief Judge Advocate of the Department of the South, and subsequently, when the head-quarters of that department were transferred to Louisville, Kentucky, he accompanied it thither. On the 4th of November, 1872, he was assigned to duty in the same capacity in the Department of the Platte, embracing Iowa and Nebraska, and the Territories of Wyoming and Utah, headquarters at Omaha, where he is still engaged. He was brevetted Colonel by the President in July, 1865, for gallant and meritorious services during the war.

Marcus A. Reno, Colonel of the Twelfth cavalry, and Brevet Brigadier-General, is a native of Carrolton, Green county, Illinois. His ancestors were of French descent, who, three or four generations back, had settled upon the French possessions on the Mississippi. His mother was a native of Hyattstown, Maryland. His boyhood was spent at school in his native place, and he was destined for the mercantile profession; but, having received the appointment at West Point through the influence of Senator Stephen A. Douglas, who was a friend of the family, he entered that school, and in due course graduated in 1857. He engaged immediately thereafter in the national service, as an officer of the First United States cavalry, from which, towards the close of the late war, he was promoted to Colonel of the Twelfth Pennsylvania cavalry, One Hundred and Thirteenth of the line. In the action of Kelly's Ford in March, 1863, he was severely wounded, which incapacitated him for duty in the battles of Chancellorsville and Gettysburg, the only battles in which the Army of the Potomac had part in which he did not participate. He was brevetted a Brigadier-General on the 13th of March, 1865. He was married in 1863 to a daughter of Robert J. Ross, of Harrisburg.

William Andrew Robinson, Lieutenant-Colonel of the Seventy-seventh regiment, and Brevet Brigadier-General, was born at North East, Erie county, Pennsylvania, on the 17th of June, 1830. He was the son of William A. and Nancy (Cochran) Robinson, both of Scotch-Irish descent. His father, his grandfather, Thomas, and his great-grandfather, George, were all natives of central Pennsylvania. His early years were passed upon a farm, and his education was obtained in the district school, and at academies in Chatauqua county, New York, and

Ashtabula, Ohio. After leaving school and until the Rebellion came he was associated with older brothers in business in Pittsburg. When the flag of his country was assailed, and troops were called for its defence, he enlisted in a company known as the Pittsburg Rifles, in which he served as a Sergeant. Failing of acceptance in the three months' force, it was held in camp, and became Company A of the Ninth Reserve. In October, 1861, he was transferred to the Seventy-seventh regiment, as First Lieutenant of Company E, and in the April following was promoted to Captain. It was one of the few infantry regiments sent to the Western army from Pennsylvania, in the early part of the war, and was with Grant at Shiloh, being upon the front in the final charge and taking many prisoners. At Stone River, on the 31st of December, 1862, where the right wing of Rosecrans' army was attacked at early dawn with great fury and by overwhelming numbers, this was one of the few regiments which was in readiness to receive the blow, and made a stubborn defence. Robinson led his company with marked valor, and received the warm commendation of his superior officers. He participated in all the battles of the Army of the Cumberland down to the ill-starred contest at Chickamauga. Here the Seventy-seventh with some other troops were isolated in a critical stage of the battle, and being unsupported, the field officers, seven line officers, and the greater part of the men were taken prisoners. For fifteen months Captain Robinson was an inmate of rebel prisons of the worst type, at a period when the harshest treatment was accorded to the unfortunate victims: six months at Libby; three at Columbia, South Carolina; three at Macon, Georgia; and three at Charleston, under fire of General Gilmore's powerful guns. He was associated with Colonels Streight and Rose in tunnelling their way out of Libby—a herculean labor, and attended with remarkable immediate success, but not in the liberation of Captain Robinson. While confined at Macon he was selected as one of a committee of Union officers to go to Andersonville and make known to the Union Government the horrors to which the poor victims of cruelty and barbarity were subjected, in the hope that the administration would be induced on hearing their report to enter upon a system of exchange which the Confederates well knew would redound largely to their advantage. But this committee refused to interfere, believing that the Government was well aware of the facts and would act wisely.

After his exchange and a brief furlough, he was placed on duty for a time at Columbus, Ohio, whence he was sent to his regiment, of which he had command during most of the time until his final muster out on the 6th of December, 1865. After the close of hostilities in the East he was sent to Texas, where further trouble was anticipated, but which subsided under the strong arm of Sheridan. He was promoted to Lieutenant-Colonel and Brevet Brigadier-General, on the 13th of March, 1865. Throughout his entire term of service he displayed great coolness and courage, and wonderful powers of endurance. The terrible marches he performed in East Tennessee, where for weeks the men were forced to subsist on green corn—his journey home through Kentucky after his furlough, where he was captured by guerillas—his escape and journey to the Union lines through rain and storm—and his long imprisonment would have broken the spirit and the constitution of one not preëminently endowed. "I asked him," says his brother, the Rev. Thomas H. Robinson, D. D., of Harrisburg, "how he managed to come home from fifteen months of rebel prison life looking so fat and hearty. He answered 'by keeping cheerful and keeping clean.' He was strictly temperate, full of patience and endurance, very bright and hopeful in disposition and a fine companion in camp. He was an excellent singer, and in Libby he had a good chance to use his voice. He read and with others acted from the plays of Shakspeare, which I sent him while there in six volumes. He said he never felt fear but once, and that was when moving under a terrible fire at Stone River. There for a moment he leaned against a tree. The feeling passed quickly, and he led his company on. His picket duty at Stone River and the fighting there he considered about as trying as any he ever witnessed."

JOHN FRANCIS GLENN, Colonel of the Twenty-third regiment. Few regiments in the volunteer service deserve greater credit than the Twenty-third Pennsylvania. It was first commanded by Colonel Charles P. Dare; and upon its reorganization at the end of the three months' service was led by that fearless and intrepid soldier, Major-General David B. Birney. He was succeeded by Brigadier-General Thomas H. Neil, an officer whose ability soon gained him promotion, and he was followed by Brevet Brigadier-General John Ely. Though these several officers in succession held the nominal command, their skill and their reliability caused them to be often called to command brigades or divisions, and the real leadership fell to an officer of minor rank, John Francis Glenn, who finally became its Colonel, and continued at its head till the close of its term of service.

He was born on the 2d of November, 1829, in Philadelphia. His father, William Glenn, and his mother, Margaret (Tate) Glenn, were both natives of that city. His parents being poor, the son enjoyed scarcely any educational advantages, and from the age of seven to sixteen was obliged to labor incessantly at various occupations. At the close of this period he entered a printing office, where he acquired not only practical skill but a large fund of useful information.

In the summer of 1847, upon the call for troops to go to Mexico, he volunteered, then at the age of eighteen, as a private in Company D, First regiment, Pennsylvania volunteers. After his return from a victorious campaign, in which he acquitted himself with credit, he joined the National Rifle company, a militia organization of Philadelphia, in which he rose to the rank of Lieutenant and afterwards to Captain. When the Rebellion opened no soldier more promptly stepped to the front. He raised a company for the Twenty-third three months' regiment, and showed himself in the affair at Falling Waters a true soldier. Upon the reorganization of this regiment for three years, he became Captain of Company A. At the close of the Peninsula campaign, in which his regiment served, he was promoted to the rank of Major. In the battle of Fredericksburg, he bore himself with distinguished gallantry, and fairly won the honor which was accorded him at its close, promotion to the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel. Scarcely a year later, in December, 1863, he was again promoted, and now to the full command of the regiment.

Colonel Glenn was the recipient of many complimentary notices from officers high in command. That veteran soldier, General Heintzelman, at the battle of Fair Oaks, publicly commended him for volunteering, after he had been wounded, to advance with one hundred picked men and a section of Miller's battery, to hold the enemy in check until a division, which was on its way to the front, could get into position. The duty was executed with fearless intrepidity, and with success. At Malvern Hill, General Couch warmly praised his courage and steadfastness in holding his regiment for thirteen hours under a fire unparalleled for its severity. At Marye's Heights, General Alexander Shaler gave him unqualified commendation for the manner in which he advanced with five companies of his regiment to open the engagement on the morning of the 3d of May, 1863. At Cold Harbor, General David Russell, following the generous impulse of the brave soldier, spoke in the most laudatory terms of his gallant bearing in the terrible conflicts of the 1st, 2d, and 3d of June, 1864.

At the expiration of his term, on the 8th of September, with his regiment, he was mustered out of service. Colonel Glenn is in person six feet in height, of fair complexion, and of nervous temperament, a condition indicative of ceaseless vigilance, which signally characterized him. He was married on the 17th of February, 1850, to Eleanora Forebaugh.

CHARLES M. BETTS, Lieutenant-Colonel of the Fifteenth cavalry, was born in Bucks county, Pennsylvania, on the 9th of August, 1838. His boyhood was passed upon a farm, and in attending the public schools. He received, in addition, instruction at an academy in his native county, and at Burlington, New Jersey. Having a taste for mercantile life, he went to Philadelphia in 1857, where he became clerk in a wholesale lumber establishment. In November, 1861, he was appointed chief clerk in the Quartermaster's Department of General Franklin's division, then stationed near Alexandria, Virginia, and served in that capacity through the entire Peninsula campaign. At Harrison's Landing he left that army, and in response to the President's call for fresh troops, enlisted as a private in the Fifteenth Pennsylvania (Anderson) cavalry, which rendezvoused at Carlisle. He was soon after promoted to Sergeant, and when the enemy invaded

Maryland on the Antietam campaign, he was sent as acting First Lieutenant of a detail made to picket the southern border of Pennsylvania, and to coöperate with the troops of McClellan. He was subsequently commissioned First Sergeant at Louisville, Kentucky, whither the regiment had been ordered.

Upon the reorganization of the command at Murfreesboro, Tennessee, in March, he was commissioned Captain of Company F, which he led in the stirring campaign of 1863, and near the close of the year, in a fight with the Cherokee Indians at Gatlinsburg, received a severe wound in the left arm, by which he was incapacitated for duty for a period of two months. In May, 1864, he was commissioned Major, which gave him the leadership of a battalion. As the armies of the Union advanced, the duties of the cavalry were greatly increased, requiring incessant activity. At the opening of the campaign of 1865, he was promoted to Lieutenant-Colonel and given the active command of the regiment. With Stoneman's column he went upon an important expedition into North Carolina, and after rapid riding and the successful accomplishment of the object, he was put upon the trail of Jefferson Davis, who, after the surrender of Lee and Johnston, was endeavoring to escape to the Gulf with large sums of Confederate treasure. "On the morning of the 8th instant," says General Palmer, "while searching for Davis near the fork of the Appalachee and Oconee rivers, Colonel Betts, Fifteenth Pennsylvania cavalry, captured seven wagons, hidden in the woods, which contained $188,000 in coin, $1,588,000 in bank notes, bonds, etc., of various Southern States, and about $4,000,000 of Confederate money, besides considerable specie, plate, and other valuables belonging to private citizens in Macon. . . . The wagons also contained the private baggage, maps, and official papers of Generals Beauregard and Pillow." In closing his report of this exciting chase, General Palmer says: "I desire to recommend for honorable mention and promotion, Lieutenant-Colonel Charles M. Betts, commanding Fifteenth Pennsylvania cavalry, for gallant conduct in charging and capturing a South Carolina battalion of cavalry, with its commanding officer, Lieutenant-Colonel Johnson, in front of Greensboro, on the morning of April 11th, 1865; also for thoroughly preserving the discipline of his regiment, on an active campaign during which the troops were compelled to live exclusively on the country." At the conclusion of the war, Colonel Betts returned to the mercantile business which he left to enter the service. In stature, he is six feet and nearly two inches in height.

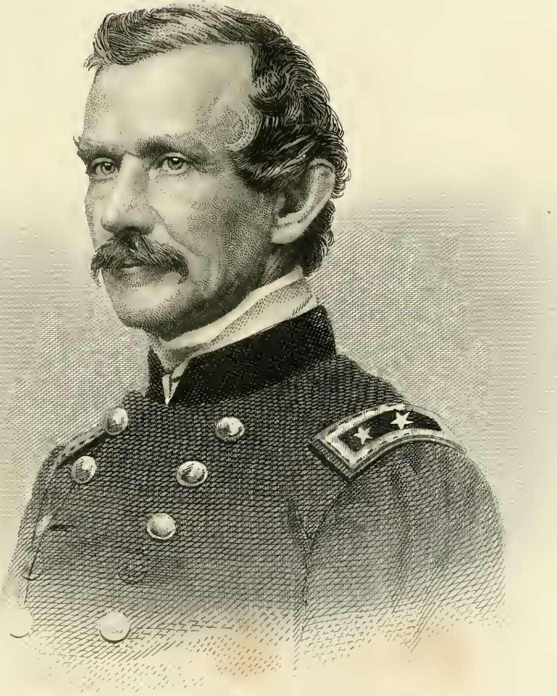
William Buel Franklin, Major-General of volunteers, and Brevet Major-General United States Army, was born at York, Pennsylvania, on the 27th of February, 1823. He was educated at West Point, where he graduated first in the class of 1843. In the same year he joined the Topographical Engineers, and was with Kearny in his expedition to the Rocky Mountains in 1845. He was on the staff of General Taylor in Mexico, and was brevetted First Lieutenant for gallantry at Buena Vista. For four years, commencing in 1848, he was Assistant Professor of Natural Philosophy at West Point. During a part of the year 1852 he was Professor of Natural Philosophy and Civil Engineering in the Free Academy, New York city. In 1857 he was commissioned Captain, and from 1857 to 1859 he was Engineer Secretary of the Light House Board. He was subsequently appointed Superintendent of the extensions of the Post Office and Capitol at Washington, and in March, 1861, of the extension of the National Treasury building and Chief of the Bureau of Construction of the Treasury Department.

On the 14th of May, 1861, he returned to military duty as Colonel of the Twelfth infantry, and in the same month was made Brigadier-General of volunteers. In the first battle of Bull Run, he commanded a brigade in Heintzelman's division, and was active and fearless throughout the long hours of that trying day. In the advance up the Peninsula in May, 1862, McClellan sent him in command of a division by transport to White House to strike the flank of the enemy's column. On the 15th of May he was given a corps, which he held in front of Richmond during the first three of the Seven Days, easily repulsing the noisy demonstrations of the foe, and on the fourth, the 29th of June, in conjunction with Sumner, checked the enemy in his eager advance on Savage Station. On the 30th he was in chief command at the bridge at White Oak Swamp, holding the enemy at bay, and preventing him from reaching the Charles City Cross Roads field. For his services in this campaign he was made Major-General of volunteers, and Brigadier-General by brevet in the regular army. In the battle of South Mountain he had the left wing, and having swept the enemy from Crampton's Pass, led on towards Antietam. It was here McClellan's intention to have held Franklin in reserve; but being hard pressed on the right, Franklin was sent to the assistance of Sumner, where he was thrown upon the most hotly-contested part of the field. At Fredericksburg he commanded the left Grand Division, composed of the First and Sixth corps, led respectively by Reynolds and Smith. He was ordered by Burnside to make a demonstration with a division, and be prepared to support it with another. He made the attack with the First corps, the Pennsylvania Reserves being selected for the assault. It was entirely successful, the Reserves penetrating to the rear of the rebel line, and was supported by two divisions instead of one as directed; but even these were insufficient for more than a demonstration. It would seem that Burnside intended that a demonstration should be made upon the left, and that the main attack should come from the town itself. From the fact that the battle proved a great disaster, a disposition was manifested to censure Franklin for not cordially supporting Burnside. But the facts do not warrant this view. Had Burnside ordered him to attack and break the enemy's left, then there would have been cause for blame.

General Franklin was subsequently transferred to the Department of the Gulf, and during the summer of 1863 commanded at Baton Rouge. On the 15th of August he was placed in command of the Nineteenth Army corps. He took part in the Red River expedition, being engaged at Sabine Cross Roads, where he was wounded, at Pleasant Hill, and Cane River. On the 13th of March, 1865, he was brevetted Major-General in the regular army, and resigned one year thereafter. He became Vice-President and general agent of Colt's Fire-Arm Company at Hartford, Connecticut, in November, 1865, where he is still engaged. He was chosen President of the Commissioners constituted for the erection of a new State House in that city, and is at present Consulting Engineer of the Board.

CHAPTER X.

ANDREW ATKINSON HUMPHREYS, Brigadier-General in the regular service, and Major-General of volunteers, was born in Philadelphia, on the 2d of November, 1810. He was the son of Samuel Humphreys of that city, Chief Constructor of the Navy. He was educated at West Point, graduating in 1831. Entering the service as Brevet Second Lieutenant in the Second artillery, he served until April, 1832, as Assistant Professor of Engineers at West Point. He then took the field and was engaged against the Indians in Florida, where he displayed that resolution and intrepidity which was destined to make his name illustrious. He was promoted to First Lieutenant in August, 1836, but in September following resigned. On the 7th of July, 1838, he was reappointed First Lieutenant of Topographical Engineers. From 1845 to 1849 he was assistant to the Chief of the Coast Survey, having in the meantime been promoted to Captain. In August, 1853, he was placed over the Bureau of Explorations and Surveys in the War Department. He was promoted to Major in August, 1861, and in March, 1862, was Aide-de-camp on the staff of General McClellan, with the rank of Colonel. On the 6th of May, 1862, he was made Brigadier-General of volunteers. Upon the organization of the regiments from Pennsylvania for the nine months' service, late in the summer of 1862, General Humphreys was given their command, constituting the Third division of the Fifth corps. It was of Hooker's Grand Division, and at a critical period in the battle of Fredericksburg he was ordered in as a forlorn hope. It was in front of Marye's Heights, where three veteran divisions had already been thrown back torn and bleeding. A great harvest of death



Eng^{d} by A.H.Ritchie

MAJ. GEN. A. A. HUMPHREYS.

had been gathered, and ghastly forms covered all the ground now drenched with gore. His troops were fresh levies, who had never been under fire. But in that hour of desperation they knew that they were led by a tried soldier, and obedient to his call they were borne onward in the face of a storm of shot and shell, over the prostrate forms of the unhappy victims of previous charges, up to the very muzzles of the enemy's guns; yet no valor was equal to that fearfully destructive fire, and his decimated columns were compelled to fall back. Where was ever a heroism that exceeded Humphreys' in this charge! He was doubtless as well convinced when he went in, as when, scourged and almost annihilated, he came out, that the attempt would be fruitless; but obedient to an imperious mandate he went to the very verge of destruction, and did all that mortal could do to snatch victory and achieve a triumph, perilling life and limb without a murmur.

In the battle of Chancellorsville he again led his division where the conflict waged fiercest, and the fire was most destructive. On that Sunday morning, the 3d of May, when the legions of Jackson were led on by his most resolute Lieutenants, with a desperation and determined courage rarely paralleled, they met Humphreys. But here, as at Fredericksburg, there were inherent defects in the plan and conduct of the battle, and the grandest exhibitions of valor counted for naught. At the close of this campaign his division was for the most part mustered out, its term of service having expired, and he was given a division in the Third corps. When General Meade came to the command of the army, he selected General Humphreys for his chief of staff, an office of honor and responsibility; but being upon the point of fighting a great battle, he deferred making the change until the conflict was over, and Humphreys led his division at Gettysburg. Few positions can be selected in all the great battle-grounds of the war more exposed or perilous than that on which he was called to stand on this field. But he took it, and held it manfully until ordered back; and when the foe followed with desperation and sought to throw him into rout, slowly and sullenly he went, turning often to deal swift destruction to his too sanguine pursuers.

After the close of this battle he assumed the duties of chief of staff, and remained in that position through the fall campaign in the Valley of Virginia, during the Wilderness campaign, and the siege of Petersburg, to November, 1864. He was then put in command of the Second corps, which he led with great skill and gallantry in the remaining operations before Petersburg, and in the pursuit and final triumph over Lee, particularly distinguishing himself at Sailor's Creek. He was brevetted Brigadier and Major-General in the regular army in 1865. On the 8th of August, 1866, he was made Chief of Engineers with the rank of Brigadier-General, which position he still holds. He is withal a man of literary tastes and accomplishments, is a member of several learned societies, and in 1861 published a memoir on the *Physics* and *Hydraulics* of the *Mississippi River*. In 1868 the degree of LL.D. was conferred upon him by the corporation of Harvard University.

GEORGE W. CULLUM, Brevet Major-General in the regular army, was born in the city of New York, on the 25th of February, 1809. When he was quite young the family removed to Meadville, Pennsylvania, where his boyhood was spent. He was educated at the Military Academy at West Point, where he graduated in the class of 1833. He entered the service as Brevet Second Lieutenant in the Engineer corps, was promoted to Second Lieutenant in 1836, and to Captain, in 1838. His life has been largely devoted to the construction of coast defences. His earliest work was upon the massive structure of Fort Adams, at Newport, Rhode Island. For a period of ten years, commencing in 1838, he superintended the erection of Fort Trumbull, and the battery at Fort Griswold, New London, Connecticut. During the last two of these years, he was also engaged upon Forts Warren, Independence, and Winthrop, in Boston harbor. In 1848 he was Professor of Practical Military Engineering at West Point, where he continued until 1855, spending, in the meantime, two years in foreign travel for the benefit of his health, and superintending the construction of the Assay Office in New York. Subsequently he was engaged upon the public works in North and South Carolina, including Fort Sumter, and in 1858 was placed over the fortifications at New Bedford, Newport, New London, and Sound entrance to New York. At the opening of the Rebellion he was ordered to Washington, where he was assigned to the staff of General Scott, with the rank of Colonel. In November, 1861, he was appointed Brigadier-General of volunteers, and Chief of staff and of Engineers to General Halleck, serving with that General in his campaign in the West, embracing the siege of Corinth. He was for a time in command at Cairo, Illinois. He served with Halleck in Washington while the latter was at the head of the army, and during almost the entire period of the war was a member of the United States Sanitary Commission. In September, 1864, he was appointed Superintendent of the Academy at West Point, which position he held for two years. He was brevetted Major-General on the 13th of March, 1865. General Cullum has been quite a voluminous writer on military subjects, having published a *Register* of the Military Academy in 1850, *Military Bridges with India Rubber Pontoons* in 1849, a translation of *Duparcq's Elements of Military Art and History* in 1863, and a *Biographical Register* of the Military Academy in two volumes in 1868. He is at present third in the Corps of Engineers, with the rank of Colonel.

ALFRED SULLY, Brevet Major-General of volunteers, and Brigadier-General in the regular army, was born in Philadelphia, in 1821. He was the son of the eminent portrait painter, Thomas Sully. He was educated at West Point, graduating in 1841, and entered the service in July, as Second Lieutenant in the Second infantry. He served against the Seminoles in Florida, and in the Mexican war was at the siege of Vera Cruz, for which he was made First Lieutenant, and in February, 1852, was promoted to Captain. On the 4th of March, 1862, just previous to the departure of McClellan's army to the Peninsula, he was appointed Colonel of the First Minnesota volunteers, and was soon after placed in command of a brigade, which he led throughout the Peninsula campaign, distinguishing himself at Fair Oaks, and receiving the brevet rank of Lieutenant-Colonel in the regular service. He was also conspicuous at Malvern Hill, and was brevetted Colonel. In October, 1862, he was made Brigadier-

General of volunteers, having led his command at South Mountain and Antietam, and in the battles of Fredericksburg and Chancellorsville, in all of which he acquitted himself with marked gallantry. In 1863, he was in command of a column in Dakota, where he remained for three years, having in the meantime carried on successful campaigns against the Indians in the Northwest, distinguishing himself at the battle of Whitestone Hill. He was brevetted Brigadier-General in the regular army and Major-General of volunteers, for gallant and meritorious services. He was made Lieutenant-Colonel of the Third infantry in July, 1866, and in December, 1870, was assigned to duty with the Nineteenth infantry. In December, 1873, he was promoted to Colonel of the Twenty-first infantry, with which he is still serving.

THOMAS H. NEILL, Colonel of the Twenty-third regiment, Brevet Brigadier-General in the regular service, and Brevet Major-General of volunteers, was born at Philadelphia, on the 9th of April, 1826. He was the son of Henry Neill, M. D., and Martha (Rutter) Neill. He was educated in private schools in that city, and at the University of Pennsylvania, where he had passed to the Sophomore class when he was appointed a cadet at West Point, graduating in 1847. He entered the army as Second Lieutenant, and served in the Mexican War. Until 1853 he was on duty on the frontier in Arkansas, against Cherokee, Creek, and Indian nations, and in northwestern Texas. He was Assistant Professor of Drawing at West Point in 1856, and afterward served in Utah, on the Plains, and in winter campaigns against the Navajoes in New Mexico. As mustering officer at Philadelphia, in 1861, he inducted more than 10,000 men into the United States service. During the three months' campaign he was Assistant Adjutant-General to General Cadwalader, in the column of General Patterson. At its close he organized a battalion of regulars from fragments of the First, Third and Eighth regiments, which had been captured and afterwards paroled, in Texas.

Upon the promotion of Colonel Birney to Brigadier-General, Neill was selected to succeed him as Colonel of the Twenty-third regiment. The first severe fighting in which he was engaged was at Fair Oaks, on the 31st of May, 1862. At two in the afternoon, Neill was ordered to the support of Casey's hard-pressed troops, where he displayed a bravery that attracted the attention and won the applause of all. "Once more," says a correspondent of the New York *Herald*, "the woods were alive with fire. Gallant Colonel Neill, with the Twenty-third Pennsylvania, was first into it, and by his presence kept up the spirit of his men. His fire had been reserved until the enemy were very near to him, and only six rounds had been discharged when his own men and the enemy were fairly face to face. Then he gave his men the word to charge, and went in ahead to show them how to do it. The enemy gave way and scattered before the Twenty-third; but now Neill had the fire of the foe upon his right and left, and began to suffer severely as he fell back to his place." Three color-bearers were stricken down, and Colonel Neill had his horse shot under him. At Malvern Hill he was thirteen hours upon the front line without relief, and rendered the most important service. "The left of the regiment," he says, "was in a trying position here. It overlapped a battery which was obliged to fire over our heads. Several men were lost by premature explosion of shells from our own guns. . . . The success of this day had a fine effect upon the men, as they had a better field in which to act than at Fair Oaks." In the Maryland campaign, and afterwards in the pursuit of the enemy towards Warrenton, he was temporarily in command of a brigade.

He was now made a full Brigadier-General, and was advanced to the permanent charge of a brigade, which he led in the Fredericksburg battle, in the storming of Marye's Heights in the Chancellorsville campaign, and at Salem Church, in which the duty was severe. After the battle of Gettysburg, where he was held upon an important part of the field in an important period in the battle, he was placed in command of a light division composed of McIntosh's brigade of cavalry, his own brigade of infantry, and Martin's battery, with which he was sent in pursuit of the retreating enemy, pushing him through Waynesboro and across the Antietam to Hagerstown. In the battle of Rappahannock Station he led his own brigade, and, after the fall of General Getty, succeeded to the command of his division. In the Wilderness, at Spottsylvania, the Bloody Angle, at the North Anna and Pamunky, at Cold Harbor and at Petersburg, he was constant in his duty and ever ready to meet the foe. He went with the Sixth corps to the Shenandoah Valley in the summer of 1864, and fought under Sheridan in the battle of Winchester. Afterwards he was assigned to a command in General Hancock's First army corps, and was president of a board for the examination of officers for colored troops. He was also Recorder of a board for the examination of infantry officers in the regular army. He was in command of the regiment in the field at camp near Fort Hays, and at Fort Riley from December, 1871, to August, 1872. He is at present in command of a column directed against hostile Indians in Colorado.

GEORGE SHORKLEY, Brevet Colonel of the Fifty-first regiment, was born at Scipio, Cayuga county, New York, on the 20th of May, 1837. His father, James Cushman Shorkley, was of Scotch and English origin, and his mother, Julia Annie (Thornton) Shorkley, of English descent. Until the age of eighteen he remained with his parents acquiring a fair business education, after which he removed to Lewisburg, Pennsylvania, to engage with his brothers in the manufacture of iron and agricultural implements, and was employed in this business until the opening of the Rebellion. He was active in recruiting, and on the 22d of September, 1861, was mustered as First Lieutenant of Company H, of the Fifty-first.

The regiment was with Burnside in his expedition upon the North Carolina coast, and in the battles of Roanoke Island, Newbern, and Camden, Lieutenant Shorkley fought with his company, doing efficient service in each, this regiment being assigned prominent places, and acquitting itself, though on its first campaign, in a manner worthy of its gallant commander, Colonel John F. Hartranft. In the movement upon Camden, Lieutenant Shorkley acted as Adjutant of the regiment, and on the 6th of June, 1862, received his commission for that position. He was solicited by General Ferrero to become Assistant Adjutant-General to the brigade, but this position he declined, preferring to remain with his regiment. At Bull Run, Chantilly, South Mountain, and Antietam, the command was put at the fore-front, proving itself, in the most trying emergencies, steadfast and true. In the battle of Antietam, it was this regiment which carried the celebrated Burnside Bridge, after repeated failures by other troops. Adjutant Shorkley in this desperate charge was fearless and intrepid, inspiring courage and daring by his example, executing the orders of Colonel Hartranft with fidelity, and actually leading the column upon the bridge, swept by the enemy's fire. In that terrible ordeal few escaped unscathed, and he was among the severely wounded, receiving a musket shot in the left arm. He was taken from the field, and sent for treatment, first to the Georgetown Seminary Hospital, and from thence to the General Hospital at Philadelphia, where he remained until the spring of 1863. Though still disqualified for field service, his arm requiring the use of a sling, he sought such duty as was suited to his condition, and was assigned as Aide-de-camp to General D. N. Couch, then commanding the Department of the Susquehanna, during the Gettysburg campaign. He was also in command of Camp Parole at West Chester.

In the meantime, the Ninth corps, in which was the Fifty-first regiment, had been sent to the Western armies, first to Kentucky, then to Grant, at that time pressing the siege of Vicksburg, and subsequently to Knoxville, East Tennessee, at which place Adjutant Shorkley rejoined it in November, 1863. Hartranft was now in command of the Second division of the Ninth corps, and with him Shorkley served as Acting Inspector-General in the siege of Knoxville. Upon the reorganization of the corps, after its return to the Atlantic coast, he was ordered to duty as Acting Assistant Adjutant-General to General Hartranft, and in this capacity took part in the battles of the Wilderness, Spottsylvania, Cold Harbor, Petersburg, and of the Petersburg mine. In the latter he was severely wounded in the right hand, which he lost with the exception of the thumb. He was sufficiently recovered to return to duty in November, 1864, when he was desired to take the position which he had left, with the rank of Captain. But this he declined on account of the loss of his right hand, not having yet acquired the habit of writing well with the left, and accepted instead the position of Assistant Inspector-General on the staff of General Hartranft, in command of a division of Pennsylvania troops.

In the brilliant engagement at Fort Steadman, on the 25th of March, 1865, Captain Shorkley was again severely wounded in the right thigh. While lying in the field hospital he was visited by the Commander of the Army of the Potomac, who complimented him for his gallant conduct, and gave him leave to proceed as soon as able to Georgetown Hospital for treatment.

As early as May, 1863, while serving in the Department of the Susquehanna, he had been commissioned Major, but not mustered. In April, 1864, he was commissioned Captain. And now, for gallant and meritorious services at Fort Steadman, he was brevetted Lieutenant-Colonel, and a month later Colonel, for long, faithful, and valuable services. Rejoining the division in April, he was ordered to duty as Acting Inspector-General of the Ninth corps, on the staff of General Parke, in which he remained until mustered out of the volunteer service with his regiment.

In February, 1866, he was appointed Second Lieutenant of the Fifteenth United States infantry, and was commissioned on the same date First Lieutenant. On the 2d of March, 1867, he was brevetted Captain in the regular army for "gallant" services at Antietam, and Major for "gallant and meritorious" services at Fort Steadman. In October following he was commissioned Captain in the Fifteenth infantry. He first served as Acting Assistant Adjutant-General to Generals Shepherd and Hayden, commanding in the District of Alabama, during 1867–'8, whence he proceeded to Texas with his regiment, and during parts of 1868–'9 was in command of the post at Clarksville. In September, 1869, he was placed in command of the post at Fort McRae, New Mexico, the nearest station occupied by any part of the army to the Southern Apache Indians, where he remained till 1872. He is at present with his company at Fort Craig.

LEVI MAISH, Colonel of the One Hundred and Thirtieth regiment, was born on the 22d of November, 1837, in Conewago township, York county, Pennsylvania. He was the son of David and Sallie (Nieman) Maish. He received a common-school education, and in the York County Academy a higher English training, but made only indifferent progress in the ancient languages. When not at school, he was employed upon the farm until the age of seventeen. He then served an apprenticeship to a machinist, and remained two years, developing a decided taste for this business.

In July, 1862, he recruited a company for the service of the United States, and with it joined the One Hundred and Thirtieth regiment, of which he was soon after promoted to Lieutenant-Colonel. In the battle of Antietam, where his regiment, which had had hardly time to learn anything of its duty, was put into the fight upon the most hotly-contested part of the field, he received a shot in the right lung, which the surgeons were unable to extract, and which still remains in its lodgment. On the 14th of December, 1863, on the day after the fall of Colonel Zinn at Fredericksburg, he was promoted to Colonel, and led his regiment in the battle of Chancellorsville, where he received a slight wound in the right hip. The time of his command expired soon afterwards, and with it he was mustered out of service. He represented York county in the Legislature, in the sessions of 1867 and 1868.

LEMUEL TODD, Major of the First Reserve regiment, was born on the 29th of July, 1817, at Carlisle, Pennsylvania, of Scotch-Irish descent. He was educated at Dickinson College, read law with General Samuel Alexander, and, on being admitted to the bar in 1841, formed a business partnership with his preceptor. His tastes ran in the line of his profession and of politics, and he became noted for his effective oratory. In 1849 he married Miss Sarah A. Wilson, granddaughter of Captain David Wilson, of Adams county. Upon the call for troops, in 1861, he raised a company for the three months' service, but not being accepted, he held it for three years' duty, and it was incorporated in the First Reserve, of which he was made Major. He participated with his command in the battle of Dranesville, in the Seven Days' battle upon the Peninsula, in the Second Bull Run, and Chantilly. At the end of this time he was obliged, on account of severe attacks of disease, to leave the field, and soon afterwards resigned. In the fall of 1862, and winter of 1863, under the appointment of Governor Curtin, with the rank of Colonel, he organized the drafted men of the eastern part of the State, in the camp at Philadelphia. He subsequently served on the staff of the Governor as Inspector-General, and in that capacity was charged with the organization of the militia, and the formation of the State Guard. He was a member of the Thirty-fourth Congress, and is now serving in the Forty-third.

David Watson Rowe, Lieutenant-Colonel of the One Hundred and Twenty-sixth regiment, was born at Greencastle, Franklin county, Pennsylvania, on the 12th of November, 1836. He was the son of John and Elizabeth (Prather) Rowe. His father was a member of the Legislature of Pennsylvania in 1853, was Surveyor-General of the State from 1856 to 1859, and was Speaker of the House during the period of the late war. His great-grandfather, James Watson, was an officer in the Revolution, his commissions as Captain and Colonel bearing date July 8th, 1776, and July 1st, 1777. The son early manifested a taste for study, and graduated at Marshall College, after which he read law. He enlisted as a private in the Second regiment, and served through Patterson's campaign in the Shenandoah Valley, having been promoted to Sergeant-Major and First Lieutenant.

When the One Hundred and Twenty-sixth regiment was organized, he was selected as Lieutenant-Colonel. On the 5th of August, 1862, the day previous to his departure for the front, he was married to Miss Annie E. Fletcher. He was present at Antietam, but was held in reserve and not actively engaged. His regiment, in the battle of Fredericksburg, bore itself with great steadiness and courage, in the face of a most deadly fire. When the battle was at its height, and raging with great fury, Colonel Elder was wounded. The command then devolved upon Lieutenant-Colonel Rowe, under whose skilful leadership the struggle was maintained, and finally, when it was seen that the conflict was fruitless, and that further sacrifice, already fearful, was vain, he brought the remnants off, in obedience to commands, in good order. General Joseph Hooker was asked by the committee which inquired respecting the conduct of the war, "How did the men behave during the attack?"

"They behaved well. There never was anything more glorious than the behavior of the men. No campaign in the world ever saw a more gallant advance than Humphreys' men made there. But they were put to do a work that no men could do."

Lieutenant-Colonel Rowe's command was of Humphreys' division, and this opinion was passed by a soldier who knew what gallantry meant, and in what consisted hard fighting. He was here wounded in the cheek by a rifle ball.

On the field of Chancellorsville the conflict on the part of the One Hundred and Twenty-sixth was of a character not so desperate as at Fredericksburg; for here the enemy was obliged to show himself, having nothing better behind which to take shelter than the dense wood and undergrowth. The enemy having turned the Union right, pressed upon the unprotected flank, occupied, for the time, by Tyler's brigade, to which Colonel Rowe's regiment belonged, and passing around to the rear, threatened it with capture. Thus outflanked the regiment was forced to retire, which it did in obedience to the commander of the brigade, but not until all the ammunition which the men carried had been exhausted, and that also had been gathered which could be found in the cartridge boxes of the dead and wounded lying near them. Lieutenant-Colonel Rowe was in chief command throughout this action, and of him General Tyler, in his report of the battle, says: "Colonel Rowe exhibited the true characteristics of a soldier—brave, cool, and determined; and his spirit was infused into every officer and soldier of his command."

After his return from the field at the expiration of his term, he resumed the practice of his profession, and in March, 1868, when only thirty-one years of age, was appointed by Governor Geary, President Judge of the sixteenth judicial district of Pennsylvania, a position of great honor and responsibility, ever filled by men of learning and ability; and in the October following he was elected by the people to the same office for the term of ten years. In person he is full six feet in height, of a pallid and scholastic countenance, a piercing black eye, raven hair, and that urbane and dignified demeanor which stamps him as a man of mark.

Hiram L. Brown, Colonel of the One Hundred and Forty-fifth regiment, and Brevet Brigadier-General, was born at North East, Erie county, Pennsylvania, on the 27th of October, 1832. He was the son of Hiram L. and Philena (Sears) Brown, both natives of this region. When but two years old the family removed to the city of Erie. He was educated at the county academy, and at the age of fifteen entered upon his novitiate in the business of printing, in the office of the Erie *Gazette*, and continued it in that of the *Observer*, where he remained three years. In 1850, then at the age of eighteen, fired by the fever which carried multitudes to the new Eldorado, he went to California, and remained one year at the mines about Little Deer Creek and Nevada City. He then returned home, and after the death of his father, which occurred in 1853, he became proprietor of Brown's Hotel, widely and favorably known, and, with the exception of one year which he spent in Chicago, so remained until the opening of the war.

For a year previous he had been a member of that noted volunteer company, the Wayne Guards, which proved so excellent a school for the development of military talent, in which he was Corporal and Lieutenant, and was, besides, Major of militia. When troops were called for three months, he went as Captain of Company B in the Erie regiment, Colonel John W. McLane. A new regiment for three years' service—the Eighty-third—was promptly formed on the return of this, in recruiting which he was active. Tidings of the Bull Run disaster were then fresh, and on the Sunday morning after the sad intelligence was received, Captain Brown took his command by special train to Warren, sixty miles away, where a war meeting was that evening held. The military ardor was so aroused that volunteering was rapid, and Colonel McLane soon had the ranks of his regiment full.

Captain Brown's first engagement was at Hanover Court House, where the enemy under General Branch were driven. At the fierce battle of Gaines' Mill, fought shortly after, his clothing was cut in several places, and finally he was shot through the body, the ball entering just below the heart, passing quite through, and resting in his watch-pocket. The wound was supposed to be mortal. He lay all night under a tree upon the left bank of the Chickahominy. In the morning a soldier crossed upon a rude raft which he constructed, and brought the wounded Captain off. He was taken to Savage Station, where he was left in hospital, and where he fell into the enemy's hands. After lying here for a month, his wound in the meantime healing, he was exchanged. He saved his sword by an ingenious device. A brother officer, Captain John F. Morris, was so badly mangled as to necessitate his being carried through the city of Richmond on a straw tick. In the straw he concealed his cherished weapon, and it escaped observation. All other officers lost their arms. The return of Captain Brown was hailed with great joy, as of one resurrected from the dead; for he had been reported among the killed, and his death had been noticed in the Erie, Buffalo, Cleveland, and Pittsburg papers, and the country press of that region. On his arrival at Erie the bells of the city were rung amid general rejoicing, and a committee of citizens from Buffalo were sent to express their gratification.

At this time the One Hundred and Forty-fifth Pennsylvania, a three years' regiment, was being organized, and Captain Brown was solicited to become its leader. Though regretting to leave his company in the Eighty-third, he accepted and was soon absorbed in bringing his new command to a condition of efficiency. He hastened to the front during the progress of the Antietam campaign, and was at first placed over the receiving camp at Chambersburg. He was afterwards sent with his own regiment, two pieces of artillery and a force of cavalry, by command of General Reynolds, to Minor's Cross Roads, in which direction it was anticipated that the enemy might retire from the Antietam field. He was afterwards assigned to Meagher's brigade, Caldwell's division of the Second corps.

Colonel Brown was officer of the day on the 13th of December, 1862, on which the battle of Fredericksburg was fought, and was ordered to withdraw his pickets and rejoin his brigade as soon as General French had marched over them to open the battle. In the progress of the fight he was brought under the hottest of the fire, and was shot through the right lung. Though slightly stunned he moved forward, and shortly after received a wound through the leg above the knee. Just then the blood from the wounded lung began to be discharged from the mouth, when he became faint, and it was some moments before consciousness returned. He walked off the field, and was carried across the river to a hospital. Again was he reported mortally wounded. The slaughter in his regiment was fearful, more than half of an aggregate of nearly five hundred men being carried down in the fight. The flag, presented by the ladies of Erie, was pierced by forty-three bullets and one shell, the staff broken, the eagle which surmounted it carried away, and five color-bearers killed under it. In his official report General Hancock bore ample testimony to the conspicuous gallantry of the Colonel and his fine body of men.

In the Chancellorsville campaign, it was anticipated that resistance would be encountered to laying the pontoons at United States Ford, and Colonel Brown was sent, with his own and two regiments detailed from General French's command, to cover the work; but it was executed without opposition. He led his regiment in the various manœuvres of the army in the early part of the battle, and after the rout upon the Union left supported Pettits' battery, the enemy's shells, in response, firing the Chancellor House and burning it to the ground.

At Gettysburg he shared the fortunes of Caldwell's division, as it moved to action over the historic Wheat Field, where the struggle was obstinate and bloody throughout. The enemy was encountered in his lurking places in the wooded ground and was temporarily driven.

Before entering upon the campaign in the Wilderness, in 1864, Colonel Brown was placed in command of a brigade in Barlow's division of the Second corps. This he led with marked gallantry on that sanguinary field. At the Po river he held the extreme right of the line, and was accredited in General Hancock's report with having repulsed two successive onsets of a division of Hill's men. During the early morning of the 12th of May, with the rest of Barlow's forces, he marched to the front near Spottsylvania Court House, where one of the most brilliant charges of the war was made, whereby an entire division with General Johnson, its leader, and twenty-two cannon were captured. While the fight was raging, Colonel Brown was cut off and taken captive.

After enduring the hardships of rebel prisons for some time, orders came for fifty officers of the highest rank to prepare themselves with four days rations for removal. Confidently did these officers anticipate that this was for an exchange; but what was their astonishment to find themselves incarcerated in the Charleston jail in company with common felons! By the payment of a one dollar greenback for a morning paper, Colonel Brown learned that they had been put under the fire of the Union guns by order of the Confederate authorities. The United States Government shortly put an end to this by exposing a like number, and of equal grade, of rebel officers, under the fire of their own guns on Morris' Island. This course brought a speedy exchange.

Soon after his return to the front, the army being before Petersburg, he was placed in command of a brigade of the Second corps, and was brevetted Brigadier-General. The earnestness with which General Hancock urged this promotion is shown by the following extract of a letter addressed by that officer to Judge Watts, of Carlisle: "I have recommended in an official manner, some months since, Colonel H. L. Brown, of the One Hundred and Forty-fifth, for promotion for Spottsylvania, May 12th. Since then I recommended him, in a formal manner, for a brevet as Brigadier-General for the same action, in order that, if he was not made a Brigadier-General of volunteers, he might be made a Brigadier-General by brevet. In these formal recommendations I recapitulated his faithful and gallant services, his wounds, so far as I was enabled to get the data. I trust he may be promoted and ordered here. We require the services of such brave men."

General Brown remained in the service until February, 1865, when, experiencing much trouble from the wound in his lung, from which he had never fully recovered, he was honorably discharged for physical disability contracted in the line of duty. On several occasions he was made the recipient of tokens of regard from his men, who could best appreciate his worth, and from admiring friends. The one which was perhaps most highly prized was that of a horse, saddle, and bridle, and full equipments, presented by the non-commissioned officers and privates of the One Hundred and Forty-fifth regiment, the pommel of the saddle being inscribed with the names of the entire number. General Brown is unmarried. In person he is over six feet in height, and stalwart. Since the war he has been for a term of three years Sheriff of Erie county.

JOHN SWAYZE McCALMONT, Colonel of the Tenth Reserve regiment, was born at Franklin, Pennsylvania, on the 28th of April, 1822. His father, Alexander McCalmont, and his mother, Eliza Hart (Connely) McCalmont, were both natives of Pennsylvania, remotely descended from the Scotch-Irish, who form a sturdy and sterling element in the population of the State. He was early initiated into the mysteries of a printing office, where he labored for several years during the intervals in the terms of the public schools. He was afterwards put to the Latin school of the Rev. Nathaniel Snowden, and finally to Allegheny College, at Meadville. He entered the United States Military Academy at West Point in 1838, and graduated with credit in due course. He was brevetted Second Lieutenant in the Third regiment of infantry in July, 1842, and in the October following was promoted to Second Lieutenant of the Eighth infantry. Having a taste for civil pursuits, and tiring of the inactivity of army life in time of peace, after about a year's experience he resigned, and devoted himself to the law.

At the opening of the Rebellion, he was President Judge of the eighteenth judicial district, to which office he had been appointed by Governor Bigler in May, 1853, and elected in October of that year. As he warmly supported the national authorities, he tendered his services to Governor Curtin, and was commissioned Colonel of the Tenth regiment of the Reserve corps. His knowledge of military duty was of great advantage, the mass of volunteer officers, as well as privates, being entirely destitute of experience in the art they were called to practise. Upon the organization of the division, Colonel McCalmont was assigned to the command of the Third brigade, which he exercised until superseded by General E. O. C. Ord. In the battle of Dranesville, which was fought on the 20th of December, 1861, Colonel McCalmont bore himself with gallantry, and received the approval of Generals McClellan, Ord, and McCall.

Colonel Ayer, who was then serving as Captain of one of Colonel McCalmont's companies, makes the following mention of his chief in this engagement: "The action was opened by a smart firing between our own and the rebel skirmishers, and very soon the artillery of the enemy opened upon us. Our artillery, Captain Easton's battery, was soon in position and did terrible work, blowing up one of their ammunition boxes, killing eight or nine horses, and doubtless killing and wounding many men. Just previous, Colonel McCalmont had ridden up, and perceiving that they were shooting too high, called out, 'Point your pieces lower, my boys! You are firing over them! You must lower your guns!' They did so, and with what effect has just been described. Colonel McCalmont was everywhere, where his presence was most needed, during this engagement, displaying great courage and self-possession."

The operations of the army during the winter of 1861–'62 were dilatory, little congenial to the impetuous nature of Colonel McCalmont, and warned by failing health that he would be unable to endure the hardships of a protracted struggle he resigned. The officers of his regiment in parting with him united in resolutions recounting his faithful services and gallantry as a soldier. "Colonel McCalmont," says Ayer, "was much respected by officers and men. Of fine soldierly bearing and a high sense of honor, his presence was calculated to inspire all with confidence and esteem. A high-toned Christian gentleman, I believe the universal feeling was that of regret that we had lost so brave, considerate, and kind a commander." Previous to the war he had held several offices of honor and responsibility. He was Deputy Attorney-General of Clarion, McKean, and Elk counties in 1846, a member of the House of Representatives of Pennsylvania in 1849–'50, Speaker of that body in the latter year, and a Presidential Elector in 1852, in addition to the judicial position above noticed. On leaving the service, he resumed the practice of his profession at Franklin. In 1872 he was a lay representative of the Erie Conference of the Methodist Protestant Episcopal Church in the General Conference held at Brooklyn, New York. In stature he is above the ordinary height, being six feet two and a half inches, spare but broad-shouldered, and of fair complexion. He was married on the 2d of March, 1848, to Elizabeth P. Stekley, of Harrisburg.

DANIEL WHITE MAGRAW, Colonel of the One Hundred and Sixteenth regiment, was born in the county of Down, Ireland, on the 12th of June, 1839. He was the son of William and Rachael (Bailey) Magraw, both natives of Ireland. He came with his parents to this country when only three years of age, and settled in Pittsburg. He received a good common education in the public schools of that city, and on the 19th of September, 1859, was married to Miss Sarah J. Matthews. His first entrance to military service was in August, 1861, as a private, and he was promoted to Sergeant, Lieutenant, and in March, 1864, to Captain of Company H of the One Hundred and Sixteenth regiment. In the battle of Fredericksburg he was severely wounded in the left thigh, losing a portion of the bone. He led his company through the Wilderness campaign with gallantry, and in November was promoted to the rank of Major, having especially distinguished himself in the battles at Deep Bottom and Strawberry Plains. In December he was promoted to Lieutenant-Colonel. In the action at Gravelly Run, on the 31st of March, 1865, he received a severe wound in the left leg. He was commissioned Colonel not long afterwards, and with his regiment was mustered out on the 14th of July, 1864.

ELIAS STEVENSON TROXELL, Lieutenant-Colonel of the One Hundred and Fifty-eighth regiment and Major of the Twenty-second cavalry, was born on the 14th of June, 1824, near Emmittsburg, Maryland. He was the son of Elias and Ruth (Stevenson) Troxell. His mother, soon after the birth of her son, was left a widow, with four children dependent upon her for support, with small means beyond her own exertions. His advantages for gaining an education were, consequently, limited. But his natural desire to learn, coupled with a strong will, enabled him to master the elements of a good English education, and to familiarize himself with general literature. He showed some aptness in composition, and became a contributor to the *Flag of our Union.* At the age of twenty-six he removed to Waynesboro, Pennsylvania, where he married Miss Barbara S. Funk.

He was earnest and active in support of the Government when assailed by armed rebellion. In October, 1862, he was commissioned Captain in the One Hundred and Fifty-eighth Pennsylvania regiment, and in November following became Lieutenant-Colonel. During the winter of 1862–'63 he was stationed with his command at Newbern, North Carolina. While the movements were in progress, under the direction of General Prince, for raising the siege of Little Washington, he led the One Hundred and Fifty-eighth, and displayed energy and courage. He had embarked his men upon two small steamers in readiness to run up the Pamlico River, past obstructions and rebel batteries commanding the stream; but was prevented from undertaking this daring feat by the officer of the squadron, who was unwilling to trust the lives of the men without protection to such a fire as they were sure to encounter. He consequently debarked, and took part in the operations by land for the relief of the garrison. At the conclusion of his term of service he was mustered out; but in March, 1864, again entered upon active duty as Major of the Twenty-second cavalry, a three-year regiment which had just been recruited, and which rendered important service in the Shenandoah Valley, and in West Virginia, during the campaigns of that and the following year. In the numerous battles and skirmishes in which Major Troxell was engaged, he proved himself a reliable and most devoted soldier. He was mustered out of service finally in October, 1865. At the close of the war he became a resident of Martinsburg, West Virginia, and was in 1866 elected Clerk of the Circuit Court of Berkeley county. He has been three times in succession elected, his present term not expiring until January, 1879.

JOHN MACOMB WETHERILL, Lieutenant-Colonel of the Eighty-second regiment, was born in Philadelphia, on the 11th of February, 1828. He was the son of William and Isabella (Macomb) Wetherill. He was educated in the schools of the city, and at the University of Pennsylvania, graduating at the age of eighteen. He had a natural liking for military duty, and joined a militia organization in which he rose to be Major, Lieutenant-Colonel and Colonel in succession, serving until the opening of the Civil War. On the 19th of April, 1861, four days after the call for troops, he was mustered into the service of the United States as Aide-de-camp, with the rank of Captain, for ninety days, the limit fixed by the call. At the expiration of this term he was commissioned as Major of the Eighty-second regiment.

At Fair Oaks, on the 31st of May, this organization had its first experience of fighting, which indeed proved a baptism of fire. It was here that the enemy came out in heavy force and struck the division of Casey. The first intimation had that the enemy was advancing was the passing of a guard having in charge an aid of Johnston, the rebel General-in-Chief. Soon after, rapid firing gave token of the opening of the battle. Major Wetherill was in command of the regiment, which was drawn up on the Nine Mile road. In the progress of the battle the troops posted here were flanked, and in danger of being cut off by the yielding of Casey's line. In perfect order, and with the guns of a battery which the regiment was charged to support under guard, it retired a half mile and took up a position on the road leading to Grape Vine Bridge. Here it was attacked by an enemy confident of victory, who was nevertheless repulsed. Seven times did he come on with ever renewed assurance, and with fresh troops; but numbers and reckless impetuosity availed not against the valor which fired the bosoms of the men of the Union on that devoted line. The victory was complete, and the dead and wounded of the foe upon its front were frightful to behold. Major Wetherill was warmly complimented for his soldierly conduct on this field.

At Antietam, on the evening after the battle, he was sent forward with his regiment upon the skirmish line, near the Dunkard Church. The enemy still held the ground, and kept up a show of strength to cover his retreat. The rebel sharpshooters had climbed up into the tall forest trees, and, hidden from view by the dark foliage, directed an annoying fire upon the men of the Eighty-second. Major Wetherill relaxed not for an instant the most rigid discipline, and, by a rapid advance on the morning of the 19th, scattered the enemy, taking one gun and several prisoners. His conduct here was commended, and he was, in the following June, promoted to Lieutenant-Colonel.

In the battle of Cold Harbor, where the Union army displayed as much stubborn courage as upon any field of the war, but, alas! to little purpose and with vast sacrifice, the Eighty-second, unfortunately, had more than its share of danger to meet, and disaster to endure. In the face of a fire which swept it as with a flaming sword, it was led on, but, unable to reach the enemy's breastworks, fell to intrenching, and there passed the remainder of the day and the night following. At daylight the men were aroused from feverish and troubled rest to again charge. They had advanced but a few paces when the fire of the enemy became too terrible to withstand, and they again sank upon the earth for shelter. By the fall of Colonel Bassett, who commanded the regiment, the charge of the line fell upon Lieutenant-Colonel Wetherill. The position was a critical one. Seizing the flag he planted it in the earth and called upon the men to stand by it. His determined manner inspired confidence and renewed courage, and by desperate exertions a new protection was thrown up. It is thus that in times of peril the valor of the leader preserves the *morale* of his troops, and nerves the timid, even, to heroic action.

In the engagements before Petersburg, and at Fort Stevens in front of Washington, when menaced by the legions of Early, Colonel Wetherill led his command with the steady and resolute courage which had characterized him from the first. At the expiration of his term of service, on the 16th of September, 1864, he was mustered out. In the Convention of the State, which met in December, 1872, for the revision of the Constitution, he was a prominent member. In person he is of medium stature, in health robust, and possessed of a dignified presence.

JAMES F. RYAN, Major of the Sixty-third regiment, was born in the county of Clare, Ireland, on the 3d of May, 1824. His parents emigrated to this country when the son was but a year old, and settled in Pottsville, Schuylkill county, but subsequently removed to Pittsburg. He was early inured to labor, but obtained, in the public and private schools of that city, a good English education. At the age of seventeen he was bound an apprentice to the business of tin and sheet iron making. He was married on the 6th of September, 1853, to Miss Mary McCloskey, of Pittsburg. He recruited a company for three years' service, of which he was commissioned Captain, and which became a part of the Sixty-third regiment. He was wounded by a fragment of shell in the battle of Charles City Cross Roads, but was only off duty in consequence a single week. At the Second Bull Run he received three wounds, but fortunately neither proved serious, and he remained on the field, and upon the fall of superior officers assumed command of the regiment. At Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville, Gettysburg, and Wapping Heights, in each of which he was at his post, he escaped unharmed, though the fighting of the regiment was desperate. After the battle of Chancellorsville he was warmly recommended for the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel, but the return of officers to their positions made an adherence to the regular order of promotion imperative. At the conclusion of his term of service, on the 1st of April, 1864, he was mustered out, and returned to his home at McKeesport.

THEODORE FREDERICK LEHMANN, Colonel of the One Hundred and Third regiment, was born in the Kingdom of Hanover, Germany, on the 1st of March, 1812. His father, Frederick Lehmann, a descendant of an old Hanoverian family, was an officer in the army for fifty-two years, and participated in the European wars from 1783 to 1815, closing with the battle of Waterloo. His mother was Augusta (Holscher) Lehmann. He was early put to the primary schools of his country, and was for several years in the gymnasia and college, which he left at sixteen to enter the military school. He was in the army for a period of six years. After having passed through the military school, he entered the Polytechnic, where for eighteen months he studied languages and the fine arts, giving particular attention to drawing and painting, for which from childhood he had manifested a strong predilection. In 1837 he came to this country and was engaged in teaching languages, natural sciences, and mathematics, in the city of Pittsburg.

When the Sixty-second Pennsylvania regiment was organized he was commissioned Lieutenant-Colonel, and from his thorough military education and training was able to render important service. In October following, upon the formation of the One Hundred and Third, he was promoted to be its Colonel. After passing through the Peninsula campaign his regiment was transferred to the Department of North Carolina, and during the campaigns of 1863–64 Colonel Lehmann commanded a brigade. In the unfortunate battle of Plymouth, on the 20th of April, 1864, a small force of seventeen hundred men was attacked upon the land by a division of General Pickett, and by water by the rebel iron-clad ram Albemarle. Though making a stout resistance, inflicting and incurring serious losses, the little force was finally surrounded, and after expending its ammunition was compelled to surrender. Colonel Lehmann and nearly his entire regiment were among the captives. He was confined in rebel prisons, and at Charleston was placed under fire of the Union guns, which were then employed in bombarding the city.

On the 30th of August following, after a confinement of over four months, he was exchanged and returned to his regiment. He was assigned to the command of the sub-district of the Albemarle, North Carolina, with head-quarters at Roanoke Island, which position he held until the surrender of Lee. After the close of the war he returned to his home in Pittsburg, and was made President of the Western Pennsylvania Military Academy. Colonel Lehmann was a man of a quiet and unobtrusive demeanor, little given to that sociality which in army life was often the avenue to applause and even promotion. It was facetiously told that he was once very near being recommended—after making a handsome bayonet charge and dislodging the enemy—for a promotion; but it turned out that somebody else was recommended in his place for gallant conduct, and was made a Brigadier-General. When spoken to upon the subject, Lehmann said he was glad of it; for the poor fellow was sick at the time the assault was made, in an ambulance three miles to the rear, and that the news of his promotion made him quite well.

He has been three times married: in 1835 to Mlle. Adile C. Blie, in Nantes, France; in 1842 to Miss Kate McMurtry, of Kentucky, a grand-niece of Governor Madison of that State; and in 1857 to Miss Frances M. Lloyd, of Cincinnati. In person he is full six feet in height, and of an iron frame, capable of withstanding much privation and exposure. He has been a close student all his life, his habit of early rising and of strict temperance contributing to give him great power of endurance.

HIRAM C. ALLEMAN, Lieutenant-Colonel of the One Hundred and Twenty-seventh regiment, and Colonel of the Thirty-sixth militia, was born in Highspire, Dauphin county, Pennsylvania, on the 15th of September, 1836. He was the son of Conrad and Rebecca (Cassel) Alleman, both natives of that county. He received a liberal education, at Dickinson College. He was, however, prevented from graduating in consequence of continued delicate health. He read law with Hon. John Adams Fisher, of Harrisburg, and was admitted to the bar during his minority. He opened his first law-office in the neighboring town of York. His studious habits, affability and energy, and more than all his integrity and constant attention to business, soon brought him into notice; while his devotion to his clients gained him practice. He early manifested a laudable political ambition, but found himself in a district overwhelmingly against him in sentiment. He was, however, from the first recognized as a leader by his own party, having twice represented it in State conventions, and received a highly complimentary vote as its candidate for District Attorney.

Returning to his native county, he established himself in Harrisburg, and at once entered upon a successful practice. He found here the dominant party in accord with his own convictions, and for two terms filled the office of County Solicitor. At the breaking out of the Rebellion, he unhesitatingly relinquished his profession and enrolled himself as a private in the Lochiel Grays of Harrisburg. He was shortly afterwards elected and commissioned First Lieutenant of the Verbeke Rifles, which became

Company E of the Fifteenth regiment. Having received no military education, he applied himself assiduously to drill and the study of military tactics. On the 1st of May he was detailed as Post Adjutant of Camp Curtin; but accompanied his regiment when it moved to the front, and served with it until the expiration of its term of three months, although he was Judge Advocate of a Division Court Martial, and filled the position creditably during most of this time. His first field service was at the battle of Falling Waters, on the 1st of July, 1861, where the enemy was driven.

On being mustered out he resumed his law practice, but was soon after tendered the appointment of Major of the Ninety-third regiment. He assisted in organizing it, but declined the appointment as one of its officers. He, however, continued to take an active part in the recruiting service, canvassing his native county at his own expense, and arousing the masses by persuasive words. In August, 1862, he was commissioned Captain of Company D of the One Hundred and Twenty-seventh regiment. When the regimental organization was formed he was made Lieutenant-Colonel. In this capacity he exhibited fine administrative ability, and was regarded as an able and efficient officer. In consequence of the assignment, temporarily, of the Colonel to the command of a brigade, and of his absence on account of wounds, Lieutenant-Colonel Alleman was in full command of the regiment for a considerable part of its service, and with it participated in the battles of Fredericksburg and Chancellorsville, in both of which he was wounded. Early in the former engagement Colonel Jennings fell, and Alleman at once assumed command. For three days the position in front of the enemy, in rear of the town, was maintained. Late on the evening of the 15th, the last day, while holding the advanced skirmish line, he was struck by a fragment of a shell on the right knee. He was soon after offered a staff position by a corps commander; but declined it, preferring to remain with his regiment.

While in camp at Falmouth he was prostrated by a fever, and was tendered a leave of absence by General Burnside, then in command of the Army of the Potomac; but anxious to keep the field, he refused to accept it. As general officer of the picket line extending from the Lacy House to United States Ford, he made the first discovery and gave the first information to General Hooker, then at Chancellorsville, of the evacuation of Fredericksburg and the heights in its rear. Immediate orders were telegraphed to General Gibbon to throw his division across the Rappahannock, and occupy the town. Preparations were at once commenced for laying a pontoon bridge; but the enemy had a strong body of sharpshooters well posted and intrenched, who kept up a deadly fire, which so thinned the ranks of the working parties as to check their operations. At this juncture Lieutenant-Colonel Alleman was detailed to complete it, and though with the loss of many men, the bridge was laid by daylight of Sunday morning, May 3d. He reported his success, and asked to be relieved of staff duty, that he might be with his regiment in the impending battle. After paying him a merited compliment, General Gibbon granted his request. The troops were at once put in motion, and were hurried forward in pursuit of the enemy. In the fighting which ensued, while leading a wing of his regiment in a charge upon a rebel battery, he was struck by a partially spent solid shot, which fractured the ribs of the left side. After dislodging the enemy, the brigade was ordered back to hold Fredericksburg. Though suffering, he volunteered to guard the bridge, and held it until the entire command had recrossed the Rappahannock. With his regiment he was mustered out of service, and was presented upon the occasion with a costly and beautiful sword, studded with jewels, bearing the inscription: "Presented to Lieutenant-Colonel H. C. Alleman by the non-commissioned officers and privates of the One Hundred and Twenty-seventh regiment, as a token of their esteem."

Upon the advance of Lee into Pennsylvania, in June, 1863, he recruited the Thirty-sixth militia regiment, and was appointed its Colonel. Under orders of General Couch, then at the head of the Department of the Susquehanna, he marched his command to the gory field of Gettysburg, and upon his arrival was made Military Governor of the town and the surrounding battle-field, including all the hospitals and rebel camps. His duties here were arduous and responsible. His efficiency and success were highly appreciated by the authorities at Washington, and so popular was his administration with the people of Gettysburg that upon his retirement they united in presenting him an address of thanks.

In the meantime he had been elected a member of the Legislature from Dauphin county. He was returned the following year, and held a prominent rank both as a debater and a working member. He was placed upon important committees, and was chairman of that on Federal Relations, New Counties, and Inaugural Ceremonies. After leaving the Legislature he was appointed Bank Commissioner, and as delegate to the Chicago National Convention was chairman of the committee from the Soldiers' Convention, and presented the resolutions of that body to General Grant, the nominee for the Presidency.

In November, 1867, he removed to Philadelphia, where he established himself in his profession. In person he is five feet seven inches in height, of slender frame, and of a highly sensitive and nervous temperament. His habits are strictly temperate, he never having indulged in the use of spirituous liquors, of tobacco in any form, or of any exciting beverage. So far did he carry his opposition to a whiskey ration in the army that he tendered his resignation rather than order one to his men, when directed to do so by a general order. His business capacity is remarkable. He is strong in his attachments, and prompt and punctual in all his engagements. In the army he was a good disciplinarian, and his example had a telling effect upon his command. He was mild, yet firm; considerate in issuing orders, but strict in requiring their implicit obedience. He was married on the 7th of February, 1872, to Miss Emma S. Helmick, daughter of the Hon. William Helmick, of Washington, D. C., formerly member of Congress from Ohio. In the spring of 1873, he was appointed Attorney of the United States for Colorado. By a subsequent enactment of the Territorial Legislature he is constituted Attorney-General, which office he now exercises, residing in the city of Denver.

He had two brothers in the service—an elder, whose career is traced in this volume, and a younger, Silas Horace Alleman, who enlisted at the age of sixteen, leaving school for the purpose, and performed important service on the staff of the Colonel in charge of rebel prisoners on their way to Fort Hamilton, Fort Mifflin, and Fort McHenry, as they were despatched from the field of Gettysburg. After the war he was appointed, by Governor Geary, Inspector-General with the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel, upon the staff of Major-General Jordan. He was afterwards detailed for active duty upon the staff of Governor Geary, by whom he was ordered to take command of the troops of the Fifth division of the State militia and proceed to Williamsport, in July, 1872, to quell a threatened riot. He was there placed in command of all the military, by order of Major-General Merrill, in which position he acquitted himself with much credit. He has since settled in Denver, Colorado, where he is engaged in the practice of the law, and as Assistant United States Attorney.

Michael Kerwin, Colonel of the Thirteenth cavalry, was born on the 15th of August, 1837, in the county of Warford, Ireland, from which place his family emigrated during his early boyhood to America. He was educated in a private academy in the city of Philadelphia, and in youth learned the business of a lithograph printer. Of a studious turn of mind, he early acquired a good fund of general information. He was a member for several years of a volunteer militia company, in which he attained considerable knowledge of military organization and duty.

Three days after the call for troops, in April, 1861, he volunteered as a private in the Twenty-fourth regiment for three months' service. This organization formed part of Patterson's army, with which he advanced into Virginia. Before crossing the Potomac, where it was known the enemy was present in considerable force, it became very important to the Union leader that he should know what troops he would have to meet. Some reliable soldier was sought who should enter the rebel lines and gather the desired information. For this dangerous and important duty Kerwin volunteered his services. Full well he knew that, should he be discovered, death upon the gibbet awaited him. But he was not of the temper to hesitate when called for any duty which his country might demand. Adopting the necessary disguise he crossed the river, went freely through the enemy's camps, which he found near Martinsburg, and after making an estimate of the number of men and guns, and outlines of fortifications, returned and reported to General Negley, then in command of the brigade to which he belonged. The successful manner in which this duty was performed, and the judgment and daring which he displayed in executing it, marked him as worthy of a better rank than that of bearing the musket.

In September of this year, after having been discharged at the expiration of his first term, he was commissioned Captain in the Thirteenth cavalry, and in July following was promoted to Major. During the 12th, 13th, 14th and 15th days of June, 1863, when Milroy's little force, in which the Thirteenth was serving, was confronted and finally routed by the advance of Lee's entire army, Major Kerwin, at the head of his regiment, rendered important service, having frequent conflicts with the over-confident rebel horse. After leaving the Valley, the regiment was attached to the Army of the Potomac, when Major Kerwin was promoted to Colonel and took command of the regiment. On the 12th of October, while on the advance picket line near the White Sulphur Springs, he was suddenly attacked by a heavy force of the rebel army, Lee seeking by a sudden movement to turn the Union right. Colonel Kerwin with his own, in connection with the Fourth cavalry, combated the head of Ewell's columns for six long hours, giving time for Meade to recross the Rappahannock and get his army into position to checkmate the wily scheme of the rebel chieftain. Gallantly was this duty executed, but at the sacrifice of these two noble commands, large numbers of both being killed, wounded, and taken prisoners.

During the year 1864, Colonel Kerwin led his forces with Sheridan in his operations with the Army of the Potomac, for a time being in command of the Second brigade of Gregg's division. In February, 1865, he went with his regiment from before Petersburg to City Point, where he proceeded by transport to Wilmington, North Carolina, to meet Sherman, who was marching up from Georgia. On joining the grand column at Fayetteville, Colonel Kerwin was assigned to the command of the Third brigade of Kilpatrick's division. After the surrender of Johnston, Colonel Kerwin was ordered to Fayetteville with his regiment, and placed in command of the post. He had seven counties under his control, and managed the affairs of his department with singular skill and ability. After the conclusion of hostilities he returned to Philadelphia, where, near the close of July, he was mustered out of service, having been on duty continuously from the opening to the conclusion of the war.

JOHN P. NICHOLSON, Brevet Lieutenant-Colonel of the Twenty-eighth regiment, was born on the 4th of July, 1842, in Philadelphia. He enlisted as a private in that regiment in June, 1861, but was soon afterwards promoted to Sergeant. In July, 1862, he was advanced to First Lieutenant, and detailed as regimental Quartermaster. In December, 1862, he was assigned as Quartermaster of the First brigade, Second division, Twelfth corps, and was promoted to Captain for faithful and meritorious services. He was likewise advanced to the grades of Brevet Major and Lieutenant-Colonel for his services in the Savannah and Carolina campaign, and during the war. Colonel Nicholson won the confidence of his superior officers in a remarkable degree, being commended by Sherman, McClellan, Slocum, Hooker, Greene, Ruger, Tyndale and others, and from the first to the last day of his service was constant and unremitting in his attention to duty. He was mustered out on the 6th of August, 1865.

JOHN WILSON PHILLIPS, Colonel of the Eighteenth cavalry, was born on the 1st of July, 1837, in Wilson county, Tennessee. His father, William Phillips, was a native of Washington county, Pennsylvania, where the family had long resided. The old burying ground, near the little village of Library, where he was bred, shows a large number of his name and family buried there, and many others still live in the vicinage. His mother was Nancy Waters, a native of Shenandoah county, Virginia. His youth was passed upon a farm, working in the summer time and attending school in the winter. Until the age of twenty he was instructed in the schools and academies of Tennessee, when he entered Allegheny College at Meadville, and graduated in the class of 1860. His tastes were literary, and soon after graduating he commenced the study of law in the city of Meadville with Hiram L. Richmond.

Seeing the war fully inaugurated, and no prospect of a speeay termination, he determined to devote himself unreservedly to the supremacy of the National Government over its entire territory, and laying aside his books commenced recruiting for a cavalry company, in which he was assisted by James W. Smith, Thomas J. Grier, and David T. McKay. It was speedily filled, and became Company B of the Eighteenth Pennsylvania cavalry, of which Phillips was commissioned Captain. The first field duty was upon the picket line in Virginia before the defences of Washington, where Moseby, and a class of bushwhackers—unscrupulous as they were cruel—had their haunts, and the service was in no way agreeable or honor-provoking. When the army moved northward on the Gettysburg campaign, Kilpatrick's division of cavalry, to which this regiment belonged, was in the advance upon the right of the column. At Hanover, Pennsylvania, the rebel cavalry under Stuart was met and a sharp skirmish ensued, which lasted until nightfall, when the enemy retired. In the battle of Gettysburg Kilpatrick occupied a position on the Union left beyond Round Top, where the Eighteenth was hotly engaged, and where the commander of the brigade, Colonel Farnsworth, was killed. Captain Phillips was here slightly wounded in the head but not disabled. As soon as it was known that the rebels were retreating, Kilpatrick, by a rapid march, turned their right flank and came in upon their trains near Monterey Springs, routing the guard, capturing and destroying many wagons, and bearing away two of their guns with some prisoners. At Hagerstown Kilpatrick again fought the enemy's cavalry, and held the town until the arrival of Lee's infantry in force, when he was obliged to retire. In this engagement Captain Phillips led a battalion in a charge through the town in a most gallant manner, driving the enemy, and making some captures, but losing heavily. In the campaign which followed, and which closed the operations of the year, he participated, being subjected to much hard riding and frequent collisions with the enemy.

In the first day in the Wilderness, in May, 1864, Major Phillips, who had a few weeks previous received his promotion, was slightly wounded in the side, but kept the field. When General Wilson, who commanded the division, found himself in the midst of heavy masses of the enemy's infantry, he ordered a retreat; but left the Eighteenth to keep up a show of resistance until the main body could be brought out. For a half hour it faced a foe swarming at every approach, and its escape seemed utterly hopeless. But when the time had fully expired, a dash was made and the way forced. Major Phillips and his associates were highly complimented by General Wilson for their skill in this action. He participated in the raid upon the enemy's communications, and in the battles at the defences of Richmond. At Hanover Court House, on the 31st of May, where the enemy under Fitz Hugh Lee was found in possession of the town, and advantageously posted behind barricades, a charge was made by the Eighteenth led by Colonel Brinton and Major Phillips, before which the enemy was driven. Major Phillips was struck in the midst of the charge by a spent ball, but kept the field and shared in the triumphal issue.

Not long after reaching the James, General Sheridan was sent to the Shenandoah Valley, and with him went the Eighteenth. A campaign of unexampled activity and glory followed, in which Major Phillips bore an important and honorable part. In the battle of Winchester, on the 19th, his regiment charged the rebel infantry in a commanding position covered by breastworks, and in less time than it takes to tell the story had routed and driven them in confusion. At Front Royal, in the Luray Valley, Waynesboro, and Bridgewater, the blows of Sheridan were dealt with a rapidity and stunning effect which scarcely gave his adversary time to take breath. In the retreat from Harrisonburg, during the 7th and 8th of October, where Major Phillips was in command, the fighting on the part of the cavalry was without cessation; but on the 9th, having drawn the enemy on sufficiently far, Wilson's division turned upon him and defeated him, capturing six pieces of artillery and many prisoners. In the battle of Cedar Creek, on the 19th of October, that single division was accredited with bringing in and turning over to the proper authorities fifty-one guns and caissons. At this place, nearly a month later, the enemy's cavalry, after having routed one of the brigades of the division moving on a parallel road, came in upon the other unawares, and by a sudden dash succeeded in capturing Major Phillips and a small squadron of his men. He was taken to Richmond and was confined for a period of over three months in a cell of Libby Prison. After his release he rejoined his regiment, having in the meantime been promoted to Lieutenant-Colonel, and participated in the battles at Staunton and Bridgewater, where Early's forces were captured. This substantially ended the war in the Valley, and the hard fighting of the regiment.

After leaving the army Colonel Phillips returned to his old home in Tennessee, and commenced the practice of his profession. He was elected Judge of the Seventh Judicial circuit of the State in 1868, in which capacity he served a period of three years. In the summer of 1873 he removed to the city of St. Louis, where he at present resides. He was married on the 20th of September, 1862, to Miss Hannorah A. Pickett, of Andover, Ohio. In person he is five feet ten inches in height, broad-shouldered, but of slender build, with more of the air of the scholar than the soldier. But the testimony of all who knew him while in the army unites in attributing to him the very highest qualities of an officer—considerate of his men, cool in the most trying positions, and brave to a fault.

DAVID McM. GREGG, Colonel of the Eighth cavalry, and Brevet Major-General, was born on the 10th of April, 1833, in Huntingdon, Pennsylvania. He was educated at West Point, graduating in 1855. He entered the service in the First dragoons, in which he served in the campaigns against the Indians in Washington and Oregon in 1858–'60. On the 14th of May, 1861, he was promoted to Captain in the Sixth United States cavalry, and in January, 1862, to Colonel of the Eighth Pennsylvania cavalry. His thorough training and active experience in Indian warfare had prepared him for the work of disciplining the regiment which fell under his charge. He went with McClellan to the Peninsula, and was constantly at the front, always ready to meet the foe, and frequently engaging him as the army neared Richmond. When the retreat to the James commenced he was left upon the Chickahominy to dispute the passage, and delay the advance of the rebels. During the Maryland campaign he was kept upon the right flank of the army, and made a reconnoissance to Gettysburg. After the battle of Antietam, he crossed the Potomac, and at Philomont had a sharp engagement on the 1st of November, which lasted the whole day.

At the passes of the Blue Ridge the cavalry had frequent encounters, beating back the enemy and confining his way of retreat to the Shenandoah Valley. When General Bayard fell at Fredericksburg, Gregg was designated to succeed him in command of the division. In the battle of Brandy Station the cavalry was more than matched by the rebel forces until Gregg advanced from Kelly's Ford, and, striking Stuart upon his left flank, saved the day, and turned what would have otherwise resulted in disaster into victory. In the Gettysburg campaign he again had the advance, and at Aldie and Middleburg executed fine strategy, charging by regiments, pushing Stuart from hill to hill—occupying with his batteries the positions which had been held by Stuart's artillery only a few moments before—and driving him behind his infantry reserves into Ashby's Gap, in a brilliant running fight. At Hanover, on the 30th of June, he again met and drove Stuart, preventing his joining Lee in the battle of Gettysburg, which opened on the following day. In that great battle it was given Gregg to guard the right flank, and with a master hand was the duty performed. The enemy made vigorous and persistent efforts to turn that flank and come in upon the Union rear; but in every attempt he was foiled and routed. "If once during that day," says Pyne in his *First New Jersey*, "the frequent charges of the rebel cavalry had broken through the line formed by our men—if those five thousand troopers had swept around the rear of our position, and taken our infantry in reverse—the furious attack of Longstreet would have surged like a wave over the crest of Cemetery Hill, and the Army of the Potomac existed but as a memory. To the moral courage of that calm and unostentatious soldier, General Gregg, and to the enthusiastic bravery of the men of his command, is due a share of the honor in that day's victory."

The fight at Bristoe Station, on the 14th of October, which won for General Warren his name, was opened by General Gregg at Auburn, two or three miles distant, where he hotly contested Lee's advance for several hours, before the infantry of Warren had fired a gun. In Warren's front and upon his flank and rear, the horse of Gregg were engaged during the whole day, and until the enemy could only be distinguished by the flash of his guns. In his report of the battle Warren failed to mention Gregg, a mistake into which General Meade was led, but which he corrected in a supplemental order. Upon the opening of the spring campaign of 1864, Gregg led his division in the advance across the Rapidan, and pushed on towards Richmond, being engaged at Todd's Tavern, Meadow Bridge, and upon his return at Hawes' shop, where the enemy attacked with cavalry and mounted infantry; but here, as in every other place where great difficulties surrounded him, he displayed rare courage and unyielding tenacity, beating back the foe in every assault. In the sanguinary battle at Cold Harbor, on the 1st of June, the left flank of the army was protected by the cavalry under Gregg, averting the blow which was aimed at its vital part. In the raid upon Lynchburg, which terminated at Trevilian Station, he was warmly engaged. Upon his return he was given the lead in the march from White House to the James, the cavalry being charged with the care of the wagon train of the whole army in its passage thither. At St. Mary's Church, on the 24th of June, the enemy was met in heavy force in the act of fortifying. Supposing that Sheridan's whole corps was before him, the foe was wary, intent on achieving a victory, and capturing the whole immense train. Gregg knew his inability to hold his own in a fair fight, where the odds were so great against him. He instantly sent couriers to Sheridan for aid. But they all fell into the enemy's hands, the despatches disclosing the weakness of Gregg's column. Emboldened by this knowledge, Hampton, who commanded the enemy, came out from his intrenchments and assumed the offensive. With a stubbornness rarely equalled Gregg contested the ground, falling back slowly, every moment in anticipation of receiving reinforcements; but none came, and during that whole fearful day he was left to combat with thrice his numbers. Finally, towards evening, he took a strong position which he held, having saved all his material and brought off his command unbroken. "His management of the fight at St. Mary's Church," says an officer who is no less a soldier than a critic, "was the perfection of art in his profession." For his gallantry here he was brevetted Major-General of volunteers.

After Sheridan went to the Shenandoah Valley, General Gregg was placed in chief command of all the cavalry in the Army of the Potomac. At Deep Bottom, the Darbytown road, Boydton Plank Road, and Ream's Station, Gregg wielded the cavalry arm with that skill and vigor which had won for him from the first the title of a consummate leader. In the latter engagement his troops held their ground and were reported to General Hancock as ready for an advance, when Miles and Gibbon, who had been subjected to the same attack, had been driven to the rear with the loss of a battery. On the 3d of February, 1865, he resigned, and since the war has been engaged in the delightful occupation of horticulture in Delaware. Major J. Edward Carpenter, himself a fearless soldier, who made the ever memorable charge at Chancellorsville with the gallant Keenan, says of General Gregg: "To him the regiment owed everything. His modesty kept him from the notoriety that many gained through the newspapers; but in the army the testimony of all officers who knew him was the same. Brave, prudent, dashing when occasion required dash, and firm as a rock, he was looked upon, both as a regimental commander and afterwards as Major-General, as a man in whose hands any troops were safe."

CHAPTER XI.

SAMUEL P. HEINTZELMAN, Major-General of volunteers, and Brevet Major-General in the regular army, was born on the 30th of September, 1805, in Manheim, Lancaster county, Pennsylvania. He was the son of Peter and Elizabeth (Grubb) Heintzelman. Of a family of seven children, himself and a younger sister alone survive. His paternal grandfather Huronimus, a native of Augsburg, Germany, came to this country about the time of Braddock's campaign in the French and Indian war, and was the first white settler in Manheim. He was educated in his native place and at Marietta, and the Military Academy at West Point, to which he was appointed upon the recommendation of James Buchanan, and graduated in 1826, seventeenth in a class of forty-two. He entered the service in the Third infantry as Brevet Second Lieutenant, and was on duty at various frontier posts in the west and northwest until 1832, when he was detached for special duty in surveying for the improvement of the navigation of the Tennessee River. At the end of two years he was ordered south, and was engaged against the Cherokee and Seminole Indians in Georgia and Florida, eventually being transferred to the Quartermaster's Department, displaying superior executive ability, and having, in the meantime, risen to the rank of Captain. In 1843 he was ordered to Buffalo, where, on the 5th of December, 1844, he was married to Miss Margaret Stuard, of Albany, New York. He went with the army to Mexico in 1847, and was engaged in the arduous duty of convoying the trains from Vera Cruz. In the actions of Paso las Ovijas, Atlixo, and Huamantla, he was conspicuous, receiving the brevet rank of Major for gallant and meritorious conduct in the latter. After a brief period of duty at Fort Hamilton, New York harbor, he was ordered in command of troops to California, sailing thither by Cape Horn. On his arrival he was placed over the Southern District, with headquarters at San Diego. He was here involved in arduous campaigning, and in 1850–'51 headed an expedition against the Coyote and Yuma Indians, subduing them and ending hostilities. At the junction of the Gila and Colorado rivers he established Fort Yuma, a most important post, capable of being reached by steamer with supplies, and forming a secure base for future operations. He was commended by General Hitchcock in command of the department, for his skill and daring in this campaign, and brevetted Lieutenant-Colonel.

On his return from California in 1854, he was ordered to recruiting service, and in 1857 was granted leave of absence, devoting himself to mining enterprises, being President of a company formed in 1856, and in 1858–'59 director of the company's mines in Arizona. In 1859 he was again put upon active duty in Texas, where he distinguished himself by an expedition against Cortinas, a Mexican marauder, whom he severely punished. He was also engaged near Fort Brown, and again near Ringgold Barracks. Premonitions of rebellion now became rife, and discovering that his superior, Twiggs, meditated treason, Heintzelman procured leave of absence and returned north.

He was cordially welcomed by his old army friends, outside of whom being then little known, though he had given twenty-five years of faithful service to his country. General Scott found in him a powerful ally, and at the inauguration of Mr. Lincoln he assisted in guarding the city against a threatened outbreak. A month later he was made general superintendent of recruiting at New York. But as complications thickened, his executive talent and ability were demanded on a broader arena, and on the 1st of May, he was recalled and made Acting Inspector-General of the Department of Washington. He was shortly afterwards made Brigadier-General of volunteers, and Colonel of the Seventeenth infantry. In the advance into Virginia he led the column, commanding the centre of Mansfield's force, and by the action at Fairfax Court House on the 17th of July, inaugurated McDowell's campaign. In the battle of Bull Run, a few days thereafter, he won for himself a national reputation. He was severely wounded in the right arm. He refused to leave the field or even to dismount; but Surgeon William S. King, of the regular army, riding to his side, cut out the bullet and dressed the mangled limb, when Heintzelman put spurs to his horse, and was soon in the midst of his heroic division, leading it to the last with unabated courage, verifying the aptness of the sobriquet by which he was known at West Point and in the army, of "Grim Old Heintzelman." "When," says his biographer, "on that gloomiest of rainy Mondays, he dismounted at his door at Washington, he had been twenty-seven hours on the back of his horse, wounded, worn, and wet." His arm was permanently crippled. On his return to duty at the beginning of August, he was given a division in the Grand Army under McClellan, and occupied the left of the defences at Washington, with head-quarters at Fort Lyon, near Alexandria, where he remained till the opening of the Peninsula campaign.

Here Heintzelman had command of the Third corps, with Kearny, Hooker, and Porter as division officers. He was in advance at Yorktown, and was about to storm the works, when arrested, and siege operations were resorted to. With his corps he moved upon Williamsburg, where he promptly attacked, and after a bloody battle gained a complete victory, though leading raw troops against an enemy fortified. His commission of Major-General of volunteers dated from this battle. A division of the Fourth corps, Keyes', under General Casey, was assailed by superior numbers at Fair Oaks. Heintzelman, in command of the Third and Fourth corps, went to his assistance, and by hard fighting saved Casey from destruction. On the following day at Seven Pines he renewed the battle, and with the aid of other troops brought to his assistance was driving the foe, having arrived within four miles of Richmond, and aided by the consternation which prevailed was hopeful of carrying the rebel capital, when he was again arrested and ordered back. For this action he was made a Brevet Brigadier-General in the regular service. A month later came the Seven Days' battle, in which Heintzelman fought at Peach Orchard, Savage Station, and Charles City Cross Roads where he came to the assistance of the Pennsylvania Reserves at a critical moment in the battle, and where he received a severe contusion. He also participated in the battle of Malvern Hill.

After leaving the Peninsula he hastened to the assistance of Pope, and was engaged at the Second Bull Run, and Chantilly. The Union cause knew no more gloomy period during the struggle than that immediately succeeding this campaign. Fears were entertained lest Washington itself would have to succumb. In looking about for some tried soldier to take command upon the exposed side, the choice fell upon "grim Heintzelman," and from the 9th of September, 1862, to February 2d, 1863, he was entrusted with the defences south of the Potomac. At the end of that time, so vigilantly had he executed the trust assigned him, that he was placed at the head of the Twenty-second corps and given the Department of Washington, which he retained until the 13th of October, 1863, having in addition charge of the vast throng of recruits and convalescents continually passing through. The battle of Gettysburg had been fought and won, and the Capital was regarded secure. But now a greater peril threatened. It came from disaffected persons throughout the Northwest who had organized a society known as the "Sons of Liberty," in the interest of the insurgent cause. To thwart their evil designs without an outbreak required nerve and discretion. Again was Heintzelman selected for the difficult duty, and given command of the Northern Department, consisting of the States of Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, and Michigan, with head-quarters at Columbus. His firm hand was soon felt, and anticipated trouble was averted. It was during his duty here that the militia of Ohio were called out for a brief period. In an incredibly short time 40,000 men were put in the field; and to accomplish it he lent his powerful aid. At the conclusion of his service here, in October, 1864, he was for some time on court-martial duty and awaiting orders. He was mustered out of the volunteer service on the 24th of August, 1865, but still held his commission in the regular army. Early in the year 1866 he was sent to Texas, where a lawless population could only be restrained by the exercise of power, and given first the middle district, and finally the entire State. He subsequently had command of the Port of Galveston, and of the Fifth military district, with head-quarters at New Orleans. In 1867 he sat in a Board to examine candidates for admission to the army, and one to retire disabled officers. In 1869 Congress passed a joint resolution retiring him from active service with the full rank of Major-General. Says the authority above quoted: "He never shirked a hardship himself, and never inflicted one, except when the exigencies of the service demanded it. Happy in his refined social and domestic relations, his moral influence was always pure, as his charity for the faults of others was broad. Impatient of inaction, hot and impetuous when the battle was on, yet never reckless nor careless of the lives of his men, he had at once the coolness, the determined bravery, the unselfishness, and the *esprit* which go to make the true soldier, and his career must be regarded as one of the most distinguished and successful in the army of the Union. Let his record speak. Eulogy is idle."

ISAAC JONES WISTAR, Colonel of the Seventy-first regiment, and Brigadier-General, was born on the 14th of November, 1827, in the city of Philadelphia. His father, Caspar Wistar, M. D., born in Philadelphia in 1801, was a lineal descendant of Caspar Wistar, of Heidelberg, Hesse Cassel, who came to this country in 1696, and bought large tracts of land in Philadelphia county and throughout the province of Pennsylvania. His mother was Lydia Jones, a native of Philadelphia. He was educated at the Westtown boarding-school, Chester county, and at Haverford College. From early youth he was fond of manly sports, especially of hunting, shooting, and fishing, and at the age of sixteen went to the Pacific coast, where he remained until near the breaking out of the Rebellion. During part of this period he was a trapper in the territory of the Hudson's Bay Company, in the Arctic regions, and in the Rocky Mountains. In 1850–'51 he commanded a body of Indian rangers, and fought the hostile tribes during the period of the early settlement of the far western country.

Soon after the fall of Sumter, he was called to the staff of General Cadwalader in Philadelphia, and for two weeks was busily employed in organizing troops for the three months' campaign. Colonel Edward D. Baker, having received authority to raise a regiment, called about him a number of men of daring and enterprise, who had been with him on the Pacific, to assist in recruiting. Wistar was among these, and to him he gave the first place, that of Lieutenant-Colonel, and for the most part the duty of acting Colonel. Though called the California regiment, it was, with the exception of Company C, exclusively recruited in the city of Philadelphia and its immediate vicinity.

At Fortress Monroe and at Munson's Hill, Virginia, the regiment was engaged in field service; but at Ball's Bluff, on Monday, the 21st of October, it had its first baptism of blood. At midnight of the 20th, Colonel Wistar was ordered to have a battalion of his regiment, consisting of eight companies, at a point on the Maryland side of the Potomac, opposite the scene of the battle, by daylight of the following morning, Colonel Baker, who was then in command of the brigade, having been ordered across to assume command of all the troops on the Virginia shore, and to conduct the operations. There were parts of the Fifteenth and Twentieth Massachusetts, Forty-second New York, three pieces of artillery, and this battalion of the Seventy-first Pennsylvania, sixteen hundred and five men, engaged. At a little past two o'clock in the afternoon, Colonel Baker, who had drawn up his men in the open ground upon the bluff, found himself attacked by a superior force concealed from view by a forest extending from river bank above to river bank below. Colonel Wistar was posted on the left of the line, where the attacks of the enemy were the most determined, and where the heroic Baker himself finally fell. The first fighting on Colonel Wistar's front was precipitated by the advance of two companies under Captain Markoe, accompanied by Wistar in person, as skirmishers; for they had no sooner reached the wood and advanced a little in it than they were confronted by a whole regiment, the Eighth Virginia, which was lying concealed upon the ground, and the fighting at once became desperate along the whole front. With determined valor the skirmishers held their ground, and inflicted great slaughter; but they were too few to cope with such vast odds, and were finally forced to fall back, after having lost all their officers, and two-thirds of their whole force. For four long hours the battle raged with unabated fury, the enemy

I J Wistar

coming on in great numbers—since ascertained to have been full five thousand men. Early in the fight, rebel sharpshooters had climbed into the tree tops and taking deliberate aim were endeavoring to pick off the officers. By skilful manœuvres Colonel Wistar managed with his small force to hold the enemy at bay, repelling whole regiments as they advanced. In the progress of the battle he received two wounds; but refused to leave the field, and continued to direct the fight, sweeping the enemy with terrible effect. Finally, just at dark, and as the enemy was making his final, decisive charge, he received a third wound which completely disabled him, and he was borne insensible from the field. In his testimony before the Committee on the Conduct of the War Colonel Wistar said: "Just as I stepped out I got my third wound, which disabled me entirely, and I was carried off. But the moment after I received the wound, and while I was still sensible, I staggered against Colonel Baker. He asked me where I was hit, and I told him. I said, 'There is not an instant to lose; there is a heavy column deployed behind that hill; you must see if you can repel that attack, for it is serious.'" Almost immediately after, it came on in full force. Colonel Baker was killed, and the Union line, weakened by severe losses, was forced down the bluff. Sharp fighting in the twilight continued, but the day was irretrievably lost.

For many weeks Colonel Wistar was in a precarious situation, his life having been despaired of. Upon his recovery he was promoted to the full rank of Colonel, and when McClellan advanced to the Peninsula, Wistar led his regiment in the operations before Yorktown and Williamsburg. At Antietam he was brought into action at about ten o'clock on the morning of the 17th of September, on the right of the line, in the neighborhood of the Dunkard Church, where the harvest of death was most plentiful. While leading a charge upon heavy masses of the foe he was severely wounded and left helpless upon the field. For hours the battle raged with varying fortune, Colonel Wistar being at three different times in the enemy's hands; but he was finally rescued, as the Union forces advanced, and was carried off. The wound proved very severe, permanently crippling both arms. For his gallantry in this battle he was promoted to the rank of

Brigadier-General. In the operations before Petersburg he led a brigade, and in the bloody battle at Drury's Bluff his brigade was the only part of Butler's line, consisting of the Tenth and Eighteenth corps, which held its ground against Beauregard's sorties, and when finally it retired, it did so under orders, and leisurely, with all its guns and colors. In all the operations of his corps, down to and including the capture of the capital of the Confederacy, General Wistar was at the post of duty. Few officers during the war showed more skill and determined bravery, and few suffered more by wounds. But they were wounds received with his face to the foe.

On the 9th of July, 1862, he was married to Miss Sarah Tolland, of Philadelphia. Since the close of the war he has been in the employ of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company as General Manager of the canal and coal mining interests of that great corporation, refusing all propositions to engage in political life.

ROBERT BRUCE RICKETTS, Captain of Battery F, First Pennsylvania Light Artillery, and Colonel, was born on the 29th of April, 1839, in Orangeville, Columbia county, Pennsylvania, of English and Scotch extraction. He was educated at the Wyoming seminary near Wilkesbarre, and was engaged in the study of the law at the opening of the Rebellion. He entered the service on the 1st of May, 1861, as Acting Adjutant to Colonel Seiler, then in command of Camp Curtin. He assisted in recruiting Battery F, and was commissioned Second Lieutenant and shortly afterwards First Lieutenant. He went to the upper Potomac, where, in command of a section, he did excellent service under General Lander in opposing Stonewall Jackson, and subsequently participated in the operations in the Shenandoah Valley under General Banks. The battery was finally joined to McDowell's corps, and in Pope's campaign was efficient at Rappahannock bridge with Hartsuff's brigade, holding the enemy in check until the Union troops had all safely retired, and in the battle of Bull Run rendered the most eminent aid at critical periods of the fight. At Antietam it opened the battle, being posted near the Cornfield in front of the little church which marked the most sanguinary struggles of the field. After this battle Captain Matthews retired on account of sickness, and Ricketts succeeded to the permanent command. At Fredericksburg the guns were posted close in upon the river on the Falmouth side, where they were exposed to the fire of the enemy; but maintained their ground, and covered the retirement of the infantry. On the evening of Sunday, May 3d, it went into position on the front at Chancellorsville at close quarters. Ricketts was ordered to hold the ground at all hazards. Horses were sent to the rear, and grape and canister were piled at the muzzles of the guns. Late in the evening a violent attack was made upon them, but rapid discharges swept back the assailants. Attacks were repeated at intervals during the night, but their fire was too terrible to withstand, and the attempt to capture them was abandoned.

Captain Ricketts arrived on the Gettysburg field on the afternoon of the 2d of July, and wheeled his guns at once into position, opposite the Cemetery gate, relieving Cooper's battery. He was almost immediately engaged with the enemy's artillery on Benner's Hill, which was completely silenced in an incredibly short space of time. Cemetery Hill, where it stood, is a bold eminence, open to fire on all sides; but Ricketts held it against every attack of the enemy's guns. Just as the shadows of evening were shutting in, the Louisiana Tigers—a powerful body of infantry, in perfect formation—shot forth from under a hill in the direction of the town, where they had been screened, and made a desperate rush for this position. The instant they came to view Ricketts turned his double-shotted guns upon them. Stevens, on the opposite knoll, likewise opened and the infantry along the entire line, so that the whole hill was ablaze. The rebel ranks were sensibly depleted; but stimulated with drink and the hope of victory they rushed on; they crossed the stone walls at the base of the hill; they broke the lines of the infantry, and had fairly reached the guns of Ricketts. Utter destruction for the instant seemed imminent. But never for one moment did heart or hope fail his men, and with handspikes, rammers, and even stones they fought hand to hand over the pieces. Finally the brigade of Carroll from the Second corps came to his assistance, and the foe, broken and almost annihilated, was driven back. The battle scene, set as a frontispiece to this volume, represents the struggle at the culminating point, the combatants face to face among the guns, darkness already brooding over them, and the troops of Carroll arriving.

Again, at Bristoe Station, on the 14th of October, 1863, was Ricketts brought into the place of peril, and by his steadiness and well-directed, rapid fire gained a signal advantage, contributing largely to the victory there won, of which five guns and many prisoners were the fruits. In the spring campaign of 1864, Ricketts moved with the Second corps, and in the Wilderness did effective service, boldly pushing out to the extreme front, and in the shifting phases of the fight being left without support. One gun and a caisson fell into the enemy's hands; but they were shortly afterwards recovered. In all the subsequent operations of the army until it reached Petersburg, and in the siege of that stronghold down to the final surrender, his battery was unremittingly engaged, proving itself among the most reliable and skilful.

On the 28th of June, 1864, he was promoted to Major, and to Colonel on the 15th of March, 1865. He was also brevetted Lieutenant-Colonel and Colonel by the President. In the fall of 1864 Colonel Ricketts was advanced to the position of Acting Chief of Artillery of the Ninth army corps, and subsequently to that of Inspector of Artillery. After Lee's surrender he was Inspector of Artillery Reserve, Army of the Potomac. Since the war he has been largely engaged in the purchase and sale of mineral and timber lands.

William Watts Hart Davis, Colonel of the One Hundred and Fourth regiment, and Brevet Brigadier-General, was born in Southampton, Bucks county, Pennsylvania, on the 27th of July, 1820. He was the only son of John and Amy Davis. A maternal ancestor, John Hart, was a distinguished Quaker minister of Whitney, Oxfordshire, England, who settled in Byberry, Philadelphia county, in 1682. A paternal ancestor emigrated from Wales about 1725, and settled in Soleburg, Bucks county. His paternal grandfather, John Davis, served five years in the Revolutionary army as an officer; and in the battle of Brandywine, with the assistance of a soldier, bore General Lafayette off the field when wounded. His father, John Davis, was an officer in the War of 1812. His own tastes were martial, and as soon as he had completed the ordinary course of school instruction he entered the Military University at Norwich, Vermont, and graduated in 1842, receiving the degrees of Master of Arts and Master of Military Science. Immediately afterwards he was appointed Professor of Mathematics and Drawing in the Military Academy at Portsmouth, Virginia. He resigned his position here in 1844, and having entered upon the study of law in the office of the late John Fox, was admitted to the bar in September, 1846. In the same month he entered the Law School of Harvard University, and while there enlisted as a private in the Massachusetts regiment for the Mexican War. He became First Lieutenant and afterwards Adjutant, and served to the end of the contest. The position of Major was offered him in the field, but he accepted instead the appointment of Aide-de-camp and Acting Assistant Adjutant-General on the staff of General Cushing, and was promoted to the rank of Captain.

Upon his return from Mexico, in 1848, he entered upon the practice of the law at Doylestown, the seat of his native county. In the fall of 1853 he was appointed, by President Pierce, United States District Attorney for New Mexico. He commenced the journey across the plains in November, reaching Santa Fé early in December. In July, 1854, he was appointed Secretary of the Territory, and afterwards filled the offices of Governor and Superintendent of Indian Affairs. In the fall of 1857 he resigned, and returning to Pennsylvania purchased the Doylestown *Democrat*, in May, 1858, which he still owns and edits.

In April, 1861, he recruited the Doylestown Guards, which became a part of the Twenty-fifth Pennsylvania regiment, and which he commanded in Patterson's campaign. On returning home in August he recruited the One Hundred and Fourth, of which he was commissioned Colonel, and served for a period of three years, one year in the Army of the Potomac, covering the campaign upon the Peninsula, and afterwards in the south, commanding at various times brigades in the Fourth, Tenth, and

Eighteenth corps. During the winter of 1864 he commanded all the United States forces on Morris Island, South Carolina, operating against Charleston. He was shot in the left elbow by a rifle ball and struck by a spent musket ball in the left breast at Fair Oaks, and had his right hand torn to pieces at the last attack on Charleston in July, 1864. He was brevetted Brigadier-General for "meritorious services" during the siege of Charleston. On being mustered out on the 1st of October, 1864, he returned to Doylestown, where he now resides. In 1865, General Davis was the Democratic candidate for Auditor-General of Pennsylvania. He was married in 1856 to Miss Anna Carpenter, of Brooklyn, New York, and made a bridal tour across the great plains, a thousand miles, to Santa Fé. In stature he is above the medium height, and capable of great physical endurance.

CHARLES MALLET PREVOST, Colonel of the One Hundred and Eighteenth regiment, Brevet Brigadier-General of volunteers, and Major-General of the National Guard of Pennsylvania, was born in Baltimore on the 19th of September, 1818. His mother was the daughter of one of the most eminent physicians of that city. His paternal descent is from an old Huguenot family which was compelled to leave France upon the revocation of the edict of Nantes. One branch chose England as an asylum, and from that descended the Sir George Prevost who commanded the British forces in Canada and South Carolina during the Revolutionary war. Another went to Geneva, Switzerland, and from this was the American branch descended, in which were many distinguished literary and military men. Charles M. from youth manifested a deep interest in everything pertaining to military life. For several years he was on the staff of his father, General A. M. Prevost, of Philadelphia.

Upon the breaking out of the Rebellion, he assisted in the formation of the First regiment, Grey Reserves, taking the position of Captain of Company C. He was subsequently appointed Assistant Adjutant-General of volunteers on the staff of General F. E. Patterson, and went through the Peninsula campaign, participating in the battles of Yorktown, Williamsburg, and the Seven Days' battle, down to Harrison's Landing, whence, entirely prostrated by the fever then prevailing, he was ordered home. During his convalescence he was selected by the Corn Exchange Association to command the One Hundred and Eighteenth regiment, which had been recruited under its auspices. He led it to the field and was present in the battle of Antietam, and two days after was ordered to cross the Potomac to feel the enemy. He was scarcely over when the rebels from an ambuscade came out in large numbers, and a severe engagement ensued. Left without supports, this single regiment was subjected to a withering fire. The position which it occupied was all exposed, and it was nearly surrounded by a greatly superior force. Colonel Prevost had ordered a company on the right to change front to meet an attack upon his flank, when the remaining companies, understanding that an order to retreat had been given, commenced to fall back. Seeing that the colors were being borne away, Colonel Prevost instantly seized them and ran to the front to rally his men. He succeeded in stopping their flight, and saving the honor of his command; but made himself a conspicuous mark for the enemy's bullets. With the colors still in his hand, while encouraging his men, and by his personal heroism inspiring them with his spirit, he was struck in the shoulder by a Minié ball which inflicted a severe and painful wound. The regiment effected a recrossing with much difficulty, and nothing but the coolness and courage of its officers saved it from annihilation. Out of a total number of 700 men, 280 were either killed, wounded or missing. The brevet rank of Brigadier-General was conferred upon him after this action. For many months he was confined to his bed, enduring intense suffering. He, however, returned to the field in time to assume command of his regiment in the Chancellorsville campaign, after which he was placed in charge of the camp established at Harrisburg, for the organization of the Veteran Reserve corps. Finding that the state of his health would not permit of active service in the field, he entered that corps as Colonel of the Sixteenth regiment, in October, 1863, where he served till the close of the war. He was mustered out in June, 1865, with a reputation for bravery and military skill equalled only by the high character he had previously acquired, and has since maintained, as a citizen.

William Emile Doster, Colonel of the Fourth cavalry, and Brevet Brigadier-General, was born on the 8th of January, 1837, at the Moravian town of Bethlehem, Pennsylvania. His father, Lewis Doster, a native of Swabia, Germany, served a campaign against the first Napoleon, and emigrated to America with his father, Doctor Daniel Doster, in 1817, when but twenty years of age. His mother, Pauline Louise (Eggert) Doster, was the daughter of Matthew Eggert, at one time Vorsteher of the Brethren's House, and granddaughter of Adam Rupert, a soldier of the Revolution. He attended the Moravian school until the age of fourteen, and after a careful preparatory training entered the Sophomore class of Yale College, graduating in 1857. In 1859 he graduated as LL.B. at the Harvard Law School. In 1860 he matriculated as student of civil law, in the University of Heidelberg, Germany, and heard lectures on the Code Napoleon at Paris. Upon his return home he read with ex-Governor Andrew H. Reeder, at Easton, and was admitted to practice at the Northampton county bar. Aside from fencing and riding, taught in the European universities, he had no military training. His youthful tastes were for drawing and painting; but being the seventh son, as his grandfather had been before him, he appeared destined to the profession of medicine, for which, however, he had no liking.

When the war broke out he was in the office of S. Van Sant, of Philadelphia; but putting aside briefs and black letter-books, he responded to the President's call, and recruited a company of cavalry, which, not being wanted for that arm, was turned over to Colonel Baker's infantry regiment. He then raised another for Harlan's Light cavalry, of which he was made Captain, his muster bearing date of August 15th, 1861. A few weeks later this company was transferred to the Fourth Pennsylvania. On the 28th of October he was promoted to Major, and a little more than a month later was detailed with a squadron to act as body-guard to General Keyes. Towards the close of February, 1862, he was placed in command of the mounted provost guard of Washington City. At the departure of McClellan for the Peninsula, and the appointment of General James S. Wadsworth as Military Governor of the District, Colonel Doster was selected for

Provost Marshal. This gave him command, by detachment, of four infantry and one cavalry regiment, together with the flotilla under Harwood cruising upon the Chesapeake.

In October, 1862, he was promoted to the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel, but continued at his post as Provost Marshal. Just previous to the opening of the spring campaign of 1863, he applied for an order to return to his regiment, which was granted, and was coupled with a recommendation from General Wadsworth to President Lincoln, for his appointment as Brigadier-General. On rejoining his regiment he assumed command, and led it during the Chancellorsville and Gettysburg campaigns. He had his horse shot under him at Ely's Ford, and in a charge which he led at Upperville was taken prisoner, but succeeded in less than an hour, by striking down his guard, in freeing himself, and returning to his command. At Gettysburg he was ordered to report with his regiment to General Pleasanton, at General Meade's head-quarters, and was posted on the afternoon of the second day, during the artillery fire, to support a battery on Cemetery Ridge. In the evening he was ordered to picket duty on the left flank, and established a line in front of the infantry at eleven o'clock that night. On the 5th he was ordered to advance through Gettysburg in pursuit of the enemy. Tearing aside the barricades which obstructed the way, he pushed on as far as Stevens' Furnace, where he engaged the rebel rear guard. By the evening of the 6th he had reached Marion, near Green Castle, where he struck Fitz Hugh Lee's cavalry. After a severe action brought on by reconnoitring towards Winchester, he led his regiment back to the Rappahannock, where he was prostrated by typhoid fever. The disease appearing to be of a lingering type, he sent in his resignation, which was accepted. He was appointed, soon after, Colonel of the Fifth Pennsylvania cavalry, but never joined it. He was subsequently brevetted Brigadier-General.

For a short time he practised his profession in the city of Washington, and at the trial of the conspirators against the life of the President, he was appointed, by Judge-Advocate-Generals Holt and Bingham, to defend Payne and Atzerodt, two of the boldest of the number. Soon after the close of the war he returned to Northampton county and resumed the practice of the law at Easton, residing at Bethlehem, and has held the office of Register in Bankruptcy for the eleventh Congressional district. He was married on the 15th of August, 1867, to Evelyn A. Depew, daughter of Edward A. Depew, of Easton.

GIDEON CLARK, Colonel of the One Hundred and Nineteenth regiment, and Brevet Brigadier-General, was born on the 19th of June, 1822, at Philadelphia. He was the son of Thomas and Hannah (Walker) Clark. His father was a native of Maryland. He was educated in the private schools of the city, and in youth was employed in the business of engraving. In the spring of 1843 he joined a militia organization, known as the Philadelphia Grays, in which he served for a period of eighteen years, and as a member of that body assisted to quell the riots of 1844. He was married on the 1st of September, 1850, to Miss Louisa D. Guirey, of Philadelphia.

At the opening of the Rebellion, he had been for two years First Lieutenant of the Grays, and immediately commenced recruiting his company for the First regiment of artillery, which became the Seventeenth infantry for three months, and of which he was appointed Adjutant. After having completed his term of service, he was, upon the organization of the One Hundred and Nineteenth, appointed and commissioned Lieutenant-Colonel. Few operations in the course of the late war were more heroically conducted or more brilliant in their results than the battle of Rappahannock Station. The enemy was well posted and sheltered by strong works supplied with artillery, and in ample force. Against this the Union troops, consisting of a part of Russell's division, were led, and it was carried at the point of the bayonet, nearly the entire garrison, with guns, small arms, and battle flags, being captured. In this triumphant action Lieutenant-Colonel Clark commanded the One Hundred and Nineteenth, which was part of the brigade that led the storming force.

At Locust Grove, Mine Run, and Spottsylvania, he participated and was conspicuous for gallantry. In the action at Cold Harbor he was in command of a brigade, and by his skilful management won the warm commendation of that heroic but unfortunate soldier, General David A. Russell. He was likewise commended by General Wheaton for the successful manner in which he withdrew the division picket-line from the face of the enemy, after having been out until half past two on the morning of the 7th of February, 1865. On the 13th of March following he was brevetted Colonel by the President, and on the 25th of that month was slightly wounded in the right forearm, in the action before Petersburg. In storming the enemy's works on the 2d of April, he was seriously wounded by a musket ball in the right leg, losing a considerable portion of the tibia. An operation was performed for its removal in the field hospital, by Dr. Philip Leidy, Surgeon of the regiment. He was then transferred to City Point, and afterwards to the general hospital in Philadelphia, where he remained until the final muster out of his regiment. On the 19th of June he was promoted to Colonel, and was appointed Brevet Brigadier-General, by the President, to rank from the 13th of March, for gallant and meritorious conduct and services performed in storming the works of the enemy in front of Petersburg, on the 2d of April. General Clark has held the office of Master Warden for the Port of Philadelphia. In the fall of 1873 he was elected to the office of Register of Wills for that city.

SAMUEL M. ZULICK, who, from the position of a private soldier, attained to the rank of Brevet Brigadier-General, was born at Easton, Northampton county, Pennsylvania, on the 1st of March, 1824. His father, Anthony Zulick, was a native of Frankfort-on-the-Main, Germany. His mother, Jane Cummings, was a native of Philadelphia. He was educated at Easton, receiving a classical training, and was graduated at the Jefferson Medical College, on the 20th of March, 1844.

On the 15th of May, 1861, scarcely a month from the time the rebels fired the first gun upon Fort Sumter, he was mustered into the service of the United States, and from that time until Johnston surrendered to Sherman in North Carolina he was at the post of duty, ascending through the various grades of honor in his regiment, and in every position winning the favor and commendation of his superiors. Upon the organization of troops for the three years' service he was active, and was chosen Captain of Company E of the Twenty-ninth regiment. In this position he participated in the battles of Winchester, Edenburg, Front Royal, Second Winchester, Cedar Mountain, and Antietam.

On the 3d of March, 1863, Captain Zulick was promoted to the rank of Major, a well-earned advancement. In the battle of Chancellorsville the regiment did excellent service, and when the army recrossed the Rappahannock, the post of honor and of danger, that of covering the rear, was assigned to it. Immediately after this battle Major Zulick was promoted to Lieutenant-Colonel, to date from the first day on that bloody field. At Gettysburg his regiment was subjected to a fiery ordeal. It stood in the forest, on Culp's Hill, where the enemy delivered desperate assaults, with a courage and pertinacity inspired by the hope of turning the right of the Union army. General Ewell had staked everything on accomplishing this. But the living valor which he met turned him from his purpose, and with dead covering all that dark forest ground, he retired before the steady fire of the Twelfth corps, leaving it master of the field, and of the key to the whole battle ground.

With the Twelfth corps the Twenty-ninth regiment was transferred to the western army, with which Lieutenant-Colonel Zulick participated in the battles of Wauhatchie, Lookout Mountain, and Missionary Ridge, brilliant feats of arms, which gave the united army under General Grant command of the avenues to his base, now well-nigh cut off. Colonel Zulick's regiment was the first to reënlist, and while he was away upon the veteran furlough given troops who thus showed their devotion, he was assigned, by special order of the War Department, to duty at Camp Cadwalader, in mustering veteran and drafted troops. On the 6th of July he was relieved from this duty, and immediately rejoined his regiment, now with Sherman in his great campaign, and assuming command took part in the battles of Chattahoochee River, Peach Tree Creek, and Atlanta, the objective for the attainment of which myriads on either side had laid down their lives, and which the unscathed veterans were permitted in triumph to enter.

The March to the Sea followed close upon this long and desperately contested campaign. At Milledgeville and Savannah, Colonel Zulick led his command, in a manner worthy of the highest praise. The affairs at Bentonville, Goldsboro, and Raleigh followed in succession, and after the surrender of the Confederate armies, Colonel Zulick marched with the Union forces to Washington, where he received his final discharge, but not until a grateful country had conferred upon him the commission of Colonel and Brevet Brigadier-General.

In person General Zulick is five feet eight and a half inches in height, and robust, with blue eyes, and dark brown hair. He was married on the 29th of July, 1846, to Miss Mary Hart McCalla, of Philadelphia, and has one son, Philip S. Zulick, who served in the Forty-fifth regiment. Of General Zulick's gallantry as a soldier, his superior officers bear ample testimony. "He began the war," says General Sherman, "as a Captain, and rose by his merits through all the grades to that of a General officer, and served in our Georgia and Carolina campaigns. Of course I desire to see him noticed and appreciated." General Geary, in whose division General Zulick was, says: "He has nobly served his country throughout a long and trying contest, with high distinction;" and that stern soldier, General A. W. Williams, adds: "He served under my command for over three years, while I was either division or corps commander. He was a very superior officer, capable, faithful, and zealous in the discharge of his duties. He merits the recognition and favor of the Government."

THOMAS A. ROWLEY, Colonel of the One Hundred and Second regiment, and Brigadier-General, a native of Pittsburg, was the son of John and Mary (Alger) Rowley. He received his education in the schools of that city, and during his early years was employed in a store as clerk. He joined a volunteer militia company in 1839, in which he continued to serve until the breaking out of the Mexican War, in 1847, when he was appointed by President Polk a Second Lieutenant in the regular army. He participated with honor in the battles of Vera Cruz, Jalapa, National Bridge, Cerro Gordo, and Mexico, and won the promotion to Captain.

Upon his return he resigned his commission and resumed the practice of his profession. When hostilities opened in 1861, he again abandoned the *toga* for the trappings of war. He was active in recruiting first the Thirteenth, which he commanded during the ninety days of its service, and at its close the One Hundred and Second. At the battle of Fair Oaks, Colonel Rowley led his regiment to the support of Casey, hard pressed by the foe, and manfully contended against desperate assaults, holding his ground, and finally, when forced, retired in good order, firing as he went. In this battle he was severely wounded in the head. On the 29th of November, 1862, he was promoted to the rank of Brigadier-General, having performed most efficient service in the battles of Malvern Hill, Chantilly, and Antietam. He was in command of a brigade at Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville and the three days at Gettysburg. After leaving the army he resumed the practice of his profession. He at various periods held offices of trust, having been an Alderman, Clerk of the Courts of Allegheny county, and was United States Marshal for the Western district of Pennsylvania in 1865. He still resides in his native city.

GEORGE W. GILE, Colonel of the Eighty-eighth regiment, and Brevet Brigadier-General, was born on the 25th of January, 1830, in Littleton, New Hampshire. His father, Aaron Gile, was a native of that State, well known for rectitude and patriotism, and at various times held offices of responsibility and trust. His mother, Persis (Rix) Gile, was a native of Canada. At the age of fourteen he entered a printing office, where he remained till the breaking out of the Mexican War. Moved by an impulse natural at the inexperienced age of sixteen, he enlisted as a private. Being an only son, the father insisted on his discharge, and he returned to his home at Littleton.

Wearying of inaction, he proceeded to Boston, where he soon found congenial employment. He chose the drama as his profession, and after careful preliminary training entered upon and for a season pursued it with great assiduity. In 1854 he removed to Philadelphia, and in the following year was united in marriage to Miss Emma Virginia Shuster, a native of that city, and a lady of much grace and refinement. Two sons were the issue of this marriage. In person he is over six feet in height, and in appearance is dignified and commanding.

At the opening of the late war he enlisted as a private in Company I, Twenty-second regiment, but was soon after commissioned First Lieutenant of Company D. This regiment, which was recruited for three months' service, was posted in the city of Baltimore, and the duty not being arduous, he applied himself to the study of his new profession. While thus engaged he was offered the position of Major of the Eighty-eighth, a three years' regiment, which he accepted. He was for some time busily employed in organizing and equipping the new command, and when ordered to the front was posted with a battalion of four companies in Alexandria, Virginia, where he was charged with the maintenance of order, and the protection of public and private property. For his fidelity in this position he was presented with a richly mounted and valuable sword, bearing the following inscription: "Presented to Major George W. Gile, 88th regiment, P. V., by the officers of his command and the loyal merchants of Alexandria, Virginia, as a testimonial of their esteem."

His first experience of field duty was in the campaign of General Pope in Virginia, where his regiment manifested great activity, and at the disastrous battle of Bull Run he proved himself a steadfast soldier. In the midst of the fight Lieutenant-Colonel McLean, who was in command of the regiment, was mortally wounded, leaving it in charge of Major Gile, and though making his first campaign, he led it with so much skill and bravery as to attract the attention of the General-in-Chief, who said in his report: "The conduct of Tower's brigade," to which the Eighty-eighth belonged, "in plain view of all the forces on the left, was especially distinguished, and drew forth hearty cheers. The example of this brigade was of great service, and infused new spirit into all the troops who witnessed their intrepid conduct." He was immediately after promoted to the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel, and honored with the brevet rank of Captain in the regular army.

On the morning of the 17th of September he led his regiment upon the field of Antietam, on the extreme right of the Union line, where the ground was being stubbornly contested. It had no sooner reached its position than it was attacked with fiery impetuosity by the rebel forces, which outflanked it; but with a courage and steadiness worthy of veterans, for two long hours it held its position. In the heat of the battle Colonel Gile was hit by a musket ball and was borne from the field. The wound was a painful and dangerous one in the left thigh. It was long in healing; but by eminent surgical attendance, directed by Dr. Atlee of Philadelphia, the limb was saved, though he was left a cripple for life. He was soon after promoted to Colonel of the regiment; and, by brevet, Major and Lieutenant-Colonel in the regular army. When it became apparent that he could not soon resume command of his regiment, which was without a field officer present for duty, he was compelled reluctantly to resign his commission. Maimed by honorable wounds, this might reasonably conclude his military record; but a still more honorable career was opening before him.

Early in the spring of 1863 the General Government determined to form an *élite* corps of the wounded veterans of the volunteer army, to be employed in such service as their physical condition would permit. The first appointment in this corps was tendered to Colonel Gile, which he accepted. After laboring for a few months in its organization, he was ordered from Philadelphia with a battalion of nine companies to Washington. Here a regimental organization was perfected, and three other regiments of the corps were ordered in to form a brigade. In the spring of 1864 three more regiments were added to the garrison of Washington, which greatly increased the responsibilities of Colonel Gile.

In July of this year, when Early, with a large army, moved down the valley for the attack and capture of Washington, Colonel Gile marshalled his forces for its defence, and throwing them into position upon its front, on the line of the outer forts, engaged the enemy with such determination and skill that for two whole days and nights the rebel commander was deterred from ordering an assault. By the arrival of General Wright with two divisions of the Sixth corps, Colonel Gile was relieved at the front, and his command returned to its position in the city. For his gallantry upon this occasion he was brevetted Brigadier-

General, and his force increased to fourteen regiments of infantry and two of cavalry.

During his term of service in Washington, General Gile enjoyed the friendship and confidence of President Lincoln, whose escort at the inauguration of 1864 he had the honor to command. It was also his melancholy duty to assist in the final escort of the remains of that great and good man to the train which bore them away from the Capital. Mr. Stanton, likewise, showed him many marks of his esteem.

Shortly after the close of the war, General Gile was detached from his command at Washington, and ordered South. In 1866 he was tendered and accepted an appointment in the regular service, and was transferred from duty in South Carolina to Florida, where he remained until the closing of the affairs of the Freedmen's Bureau, of which he had sole charge in that State. On the 15th of December, 1870, he was retired from active service, with the rank of Colonel. During his entire term covering a period of nearly ten years, he was but ninety days absent from duty, except when disabled by wounds.

DAVID MATTERN JONES, Lieutenant-Colonel of the One Hundred and Tenth regiment, was born on the 24th of April, 1838, in Huntingdon county, Pennsylvania. He was the son of Samuel and Elizabeth (Mattern) Jones. He received a good common school education and learned the trade of his father, that of a potter. In the three months' service of 1861, he was Corporal of Company D of the Third regiment. On his return from this, he recruited and was commissioned Captain of Company A of the One Hundred and Tenth regiment, which was sent to the upper Potomac, joining the column of General Lander and participating in engagements against Jackson, and subsequently, under Shields, in the hard-fought battle of Winchester, in which Jackson was driven. In a skirmish with a detachment of Ashby's cavalry, in one of the passes of the Blue Ridge, in June, 1862, Captain Jones manœuvred his company with so much skill as to attract the attention of his superiors, and he was promoted to the rank of Major. He participated in the hard fighting at Cedar Mountain, and in the Second battle of Bull

Run, receiving in the latter a severe wound in the right wrist from a Minié ball which passed quite through, leaving the limb weakened and partially paralyzed. Shortly after the battle of Fredericksburg, in which he was engaged, he was promoted to Lieutenant-Colonel, and at Chancellorsville, when the Colonel was killed, the command devolved upon him at a critical moment in the battle. At Gettysburg he was of De Trobriand's brigade, that held, unsupported in the early part of the battle, the rocky, wooded ground designated the Whirlpool, or Slaughter-pen. More bold or determined fighting has rarely been witnessed than was here displayed. It was a sad field for Colonel Jones; for while conducting the fight with matchless heroism he was shot through the left leg, and so severe was the wound as to necessitate amputation. His heroic conduct called forth warm commendation in the orders of General De Trobriand. Being disabled for further field service, he resigned. He was married in 1864 to Miss Amanda J. Palmer, who died in 1867. In 1865 he was elected Register and Recorder of his native county, to which office he has been twice reëlected, and which he now holds. He was a true soldier as he is an upright citizen.

JOHN SMITH LITTELL, Colonel of the Seventy-sixth regiment, and Brigadier-General, was born in Hanover township, Beaver county, Pennsylvania, on the 20th of October, 1822. His father, William Littell, was a soldier of the war of 1812. His mother was Cynthia Smith. He received a good English education, paying special attention to surveying. He early joined a militia company, and in 1853 was elected Captain, and afterwards Brigade Inspector of the Nineteenth division.

He recruited a company for the Seventy-sixth Pennsylvania regiment, of which he was Captain. Soon after its organization it was ordered to the Department of the South, where it was engaged with the enemy at the capture of Fort Pulaski, and in the battles of Pocotaligo, James Island, Morris Island, and in the first and second assaults on Fort Wagner, in all of which he led his company with a steadiness and devotion which characterized his entire service. At Morris Island, on the 10th of July, he was slightly wounded, but kept the field. On the following morning he was again hit, receiving a flesh wound in the right arm and side.

The assaults upon Fort Wagner proved very disastrous to the regiment, the losses being nearly half its entire strength. In the summer of 1864, it was taken to Virginia and attached to the Army of the James. On the 31st of May, Captain Littell was promoted to the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel, and on the following day, in the action at Cold Harbor, received a severe wound, the missile entering the right thigh, tearing quite through and emerging from the left. After lying in the hospital for a time, he was taken to his home; but his wound was slow in healing, and his recovery was protracted. On the 17th of August following, he was promoted to Colonel. In January he sailed with the expeditions, first under Generals Butler and Weitzel, and finally under General Terry, for the reduction of Fort Fisher, commanding the approaches to Wilmington, North Carolina. Colonel Littell was of Pennypacker's brigade, and followed that gallant officer in the desperate assault upon this stronghold. In the midst of the struggle, and while leading on his regiment in the face of a destructive fire, he was struck by a Minié ball in the left thigh, which passed through, penetrating a pocket-book containing a roll of bank-notes, and finally lodging in the body. It was an ever memorable day for the armies of the Union, and though experiencing intense suffering, he still had strength and spirit to rejoice over the glorious victory achieved. He was removed to Fortress Monroe, after having the ball extracted, and when sufficiently recovered, to his home. As a merited recognition of his valor on this field, upon the recommendation of General Terry, he was brevetted Brigadier-General.

Since the conclusion of the war, General Littell has served a term of three years as Sheriff of Beaver county. He was married in 1845 to Miss Mary Colhoon.

T. Elwood Zell, Colonel of Independent battalion, was born in Philadelphia, of Quaker parentage. His father's family was among the few Germans who embraced the Quaker faith, emigrating under the immediate auspices of William Penn, and settling in Montgomery county. His mother's family name was

Ogden, and her ancestors accompanied Penn in his first voyage in the ship Welcome, landing with him at Chester. His great-grandfather served in the Revolutionary struggle and filled the post of Quartermaster in the patriot army. His earliest military experience was gained in Texas, where he acted as a volunteer in aiding to protect the frontier from the ravages of a general Indian war which broke out while he was spending the winter there. At the breaking out of the Rebellion, he assisted in forming a military organization in Philadelphia for the purpose of drill. He was offered the place of Lieutenant in the Lancers, Sixth cavalry, and that of Captain in the Fifty-eighth, both of which he felt it his duty to decline. He subsequently entered the One Hundred and Twenty-first regiment as Captain of Company D, and served with credit until compelled—by disabilities caused by the exposures of the service—to resign, carrying with him the respect of his brother officers and of his command. Subsequently, when the State was about to be invaded by Lee, Captain Zell was authorized to raise a regiment of infantry; but before it was filled he was mustered as Lieutenant-Colonel commanding the battalion, and was almost immediately appointed chief of staff to General W. D. Whipple of the regular army, which position he held for several months, and subsequently Inspector-General of cavalry. Upon the transfer of General Whipple to the staff of General Thomas, Colonel Zell was chief of staff for a short time to General Sigel, and was afterwards assigned to duty in Philadelphia as Post Assistant Provost-Marshal-General at the military barracks at Fourth and Buttonwood streets, where he remained until the expiration of his term of enlistment.

E. MORRISON WOODWARD, of Puritan and Huguenot origin, was the son of James S. and Rebecca Anna (De-la-Montaigne) Woodward, and was born in Philadelphia, March 11th, 1828. He received a liberal education at a private school. Influenced by the love of adventure, he sailed around Cape Horn to California, and spent several years in roaming through that State, Mexico, and South America, returning eastward across the continent. He studied law under John R. Vogdes of Philadelphia, and was admitted to the bar. Turning his attention to literature soon afterwards, he wrote the *History of the Citizen Soldiery of Philadelphia from* 1704 *to* 1845. He was connected with the *Sunday Mercury*, and became assistant editor. Upon the breaking out of the Rebellion, he organized a company and was commissioned Captain, on the 19th of April, 1861. The Second Reserve, to which he was attached, moved to the front without being mustered into the United States service. On being paraded for the purpose, some dissatisfaction having arisen, two-thirds of the men refused to take the oath. His own company and four others having been disbanded, to induce his men to remain true to their flag, he exchanged the sword for the musket, promising to stay with them to the last. Subsequently he was promoted to Sergeant-Major, and served as such throughout all the hard-fought battles in which the Reserves participated on the Peninsula, in Pope's, and the Maryland campaigns. At Antietam, the Second was left with but one commissioned officer, the command of the left wing devolving upon Woodward, and the desperate resistance which it made to an assault of the enemy gained for him the rank of Adjutant. In the memorable charge of the Reserves at Fredericksburg, the Second turned a rifle-pit, and, swinging round upon the heights, cut off the retreat of its occupants. The Seventh Reserve being in front of the pit, and not knowing the position of the Second, fired into it continuous volleys, which the Second in the heat of the battle did not discover and poured in a terrific fire at short range in return. The enemy in the meantime remained passive, neither giving token of surrender nor attempting defence. Finally Adjutant Woodward, discovering the situation, strove to stop the fire, and sheathing his sword, with cap in hand, advancing between the two lines, asked if they wished to "fight or surrender." "We will surrender if you will allow us," was the reply. The entire body with their flag was thereupon sent over to the Seventh. In this encounter Woodward had thirteen bullet holes through his clothes, leaving some wounds, but none serious. For his gallantry he was brevetted Major. He served with his regiment at Gettysburg and in other battles. After the war he settled among the green hills of his native State. While in the army he wrote the *Picket Letters*, which attracted considerable attention, and afterwards *Our Campaigns*, and the History of the *Third Reserve* and the *One Hundred and Ninety-eighth* regiments.

RICHARD BUTLER PRICE, Colonel of the Second cavalry, and Brevet Brigadier-General, was born in the city of Philadelphia, on the 15th of December, 1809. His ancestors came to this country in the time of William Penn; his great-grandfather, John Price, having married May Chandler, daughter of John Chandler, a companion of Penn in his voyage to America. His grandfather, Jonathan Price, who was an officer in the Revolutionary war, and died in the service, married Anne De Le Plaine, daughter of a French gentleman who escaped from his native country during the Huguenot troubles, his father, Count De Le Plaine, having been thrown into prison and estates confiscated. His father, Chandler Price, was a prominent shipping merchant of Philadelphia. His mother, Ellen (Matlake) Price, was daughter of White Matlake, who was also an officer in the Revolution.

His boyhood was passed in his native city. At the age of fifteen he went to France, where he remained several years perfecting his education and receiving military instruction. After his return he served as a volunteer in the First Troop. On the day after the attack on Fort Sumter he tendered his services to the Government, and during the three months' campaign served on the staff of General Patterson, a part of the time as his Adjutant-General. At the close of this term he returned to Philadelphia, and commenced recruiting a cavalry regiment, which became the Second Pennsylvania, Fifty-ninth of the line, of which he was commissioned Colonel. His command was ordered to the Army of the Potomac, and formed part of the brigade under General Buford, which remained in the column of McDowell, and subsequently of Pope. The service during the campaigns of these officers in the summer of 1862 was very severe, and though not resulting in any general battles, the frequent skirmishing and manœuvring in an enemy's country were even more trying than meeting the enemy in a fair field in greater masses.

Upon the promotion of General Buford to the command of the cavalry of the Army of the Potomac, Colonel Price was given the leadership of the brigade, and in November, 1862, was assigned to the command of all the cavalry in the Department of Washington south of the Potomac. It consisted of eleven regiments, and the field of operations extended from the Potomac to the Blue Ridge. In October orders came for him to detach a thousand men and send them for a special object to Winchester. As it was a delicate and hazardous duty, Colonel Price determined to head the expedition in person. The main design was frustrated; but while out, he met a regiment of the enemy's cavalry under Colonel Green. One of the few, open, hand-to-hand cavalry engagements of that period ensued, which resulted in a complete victory to the Union arms. Colonel Green with many of his officers and men were wounded and taken prisoners, and his command completely routed. For this brilliant action Colonel Price received honorable mention, and was brevetted Brigadier-General.

He continued to hold command of his brigade until the day before the battle of Gettysburg. In the meantime General Pleasanton had become Chief of cavalry, and he recommended several officers to the Government for promotion to Brigadier-Generals with a view of giving them the command of his brigades. This was accorded, and the advancement of the new men occasioned an entire reorganization of the divisions, which threw the old officers out who were in the way of promotion. On this account Colonel Price returned to his regiment, and was ordered for duty with the head-quarters of the army. He remained thus in command until the beginning of 1864, when, feeling that an indignity had been put upon him, he applied for detached service, and was ordered to Washington, where he served on a military commission till the close of the war. In person General Price is six feet in height, and of a muscular frame. He married Elizabeth Hartt, daughter of C. C. Hartt, of the United States Navy.

JAMES LEVAN SELFRIDGE, Colonel of the Forty-sixth regiment, and Brevet Brigadier-General, was born in Berks county, Pennsylvania, on the 22d of September, 1824. His father was a Scotch-Irishman, and his mother of German and French extraction. He was educated at Lafayette College, on leaving which he studied law with Henry King, of Allentown. He afterwards took charge of the Lehigh Transportation Company of Philadelphia, of which his father had been one of the projectors. Having a taste for business, he entered a commission house, and, in 1850, opened on his own account. In 1857 he removed to Bethlehem, where he was engaged in the coal and real estate business up to the breaking out of the Rebellion. The call for troops found no more prompt or active respondent, and so popular was his standard that on the 18th of April, 1861, he reported with his company at Harrisburg, and it was on that day mustered into service as Company A of the First Pennsylvania regiment, in which he served with Patterson, and at whose request it remained ten days beyond the period of its enlistment.

On returning home he was tendered a commission as Colonel of a regiment which he should raise; but impatient of delay, he united with Colonel Joseph F. Knipe in recruiting, and was commissioned Lieutenant-Colonel of the Forty-sixth regiment. It left for the field on the 17th of September, 1861, and was reported to General Banks at Darnestown, Maryland, participating under him in the action at Kernstown, in the two battles at Winchester, and at Cedar Mountain. In the latter engagement the Forty-sixth was led over open and exposed ground in assaults upon the enemy's guns. The slaughter in its ranks was fearful, Colonel Selfridge having his horse shot under him and receiving a slight wound. He was also engaged with his regiment on the Rappahannock, and in the second battle of Bull Run under Pope; at South Mountain and Antietam under McClellan; at Chancellorsville under Hooker; and at Gettysburg under Meade. During the progress of the battle of Antietam Selfridge took command of the regiment, Colonel Knipe leading the brigade. When Hooker with the Eleventh and Twelfth corps went to the assistance of Rosecrans at Chattanooga, Selfridge was of the column, and in the campaign on Atlanta took a prominent part in the battles of Resaca, Dallas, Pine Knob, Lost Mountain, Kenesaw Mountain, and Peach Tree Creek. In the latter action Hood attacked the Union right with terrific violence. Nothing like its impetuosity had been witnessed in the whole protracted and

Jas. L. Ridgely

bloody campaign. On that part of the line where the weight of the blow fell stood Colonel Selfridge with his indomitable Forty-sixth. Its valor with that of the rest of the noble division was equal to the emergency, and in the bloody repulse which the enemy received none were more conspicuous than Selfridge. At Marietta, Cassville, and the descent upon Atlanta, he was likewise unremittingly engaged, and so marked had been his courage, and so constant and unwavering his gallantry throughout the entire campaign—covering a hundred days in which the noise of battle was scarcely hushed for a single hour—that at its conclusion General A. S. Williams, the veteran commander of the First division, commended him to the attention of the Government in the following forcible language: "This officer has been in service since the beginning of the Rebellion. For over three years he has been constantly in the field, and ever at the post of duty. Few officers have been so steadily with their commands, so prompt, intelligent, and capable. The condition of his regiment bears testimony to the superiority of its commander."

On leaving Atlanta Colonel Selfridge took command of the brigade, and during the March to the Sea was chiefly occupied in destroying railroads, though having part in the engagement at Monteith Swamp, and the siege of Savannah, soon after which he was promoted to Brevet Brigadier-General. In the movement of the army northward through the Carolinas he continued to lead his brigade, and participated with it in the actions at Averysboro and Bentonville. At the conclusion of hostilities he was mustered out, having shared the fortunes of his command with constancy and fidelity from the first to the last day of the service. In testimony of this General Sherman said of him, "General Selfridge was one of my steady, hard-working and fighting brigade commanders, and served all the time."

Since the war General Selfridge has taken an active part in public interests, and has been prominently named for the office of Governor. While yet at the front, on Sherman's famous march, he was nominated to represent the eleventh district in Congress, and though it was politically hopelessly against him, his opponent's majority was reduced nearly 2000 votes. In 1857 he was nominated for Senator, and made an equally strong canvass. He had been appointed by President Lincoln Assessor of Internal Revenue for the eleventh district, but was removed by President Johnson. In 1868 he was elected Chief Clerk of the House of Representatives of Pennsylvania, a position to which he was annually reëlected until 1873, when he was no longer a candidate. In 1872 he removed to Philadelphia, and became proprietor in the business of the Lehigh Hydraulic Cement Company. He was appointed by Governor Geary Major-General of the Seventh division of the National Guard of Pennsylvania, which commission he still holds.

JOHN DEVEREUX, Lieutenant-Colonel of the Sixty-ninth regiment, was born on the 26th of March, 1830, in the city of Philadelphia, of which place his parents were natives. He was educated at St. John's College, in the city of New York, where he graduated in 1849. He entered the military service as Adjutant of the Twenty-fourth regiment, which served with Stone and Patterson before Washington and in the Shenandoah Valley. At the end of its term of three months, he assisted Colonel Owen in recruiting the Sixty-ninth, a veteran regiment, of which he was commissioned Major, and had command of the camp of instruction at Chestnut Hill. He was at Ball's Bluff in the fall of 1861, and in 1862 made the campaign of the Peninsula, having an active part in all the operations from Yorktown to Malvern Hill. At the Second Fair Oaks, and at Charles City Cross Roads, his regiment received much credit for its gallant bearing from General Burns, and also from General Hooker, who could never brook mediocrity. He was also conspicuous under Pope at Bull Run, and under McClellan at South Mountain. At Antietam a great misfortune befell him. He was with his command in the hottest of the fight, leading on as became his heroic nature, when he was shot through the body, the missile passing close to the spine, inflicting a severe and well-nigh fatal injury. For seven months he was confined to his bed, and while in this situation was commissioned Lieutenant-Colonel. Believing that he would never be able to render further active service, he resigned in March, 1863. But in November following, having partially recovered, he was appointed by the President Major in the Veteran Reserve corps, and served constantly on such duty as he was able to perform until the 1st of September, 1866, acting in the capacity of Inspector, member and president of general court-martial, examiner for entrance to the army, Assistant Provost-Marshal-General, commandant of rendezvous for the muster out of troops, and in charge of a district in South Carolina. He was tendered a commission as Major in the regular army, but was compelled to decline it for physical disability. "His services," says General Burns, "should always entitle him to the commendation of a grateful country, and to any reward open to a brave, intelligent, and capable officer." By General Sedgwick he was characterized as "a gallant and excellent officer, who always performed his duty whilst under my command with zeal and fidelity."

JOSHUA THOMAS OWEN, Colonel of the Sixty-ninth regiment, and Brigadier-General, was born on the 29th of March, 1825, in Wales. His father, David Owen, a native Welshman, was a woollen manufacturer of Caermarthenshire, whence with his family he emigrated to this country in 1830. His mother was Jane (Thomas) Owen. The boy was early put to learn the trade of a printer, but pursued a liberal course of study, and graduated at Jefferson College, Cannonsburg, in the class of 1845. He was fond of adventure, and by mental endowment and culture given to argumentation. Naturally, therefore, in choosing a profession, he adopted that of the law. During the period in which he was pursuing his legal studies, he was principal of a male academy at Chestnut Hill, Philadelphia, which had become his residence. He knew nothing of military service previous to the Rebellion, but when its mutterings were heard he was quick in enlisting in the First City Troop. Upon the organization in May, 1861, of the Twenty-fourth regiment, for the three months' service, he was commissioned Colonel. At the expiration of its term Colonel Owen recruited one for three years. It was composed of good fighting material, and Colonel Owen took a soldier's pride in drilling and disciplining it to a high state of proficiency, and led it in the battles of Fair Oaks, Savage Station, Charles City Cross Roads, and Malvern Hill. At Charles City Cross Roads, Colonel Owen particularly distinguished himself, his gallant conduct attracting the attention and complimentary notice of General Hooker. "About three o'clock," says Hooker, "the enemy commenced a vigorous attack on McCall, and in such force that General Sumner voluntarily tendered me the services of a regiment which was posted in the open field on my extreme right, and under shelter from the enemy's artillery. This was the Sixty-ninth regiment, Pennsylvania volunteers, under Colonel Owen." Hooker saw from the outset that the weight of the attack was likely to prove too powerful for McCall to withstand, and in anticipation of his giving way he had said to Colonel Owen, when designating the ground he was to occupy, "Hold this position, and keep the enemy in check at all hazards." This he said with glowing cheek and a flash of the eye unusual to him, even in battle. As had been anticipated McCall's left did give way, and then the enemy came on in masses, flushed with victory. Owen ordered his men to kneel, and when the foe came rushing forward he gave the signal to fire. A sheet of flame blazed out which sent the line staggering back. But they were in heavy force, and soon recovering, again advanced, overlapping this single regiment on either flank. Seeing that he must be overwhelmed if he remained longer in his position, he boldly ordered his regiment to fix bayonets and charge. Springing to their feet, they dashed forward with a shout and quickly routed the foe. "The Sixty-ninth Pennsylvania," says Hooker, "*heroically led by Owen, advanced in the open field on their flank* (First Massachusetts) *with almost reckless daring.*"

The rank of Brigadier-General, on the recommendation of Generals Hooker, Howard, and Hancock, was bestowed upon him, and he was assigned to the command of the brigade to which his old regiment belonged. In the advance upon Fredericksburg, in December, 1862, Owen's brigade was the first to cross the pontoons and march upon the city. It was on the 11th that he crossed, and all that night he was engaged in street fighting, and in clearing the town of sharpshooters, who had taken refuge in the buildings, and who from their sheltered position were maintaining a destructive, desultory fire. It was dangerous and harassing labor; but it was thoroughly accomplished, and on the 12th he was sent to take a position on the outskirts of the town, from which a whole division had been previously driven, which he gained and manfully held during the entire day. For his services here he was especially commended by Generals Howard and Couch. In the battle of the Wilderness he led his brigade in a seemingly hopeless charge from the right of the Second corps, which was successfully pushed, checking the enemy, and protecting that wing from being turned. The gallantry of this act won the hearty commendation of General Birney. At Cold Harbor General Owen received warm encomiums for the heroic manner in which he led his brigade and gained a position far in advance of the main line. In all the battles of the Army of the Potomac he participated, never from any cause being absent when important movements were about to be undertaken. For one so much exposed in the fearless discharge of his duty, few escaped with so little of bodily harm. He had two horses shot under him, and the one which he rode in most of the active campaigns was several times wounded. Previous to the war General Owen represented Philadelphia in the Legislature, and was Recorder of Deeds for the city. He was married, in 1852, to Miss Annie J. Sheridan, daughter of Owen Sheridan, of Chestnut Hill. In person he is above the medium height, and inclined in later years to corpulency.

WILLIAM H. LESSIG entered the service of the United States as Captain in the Ninety-sixth regiment in September, 1861. While upon the Peninsula he was prevented by sickness from taking part in more than the opening operations. In September, 1862, he was promoted to Major, and participated in the actions of South Mountain and Antietam, soon after which he was advanced to Lieutenant-Colonel, and commanded his regiment in the battles of Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville, and Gettysburg. He was commissioned Colonel in March, 1863, and led at Rappahannock Station, through the campaign of 1864, from the Rapidan to the James, and Sheridan's brilliant career in the Shenandoah Valley. At the conclusion of his term, in October, 1864, he was mustered out of service, having won an enviable reputation for gallantry and valor.

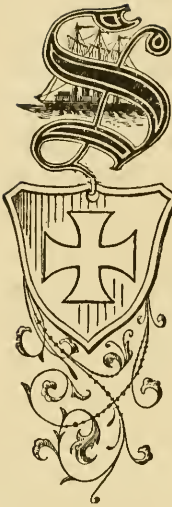
Edmund Lovell Dana, Colonel of the One Hundred and Forty-third regiment, and Brevet Brigadier-General, was born on the 29th of January, 1817, at Wilkesbarre, Pennsylvania. He was the son of Asa S. and Nancy (Pruner) Dana. He was educated at Yale College, graduating with honor in the class of 1838. For a year after completing his academic studies he was employed as a civil engineer; but applied himself to the law and was admitted to practice in 1841. Having attached himself to the Wyoming Artillerists, he held the rank of Lieutenant and Captain in that company in the years 1844–'45. Two years later, at the breaking out of the Mexican War, he volunteered and served as Captain of Company I, First Pennsylvania infantry, throughout the entire period of that contest. At the landing of the troops under General Scott at Anton Lizards, on the 9th of March, 1847, he was in Patterson's division, and participated in the siege, bombardment, and capture of Vera Cruz, and the Castle of San Juan D'Ulloa. He bore a part also in the battle of Cerro Gordo, and led a storming party composed of his own and Company A of the First Pennsylvania, at Black Pass. For his conduct in the siege of Puebla in September and October he was complimented in general orders. With his company he marched to the city of Mexico, and when the war was ended returned with it to Pennsylvania. During the summer and fall of 1862 he was active in recruiting the One Hundred and Forty-third regiment, of which he was commissioned Colonel. He participated in the movement to Pollock's mills, and in the battle of Chancellorsville.

Colonel Dana's most sustained and signal action was at Gettysburg. Reynolds had fallen, Stone and Wister been wounded, when Colonel Dana succeeded to the command of the brigade. It stood in the centre of the line on open ground. Round shots and shells ploughed the field. From the rebel infantry were poured showers of deadly missiles, as in repeated assaults and with ever fresh troops they charged forth; but though outnumbered three to one, and outflanked, that devoted corps stood firm, dealing death in return upon the daring foe, and when finally it was forced to retire went defiantly with flaunting colors, often halting to deliver its fire. The rebel General Hill reported at evening to Lee that the Yankees had fought with a determination unusual to them. Changes of front were repeatedly, and with the utmost precision, made under Colonel Dana's orders, and new lines of defence formed as the exigencies demanded, and after the close of this severe and prolonged struggle the remains of the brigade were withdrawn in good order through the town and formed on Cemetery Hill. Few commands lost more heavily or did more gallant service. During the succeeding days of the battle, he acted in support upon the left centre of the Union line.

In the battle of the Wilderness, on the first day of the fight, Colonel Dana was wounded, his horse having been shot under him, and he was taken captive. For three months he languished in rebel prisons, and a part of the time was held under the fire of the Union guns at Charleston. After regaining his freedom he rejoined his command, then before Petersburg, and in the battles at Poplar Grove Church, Hatcher's Run, Weldon Railroad, Petersburg, and a Second Hatcher's Run, he bore an important part, commanding for a portion of the time his old brigade, though having been transferred, in the consolidation of organizations, to the Fifth corps. In the siege of Petersburg Colonel Dana was especially commended by General Warren in command of the Fifth corps, for his energy and courage displayed in advancing, against strong opposition, the corps skirmish line. The line in front of the corps was irregular, a covert of wood sheltering the enemy, who had established several advanced posts. To straighten it and drive the enemy out was strongly desired by the Union commander, and this Colonel Dana was set to do. Making his dispositions he ordered a bold movement, and after a severe struggle routed the foe and gained the ground. This gave the Union line the advantage of the wood where the enemy had lurked. He was subsequently brevetted a Brigadier-General.

At the close of the war General Dana resumed the practice of his profession, and in 1867 was elected an additional law judge for the eleventh judicial district, in which capacity he is now acting. In person he is of medium height, and of fair complexion. He was married on the 28th of March, 1842, to Miss Sarah H. Peters.

CHAPTER XII.



SAMUEL WYLIE CRAWFORD, Colonel of the Second infantry, Brigadier-General of volunteers, and Brevet Major-General, was born in Franklin county, Pennsylvania, of Scotch descent. He was educated at the University in Philadelphia, where he graduated in the Collegiate department in 1846, and in the Medical in 1850. He was appointed Assistant Surgeon on the 10th of March, 1851, and till 1856 served in Texas and New Mexico, in the practice of his profession and in scientific research. During this time he made extensive collections in natural history, in a region hitherto little known—El Paso del Norte; and wrote a treatise on the fauna and flora of the country upon the head-waters of the Rio San Saba, which was published by Congress. Receiving orders to return, he passed through Mexico, and upon his arrival at the city of Mexico, the United States Minister, by consent of the War Department, retained him at the legation to assist in the negotiation of a treaty then pending. In 1857 he bore a barometer to the summit of the volcano Popocatepetl, reaching the crater in company of a single guide. The measurement which he made of its altitude was reported to the Prussian Government by a party of scientists sent out to verify Humboldt's discoveries, but who failed to make the ascent. Not content with his first experience he again wended his way to its dizzy heights, remained all night in the crater, was let down by cords into its depths, and brought out valuable mineralogical specimens, which were deposited in the cabinet at West Point. He also ascended Istuchihuatle (the White Woman), verifying the fact that no traces could be discovered of volcanic activity. For his explorations here he was

S.W. Crawford

made a member of the Geographical Society of Mexico. At the conclusion of leave of absence he was the bearer of despatches to Washington, and after his arrival was ordered to duty as Assistant Surgeon with the troops in Kansas. In 1860 he was assigned as Surgeon with the forces at Fort Moultrie, in Charleston harbor, reporting to Lieutenant-Colonel John Gardner of the First artillery.

On the ever memorable evening of December 26th, 1860, the faithful and chivalrous Major Anderson determined to abandon Moultrie and remove all to Sumter, an act to which he was incited by the highest considerations of patriotic duty. In an enterprise of hazard like this Surgeon Crawford could not be content to confine himself to the simple duties of his post, and upon the seizure of Sumter applied to be assigned as an officer of the line, illustrating the sentiment of the hero in Ivanhoe: "Thou knowest not how impossible it is to one trained to actions of chivalry to remain passive as a priest or a woman when they are acting deeds of honor around him. The love of battle is the food upon which we live—the dust of the mêlée is the breath of our nostrils. We wish to live no longer than while we are victorious and renowned." He was assigned as desired, and throughout the bombardment commanded a battery of two thirty-two and one forty-two pounders. He assisted Captain Foster in spiking the guns at Moultrie, on the 26th, and on the following day returned to that fort and aided in destroying the gun carriages, and in the removal of the ammunition and stores. His nerve in the fight was the subject of commendation by Major Anderson in his communications to the War Department and he was recommended for the rank of Brevet Major.

With honor unsullied, having defended the fort until their supplies were exhausted and their quarters burned, the troops under Major Anderson retired and proceeded to New York, where Crawford was assigned to duty at Governor's Island. While here he was appointed Major of the Thirteenth infantry, and ordered to duty with General Rosecrans, then operating in West Virginia against the rebel General Floyd. Upon his arrival he was appointed Assistant Inspector-General of the department and was employed in this capacity, and as special

Aide-de-camp to the General in that short but brilliant campaign which routed the enemy. On his return with General Rosecrans to Wheeling, he was recommended for appointment to Brigadier-General, in response to a request from General McClellan to name two officers from that department for that rank. He was appointed accordingly, and ordered to report for duty to General Banks in the Shenandoah Valley. He was with that General, acting upon his staff, at the battle of Winchester, and in the retirement to the Potomac was assigned to the command of a brigade, which he continued to lead in the movement up the valley. On the 3d of August he made a reconnoissance to Orange Court House, and in a brisk action discovered that Jackson and Ewell were concentrating at Gordonsville and Louisa Court House. On the 8th of August he was sent to the support of Bayard who was falling back with his cavalry, and established himself at Cedar Run, checking the enemy's advance. In the battle of Cedar Mountain, on the following day, Crawford had the extreme right of the line. At a critical juncture he moved under a severe fire, flanking the enemy upon the left and turning him out of his position, but was in turn driven, Jackson having been heavily reinforced. For three days skirmishing was kept up upon the Rappahannock, and during the Second Bull Run battle he commanded a division. At Turner's Gap and at Antietam he led a brigade of seven regiments, and, after the fall of General Mansfield, a division. At daylight on the 17th of September, on the Antietam field, he advanced to battle and drove the enemy across the Hagerstown road. In an attempt to clear the wood around the Dunkard Church he was severely wounded, but refused to leave the field, and when General Franklin subsequently came to his relief, accompanied him in his advance, pointing out the positions held by the foe. His wound becoming painful, he retired to a hospital. Before recovering completely he applied for light duty and was appointed a member of a military commission sitting in Washington.

On the 19th of May, 1863, General Crawford was assigned to the command of the Pennsylvania Reserves, and, on the 23d of June, was ordered to join the Army of the Potomac, marching with the Fifth corps to Gettysburg. On the afternoon of the 2d of July he was sent to the left, and took position on the slopes of Little Round Top. Four of his regiments under Colonel Fisher he ordered to the support of Vincent's brigade, then engaged in a mortal struggle with Hood. The balance of his command he formed for a charge to meet the oncoming enemy, who had broken and driven every Union force hitherto sent against them. Knowing that the moment was a critical one he rode down the line, calling upon his troops to move forward, and seizing the flag of the first, advanced to the charge. An act like this has never failed to inspire men. A similar instance is recorded of Reynolds at Bull Run; and at Charles City Cross Roads the dauntless Kearny, seeing the right of his brigade giving way, with his reins in his teeth, his only arm wielding his sword, dashed down between the hostile lines where the missiles of death were mercilessly raining. Awed by the majesty of the act, both sides ceased firing. Crawford's men were not less susceptible, and when the word was given to advance they moved with unfaltering step, breasted the storm that was beating full in their faces, reached the stone wall behind which the enemy had been sheltering themselves, and drove them in confusion. On the following day, under the immediate supervision of General Meade, Crawford's command moved upon the forces of Hood, made some captures, and held the ground which had been lost on the previous evening.

After leaving Gettysburg, General Crawford took part in the operations at Falling Waters, Manassas Gap, Rappahannock Station, and Mine Run, and during the succeeding winter was posted on the line of the Orange and Alexandria railroad. In the reorganization of the army for the spring campaign he was given command of the Third division of the Fifth corps. In the Wilderness he had the advance of his corps, and on the second day had position on its right near the centre of the army. At evening he was sent to the support of the Sixth corps on the extreme right of the whole line, where the enemy had attempted a surprise. The operations at Laurel Hill, Spottsylvania Court House, and the North Anna were protracted from the 7th to the 30th of May, and were almost one ceaseless battle. On the latter date was the engagement at Bethesda Church, in which the Pennsylvania Reserves bore a conspicuous part. It was their last battle. Their term of service ended on the following day; the time of a part of them had already expired, and they were fighting for the love they bore the flag. The battle was severe, but the Reserves were triumphant. It was characterized by the Richmond papers as "sad and distressing."

The Union army crossed the James on the 16th of June, 1864, and found its old antagonist seated in front of Petersburg. On the 18th and 21st of August there was severe fighting at the Weldon Railroad, near the Yellow or Globe Tavern, in which Crawford was warmly engaged. He had advanced over rugged ground and received from General Warren, who commanded the Fifth corps, the following commendation of his conduct: "You have done well in getting forward through that difficult country. Make yourself as strong as you can, and hold on. I will try to reinforce you." But the line was too attenuated and too much concealed from observation, and the enemy, seeing his advantage, massed his forces and broke through, flanking the position and making considerable captures. To add to the confusion the Union artillery, seeing the rebel infantry in rear of the Union line, opened upon them, destroying friend and foe alike. It required a master hand to extricate the forces from this sad situation. But the lines were reformed, and advanced to the position from which they had been driven. A sharp action at Hatcher's Run on the 27th of October, and the raid to Sussex Court House and Hicksford on the 5th of December, closed the operations of the year.

The spring campaign of 1865 opened on the 5th of February, when Crawford moved with his division, in connection with a heavy body, to Dabney's Mills. The enemy had anticipated the move, and was in waiting to receive him. A sharp and protracted encounter followed, in which the rebel General Pegram was killed and General Sorrel wounded. For the good conduct of his division here he received the commendation of Generals Warren and Meade. After his return to camp he was offered the command of all the cavalry of the Potomac army, which he declined. On the 30th of March General Crawford led his division out for the last time—a campaign then opening which ended in the surrender of Lee with his entire army. At the White Oak Road, near Gravelly Run Church, he moved upon the rebel rear over difficult ground and promptly attacked while Griffin and Ayer pressed in front. The movement was opportune and skilfully executed. The fighting was severe but entirely successful. "A four-gun battery," he says in his report, "under Colonel Pegram, and the battle-flag of the Thirty-second Virginia infantry, were captured and the enemy routed in confusion. We were now within the enemy's intrenchments, and he was retreating before us. Here I met and joined Griffin's division, and, changing direction again under General Warren's orders, we moved in a southeasterly direction until dark, when all the enemy had fled. In this battle I lost over three hundred in killed and wounded." With relentless earnestness the pursuit was pushed, and on the 9th the surrender was made.

General Crawford returned to Washington, and during the succeeding summer his division was mustered out, but he continued in the volunteer service until January, 1866. From that date until the 30th of July, 1867, he was on leave of absence awaiting orders, at the end of which time he joined his regiment and had command of the military post at Louisville, Kentucky. Upon the reduction of the infantry from forty-five to twenty-five regiments he was selected to command the Second, though the last Colonel promoted. In April, 1869, he was transferred to Alabama, and placed in command of the post at Huntsville and of the troops in the State, besides performing important general court-martial duty. On the 21st of December, 1871, he was granted leave of absence on surgeon's certificate, and on the 19th of February was reported by the Army Board "incapacitated for active service by reason of a gunshot wound received at the battle of Antietam, September 17th, 1862, while holding the rank of Brigadier-General of volunteers, and exercising the command of a Major-General," and the President directed "that his name be placed on the list of retired officers of that class in which the disability results from long and faithful service, or from wounds or injury received in the line of duty." His attainments in science have earned for him merited recognition. He is a member of the Historical Societies of New York and Pennsylvania, of the Geographical Society of New York, and of the Society of Natural History of Philadelphia. The degree of LL.D. was conferred upon him by the University of Pennsylvania in 1870.

CHARLES ALBRIGHT, Colonel of the One Hundred and Thirty-second regiment and Brevet Brigadier-General, was born on the 13th of December, 1830, in Berks county, Pennsylvania. He was the son of Solomon and Mary (Miller) Albright. He was educated at Dickinson College, and studied law at Ebensburg with Robert L. Johnson. He subsequently removed to Mauch Chunk, where he acquired a commanding influence both in his profession and in politics. He was married in 1852 to Miss Naomi E. Wingard, daughter of Valentine Wingard. In stature he is above the medium height. He is methodical and temperate, eschewing altogether tobacco and spirituous liquors. In 1854 he went with Governor Reeder to Kansas, where he was involved in the troubles of that infant State, allying himself actively with the Free State party, and contending, as was the right of citizens, for the consecration of that virgin soil to the cause of freedom forever.

Returning to his native State he became absorbed in the great questions overshadowing every other, which finally culminated in civil war. His interest in the safety of the incoming administration led him to Washington on the occasion of the inauguration of President Lincoln in 1861, and though seeing this happily accomplished he could discern the low mutterings of the coming storm, and remaining at the Capital attached himself to the Clay battalion for its defence. He was subsequently appointed Major of the One Hundred and Thirty-second regiment, and after the battle of Antietam, when the Colonel was killed, he was promoted to Lieutenant-Colonel. At Fredericksburg nearly one-half of this gallant body was either killed or wounded. In January following he was made Colonel, and was assigned to the leadership of a brigade in the Second corps, distinguishing himself in the battle of Chancellorsville.

In June, 1863, he was assigned to the command of Camp Muhlenburg, at Reading, and in the emergency occasioned by the invasion of the State by the rebel army was appointed Colonel

Thos Albright

of the Thirty-fourth militia, with which he was sent to Philadelphia in apprehension of trouble from the enforcement of the draft. The turbulent elements were greatly excited, and riot and bloodshed seemed imminent. Colonel Albright went fully determined to maintain order. To avoid the appearance of a challenge he halted his column in Chestnut street, and ordered an inspection and a discharge of all loaded arms. Moving to camp where disturbance was feared, by a free conference with persons having great influence with the masses he gave assurance of his pacific desires, but of his resolute intentions if put to the test. His reasonable temper had the effect to allay excitement. Peace was preserved throughout the city, while at New York, where a less judicious course was pursued, riot and civil strife reigned supreme. His temperate management here drew upon him the favorable regard of the Government, and when troubles arose in the coal regions he was sent among the miners to quell a threatened uprising. By rare tact he discovered the ringleaders, had them arrested, and soon brought the entire section to a peaceable condition. In August, 1864, he was commissioned Colonel of the Two Hundred and Second regiment. Soon after taking the field he was detached and sent to quell troubles existing in Columbia county, where lawless men, inspired by crafty leaders, were defying authority. Speedily were the operations of the band discovered, their evil machinations brought to light, and further trouble averted. Returning, he resumed command of his regiment, and was sent out upon the Manassas Gap Railroad infested by numerous bands of guerillas bent upon interrupting trains employed in transporting stores to Sheridan in the Valley. He here succeeded to the command of a brigade. A warm engagement occurred near Fairfax Station, in which Moseby was routed and the disposition to attack broken. When no longer needed for this purpose the road was abandoned and his command went into quarters at Fairfax Station. Against this isolation he protested, being eager to join the Grand Army before Petersburg; but the Government refused to listen to his appeals.

On the 25th of March, 1865, he was appointed and confirmed Brigadier-General by brevet. He continued in service until August, when he returned to his home at Mauch Chunk and resumed the practice of his profession, where he has also been largely engaged in iron, slate, and mining interests, and as President of the Second National Bank. He is known and esteemed as a member of the Methodist Episcopal church, in which he has been an active worker for many years, and was one of the two lay delegates from the Philadelphia Conference to the General Conference which convened in Brooklyn in 1872. He was a delegate to the Chicago Convention which put in nomination Mr. Lincoln for the Presidency, and also to that which sat in Philadelphia and renominated President Grant, where he acted as chairman of the Committee on Permanent Organization. At the general State election held in the fall of 1872 he was chosen one of the representatives at large to the United States Congress, in which capacity he is now serving.

IRA AYER, JR., Colonel of the Tenth Reserve regiment, was born in Erie county, New York, on the 14th of July, 1836. He was the son of Ira and Julia M. (Wadsworth) Ayer. At the opening of the Rebellion he was a student of Allegheny College. Without waiting for authority he called together his fellow-students, and having had some training in the Sixty-seventh militia, of which his father was Colonel, commenced drilling them. Though earnest in his appeals his company failed of acceptance, until the Reserve corps was authorized, when it was mustered as Company I of the Tenth. He was first in action at Dranesville. He seems to have had a poetic appreciation of valor; for when General Ord, who commanded in the battle, came galloping forward, leading Easton's battery into action, he thus records his impressions: "Just then Ord came dashing up. 'Make way for my artillery,' he shouted, and without slackening his speed dashed by, while his 'war-dogs' followed close behind. The General was an old artillerist, and knew well how to value this arm of the service. The scene was, I think, the most animated that I witnessed during the war. He was mounted on a beautiful bay, and as he rode up, his eyes flashing fire and every lineament of his countenance betokening courage, his presence inspired all with confidence."

In the battle of Beaver Dam Creek he was sent forward with his company to occupy the skirmish line, and remained in this advanced position during the entire engagement, the regiment acquitting itself in the most gallant manner. "About ten o'clock," he says, "the roar of artillery had ceased. In our advanced position we could hear distinctly the movements of the enemy, and the cries and shrieks of the wounded and dying, as they lay where they had fallen or were being moved from the field." In the battle of the following day, at Gaines' Mill, he received a gunshot wound in the right side and a severe contusion of the right arm. "Colonel Warner," he says, "mustered the regiment on the 30th, and I shall never forget the glow of soldierly pride with which he commended the company's bravery, and viewed its thinned but still compact ranks." And now came the change of base, with infinite discomfort to the wounded and worn-out soldiers. But a place of rest had not been gained before the enemy attacked, now at Charles City Cross Roads. The Reserves felt the first shock and were terribly scourged, but suffered no diminution of gallantry. In the Seven Days of this contest Captain Ayer's company lost more heavily in killed and wounded than any in the division. As it was the representative of one of the most prominent colleges in the State, the fact may be regarded as significant.

At Bull Run, Captain Ayer received a severe wound. Passing over this field nearly a year afterwards the recollections of the battle were brought vividly to his mind and he thus wrote to a friend: "A little farther on we came to the scene of our last year's operations. There is the very field where we lay, Thursday night, August 28th, all day under a hot sun, covered a little from the enemy. This was near Groveton. Yonder is the wood where our regiment made a charge to take a rebel battery, but without success, and there is the field where they shelled us after dark, throwing their missiles very accurately, but, as it happened, without effect. That was Friday evening, the 29th; and there is the field where our regiment stood picket the same night. Passing on a little farther we come to the house near which we lay Saturday, before we were ordered into the engagement. But here to the right is the very spot where the regiment fought. There fell Captain Hinchman, of Company A, and it is said that he is buried in that little rail enclosure. Here, too, fell Tryon and Pearl; and Phelps, our Lieutenant, a bold and dashing officer, was here shot through the breast. No better men graced the ranks of the Union army. On this same ridge the rebel bullet struck my arm, and another went through my hat. The former made a sad hole in my canteen, causing all my cold coffee to run out. The boys in going over the field to-day found what they asserted to be the selfsame canteen; but they were mistaken, for I carried it off with me." His wound was a severe one, fracturing the left forearm. At Gettysburg, while reconnoitring, he was fired at by two sharpshooters from an unexpected quarter, but was not hit. Turning suddenly back, a third shot was fired, which just grazed his side, making a deep abrasion, and would have done certain execution had it not been fired at the instant of his turning away, carrying him out of aim after the missile had actually left the piece.

He had been promoted to the rank of Major on the 18th of October, 1862, and on the 18th of December, 1863, was advanced to Lieutenant-Colonel and placed in command of the regiment. When it entered the Wilderness campaign it went with the free step and the resolute mien of the best trained and organized soldiers. It had not penetrated far before the old foe was met. In a letter dated May 6th, the second day of the battle, he says: "Our division had been rapidly ordered forward, preparatory as was supposed to a charge upon the enemy's works. I was leading my regiment into line when hit by a bullet from one of the enemy's sharpshooters, which passed through the large bone of my leg, causing a very painful though I hope not dangerous wound. I was compelled to leave the field at once, which I did after exhorting my men to do their duty."

For more than a year after the Reserve corps had completed its period of service and been mustered out he was disabled. He was brevetted Colonel for this action, and was warmly complimented by Generals Crawford and Fisher. Only by wounds, however, was he kept from the field, possessing a good constitution and actuated by real patriotism. In person he is six feet in height, well formed, and of fair complexion. At college he manifested a strong liking for mathematics and natural science, and later in his course for lingual studies. Strictly temperate—of tobacco and spirituous liquors abstemious—he was little affected by temptation, as the habits of youth are strengthened and confirmed by time.

Colonel Ayer was married on the 21st of December, 1863, to Miss Jennie James, whose mother had, during the war, ministered at the bedside of many sick and dying soldiers, evincing a patriotism as sincere and fervid as the man who bore the musket and met face to face the foe. She watched at the side of one of the brave men of Ayer's company, Edwin B. Pier, a scholar of promise, and after his death wrote a most touching letter, descriptive of the Christian fortitude of the departed young soldier. When Ayer next visited Washington, he called upon the family to tender his acknowledgments for the kindness shown his beloved companion-in-arms, and then for the first time met the daughter. The acquaintance ripened into esteem, and finally resulted in their marriage. At the close of the war, Colonel Ayer settled in Virginia, and now resides at Norfolk, where he holds a responsible position in the civil service of the General Government.

HENRY JACKSON SHEAFER, Brevet Colonel of the One Hundred and Seventh regiment, was born in Lancaster county, Pennsylvania, on the 21st of May, 1826. His grandfather, George Sheafer, emigrated to this country from Alsace, France. His maternal ancestors were Scotch. His opportunities for education were limited. At the age of fifteen he was apprenticed to a druggist. At twenty he went to South Carolina, but returning north two years later, engaged in mercantile business in Milton, Northumberland county, and was united in marriage to Annrica O. Wood, daughter of Nicholas B. Wood, of Harrisburg. In 1856 he removed to Minnesota, where he was largely employed in the lumber trade. In 1858 he was elected a member of the Minnesota Legislature from Dakota county.

Returning to Pennsylvania at the opening of the war he recruited a company for the One Hundred and Seventh, of which he was Captain. He remained with McDowell during the Peninsula campaign, and was at Thoroughfare Gap, and in the Second Bull Run battle. At South Mountain, and again at Antietam, he particularly distinguished himself, in the latter engagement commanding one wing of the regiment, and holding it on the hottest part of the field until every cartridge had been spent. He was again sharply engaged at Fredericksburg. At Chancellorsville, after the Union army had retired to its more contracted position, he was sent upon the skirmish line with four companies, where he was obliged to stand for forty hours without relief, and where the officers were obliged to use harsh words and even resort to blows to keep the men awake. He had some time previous been commissioned Major. In the battle of Gettysburg he was severely wounded on the first day.

In the subsequent campaign of 1863, and in the Wilderness campaign of 1864, Major Sheafer was constantly at the post of duty, a considerable portion of the time having command of the regiment, and in all places proving himself a cool, brave, and reliable officer. He served through the siege of Petersburg, and was mustered out at the expiration of his term, in March, 1865, having been brevetted, in the meantime, Lieutenant-Colonel and Colonel. On retiring from the army he engaged in an active business life in Harrisburg. In 1872 he was elected Sheriff of Dauphin county, which position he now fills.

JAMES GETTYS ELDER, Colonel of the One Hundred and Twenty-sixth regiment, was born on the 13th of February, 1822, in Franklin county, Pennsylvania. He was the son of James and Rachel (McAfee) Elder. He received a common school education, and learned the trade of a saddler, but engaged in mercantile pursuits. For a period of twenty years he served in the militia, holding the ranks of Captain, Major, and Brigade Inspector. He served as Captain in the Second regiment for three months' service. He was afterwards active in forming the One Hundred and Twenty-sixth regiment for nine months, of which he was commissioned Colonel. He first led his command into battle on the disastrous field of Fredericksburg—doubly disastrous to Colonel Elder. He was in Tyler's brigade of Humphrey's division which was led against Marye's Heights, at a point where the rebel line was impregnable, and against which the Union forces dashed in fiery waves. In one of these Colonel Elder led his command, and when the storm of battle was at its height was struck by two musket balls in the thigh, inflicting dangerous and ghastly wounds. He was carried from the field and his wounds dressed; but for many months was unable to move, and when, after great suffering, he came forth from the hospital where his life had been in peril he came with one limb permanently shortened. Previous to the war Colonel Elder had served as a justice of the peace, and after its close he was elected Treasurer of Franklin county. He has richly earned the title of a defender of his country.

JAMES F. WEAVER, Colonel of the One Hundred and Forty-eighth regiment, was born on the 6th of November, 1830, near Bellefonte. He was the son of John and Elizabeth (Poorman) Weaver. He received a common school education, and at the age of seventeen was apprenticed to the business of printing, and became editor of the *Centre Democrat.* He was married in December, 1851, to Miss Mary M. Hall, daughter of T. M. Hall, of Milesburg. He displayed untiring zeal in recruiting troops for the One Hundred and Forty-eighth regiment, and was commissioned Captain of Company B. He participated in the battles of Chancellorsville, Po River, Spottsylvania, and in the actions before Petersburg. He was struck by a fragment of shell at the Po, but not disabled. For his conduct at Ream's Station he was complimented upon the field by General Miles, commander of the division. He received the successive promotions of Major, Lieutenant-Colonel, and Colonel. He commanded the regiment in the final campaign, and returned with it to be mustered out of service. In person he is six feet in height, slender but erect, and of manners affable and courteous.

PETER HOLLINGSHEAD ALLABACH, Colonel of the One Hundred and Thirty-first regiment, was born on the 9th of September, 1824, in Luzerne county, Pennsylvania. He was the son of Peter and Elizabeth (Van Camp) Allabach. At the age of fifteen he was apprenticed to a millwright, where he remained three years. On the 25th of November, 1844, he enlisted as a private in the regular army, serving in the Third infantry. In July, 1845, he went to Texas under General Taylor, and in the war with Mexico took part in the battles of Palo Alto, Resaca de la Palma, Monterey, Vera Cruz, Cerro Gordo, Contreras, Cherubusco, Chapultepec, Garita de Belen, and street fights in the city of Mexico. He displayed great gallantry at Cherubusco, placing the flag of his regiment on the ramparts, for which he was recommended for promotion. In 1849, after a service of five years, he left the army. In 1851 he was married to Miss N. Gertrude Blanchard.

When the One Hundred and Thirty-first regiment was formed, he was appointed Colonel. The five years of service in the regular army now proved of signal benefit, and when his regiment reached the field he was placed in command of a brigade, which he continued to exercise until the expiration of the nine months for which his regiment was enlisted. At Fredericksburg, he took the lead of his brigade in the charge on Marye's Heights, where the earth was slippery with patriot blood. But he was unable to effect more than those who had gone before, and was recalled to give place to other victims. The heroism of his troops was tested, as it has rarely been in the history of warfare, and they were not found wanting. At Chancellorsville, his brigade met the enemy in his first advance on the 1st of May, and again on the 3d, when the army was struggling to gather up its strength after the fatal blow of Stonewall Jackson. The fighting was desperate, and it was only by the most determined courage that the army was saved from destruction and brought behind a new fortified line. When the term of the regiment had expired, he was mustered out of service and returned to private life.

DAVID B. McCREARY, Colonel of the One Hundred and Forty-fifth regiment and Brevet Brigadier-General, was born in Erie county, Pennsylvania, on the 27th of February, 1826. He was of Scotch-Irish extraction, his ancestors having originally settled in Lancaster and Dauphin counties, whence his parents removed to the place of his birth early in the present century.

He was educated at Washington College. Like many other soldiers who attained distinction in the late war, he passed his novitiate in the Wayne Guards, under command of John W. McLane, and when that sterling officer recruited the Erie regiment for three months McCreary served with him as a Lieutenant. In the raising of the One Hundred and Forty-fifth he labored assiduously, and was elected Captain of Company D, and afterwards Lieutenant-Colonel. He reached the front just as the two armies were joining battle on the field of Antietam, and was under fire. He participated in the battles of Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville, Mine Run, Cold Harbor, and Petersburg. At Fredericksburg the slaughter was terrible. At Petersburg, on the 16th of June, 1864, his brigade made a daring charge over open ground upon an enemy well intrenched. The movement was heroically executed, but it proved vain, and while endeavoring to establish a line the force was flanked and the entire body, including Colonel McCreary, who was in command of the regiment, fell into the enemy's hands. For a period of ten months he had experience of Libby, Macon, Charleston, and Columbia. Upon his release the war was well nigh at an end, and he was mustered out with his regiment. He was commissioned Colonel, and was brevetted Colonel and Brigadier-General by the President. Upon his return to private life he resumed the practice of law, which he had abandoned on going to the field. General McCreary was a member of the Legislature of Pennsylvania at the sessions of 1866, 1867, and 1870, where he took high rank as a debater and working member, and was Adjutant-General of the State under Governor Geary in 1867–'68, and 1869.

JAMES A. GALLIGHER, Colonel of the Thirteenth cavalry, was born in Philadelphia, on the 4th of April, 1814. His father, Philip Galligher, was a native of Belfast, Ireland. He was educated at Gettysburg, but in his youthful exuberance of spirits cared more for equestrian exercise than the abstruse principles of science. He finally became an instructor of horsemanship and sword practice. He was active in recruiting at the opening of the war and became Colonel of the Thirteenth cavalry. He was ordered to duty at Point of Rocks, and while scouting in that vicinity his troops brought in a Captain Jones, of the British army, who had upon his person photographs of all the fortifications in and about Richmond, and of over a hundred rebel ladies and army officers. In the campaign in the Shenandoah Valley under General Milroy, Colonel Galligher was ceaselessly employed against the irregular bands of Moseby and White, who, by their complete acquaintance with the country and having the population in their interest, were able to do great injury to the Union forces. In a charge upon the enemy at Fisher's Hill he was thrown from his horse and received internal injuries which eventually compelled him to withdraw from the service. He was subsequently appointed Assistant Assessor of Internal Revenue for the Fifth District of Pennsylvania. Colonel Galligher was by natural taste and inclination a soldier. His regiment was kept in excellent condition, for which he was especially complimented by his superior officers.

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN WINGER, Lieutenant-Colonel of the Second artillery, was born in Lancaster county, on the 27th of November, 1835. He was the son of Joseph and Esther (Buckwalter) Winger. He was ambitious for a military education, and, failing in an application to the member of Congress from his district, he sought the appointment at large to West Point from Jefferson Davis, then Secretary of War, but without success. He served as Captain in the militia and aid to the General of division. He was married on the 20th of May, 1857, to Miss Susan J. Duffield. In August, 1862, he was commissioned a First Lieutenant in the Second artillery, and in that capacity served in the defences of Washington until detailed on duty as Assistant Inspector-General in the defences north of the Potomac. In the summer of 1864, this regiment, which numbered over 4000 men, was organized as two infantry regiments and sent to the front. Lieutenant Winger was commissioned Captain of Company B, of the new regiment, but declined this honor, preferring to remain with his old company. For fifty-five days his command was kept in the trenches. In one instance he was ordered by General Ames to advance between the hostile lines, where several officers while examining the picket posts had been captured, and lay an abatis for their protection. This he promptly undertook and accomplished without loss, and without even drawing the fire of the foe. At another time he was ordered to occupy an old picket line on the Petersburg front, and was compelled to advance directly over the breastworks in the face of a storm of bullets. Calling for volunteers, he effected his purpose with small loss, the new line being permanently held and strengthened. In September, the remnants of the two regiments were reunited, and in January following Captain Winger was promoted to Major. In May, to Lieutenant-Colonel of the combined regiments. After the close of the war he resumed mercantile pursuits, for which he had early manifested aptitude. At the end of two years he was elected a member of the Pennsylvania Legislature, for the counties of Franklin and Perry, and at the conclusion of his term commenced the study of law in the office of Judge Rowe, which he now practises at the courts of Franklin county.

RICHARD BIDDLE ROBERTS, Colonel of the First Reserve regiment, was born at Pittsburg, August 25th, 1825. He was the son of Edward J. and Eliza (Campbell) Roberts. He received a liberal education, and showed an aptness for the profession of law, upon the practice of which he early entered. When hostilities opened he lost no time in volunteering, and aided in raising the Twelfth regiment, in which he was commissioned Captain, but was soon after promoted to the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel on the staff of Governor Curtin.

Upon the formation of the celebrated Reserve corps, he was commissioned Colonel of its First regiment. In the opening engagement of the Seven Days' battle on the Peninsula, five companies of this regiment were the first to be attacked; but, from the sheltered position which they finally assumed behind Beaver Dam Creek and from which the united regiment fought, little loss was experienced, though the enemy was terribly scourged. At Gaines' Mill, on the following day, Colonel Roberts fought under the eye of General Porter, in chief command upon the field, and won his approval by the gallantry and steadiness with which every order was executed.

The army of the Potomac was never in more imminent danger of rout and destruction than at Charles City Cross Roads on the 30th of July, 1862. The Reserves, thirteen regiments of infantry, were drawn up in two lines across the New Market road, covering the Charles City and Quaker roads. The flanks not connecting immediately with other troops were exposed, and when the attack was pressed suffered severely; but the valor of the Reserves was successful in breaking the force in their front until nightfall, when the battle ceased and the foe retired from the contest, abandoning his cherished purpose of severing the Union army and beating it in detail. General McCall, who commanded the Reserves, says in his official report: "Cooper's and Kern's batteries, in front of the centre, were boldly charged upon, each time a regiment dashing up to within forty or fifty yards. They were then hurled back by a storm of canister and the deliberate fire of the First regiment, Colonel Roberts, whom I had placed immediately in the rear of Kern's, and the Ninth, Colonel Jackson, in the rear of Cooper's. The contest was severe and put the steadiness of these regiments to the test; both suffered heavy loss, but particularly the First regiment, whose gallant Lieutenant-Colonel (McIntire) was severely wounded."

Not less gallant was the conduct of Colonel Roberts at South Mountain. The Reserves were the first to come up to Turner's Gap, where the rebel troops were strongly posted in the fastnesses of this great natural barrier. Far down on the breast of the mountain was a stone wall behind which was the rebel skirmish line. Against this Colonel Roberts led his men with unflinching bravery. The fire was severe; but undaunted he pushed forward, and, scaling the rugged breastwork and following up the advantage, wavered not until rock and steep acclivity were passed and the enemy driven from his well-chosen position.

At the close of this campaign Governor Curtin called Colonel Roberts again to his assistance. His executive and legal ability, with his knowledge of the special duties of the position, fitted him to decide the delicate questions involved in granting promotions with rare tact. To this call he acceded, and, having been discharged at the Governor's request, at once resumed its duties. By the report of his department for the year 1864 it appears that four thousand commissions were issued upon orders from his office. When it is remembered that for almost every one of these were several applicants, and that all the testimony in each case had to be considered, weighed and acted on, some idea can be formed of the amount of patient labor involved. Thirty thousand commissions had been issued previous to the year 1864. Before the opening of the Rebellion Colonel Roberts had held the office of Clerk to the United States District Court for Allegheny County from 1853 to 1856, and United States Attorney for the Western District of Pennsylvania from 1857 to 1861. He married in 1854 Miss Mary H. Anderson. In 1869 he removed from Pittsburg, where, after the close of the war, he had resumed the practice of his profession, to Chicago, where he now resides.

CHARLES HENRY BUEHLER, Colonel of the One Hundred and Sixty-fifth regiment, was born at Gettysburg, on the 9th of February, 1825. He was the son of Samuel H. and Catharine (Doenner) Buehler. He was educated in the Pennsylvania College at Gettysburg, and afterwards learned the business of printing in the office of the Gettysburg *Sentinel*. He subsequently became one of the editors and proprietors of the Gettysburg *Star*. For a number of years he was Captain of the Independent Blues, a volunteer company, and at the breaking out of the war was a Brigadier-General of the State militia. He promptly tendered the services of his company and was ordered into camp at York. He served with Patterson during the three months' campaign in the Shenandoah Valley. At its conclusion he was chosen Major of the Eighty-seventh. He was at first posted on the Northern Central Railway, and subsequently was sent into West Virginia, where he acted in the columns of Kelly and Milroy. After a service of one year and three months he resigned to accept promotion to Colonel of the One Hundred and Sixty-fifth, to which he had been unanimously elected, and which was composed largely of men from his native town. With his command he participated actively under General Peck in the defence of Suffolk. He was selected by General Foster to head a force consisting of his own, the One Hundred and Sixty-sixth Pennsylvania, the Sixth Massachusetts, and a section of Neil's battery, ordered to make a sortie on the Sommerton road on the 24th of April, 1863, while General Corcoran with a more powerful body should attack the enemy on the Edenton road. Colonel Buehler advanced about two miles, and having made his dispositions opened fire, feeling the enemy's intrenched position and making a strong demonstration. During the entire afternoon, and until recalled in the evening, he held the enemy at bay, and when he retired brought in all his killed and wounded. The siege was pushed by Longstreet with great energy and persistence for nearly a month, but he was foiled in all his attempts to carry the place and was finally compelled to retire. At the end of nine months, for which his regiment was called, he was mustered out. He is six feet and two inches in height and well proportioned. He is eminently social and personally popular. He was married in May, 1860, to Miss Annie Fœhnestock, of York. He has held the office of Chief Burgess of Gettysburg, and is much respected and esteemed as a citizen.

CHARLES C. CRESSON, Colonel of the Seventy-third regiment, was born on the 24th of February, 1845, in Philadelphia. He was the son of John B. and Amanda (Webb) Cresson, natives of that city through a remote ancestry. He was barely sixteen when the war broke out, and though his collegiate education was but partially completed, volunteered as Second Lieutenant in the Sixty-sixth regiment. After an existence of eight months, during which it was in the army of General Banks, not having the minimum strength it was disbanded, and the company to which Lieutenant Cresson was attached was assigned to the Seventy-third.

In the battle of Bull Run he was wounded in the right arm. Colonel Koltes, who led the regiment, was in the act of complimenting the Lieutenant for gallant conduct in taking an intrenched battery, and was but a few feet off when he was struck by a shell and instantly killed. After the battle, Lieutenant Cresson was promoted to Captain of his company, being the youngest commissioned officer in the service. At Chancellorsville his regiment was in the Eleventh corps, Buschbeck's brigade, the only one which offered anything like a well-regulated defence. Captain Cresson was here severely wounded in the left side. He was sufficiently recovered to again lead at Gettysburg, his regiment covering the First and Eleventh corps in their retreat through the town, on the evening of the first day, having been posted in the houses and behind stone walls near the junction of the Emmittsburg with the Baltimore pike, and holding the approaches to Steinwehr's guns. In the formation for the second day, the regiment was put into position on Cemetery Hill on that part of the field where the line crossed the Taneytown road.

Soon after this battle Captain Cresson went with his corps to reinforce the Western Army at Chattanooga, and on the 1st of January, 1864, was promoted to the rank of Major. In the remarkable campaign of Sherman in his advance upon Atlanta, and in the no less noted March to the Sea, Major Cresson commanded his regiment, nearly all its field and line officers and many of its men having been captured in the assault upon Tunnel Hill on the extreme left of the line in the battle of Missionary Ridge. At Pine Knob he was wounded in the right shoulder, but kept the field. At Kenesaw Mountain he especially distinguished himself by the determined manner in which he held his position, when hard pressed by the foe. Resaca and Atlanta were no less disastrous to his command, and in each he rendered the most soldierly service. He was mentioned in general orders for perseverance and bravery in front of Savannah, while commanding a post of observation at Hutchinson's Island. Near the close of the year he was promoted to Lieutenant-Colonel, and on the 1st of May, 1865, to Colonel, the lack of numbers in his regiment and the fact that the officers holding these positions were still in captivity preventing the promotions sooner, though he had long performed the duties. At the conclusion of the war he was appointed a Second Lieutenant, afterwards promoted to First Lieutenant and Brevet Major, in the regular service. Few officers in all the great army of the Union entered it so young, and won their way by steady promotion to the highest rank known to the regiment, as did Colonel Cresson. At sixteen he commenced his career a Sergeant. At twenty, a bronzed veteran, he left it a Colonel, having exercised its functions in three of the most famous campaigns of the war. In the exciting operations against the Modocs among the lava beds of California in the spring of 1873, he participated with his company, coming often to close quarters with the treacherous savages, having several of his men killed and wounded, and finally sharing in the satisfaction of seeing Captain Jack and all his tribe, the murderers of Canby and Thomas, captives at his feet.

HENRY B. McKEAN, Lieutenant-Colonel of the Sixth Reserve regiment, was born on the 13th of September, 1831, in Troy, Bradford county, Pennsylvania. At the outbreak of the Rebellion he enlisted with two companies recruited at Towanda for the three months' service; but finding, on reaching Harrisburg, that more troops had been accepted than were needed, they were placed in camp and organized as a part of the Sixth Reserve, of which he was made Adjutant. At Dranesville this regiment had the centre of the line of battle, and here Adjutant McKean distinguished himself for his daring. Before its departure for the Peninsula he was promoted to Lieutenant-Colonel, which position he held in the Seven Days' battle, and in Pope's and the Maryland campaigns. At South Mountain his regiment had the right of the line, and charged up the rugged declivity with complete success, flanking the enemy and putting him to rout. Not less determined was its conduct at Antietam, where, on the afternoon of the 16th of September, 1862, the Reserves opened the battle, and maintained their ground through the night, renewing the contest in the morning, and holding the foe at bay until ordered back. On account of severe and protracted illness he resigned on the 25th of November, 1862. Upon the invasion of the State in 1863, he raised a company for its defence, and was commissioned Colonel of the Thirty-fifth militia, which he commanded during the period of its service. Since his return to private life he has practised the profession of law at Towanda.

DAVID McCONAUGHY ARMOR, Lieutenant-Colonel of the One Hundred and First regiment, was born at Gettysburg, on the 2d of March, 1832. He was the son of George and Sarah (Gillespie) Armor. He was educated at the Pennsylvania College at Gettysburg. In youth he was employed as a clerk in a store. In July, 1861, he was commissioned Captain of a company in the One Hundred and First regiment, which he led throughout the entire Peninsula campaign. He was in the midst of the hard fighting at Fair Oaks, and at its close was promoted, for "great gallantry and efficiency," to Major and three months later to Lieutenant-Colonel. After leaving the Peninsula his command was sent to North Carolina, where he participated in the battle of Kinston. His health from the outset had not been firm, and he was finally compelled to resign, which he did on the 2d of May, 1863. Colonel Armor had three brothers in the army: William C., who served in the Twenty-eighth, and upon the staff of General Geary; the other two in the One Hundred and First, James C. expiring of typhoid fever at Roanoke Island, North Carolina.

JACOB G. FRICK, Colonel of the One Hundred and Twenty-ninth regiment, was born on the 23d of January, 1825, at Northumberland. He was the son of John and Elizabeth (Gotshall) Frick. In the Mexican War he served as Second Lieutenant in the Third Ohio volunteers, and at its close was promoted by President Polk to Second Lieutenant in the Eleventh infantry. When the war of rebellion opened he was made Lieutenant-Colonel of the Ninety-sixth, and with that body participated in the battles of West Point, Gaines' Mill, Charles City Cross Roads, Malvern Hill, and Bull Run. Shortly afterwards he resigned to accept the position of Colonel of the One Hundred and Twenty-ninth regiment, one of the nine months' organizations. At the battle of Fredericksburg Colonel Frick led his command boldly forward, up to the very ramparts where the enemy, secure in his intrenchments, poured a merciless fire upon him. General Tyler, who commanded the brigade, says in his report: "These officers discharged their duties creditably and satisfactorily, their voices being frequently heard above the din of battle, urging on their men against the terrible shower of shot and shell, and the terrific musketry as we approached the stone wall. Of their conduct I cannot speak too highly."

At Chancellorsville, on the morning of the 3d of May, Colonel

Frick was brought into action on the ground where the heaviest fighting occurred. After holding his position against superior numbers until many of his men had fallen, he fell back, in obedience to orders, behind the artillery which had been brought up and was ready to open. Colonel Frick was of the rear guard in this retrograde movement, and so close did the enemy press upon him that there was hand-to-hand fighting in the wood through which they retired, some of his men falling into the enemy's hands. "No man," says Tyler, "ever saw cooler work on field drill than was done by this regiment. Their firing was grand, by rank, by company and by wing, in perfect order." The term of the regiment expired soon after this battle, and with it Colonel Frick was mustered out of service. He has since been extensively engaged in the manufacture of wire coal screens, at Pottsville. He was twice married; in 1850 to Miss Catharine Schuyler, and in 1865 to Miss Priscilla H. McGinness. In person he is of Saul-like stature, being six feet two inches in height and well proportioned.

DAVID MILES, Colonel of the Seventy-ninth regiment, was born on the 26th of November, 1831, at Chambersburg. He was the son of William and Mary E. (Doessher) Miles. At the age of fifteen he was apprenticed to a tinsmith, and at seventeen joined a militia company, in which he served until the opening of the Rebellion. He was married in 1851 to Miss Mary E. Huffnagle. He served as Orderly Sergeant of Company F, First regiment, for the short term, and upon the organization of the Seventy-ninth for three years was commissioned Captain of Company B. In the battle of Perryville, Starkweather's brigade is credited with having saved the day in a most critical part of the battle. The loss in the Seventy-ninth was thirty-seven killed and one hundred and forty-nine wounded. After this battle, Captain Miles was promoted to the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel. At Chickamauga, near the close of the first day, after having led his regiment with dauntless bravery, he was taken prisoner, and for eleven months was confined in loathsome rebel dens, first at Libby, and afterwards at Charleston under the fire of the Union guns. After his release he rejoined his regiment, at that time advancing with Sherman through Georgia. At the battle of Bentonville, one of the last of the war, Colonel Miles led a brigade which sustained great loss, and himself was severely wounded. He was especially commended for his gallantry by General Carlin, leader of the division. He was mustered out of service with his regiment on the 12th of July, 1865.

Henry Gore Elder, Brevet Lieutenant-Colonel of the One Hundred and Forty-second regiment, was born on the 13th of June, 1842, in Somerset county, Pennsylvania. He was the son of Clifford and Rosanna (Benford) Elder. He was educated in the Philadelphia Central High School, and at the Polytechnic College. On the 27th of August, 1862, he was commissioned First Lieutenant of Company C, One Hundred and Forty-second regiment. In the battles of Fredericksburg, Salem Heights, Wilderness, Spottsylvania, North Anna, Bethesda Church, Cold Harbor, Petersburg, Weldon Railroad, and Hatcher's Run he bore an honorable part. In the stirring battle of Five Forks he received a painful wound but kept the field. He had two horses shot under him during the final campaign, and was promoted to Major and Brevet Lieutenant-Colonel for gallantry.

Edward Roscoe Bowen, Colonel of the One Hundred and Fourteenth regiment, was born on the 16th of October, 1839, in Philadelphia. He was the son of William E. and Elizabeth (Kirtley) Bowen. At the age of seventeen he entered upon mercantile employment.

In April, 1861, he volunteered as a private in the Commonwealth Artillery, and served in the three months' campaign at Fort Delaware. At the expiration of his term he was appointed Second Lieutenant in the Seventy-fifth regiment, Colonel Bohlen, where he served for one year, and was then transferred and received the appointment of Captain of Company B in the One Hundred and Fourteenth. He was wounded at Chancellorsville in the shoulder. Shortly after the opening of the fight on Sickles' front on the second day in the battle of Gettysburg, Major Bowen, who had received promotion, succeeded to the command of the regiment, and when the corps, after contending with unexampled heroism, was forced to retire, led it back to the new line of battle, where it remained facing the foe until the close of the conflict. At Auburn, Locust Grove, Kelly's Ford, Wilderness, Spottsylvania, Cold Harbor, and the Petersburg front, he was with his regiment, and much of the time in command. With it he was mustered out at the close of its term of service.

JOHN EMORY PARSONS, Colonel of the One Hundred and Eighty-seventh regiment and Brevet Brigadier-General of Militia, was born on the 23d of December, 1837, on Duncan's Island, Dauphin county. He was the son of William and Catharine (Leibrick) Parsons. By the death of a kind father, before he had completed his fifth year, he was robbed of that guiding hand; but a devoted mother, possessed of great energy, by her moulding influence gave fortunate bent to his character. Soon after this bereavement the family removed to the little village of Halifax, on the Susquehanna, where he received a common school education. He early turned his attention to civil engineering, and was at successive periods associated with the corps engaged upon the lines of the Northern Central, and Philadelphia and Erie railroads. An incident occurred at this period which well illustrates his character. He had been employed for some time on the latter line, when he received notice at evening that on the following morning he was to take the place of the chief of the staff. Besides not having had any previous practice, he had grown forgetful of the principles. What was he to do? Should he acknowledge his weakness and decline the place? His pride was touched. Securing the necessary books, he sat up all night by the cabin fire in the deep forest where the work was progressing, and by morning had the subject so familiarized as to take the helm with a steady hand.

On the 30th of August, 1862, he entered the service of the United States as Adjutant of the One Hundred and Forty-ninth regiment, the first of the Bucktail brigade. Soon after reaching the field he was detailed to staff duty as Acting Assistant Adjutant-General, in which capacity he served in the battles of Chancellorsville, Gettysburg, Wilderness, Spottsylvania, Tolopotomy, and Bethesda Church. General Stone, on whose staff he was engaged, after mentioning him in commendatory terms, as a gentleman and a soldier, particularizes his qualifications as a disciplinarian, and his sagacity and self-possession in an engagement. As a marked illustration of the latter, he cites his conduct during the first day in the Wilderness, where, by his keen discernment amidst the wildest confusion consequent upon a surprise of the skirmishers, he saved the guns from inevitable capture.

On the 30th of June, 1864, President Lincoln appointed him Assistant Adjutant-General, with the rank of Captain, and he was assigned by the Secretary of War to a brigade of the Fifth corps. General H. G. Sickel, in whose command he acted, says: "I found in him a gentleman of fine attainments, including extensive military knowledge, and of excellent executive ability, enjoying the confidence and respect of all with whom he had official intercourse. Among the acts most worthy of notice is that at Poplar Spring Church, or Peebles' Farm. While our brigade was forming for a charge upon the enemy's fortifications, one of the regimental commanders misunderstood the order, and filed his regiment into a piece of wood in the rear, and there remained, leaving our left unprotected. When the right of the line reached the enemy's works, I found our flanks exposed and threatened by the enemy's infantry, and a disaster might have been the result, but for the discerning sagacity of Captain Parsons, who galloped off through a storm of bullets, reformed the tardy regiment referred to, and directing the charge in person, routed the enemy, and the result was a complete victory for the Union arms. His conduct at the battle of Hatcher's Run, and upon other occasions, was equally commendable, though not so marked." General Chamberlain, late Governor of Maine, says: "I recommended him for appointment as Adjutant-General of my brigade on the ground of his soldierly bearing and acquaintance with his duties. He recommended himself much to me by his fidelity and strictness of discipline."

On the 27th of January, 1865, he was commissioned Lieutenant-Colonel of the One Hundred and Eighty-seventh, and subsequently Colonel, in which capacity he served till the close of the war, when he retired to his home in Halifax, and was for two terms elected a member of the House of Representatives of Pennsylvania. He was appointed by Governor Geary upon his staff, with the rank of Brevet Brigadier-General. He is at present Cashier of the Real Estate Savings Bank of Harrisburg. In person he is above the medium height, well proportioned, and of a fair complexion, indicative of health. In manners he is peculiarly courteous and affable. He was married on the 9th of October, 1873, to Miss Georgianna, youngest daughter of Benjamin Parke, LL.D., of Parke Vale, Susquehanna county.

ROBERT C. COX, Colonel of the Two Hundred and Eighth regiment and Brevet Brigadier-General, was born on the 18th of November, 1823, in Lycoming county, Pennsylvania. He was the son of William and Hannah (Courson) Cox, both of German descent. His earliest impressions of life were amid rustic scenes, and he received his education in the common schools. For a period of seven years he served in a company of volunteer cavalry, and was for six years Brigade Inspector of militia. He was married in April, 1846, to Miss Lydia A. Wheeland. He entered active service in April, 1861. In November, 1862, he was commissioned Major of the One Hundred and Seventy-first militia, and was in the affairs at Blunt's Creek and Jacksonville, North Carolina, in February, 1863, and New Hope School House in March. Returning home he devoted himself to recruiting a volunteer regiment, of which he was made Colonel. This he led to the field, which was for a time stationed on the investing line before Petersburg, occupied by the Army of the James, but was subsequently incorporated with the Ninth corps, Hartranft's division. When the enemy, at dawn on the 25th of March, 1865, captured Fort Steadman, Colonel Cox had his regiment promptly under arms and joined in the assault for its recovery. With four companies, which he led in person, Colonel Cox dashed on, disregarding the enemy's fire, and was himself among the foremost to reach the hostile lines and rescue them from the invader's grasp.

But even more courageous and daring was his conduct in storming and capturing the rebel works on the 2d of April, when

Petersburg after a siege of nine months finally yielded to Union valor. At two o'clock on the morning of that day his camp was alive, and at a little after three he led his regiment out and formed it for the assault, just in front of Fort Sedgwick, popularly known as Fort Hell, the left resting on the Jerusalem plank road. Opposite was the rebel Fort Mahone, with the equally suggestive title of Fort Damnation. The works were of exceeding strength. A double line of *chevaux-de-frise*, a well-strengthened picket line, a ditch and a strong main work had to be encountered in front, while to right and left were forts and angles, whence a devastating cross fire of artillery could sweep the ground which an attacking force would pass. In breathless silence the moment was awaited by this devoted regiment when the trial of fortitude should come. Scarcely was so desperate a work attempted in the whole progress of the siege, or during the war, and it was only equalled in temerity by the charge of Pickett's division at Gettysburg. Finally the rocket, which was to be the signal, shot up into the heavens, and General Hartranft gave the order to go. Colonel Cox did not assign to subordinates the duty of conducting the movement; but dismounted, with drawn sword, took his place in the front rank and cried, "Come, boys, let us do or die!" The enemy's artillery had for some time been in full play, and the booming of the cannon, the screaming and bursting of the shells and the almost hopeless work before them were enough to fill the heart with dismay; but when the order came and the call of the leader was heard, not a soldier faltered. As they went forward men fell at every step, and all the ground over which they advanced was strewn with the dead and the dying. The axemen severed the links which bound the *chevaux-de-frise*, and it was rapidly opened; but time was consumed, every second of which was costing precious lives. From the neck of Colonel Cox bullets cut the hair, and his coat was riddled; but he remained unscathed, almost miraculously preserved, and pressing on led the survivors over the enemy's works, clearing the way at the point of the bayonet and planting his flag upon the wall of the hostile line. Such an exhibition of bravery and so complete a triumph it has rarely been the lot of a soldier to know. His gallantry was not long without reward, for the President had no sooner heard the joyful tale than he conferred upon him the rank of Brigadier-General by brevet. In his own official report he says: "Officers and men fell on every side. My color sergeant, George J. Horning, was shot down, pierced with seven balls, and three of the color guard fell by his side." General Matthews, who was at the head of the brigade, says: "To Colonel R. C. Cox, who commanded the leading regiment, I owe the entire success that attended the charge. Foremost among those who scaled the enemy's works, cheering his men by his courage, preparing them to meet the many charges of the enemy to retake the lines, he is deserving of the highest praise." Thirty-seven of his men were killed, one hundred and forty wounded, and eight missing. The foe repeatedly essayed to regain their works, but were as often hurled back. When the enemy found the city no longer tenable, he fled in confusion. Pursuit was promptly ordered, and a week later the entire rebel army laid down its arms at Appomattox Court House. Since the war General Cox has filled several offices of honor and responsibility, having been a justice of the peace, school director, and Treasurer of Tioga county. On the 2d of April, 1865, he was commissioned by Governor Geary Major-General of the Thirteenth division of the National Guards.

HENRY SHIPPEN HUIDEKOPER, Colonel of the One Hundred and Fiftieth regiment and Major-General of the National Guard, was born on the 17th of July, 1839, at Meadville. He was the eldest son of Edgar Huidekoper, and a grandson of H. J. Huidekoper, a native of Holland, one of the early settlers in the northwestern part of the State. His mother, Frances (Shippen) Huidekoper, was a daughter of Henry Shippen, formerly President Judge of the sixth judicial district. He early manifested a taste for mechanism, and those sports and occupations common to country life. He was educated at Harvard University, graduating in the class of 1862. The war had aroused a martial spirit even beneath the peaceful shades of the university, and before leaving it, he had given considerable time to the study of tactics and to battalion drill.

On returning to his home he found operations in progress for the formation of the Bucktail brigade, and immediately embarked in the enterprise. On the 30th of August, 1862, he was commissioned a Captain in the One Hundred and Fiftieth regiment, and was soon afterwards made Lieutenant-Colonel. Most of the winter was spent in the city of Washington, where he served on a general court-martial. Early in the spring this brigade was incorporated in the First corps. The campaign of Chancellorsville involved much hard marching in its preliminary stages, and anxious reconnoissance, but little severe fighting on the part of this corps. The march to Gettysburg followed close upon the retirement from this field, and here Colonel Huidekoper fought his first and his last battle. But though confined to half of a single day it was such a baptism of fire as a soldier rarely receives in a long life of service. The regiment moved to its position, midway between Willoughby Run and Seminary Ridge, at noon on the first day of the battle. Earnest fighting soon commenced, the open ground where the regiment stood being raked by the enemy's artillery. When shot and shell failed to move it, rebel infantry advanced to the attack, and from right and front bore down upon it with overwhelming force. The troops which stood next it, Wadsworth's, yielded and retired to the wooded heights in rear. But the men who wore the bucktail, though more exposed than any other part of the line, remained immovable as the rock against which the billows unavailing beat! "I relied greatly on Stone's brigade," says Doubleday, "to hold the post assigned them, as I soon saw I would be obliged to change front with a portion of my line, to face the northwest, and his brigade held the pivot of the movement. My confidence in this noble body of men was not misplaced. They repulsed the repeated attacks of vastly superior numbers at close quarters, and maintained their position until the final retreat of the whole line. This brigade in common with almost every regiment in the Third division was composed of Pennsylvanians, who were actuated by a heroic desire to avenge the invasion of their native State."

The storm had not been long raging before Colonel Stone was shot, and Colonel Wister, of the One Hundred and Fiftieth, succeeded him. This threw the whole responsibility of directing the regiment upon Lieutenant-Colonel Huidekoper at a most critical stage of the battle. The enemy was just then coming down upon it with overwhelming force. "The rebels now advanced," says General Doubleday, "from the northwest to flank the two regiments in the road, but the One Hundred and Fiftieth, under Lieutenant-Colonel Huidekoper, changed front forward, and met the enemy precisely as Dwight had met them, with two volleys of musketry and a gallant bayonet charge, led by Colonel Wister in person. This dispersed them. Another desperate onslaught came from the north, passed the railroad cut, and almost reached the road, only, however, to encounter another defeat from the irresistible bayonets of our men. The next attack came from the west, but was again repulsed by the indomitable One Hundred and Fiftieth regiment. . . . Just previous to this the brave and resolute Lieutenant-Colonel Huidekoper had faced four companies to contend with the opposing forces from the west, while six companies kept off an entire brigade from the north. . . . Every regiment of Stone's brigade changed front forward, and two changed front to rear, while closely engaged. The most eminent military writers regard the first movement as difficult, and the last as almost impossible to execute under fire." In the midst of these intricate manœuvres, and while battling with a lion-hearted determination, Colonel Huidekoper received a wound in the leg and another severe one in the right arm. Not long after the remnants of this gallant brigade were forced to yield, and when the enemy, pushing eagerly forward, gained possession of the field, Colonel Huidekoper was insensible upon the operator's table. He woke to find himself a prisoner, and that good right arm no longer his.

When the battle was over and the echoes of the great conflict had died away, Colonel Huidekoper, with thousands of the Union wounded left upon the field, came again under the old flag. He was taken to Philadelphia, where he was cared for by kind friends, and his wounds soon healed. He returned to the field, and in February, 1864, was promoted to Colonel; but on the 5th of March following, feeling himself incapacitated for field duty, resigned. That heroic soldier, General Doubleday, under whose eye he fought, in a communication to the War Department, said: "There is not a more gallant officer or more perfect gentleman in the Army of the Potomac than Colonel Huidekoper, and when the history of the war is written no harder fighting will be recorded than that of the One Hundred and Fiftieth regiment Pennsylvania volunteers during the first day at Gettysburg."

Colonel Huidekoper was married on the 26th of October, 1864, to Miss Emma Gertrude, daughter of Thomas W. Evans, of Germantown, Philadelphia. In person he is five feet eight inches in height, compactly built, and of an erect and determined mien. Since the war he has devoted himself extensively to the manufacture of woollen cloths, in which he has achieved great success. When the National Guard of Pennsylvania was organized he was selected by Governor Geary to command the Twentieth division, as Major-General, which position he still holds, his being notably one of the best drilled and most efficient divisions in the entire corps.

JACOB MILLER CAMPBELL, son ot John and Mary (Weyand) Campbell, was born near the summit of the Allegheny mountains, in Somerset county, on the 20th of November, 1821. He learned the trade of a printer, but being fond of adventure was successively clerk, mate, and part owner of a steamboat running on the Mississippi. He was the first at Camp Curtin with his company for three months, during which he was Quartermaster of the Third regiment. He was made Colonel of the Fifty-fourth, with which he served over three years in West Virginia along the line of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, and in the Shenandoah Valley. The duty was hazardous and put the metal of the troops to a constant strain, as the hour could not be divined when a superior force would come down upon them. Skirmishing and hard fighting were frequent, and he was engaged in several severe battles, among which were New Market, Piedmont, Lynchburg, Winchester, and Cedar Creek where he was wounded. He was much of the time in command of a brigade, and occasionally of a division, and was recommended for a Brigadier's commission. It was long delayed, but finally granted for his gallantry at Piedmont in June, 1864. He was for two terms Surveyor-General of Pennsylvania. He was married in 1847 to Miss Mary Rankin Campbell.

Horatio Gates Sickel, Colonel of the Third Reserve regiment, Brevet Brigadier and Major-General, was born in Bucks county, Pennsylvania, on the 3d of April, 1817. His paternal ancestors were descended from an old Holland family, his maternal from English Quakers who came to this country with William Penn. For several generations both branches had been well-to-do farmers in the neighborhood of Philadelphia. His mother, Elizabeth (Vandergrift) Sickel, an intelligent and refined lady, died when he was but seven years old, and he afterwards found a home in the family of an elder sister, Mrs. Henry Kuhn, where he wrought upon a farm in summer and attended school in winter. At the age of eighteen, having a mechanical turn, he apprenticed himself to the business of smithing, reserving the right to three months attendance annually in the Friends' school at Byberry. On arriving at his majority, being possessed of a good business education and a small legacy from his grandfather Vandergrift's estate, he established himself in smithing and coachmaking at Quakertown. In 1842 he married Eliza, daughter of William Van Sant, of Northampton, and three years later removed to Philadelphia, where he engaged in manufacturing and mercantile business, which he prosecuted with success.

For more than twenty years previous to the Rebellion he had been an officer of the volunteer militia, commanding the Old Washington Grays of the Second, and the Mechanics' Rifles of the First Division. Among his earliest lessons was that of devotion to country. His eyes had first seen the light in the neighborhood of some of the most stirring exploits of Washington and the patriots of the Revolution. Familiar with the story of their trials and sufferings and imbued with the spirit which moved them, he rendered prompt obedience to the call for aid in the spring of 1861, and was unanimously elected Colonel of the Third Reserve, organized in the camp at Easton. His discipline was methodical and exact, and withal so mildly yet firmly enforced that it encountered little question or resistance. He exercised special care for the health, comfort, and well-being of his men, and while encouraging manly sports and diversions, discountenanced gaming and kindred vices. The social intercourse at his head-quarters was agreeable and elevated.

He went to the Peninsula just previous to the opening of the Seven Days' battle, and participated in the hottest part of the actions at Beaver Dam Creek, Gaines' Mill, and Charles City Cross Roads, having a horse shot under him in each of the last two engagements, and was honorably mentioned in the reports of Generals Meade and McCall. In the last battle General Meade was disabled; whereupon Colonel Sickel succeeded to the command of the brigade, which he continued to exercise until it reached Acquia Creek, on its way to join Pope. In the trying campaign which followed, he led his regiment, and though suffering from sunstroke in the battle of Bull Run, continued with his men to the last.

Recovering from a severe indisposition he rejoined the army at Sharpsburg, and moving down the Valley of Virginia acted with great gallantry in the memorable charge of the Reserves in the battle of Fredericksburg. Soon afterwards, upon the promotion of General Meade to the command of the Fifth Corps, Colonel Sickel succeeded to that of the Reserves, and in February, 1863, was placed over the defences of the city of Alexandria. In April, 1864, he was ordered to the command of a brigade, under General Crook, in West Virginia, and participated with distinction in the campaign from the valley of the Kanawha to Wyattsville and Doublin on the Virginia and Tennessee Railroad. On the 9th of May a heavy force of the enemy, under General Jenkins, was discovered posted near the summit of Cloyd Mountain in an apparently impregnable position. An assault was at once ordered. When arrived near the hostile works, Colonel Sickel, seeing that his men were exposed to a destructive fire, ordered two regiments to lie down and crawl stealthily forward. While the attention of the foe was attracted by these, he sent the balance of the brigade to the right. Proceeding under cover of the high ground their progress was not discovered until, with a wild shout, they burst like a whirlwind upon the rebel left flank, driving it in confusion and achieving a complete victory.

On the following day, General Crook, on account of sickness, turned over the entire command of the army to Colonel Sickel. The destruction of the depots and warehouses, with immense stores and military equipage, was promptly commenced. The railroad for a distance of six miles was utterly destroyed, the rails being twisted and the culverts blown up. Advancing eastward, at New River Bridge Sickel encountered the enemy under General McCausland, whom he defeated after an obstinate resistance, driving them over the bridge, an immense covered structure a mile and a half in length, which was totally destroyed. The army moved to Meadow Bluff, when the three years' term of service of the two Reserve regiments, which were of Sickel's brigade, expired. He was accordingly ordered to move with them to Philadelphia, where, on the 17th of June, they were mustered out. But Colonel Sickel was not the man to desert his country's armies in this her hour of need. He at once tendered his services to Governor Curtin, and was offered the command of a veteran regiment, but accepted instead that of one of the new ones just then being recruited by the Union League Association of Philadelphia, the One Hundred and Ninety-eighth.

On reaching the front it was placed in the First brigade, First division of the Fifth corps, and Sickel was given command of the brigade. He at once won distinction, leading with marked skill in the battle of Peebles' Farm and in the movements of the 1st, 2d and 3d days of October, being honored at their conclusion with the brevet rank of Brigadier-General. He was engaged in the demonstration upon the South Side Railroad, and on the 6th of December in the destruction of the Weldon Railroad. At Hatcher's Run, on the 6th of February, 1865, seeing the Second brigade hard pressed, he led his force to its support, and with sword in hand headed the charge which ended the struggle and brought victory to the Union arms. In the heat of the engagement he received a painful flesh wound. Fortunately it soon healed, and he returned to duty in time to take part in the action at Lewis' Farm or Quaker Road, one of the principal military achievements of his life. General Chamberlain, of Maine, since Governor, in referring to General Sickel's conduct, thus describes it: "His regiment greatly distinguished itself here, the gallantry of its charge being fully equalled by the fortitude with which it withstood a heavy and determined countercharge, and for more than an hour disputed the ground. . . . While all this was going on, General Sickel and his command were behaving in the most admirable manner. Though repeatedly forced to yield ground, he constantly rallied and fought so determinedly as to hold the enemy in check until we had restored the left, and being reinforced made one final and decisive assault. In the midst of this noble conduct General Sickel fell severely wounded; but his spirit still pervaded his men. This was a severe action, in which we pressed an assault for nearly two hours before being reinforced against Wise's and Wallace's brigades, supported by other troops of Johnson's and Anderson's commands. In the final assault we carried the ground, the enemy's dead and wounded falling into our hands, and we intrenching beyond the Boydton Plank Road, which was our objective point. We buried one hundred and thirty-five of the enemy's dead." In his official report of this action General Chamberlain said: "I cannot fail to speak of the unflinching fortitude and commanding courage of Brigadier-General Sickel, whose example and conduct made my presence needless on that part of the line, until he was borne from the field severely wounded." This was a fitting termination to his service; for long before his wound had healed the war had ended gloriously for the Union arms, and the legions of the Grand Army had come marching home. The Government was prompt in bestowing upon him the brevet rank of Major-General.

Not long after the close of his service, he was appointed by Governor Curtin Health Officer of the Port of Philadelphia. He was subsequently appointed Collector of Internal Revenue for the fourth district of Pennsylvania, and is at present United States Pension Agent for that city. He early took a deep interest in the public schools, was for several years a director and for two terms president of the fourteenth section. He has for a long period been a member of the Board of Health, President of the Philadelphia, Newtown and New York Railroad Company, and is intimately connected with the mining and banking interests of the State. In person he is above the medium height and of powerful frame, with dark brown hair and gray eyes. In society he is taciturn, but with the mien of one possessing decided opinions and reserved power. His high sense of honor and moral worth endear him to all.

CHAPTER XIII.

WILLIAM WOODS AVERELL, Colonel of the Third cavalry, Brigadier and Brevet Major-General, was born on the 5th of November, 1832, at Cameron, Steuben county, New York. He was the son of Hiram and Huldah (Hemmingway) Averell. His paternal grandfather, Ebenezer, was a soldier of the Revolution, and his great-grandfather, Solomon, one of the early settlers of Connecticut. He became a cadet at West Point in 1851, graduated in 1855, was made Brevet Second Lieutenant in a regiment of mounted riflemen, and sent to garrison Jefferson Barracks, Missouri. In 1856 he was transferred to the cavalry school at Carlisle, and in the following year was ordered upon the frontier in New Mexico. On the 7th of December, 1857, he had a brisk skirmish with a band of Kiowa Indians, near Fort Craig, routing and destroying them. In 1858 he went upon the Navajoe expedition, in which encounters were frequent, engaging at Chusca Valley with Kyatano's band, and at the Puerco of the West, where he was severely wounded, the savages attacking the camp at night.

When rebellion reared its threatening head, he was sent as bearer of despatches to Colonel Emory, at Fort Arbuckle, in the Indian Territory, performing a journey of 1800 miles in fourteen and a half days. During June and July of 1861 he was on mustering duty at Elmira, New York, and subsequently was Adjutant-General to General A. Porter, in the first Manassas campaign. On the 23d of August he was commissioned Colonel of the Third cavalry, and given command of a brigade posted in front of Washington. He led the advance of McClellan's army on Manassas in 1862, and was in active service throughout the Peninsula campaign, bearing a part in the operations at Yorktown, Williams-

[illegible]

Brevet Major General

burg, Fair Oaks, and Malvern Hill, and routed the rebel cavalry in a skirmish at Sycamore Church, on the 2d of August. He was prostrated by sickness, and was absent during the Second Bull Run and Maryland campaigns. Upon his return he was promoted to Brigadier-General. He went immediately to the upper Potomac, where he was employed in frequent skirmishing, and when the army advanced was hotly engaged along the passes of the Blue Ridge. During the winter of 1863 he had command of the Second division of cavalry.

Averell was a good disciplinarian, and troops under his command were rapidly transformed to real soldiers. In the spirit of banter, Fitz Hugh Lee, the rebel cavalry leader, who had been his companion at West Point, invited him to come over the river and visit him, and bring him a bag of coffee, a rare luxury in the rebel camp. Averell is one of those men to whom bold exploit is meat and drink. He at once determined to accept the invitation, and summoning to horse on the 17th of March, 1863, rode to Kelly's Ford, crossed the Potomac, attacked and won a decided victory over Lee and Stuart, tempering their appetites for the coffee which he had brought, and returned in good order, with only slight loss. This was the first considerable cavalry victory of the war. It sent to the heart of the North a thrill of joy. It disclosed what a skilful and bold leader could effect. "For gallant and meritorious services" in this battle, General Averell was brevetted Major in the regular army. When the Chancellorsville campaign opened he was charged with demonstrations upon the upper Potomac, and in the direction of Gordonsville. Heavy rains interfered with efficient action, and little was accomplished.

In the reorganization of the army which shortly after took place, Averell was sent to take command of the cavalry in West Virginia—a difficult country in which to operate, and intensely wearing to the troops. At Beverly on the 4th of July, 1863, at Hedgeville on the 19th, at Moorfield on the 7th of August, and at the Greenbrier White Sulphur Springs on the 26th, he led his mounted command in brisk actions. At Droop Mountain the enemy had intrenched upon the summit, and was well supplied with artillery, and here on the 6th of November Averell attacked;

and though the force was formidable he flanked it, and completely routed the foe, capturing guns and trains. For his gallant conduct he was brevetted Lieutenant-Colonel in the regular army. He was scarcely settled in camp, when, on the 8th of December, he again led his command southward on one of the most daring raids in all his stirring campaigns. Its object was the destruction of the Virginia and Tennessee Railroad, and the immense stores there collected. By rapid marching he arrived at his destination on the 16th, and commenced the work of devastation. Several bridges and miles of track, depots, mill with warehouse and grain, meat, salt, clothing and merchandise, to the value of millions of dollars, were given to destruction. The enemy hurried forward troops in large force and put them upon his track. It was mid-winter, the roads icy, his beasts smooth-shod, and the streams swollen; but that indomitable will and cool daring which at Kelly's Ford, Moorfield, and Droop Mountain had gained him the victory were not wanting; and though foes were pressing on every side, he eluded all, and brought off his command triumphant. In his report he says: "I was obliged to swim my command, and drag my artillery with ropes across Craig's Creek, seven times in twenty-four hours." The creek was deep, the current strong, and filled with drifting ice. And in concluding his report he says: "My command has marched, climbed, slidden, and swum, three hundred and forty-five miles since the 8th inst." For this campaign he was brevetted Colonel in the regular army.

In the spring of 1864 he commanded a division in West Virginia, and was engaged at Cove Gap on the 10th of May, where he was wounded, and in the destruction of the Tennessee Railroad on the 12th. He thence marched across the Allegheny Mountains to Staunton, where he joined Hunter in his descent upon Lynchburg, and with that General made the famous circuit by the Kanawha and Ohio rivers to Parkersburg, and thence by rail to Martinsburg. On the 20th of July he defeated Ramseu's division at Carter's Farm, and had a sharp encounter at Winchester four days after. When McCausland made his escape from the burning of Chambersburg, Averell moved in pursuit, and at Moorfield overtook and routed his division. The skirmishing at Bunker Hill and Martinsburg towards the close of August heralded the dawn of a glorious day for the Union arms in the Shenandoah Valley, and the victories at Winchester, Fisher's Hill, and Mount Jackson followed in quick succession, which swept the enemy and made the Valley thenceforth untenable. So complete was the destruction that it was facetiously said that if a crow would fly from Winchester to Lynchburg he would be obliged to take his provisions with him. General Averell was brevetted Brigadier and Major-General in the regular army in recognition of his services at Moorfield and throughout the war. He resigned his commission on the 18th of May, 1865, and in 1866 was appointed Consul-General of Canada.

JOHN IRVIN GREGG, Colonel of the Sixteenth cavalry, Brevet Brigadier and Major-General, was born on the 26th of July, 1826, at Bellefonte, Centre county, where his family had resided for nearly a century. His father, Andrew Gregg, was for two terms State Senator. He received a sound education in the academies of Centre and Union counties. In stature he is six feet four inches in height and well formed. In December, 1846, he volunteered as a private for the Mexican War, and on reaching Jalapa received notice of his appointment as First Lieutenant in the Eleventh infantry, one of ten new regular regiments. He was subsequently promoted to Captain, and served with honor to the close of the war, when these regiments were mustered out of service. Captain Gregg returned to Centre county, where he engaged in the manufacture of iron. He served in the militia as First Lieutenant, Captain, Major, and Lieutenant-Colonel. He was married in November, 1857, to Miss Clarissa A. Everhart, a lady of rare amiability and beauty, whose early death was deeply and sincerely mourned.

At the breaking out of the Rebellion he was made Captain and Colonel of the Fifth Reserve, but was shortly after appointed Captain in the Sixth United States cavalry. His duty in the field commenced with the Peninsula campaign under McClellan, as a squadron commander. He was present at the battle of Williamsburg on the 5th of May, Kent Court House on the 9th, and on the 11th had possession of White House on the Pamunkey. He was with the Union advance at Ellison's Mills on the 21st, and at Hanover Court House on the 27th. In the preliminaries to the Seven Days' battle he skirmished with the rebel infantry, and narrowly escaped capture. Then followed days and nights of weary marching, while the army of McClellan was fighting its way to the James. Captain Gregg subsequently did important service in the retirement from the Peninsula, and in the campaigns of Second Bull Run and Antietam. In November, 1862, he was selected to command the Sixteenth Pennsylvania cavalry. Early in January, 1863, he joined the Army of the Potomac, and was assigned to Averell's brigade. During the remainder of the winter he performed important outpost duty, and acquired a reputation for efficiency which was never lost. The first and only battle in which Colonel Gregg participated as a regimental commander was at Kelly's Ford, on the 17th of March. The numbers on either side were about equal, and the advantage gained by the Union force was decisive, marking a new era for that arm. At Brandy Station, on the 9th of June, nearly the entire cavalry of the two armies was engaged. Here Colonel Gregg led a brigade.

At Aldie and Upperville the fighting was severe, the combatants coming hand to hand. In the battle of Gettysburg his command was posted so as to protect the right flank of the Union army, and was engaged during the afternoon of the second day, and during the third. After Lee made his escape to Virginia, Gregg's brigade with the entire division was sent across the Potomac to follow up the rebel rear, and ascertain his whereabouts. But the rebel chieftain covered his movements by leaving near the mouth of the valley his best fighting troops. At noon on the 18th, while near Shepherdstown, the Union skirmishers were driven in, and close upon their heels the enemy advanced in force. For eight hours, and until night put an end to the contest, the fighting was of the most determined character and the carnage terrible. The enemy was well supplied with artillery, which was effectively served. At first he concentrated his fire on the right, then on the left, and finally, just as the sun was sinking, a fire of unwonted power and destructiveness was opened upon the right centre. The enemy charged repeatedly, coming on in three columns, and gaining at times a point within thirty paces of the Union line; but nothing could withstand the withering fire that swept that gory field, and until darkness separated the combatants Gregg's small brigade held fast its position, and when the remnants of his faithful band were ordered to retire, bore away the mangled forms of one hundred and fifty-eight of their comrades.

In the movement to Culpeper, Gregg was with the advance. and in conjunction with Kilpatrick's men captured a body of the enemy who were there cut off. When General Lee commenced his flank movement towards Centreville, one regiment of Gregg's brigade was left on the south bank of Hedgeman or Upper Rappahannock river, charged with picketing in the direction of Jeffersonton. At eight o'clock on the morning of the 12th of October, the enemy were reported advancing in force. With two small regiments of less than six hundred men, from early in the day until nightfall, Colonel Gregg succeeded in checking the right wing of Lee's army and delaying his passage of the stream. The stubborn resistance which this devoted band here made was of signal service, as Meade was enabled to complete the crossing of the stream, and gain a day's march on his antagonist.

In November Gregg was ordered to Washington, where he remained the greater part of the winter under medical treatment. In the Wilderness campaign, which opened in May, he was in Sheridan's column, and for three days was engaged near Todd's Tavern. On the morning of the 10th Colonel Gregg had the advance in the movement upon Richmond, and soon after starting encountered the enemy in force. A brisk skirmish ensued. On the following day Gregg was of the rear-guard, and before the column had all moved the enemy attacked with great impetuosity, doubling up a part of his brigade, and was near throwing the whole Union force into confusion. At this juncture Gregg brought his artillery into position, and when the rebels were at close quarters, gave them grape and canister in rapid rounds, which sent them back in utter rout. It is impossible, as it is unnecessary, to follow Colonel Gregg through all the intricate mazes in which he led his brigade and division. He particularly distinguished himself in the actions of the 12th of May inside the fortifications of Richmond, and at Trevilian Station, on the 11th of June, for which he received the brevet rank of Brigadier-General. In the action at Deep Bottom, on the 16th of August, he was wounded in the right wrist. He was also wounded in the ankle at Hatcher's Run, on the 6th of February, while attempting to charge at the head of a portion of his brigade against the enemy's infantry. An amusing incident occurred in connection with the dressing of this wound. At the time of the engagement, and for some days previous, a young German, the Baron Morehouse, a Lieutenant in the Prussian service and Aide-de-camp to the King, who was here for the purpose of observing military operations, had been serving as a volunteer aid on the staff of General Gregg. He had kept close to the side of the General throughout the battle, and in the midst of the sharpest firing. While the surgeon was removing the boot from the wounded foot, seeing the bullet lying loose in the wound, he sprang forward in an excited manner, and seizing the blood-stained missile, exclaimed in his broken English, "Mien Gott! I will carry him to Europe and show him to mien king."

General Gregg was again wounded at Amelia Springs on the 5th of April, 1865, in a skirmish on the occasion of Lee's retreat from Petersburg. At the close of hostilities he was brevetted Major-General of volunteers for distinguished services during the war. He also received the brevets of Major, Lieutenant-Colonel, Colonel, and Brigadier-General in the regular army, for gallantry in action in the battles of Kelly's Ford, Middleburg, Shepherdstown, Wilderness, Sulphur Springs, St. Mary's Church, Deep Bottom, Stony Creek Station, and Hatcher's Run. Throughout his entire term of service, General Gregg displayed the best qualities of the intrepid soldier, and by his stubborn fighting on many fields fairly won the character of an heroic and reliable officer, one who was not afraid to face superior numbers, even under the most unfavorable circumstances, and who made his dispositions with so much coolness and self-possession as to reassure his own men and intimidate the foe.

ROY STONE, Colonel of the One Hundred and Forty-ninth regiment, and Brevet Brigadier-General, was born at Plattsburg, New York. He was the son of Ithiel Vernon and Sarah (Gurner) Stone. He was educated at Union College, and when the war broke out was a resident of Warren county, on the borders of the great forest where a hardy population dwelt. Forming a company from among them, he sought acceptance in the three months' campaign. Failing in this he kept together his men, and after fruitless waiting, started down the Allegheny river on flat-boats, with the design of joining McClellan in West Virginia, where a stirring campaign was in progress. He was five days in making the run to Pittsburg, and on his arrival was summoned to Harrisburg to join the Reserve corps just then authorized. His men were armed with their own rifles, and each wore a bucktail, as an emblem of hardihood and marksmanship. They were merged in the Bucktail regiment, which became famous.

Before entering upon the campaigns of 1862 the regiment was divided, four companies being assigned to Colonel Kane for special service, and the other six left to the command of Major Stone and going with the Grand Army to the Peninsula. Recognizing their fitness for skirmish duty, General Reynolds gave them the advance in the movement upon Richmond, and at Mechanicsville and Beaver Dam Creek they were the first to meet the foe.

From his camp-fire on the Chickahominy he wrote to his parents on the 28th of June: "At noon of the 26th, while on picket two and a half miles from our main body, I engaged a large force of the enemy and held them in check until I was entirely surrounded, giving our troops time to prepare for the attack. I then cut my way out, and by a wide detour through the woods and swamps finally arrived at camp with the loss of seventy-five men. My black horse, saddle, pistols, and boots, had to be left behind. We had been given up as lost, and were received with the greatest demonstrations of delight by General Reynolds and all the brigade."

The fighting at the intrenchments was determined, but the enemy could make no impression, and at night it was decided to withdraw the Union force to Gaines' Mill. To Stone was given the place of covering the rear, which he accomplished with entire success. "General Reynolds," he says, "stayed with us a great part of the time, displaying wonderful courage and skill. Cooper's battery also remained, and was most gallantly served. Two small companies of Berdan's sharpshooters were also placed under my command. As soon as it was light, the enemy, who had placed new batteries, and made all his dispositions under cover of night, renewed the attack in great force upon my front, which was the key to the whole position. Again and again they formed for a charge upon our fords, and as often they melted away, before our steady fire, while their batteries at rifle range poured a most terrible shower of shell, grape and canister upon us, shattering the woods over our heads and tearing up the ground about us. Still our protection was so perfect that the loss was comparatively light. We had held them back for two hours and a half, our forces were nearly all safe behind the second line, and we were outflanked on the right and left, when General Reynolds sent us orders to fall back as best we could. It was a desperate business. We had three miles to go without any help, and the men were already exhausted. Our loss here was fearful. We had to traverse nearly a mile before we got out of range of the batteries, which had been firing upon us all the morning. Many men fell while passing over that mile, and beyond that, every man who gave out on the double-quick had to be left behind. I brought in the poor remainder of the Bucktail regiment, one hundred and twenty-five men and five officers, too much exhausted to stand, but full of pluck and covered with glory."

In the action of that day Stone was again ordered in at four in the afternoon, and until sunset held his ground, when with the entire Union force engaged he retired behind the Chickahominy. In closing the letter above quoted, he says: "No language can describe the glorious conduct of my officers and men. It was more than heroic. Their loss is great. As for myself, I escaped with a slight bruise, though I had a ball through my bucktail and had my second horse shot yesterday."

Major Stone took position at Charles City Cross Roads in rear of a battery of Parrot guns, and while the first charge was being delivered acted as a reserve. That charge was successful; but a counter charge in great force carried the Reserves back, and now

Stone received the rebels and in turn drove them. But his men were too few, and they were compelled to retire. Taking up a new position about four hundred yards to the rear he made it the rallying point for the Reserves, and soon had six standards. With this force, which intuitively seemed to place itself under his command, he moved forward at dusk to the front, where the fighting was still fiercely raging. In his official report he says: "I moved by the flank up the Richmond road, and advancing steadily to the extreme front under sharp fire, halted to reconnoitre, on finding myself among the wrecks of our own batteries where the action commenced. General McCall had come out of the woods wounded and alone, and taken his place at the head of the column. After the halt the General took me forward a few paces with him, and in the darkness suddenly we found ourselves close upon the levelled muskets of a column of the enemy which filled the road in front of us. We were ordered to halt and dismount, but I turned and escaped only slightly hurt, drawing two volleys. General McCall was not so fortunate and is in the hands of the enemy. I formed my first company across the road and went to the rear, by order of General Kearny, who had come up in search of a battery to sweep the road in front. I soon became, however, so faint and dizzy from the effects of my hurt, that I was taken to the hospital and took no further part in the action, which soon terminated."

The superior marksmanship of the Bucktails and their great value as skirmishers, under such a leader as Stone, pointed to the desirability of a brigade of such troops, and at the recommendation of Generals Reynolds, Seymour, and others, he was sent to Pennsylvania to recruit one. Though the plan was not carried out, owing to his being ordered to the front when only two regiments were full, upon the occasion of the disaster at Bull Run, and advance of the foe into Maryland, yet he was eventually put in command of the brigade increased to four regiments, having in the meantime been commissioned Colonel of the One Hundred and Forty-ninth. With this he took part in the movements preliminary to and in the battle of Chancellorsville. It was incorporated in the First corps, and with Reynolds was on the ground at Gettysburg among the first troops. To Stone's brigade was assigned the open ground on the advanced centre of the line. As they came upon the field they shouted, "We have come to stay," and with a heroism akin to martyrdom they proved their determination. In the heat of the battle Colonel Stone was severely wounded and rendered incapable of further duty, a Minié ball striking him in the right hip. He could not be moved from the field, and when, towards evening, the shattered corps was obliged to fall back, he was left in the enemy's hands. During the two weary days, while the terrific fighting was in progress, he was in captivity suffering from a double torture. When at length the foe, beaten and broken in spirit, began to retire, it conveyed to him the joyful tidings that his comrades were triumphant.

He had recovered from his wound sufficiently, as he deemed, though contrary to the advice of his surgeon, to take the field before the opening of the Wilderness campaign in 1864, and on the morning of the first day was engaged with Ewell's corps with heavy loss and varying success, and in the afternoon made a strong attack upon the left flank of Hill's corps with triumphant issue, doubling his left wing back upon his centre, and opening a communication with the Pennsylvania Reserves, who had been completely cut off. On the following morning the division advanced and occupied the Plank Road. While this movement was in progress the wound which he had received at Gettysburg was reopened by the fall of his horse, and so serious was the hurt that he was unable again to take the field. In September he received the brevet rank of Brigadier-General "for gallant services throughout the war, and especially at Gettysburg."

General Stone was married in August, 1862, to Miss Mary E. Marker, of Pittsburg. In person he is five feet nine inches in height, with a face peculiarly noble and attractive. Though not bred a soldier he developed some of the highest qualities of the profession—a quick appreciation of the situation when in face of the enemy, and accurate judgment of the best to be done to meet him successfully, unquestioned courage, and a devotion that no danger could cool or suffering dampen. Since the close of the war he has been engaged in active pursuits in the great lumber regions along the waters of the Allegheny, whence came the men who, as Bucktails, made for themselves and their leader a world-wide reputation.

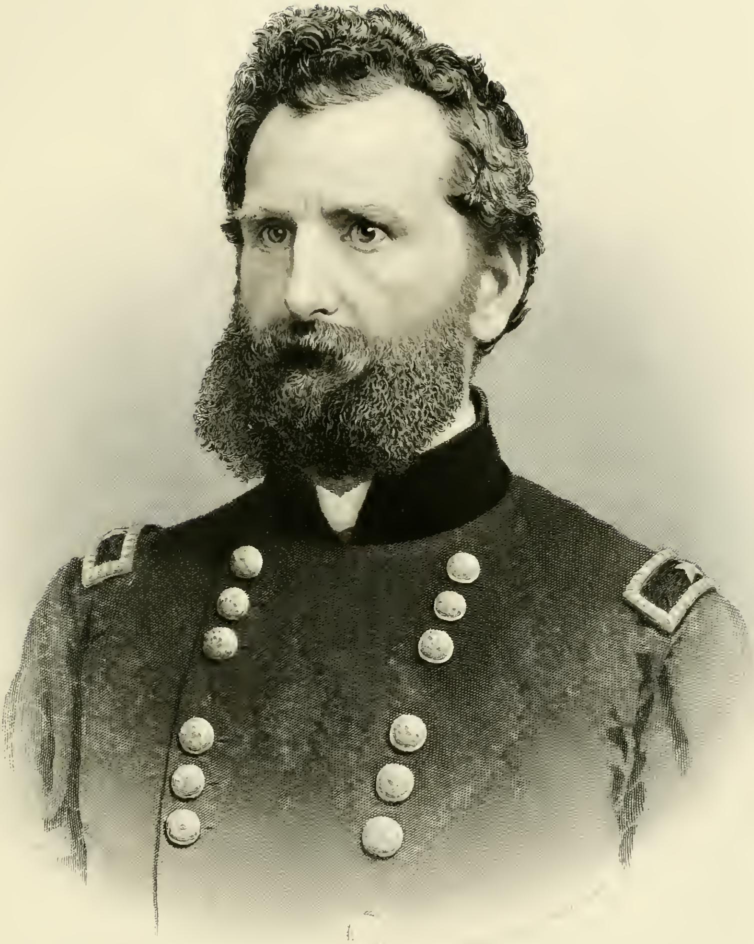
HECTOR TYNDALE, Brigadier and Brevet Major-General, was born on the 24th of March, 1821, in Philadelphia. His father, Robinson Tyndale, a lineal descendant of the translator of the Bible, the martyr William Tyndale, was a native of Ireland. His mother, Sarah Thorne, was born in Philadelphia, of a New Jersey family belonging to the Society of Friends. He was offered the appointment to West Point, which at the solicitation of his mother he declined. He was married in 1842 to Miss Julia Nowlen, a sister of Major Garrett Nowlen, who fell at Reams' Station. In 1845 he accompanied an expedition upon the plains commanded by Major E. V. Sumner, of the First dragoons. He was a member of the Washington Grays, and afterwards Captain of the Cadwalader Grays. In politics he identified himself with the Free Soil party. When the war opened he was absent on a business engagement in Europe, but relinquished it, and returning, tendered his services to the Government. He was commissioned Major of the Twenty-eighth and raised a battalion of five companies additional to the ten regularly required, a privilege granted at his solicitation; and participated in guarding the Potomac below Point of Rocks, coming often into collision with the partisan chieftain Moseby. In the spring he advanced into Virginia, and having occupied Harper's Ferry and Leesburg, drove the enemy from the passes of the Blue Ridge, and upon the advance of Jackson, by a daring reconnoissance discovered and reported to General Banks the purposes of the rebel leader. Soon afterwards he was promoted to Lieutenant-Colonel, and was employed in constant and arduous duty before Washington.

In the battle of Cedar Mountain Colonel Tyndale was in command of the regiment, as he had been for a considerable time previous, and was ordered to retake and hold Thoroughfare Mountain, from which the Union signal officers had been driven. This he accomplished, and during the battle guarded the right wing. In the retreat of Pope's army he was of the rear guard, participating with Bohlen's brigade in the action at Freeman's

Ford, and supporting the artillery at Warrenton Sulphur Springs. The trains were cumbersome, but they were brought safely in to Kettle Run, where it was found that the enemy had broken the bridge. By direct order of General Pope his regiment was detailed to destroy the immense trains there stopped. While the army was retiring from Centreville Colonel Tyndale, with a small force in addition to his own command, was turned back to hold the bridges over Bull Run, satisfactorily executing the trust.

On the 8th of September he succeeded to the command of the brigade, the First of the Second division, Twelfth corps, which he led in the battle of Antietam. He was early ordered into action, and for full seven hours combated the foe. Thrice the enemy charged but was as often hurled back, an entire battery and seven battle flags being captured, an achievement rarely paralleled. In one of these charges, seeing a regiment waver, all the color-guard fallen, he himself seized the colors and, cap in hand, led it to victory. At two P. M. his brigade was forced back. While rallying and forming his command he was struck in the head by a musket ball, and his supposed dead body was dragged from the field. The resolute courage, conspicuous gallantry, self-possession and judgment shown in this battle, and previously, were recognized by his promotion to the rank of Brigadier-General.

Not until June, 1863, was he able to resume his place in the field, when he was ordered to duty with General Dix at Fortress Monroe. After commanding a brigade for a time here he was sent to the aid of Meade, joining the army just previous to the escape of Lee across the Potomac in his retreat from the battle of Gettysburg. With the Eleventh and Twelfth corps he went west to the support of Thomas at Chattanooga, and on the night of the 28th of October, when Geary was attacked by Longstreet at Wauhatchie, Tyndale, who was commanding a brigade of the Eleventh corps and who was just in advance, moved rapidly to the assistance of the hard-pressed division. When near Geary's position he encountered the rebels in considerable force, and with Colonel Smith's brigade routed them and gained a hill which threatened their way of retreat. Discovering this movement upon his rear, the foe quickly made dispositions to retire his



Hector Tyndale

BREVET MAJOR GENERAL U.S. VOLUNTEERS

whole force, giving up the contest. General Tyndale was also engaged in the glorious battle fought a month later, when Grant, with Sherman, Thomas, and Hooker as his lieutenants, swept the enemy from the fastnesses of Missionary Ridge, and at its conclusion was hurried away with Sherman to the relief of Burnside shut up in Knoxville and nearly perishing with hunger, enduring in the march at this wintry season immense suffering and hardship.

Before the opening of the spring campaign of 1864 General Tyndale, now in command of Schurz's division, was ordered by General Thomas to organize a body of loyal refugees, who had come in from Alabama, into a cavalry regiment. In the meantime the Eleventh and Twelfth corps were merged in one and designated the Twentieth, to the command of the Third brigade, First division of which, he was assigned. But disease contracted in the service had taken fast hold of him, and for days together he was unable to rise from his bed. His sickness proving protracted, and unwilling to stand in the way of promotion of other deserving officers, in August, 1864, he resigned. In March, 1865, he was brevetted Major-General, for "gallant and meritorious services during the war." In stature General Tyndale is above the medium height, of fair complexion, and of commanding presence. His intellect has been improved by study, travel and the association with distinguished artists, literary, scientific, and public men, and his tastes are pure and cultivated. He is a member of the American Philosophical Society, and the Philadelphia Academy of Sciences. As an officer he was a rigid disciplinarian, but most kind and watchful for the comfort and safety of his command, being ever solicitous "for wisdom to see and strength to do his duty."

GEORGE W. MERRICK, son of Israel and Julia Merrick, was born at Wellsboro, on the 27th of March, 1838. He was made Sergeant of Company H, Sixth regiment of the Pennsylvania Reserve corps, upon its formation, and served with it in the battle of Dranesville, upon the Peninsula, and in the Second battle of Bull Run, where the entire command was subjected to hard marching and the most desperate fighting. Sergeant Merrick was at the time of the latter battle on the sick-list, but kept his place, and marched and fought with the rest. For seventy-four hours he was without rations, and the suffering endured would have overborne a man less resolute. Finally broken by exposure and privation, in December, 1862, he was discharged on a surgeon's certificate. He returned to the service as Captain in a six months' battalion, and subsequently became Major of the One Hundred and Eighty-seventh. In the desperate action on the 18th of June, 1864, at Cold Harbor, Major Merrick was in command of his regiment, and while leading it with the most determined bravery, was struck by a Minié ball just below the right knee, which fractured the bone and lodged in the knee-joint. He was carried from the field, and amputation was found to be unavoidable. This closed his military career. He is described by his associates as one of the bravest of the brave, and in his personal bearing the pattern of a gentleman and a soldier. He was married in 1866 to Miss Ione Butterworth, a niece of the late David Wilmot. Since the war he has studied law, and is in successful practice in his native place.

THOMAS ELLWOOD ROSE, Colonel of the Seventy-seventh regiment, and Brevet Brigadier-General, was born in Bucks county, Pennsylvania, on the 12th of March, 1827. He received a good education in the academies and schools of the county under the instruction of his father, evincing an aptness for mathematics, and an especial fondness for military history and geography, having at an early age read the accounts of many celebrated battles, and made a record of the character of ground on which they were fought, contiguity to streams, forests or towns, and the number, discipline, and dress of the troops. In the three months' service he was a private in the Twelfth regiment, and at its close recruited a company for the Seventy-seventh, of which he was Captain. It was sent west to the Army of the Cumberland, and was the only Pennsylvania regiment which participated in the battle of Shiloh. In the early part of the battle of Stone River, fought on the last day of 1862, Lieutenant-Colonel Housum, the leader of the regiment, was killed, and the command devolved upon Captain Rose. The enemy had succeeded, by a desperate assault on the Union right, in crushing it and forcing it back. Captain Rose, in the midst of the disorder incident to the disaster, and the fall of the regimental leader, held his men well in hand, and did the most efficient service. His gallantry secured him immediate promotion to Colonel.

In the action at Liberty Gap, the brigade commander having fallen, Colonel Rose led it to the close of the engagement. The action was stubborn and protracted, but the valor of the Union troops finally triumphed. Colonel Rose won fresh laurels by the good judgment and bravery here displayed. At Chickamauga his regiment, with the Seventy-ninth Illinois, was posted upon an important position, but isolated from the main line. They were attacked by overwhelming numbers, and though making a gallant resistance, and for a long time repelling every fresh onset, were finally overpowered, and Colonel Rose with many of his officers and men fell into the enemy's hands. He was taken to Libby Prison, where he soon formed a plan for tunnelling out, and organized a working party. After seventeen days of the most severe labor a way of egress was opened and numbers escaped. Colonel Rose made his way with great difficulty, and numerous hairbreadth escapes, to the Union lines, near Yorktown, but while within sight and about to enter them was captured and taken back to Libby. For a time he was placed in close confinement, but was finally exchanged and returned to his regiment, now with Sherman on his famous Atlanta campaign. It was at Ackworth, on the 6th of June, 1864, that he resumed command. On the 26th, in the fierce fighting at Kenesaw Mountain, he was wounded. The assault proved disastrous to the Union forces, and the movement by the flank was again resorted to, which eventually, after much hard fighting and severe losses, carried Sherman into Atlanta.

In the separation of the army, which subsequently took place, Colonel Rose proceeded with the Fourth corps, under Thomas, to Nashville. In the action at Franklin, and shortly afterwards in front of Nashville, he bore a conspicuous part, having his horse killed under him in the latter engagement. In the reorganization of the forces after this battle Colonel Rose was assigned to the command of a brigade. When the rebel armies in the East were finally overcome, he was ordered with other troops to Texas. In June, 1865, he was made a Brigadier-General by brevet. He continued in the service to the close of the year, when he returned and was mustered out with his regiment.

JAMES TEARNEY, Colonel of the Eighty-seventh regiment, was born at Lancaster on the 9th of October, 1836. He served as a private in the First regiment. At the end of its term he enlisted in the Eighty-seventh, in which he was made a Sergeant. He served in the campaigns in the Shenandoah Valley under Generals Kelly and Milroy. When returning from veteran furlough in the spring of 1864, and while approaching the front, the troops being under the command of Sergeant Tearney, they were brought into action unexpectedly, before reaching their regiment, by the sudden attack of Ewell's corps. When Early made his advance upon Washington in July, 1864, the Eighty-seventh was in that portion of the Sixth corps sent to Maryland to meet him. At Monocacy a bloody battle ensued, in which the Union troops, vastly outnumbered, were forced to retire. The regiment here suffered unprecedented loss. It was also in the division which made the attack upon Early's front on the memorable morning of the 19th of September at Opequon. Here Captain Tearney was wounded in the thigh. The Eighty-seventh was now composed only of veterans and recruits, which were consolidated into a battalion of five companies. A month later, at Cedar Creek, Captain Edgar M. Ruhl, who led the battalion, was instantly killed, and many of his men were lost. In December, 1864, Captain Tearney took command. Before the spring campaign opened five new companies were added, bringing it up to the full strength of a regiment. In the final assault upon Petersburg he led his command, mostly raw recruits, over two lines of old troops, and with his own hands planted the first regimental flag of the brigade on the enemy's works. For the valor here displayed, he was given the rank of Brevet Major. At Sailor's Creek he again made proof of his ability as a soldier, and was soon after commissioned Colonel. He was mustered out of the service with his regiment on the 29th of June, 1865.

AMOR WILLIAM WAKEFIELD was born in Mifflin county, on the 30th of August, 1829. He was educated at the Lewistown and Tuscarora Academies. He served in the ranks of the Seventh regiment for three months, and upon the organization of the Forty-ninth was commissioned a First Lieutenant, and soon afterwards Captain. The regiment did excellent service in the battle of Williamsburg. During the entire Peninsula campaign Captain Wakefield was exposed with his command to the perils and hardships of the field. In the battles of Antietam, Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville, and Gettysburg, the Forty-ninth participated, but was for the most part held in positions where it was exposed to a hot fire without the opportunity of returning it. In the action at Rappahannock Station, on the 7th of November, 1863, a feat was executed which will always reflect the greatest honor upon the troops engaged. The enemy occupied an intrenched position of great strength, defended by artillery. It was stormed and carried, at the point of the bayonet, by Russell's brigade, of which the Forty-ninth formed a part. The enemy had a bridge at his back; but so sudden was the attack, and so terrible the fire poured upon its approaches, that scarcely one escaped.

To the time of the action before Spottsylvania Court House, on the 10th of May, 1864, the casualties in the command had been comparatively light. But on the evening of that day, in a charge which lasted but a few minutes, greater losses were sustained than in all the three years of its previous experience. Sixty five were killed, including the Colonel and Lieutenant-Colonel, and one hundred and ninety-five wounded and missing. Captain Wakefield came forth from the fearful ordeal unscathed. At Cold Harbor the fighting was desperate, and here he was less fortunate, receiving a severe wound. In June he was promoted to the rank of Major, and subsequently to that of Colonel. After a service of over four years, he was mustered out at the expiration of his term. General Irwin, the original commander of the regiment, thus speaks of him: "At Cold Harbor and Spottsylvania he highly distinguished himself in command of the regiment, and won the praise of General David A. Russell, one of the best soldiers in the army. I considered Colonel Wakefield an admirable soldier, patient, courageous, strict in discipline, but utterly without cruelty, remarkably kind and generous, though firm and faithful in duty. He possessed at all times my entire confidence, and was as free from envy and malice as the human heart can be. His career in the army reflects honor on his native State. He is indeed a worthy son of Pennsylvania."

DENNIS HEENAN, Colonel of the One Hundred and Sixteenth regiment, was born at Barris O'Kane, Tipperary county, Ireland, on the 18th of April, 1818. His father owned and cultivated a large and well-stocked farm, where the son passed his boyhood and received his education. In 1843 he emigrated to this country, and settled in Philadelphia.

He enlisted for the Mexican War, but his company was not accepted. He served in the militia as Lieutenant, Captain, and Lieutenant-Colonel, in which capacity he acted in the three months' campaign. Returning to Philadelphia, he commenced recruiting a veteran regiment, and in September, 1862, was commissioned Colonel of the One Hundred and Sixteenth. At the battle of Fredericksburg he received a painful wound in the hand. The bones were broken, and the limb was lacerated in a fearful manner. After having his wound dressed he went again upon the field, and brought off the flag of the regiment, when the ground was found to be untenable. He was highly commended by both Generals Meagher and Sigel. On account of the great losses of the regiment it was consolidated in a battalion of five companies, and not being entitled to an officer of his rank he was mustered out of service and honorably discharged.

EDWARD JAY ALLEN, Colonel of the One Hundred and Fifty-fifth regiment, was born on the 27th of April, 1830, in the city of New York. He was the son of Edward and Amelia (Bindley) Allen, both of English descent. He was a lover of books and received a good English education in the schools of Pittsburg, whither his parents had removed, and a classical training at Duquesne College. He was married in 1857 to Miss Elizabeth W. Robison. His first military duty was as a volunteer aid to General Fremont, at the battle of Lewisburg, Virginia, May 25th, 1862. He continued with that officer throughout the campaign, and at Stone Run volunteered with a detail of twenty men to repair the road and bridges destroyed by Stonewall Jackson, executing the hazardous duty in advance of the Union skirmishers, and under the fire of the enemy's rear guard. On approaching the Shenandoah River he again volunteered to aid in getting the pontoons across the north fork, which he did under fire. He took part in the battles of Winchester, Mount Jackson, and Cross Keys where he won the commendation of his General. A new regiment that had been recruited at Pittsburg towards the close of the summer of 1862 was organized in September, and he was selected its Colonel.

Soon after taking the field the battle of Fredericksburg was fought, and he was put upon the fore front. He was of the division of the intrepid General Humphreys, one of the last to go forward in the desperate struggle to break the enemy's line. "When the fire of the artillery ceased," says General Hooker, "I gave directions for the enemy's works to be assaulted. General Humphreys' men took off their knapsacks, overcoats, and haversacks. They were ordered to make their assault with empty muskets, for there was no time then to load and fire. When the word was given, the men moved forward with great impetuosity. They ran and hurrahed, and I was encouraged by the great good feeling that pervaded them. The head of Humphreys' column moved to within perhaps fifteen or twenty yards of the stone wall which was the advanced position held by the rebels, and then they were thrown back, as quickly as they had approached. They left behind, as was reported to me, seventeen hundred and sixty, out of four thousand." In the midst of the operations on the enemy's front, the command of the brigade devolved upon Colonel Allen, who won by his gallantry the earnest praise of General Humphreys. Soon after the close of this campaign he was prostrated by a rheumatic attack, and though he remained nominally at the head of the regiment until after the battle of Gettysburg, he performed no further field duty, and on the 25th of July was obliged to resign.

Henry Ruhl Guss, Colonel of the Ninety-seventh regiment, and Brevet Brigadier and Major-General, was born on the 28th of July, 1825, at Chester Springs, Chester county. He was the son of Samuel and Sabrina (Ruhl) Guss. He was educated in Philadelphia, and at the academy of Joshua Hoopes in West Chester. He was an original member of the noted National Guards of West Chester, organized in 1846, and for several years was its commander. Captain Guss was one of the first to respond to the call for troops in 1861, and so great was the confidence in him that, in four days from the date of the requisition, he was on his way to Harrisburg with a force of three hundred men. They were assigned to the Ninth regiment, and served under Patterson in the Shenandoah Valley. He assisted in recruiting the Ninety-seventh, of which he was Colonel, and which he brought to a high state of efficiency. In November, 1861, he was ordered to the Department of the South, and arrived at Hilton Head on the 15th of December. He was assigned to the expeditionary corps commanded by General H. G. Wright, and led his regiment with skill in the campaign which resulted in the occupation of Fernandina, Jacksonville, and other points on the Florida coast, early in 1862, and in the disastrous campaign on James Island in the following summer. In the affairs at Grimball's Plantation, on the 10th of June, 1862, and at Secessionville a week later, he especially distinguished himself, and was highly complimented by General Wright.

On the 1st of August, 1862, he was assigned to the command of the post at Hilton Head, the most important in the Department. When General Hunter organized his forces for the reduction of Charleston he gave to Colonel Guss the First brigade of Terry's division. The campaign was unsuccessful, and upon the withdrawal of the troops he was ordered to the command of the posts successively of Edisto, Botany Bay, and St. Helena Island. Upon the advent of General Quincy A. Gilmore to the head of the Department, Colonel Guss was again intrusted with the command of the First brigade, which he exercised with ability throughout the protracted and wearisome operations on Morris Island directed against Fort Wagner. When the immense siege operations had been completed, and the third assault upon

Eng^{d} by Geo. E. Perine New York

Henry R. Guss

HENRY R. GUSS

Col. 97th Reg. P. V.

Brev^{t} Maj. Gen. U. S. V.

Wagner had been ordered, he was selected to lead the storming party, to consist of his own regiment and the Third New Hampshire. The plan of operations had been discussed and each soldier had pictured the part he was to bear, many sending messages of love to friends as for the last time. Before day the enemy fortunately abandoned this stronghold. The joyous news relieved many burdened hearts.

On the 1st of October, 1863, Colonel Guss was ordered with his regiment to Fernandina, Florida, and directed to assume command of the post. Until the 1st of April, 1864, he remained here, when, for the first time since his entrance to the service, he accepted a leave of absence, and with the members of his regiment who had reënlisted as veterans departed for home. On the 14th of May following he resumed command of his brigade, now in the Army of the James. This position he continued to fill during the time that active operations were in progress on the south side of the James, around Cold Harbor, and in front of Petersburg, until the 22d of June, 1864, when, for reasons of a personal nature, which, though regretted by his associate officers, were acknowledged to be imperative, he tendered his resignation. One who knew him intimately says of him: "By the officers and men of his regiment and brigade he was highly esteemed. The characteristics that made him popular at home served him better in the field. He was emphatically a man of deeds, not words." On the 23d of July, 1867, he was brevetted Brigadier and Major-General for faithful and meritorious services in the field.

JOSEPH SETH HOARD, son of Enos and Fanny (Perry) Hoard, was born in Oneida county, New York, on the 17th of April, 1818. He was commissioned Captain of a company assigned for duty to the Eleventh regiment, Colonel Coulter, but was subsequently transferred to the One Hundred and First. He was promoted to Major at the beginning of the year 1862, and with his regiment entered on the Peninsula campaign. Major Hoard suffered from the miasmatic airs of the Chickahominy; but still clung to his post, and in the battle of Fair Oaks distinguished himself, receiving the thanks of General Casey upon the field. His regiment was posted on the extreme front, and to him belongs the credit of advancing the picket line to a point on the Williamsburg Road nearest to Richmond. On the 1st of July, 1862, he was promoted to the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel; but finding at the conclusion of this campaign that his health was seriously impaired, he resigned.

James Thompson Kirk, son of George A. and Jane (Thompson) Kirk, was born on the 21st of September, 1825, at Canonsburg. The family were Covenanters of Scotch-Irish extraction. He was educated at Jefferson College, and previous to the war had held five commissions in the militia. He was married in 1855 to Miss Mary Swan. He served during the Rebellion in the Tenth Reserve regiment, as Captain, Lieutenant-Colonel, and Colonel in succession, and participated in the battle of Dranesville, soon after which he came to the command of the regiment, in the Seven Days' battle upon the Peninsula, Bull Run, South Mountain, and Antietam. Towards the close of the latter engagement he was placed over the brigade, which he led to the close of the battle. His health having become much impaired, by the advice of his surgeon he resigned and returned to private life. In May, 1863, he was appointed Deputy Provost Marshal, which office he held to the close of the war.

Thomas F. McCoy, Colonel of the One Hundred and Seventh, and Brevet Brigadier-General, was born in Mifflin county, in 1819. He was the youngest of nine children of John and Jane (Junkin) McCoy, of Scotch-Irish lineage. At the breaking out of the Mexican War, having for seven years previous served in the militia, President Polk appointed him First Lieutenant in the Eleventh United States infantry, and with it he marched to the Rio Grande. He was sent with the column ordered to Vera Cruz, and thence into the interior. His first encounter with the enemy was at the National Bridge. He was afterwards engaged at Passa La Hoya, and in a reconnoissance at Contreras, conducted by Captain Robert E. Lee, then of General Scott's staff. In the battles of Contreras, Cherubusco, Molino del Rey, Chapultepec, and Garita San Cosme he took an active part, and was promoted to Captain for gallantry. In the bloody battle of Molino del Rey he found himself the ranking officer, four of his superiors having fallen. Assuming command, he gathered up the thinned ranks of the regiment and led it to the close. Of his conduct here General Cadwalader says: "A reference to the official reports will show that his services were not overlooked either by the late commanding officer of his regiment, Lieutenant-Colonel Graham, or after his death by his successor, Major Hunter, and that he is also particularly named in high terms in my own report." Returning to civil life with an honorable record, he was for two successive terms Prothonotary of Mifflin county. On leaving this position he studied law with William J. Jacobs and D. W. Woods of Lewistown, and was admitted to the bar.

At the commencement of the Rebellion, he tendered his services to Governor Curtin, who, appreciating the value of his military experience, appointed him, in April, 1861, Deputy Quartermaster-General of the State, and in conjunction with the lamented R. C. Hale, chief of the department, labored assiduously through all the earlier months of the war in clothing and fitting the volunteers for the field.

Upon the death of Colonel Thomas A. Zeigle, of the One Hundred and Seventh regiment, on the 16th of July, 1862, the line officers united in inviting Colonel McCoy to fill the vacancy. His regiment was in Pope's army, and on taking the field was at once engaged in that unfortunate campaign which culminated in the battle of Bull Run. Colonel McCoy joined it and assumed active command on the 15th of August near Cedar Mountain, and from this moment, through the long three years of battles and sieges, until the last gun was fired in front of Appomattox Court House, he was faithful and devoted in the discharge of his varied duties. During this time he was frequently in command of a brigade. General Duryea commends him for "his gallant conduct in the various battles of the campaign in Virginia," and designates him "as an officer, cool and deliberate under fire, and subordinate and respectful in an eminent degree, commanding the confidence of his companions-in-arms."

At Fredericksburg he made a daring and successful charge, of which Colonel Root, then leading the brigade, in his official report spoke in high terms. No less important was his conduct at Chancellorsville, holding the skirmish line on the left of the army for two days and nights without relief. At Mine Run he was designated to lead the brigade in the charge upon the enemy's lines. He commanded the brigade on perilous outpost duty at Mitchell's Station in the winter of 1864, with eminent caution and success. In the advance to the James his regiment occupied an important position covering the movement, and successfully repulsed an attack when other troops gave way, which brought from General Crawford an expression of satisfaction "for effectually holding the position without support." At the Weldon Railroad, Colonel McCoy was surrounded in the dense wood in which the battle was fought, and many of his officers and men were captured. Although repeatedly summoned to surrender, he refused, and at the imminent risk of being shot down made his escape. In the hottest of the battle at Dabney's Mill General Morrow, being dangerously wounded, turned the command of the brigade over to Colonel McCoy, together with its flag, which he had been carrying in the thickest of the fight. McCoy, not to be outdone in such gallantry, seized the proud emblem and bore it triumphantly. "I was wounded," says General Morrow, "in the first day's fight. Colonel McCoy then assumed command, and I know his conduct through the whole engagement to have been gallant and skilful."

Especially were Colonel McCoy's services appreciated in the battle of Five Forks, for which he was brevetted Brigadier-General. He was fortunate in having the friendship and high regard of General Baxter, with whom he served more than two years. "I wish to express," says that sturdy soldier, "my high appreciation and regard for the moral worth and integrity of purpose that has governed him in every action, and the promptness and ability with which his services have been rendered under all circumstances. In the camp, on the long and tedious marches, and on the battle field, his duties have been performed with that decision and ability, that cannot but render a command effective and reliable, which his has ever been." Not less complimentary was the commendation bestowed by General G. K. Warren, who characterized him as "one of the most worthy officers of his corps." There is one merit due to General McCoy quite as important as that of leading in the "imminent deadly breach." In the course of his correspondence he casually remarks, "I feel sure that the highest type of a soldier is a Christian citizen fighting the battles of his country." To model his command after that type was his constant aim. To restrain hilarity and a tendency to riotous or immoral life in the camp was often unpopular, and, unless judiciously done, was liable to draw odium upon him who attempted it; but the purity of life and the seasonable and sensible way in which General McCoy impressed his men and his associates with his own spirit, commanded respect.

After the close of the war he returned to his home at Lewistown, where he resumed the practice of his profession. He was married on the 22d of May, 1873, to Miss Maggie E. Ross, of Harrisburg.

EDWARD O'BRIEN, son of Thomas and Elizabeth (Connolly) O'Brien, was born in Pittsburg on the 10th of October, 1823. His maternal grandfather served under Washington in the patriot army. He volunteered as a private in the Mexican War, was advanced to the rank of Lieutenant, and was wounded in the left eye at the storming of Garita de Belen. In the late war he was Captain in the Twelfth three months' regiment, and Colonel of the One Hundred and Thirty-fourth nine months'. He was in the battles of Antietam, Shepherdstown, Fredericksburg, and Chancellorsville, in the latter having his clothing riddled with bullets and his horse shot under him, narrowly escaping with his life. "Under my own eye," says Humphreys, in whose division he served, "Colonel O'Brien rode in front of his regiment and literally led in the last charge on the stone wall at Fredericksburg, just before dusk on the 13th of December. . . . He is in every way reliable, a good soldier and gallant leader, always attentive to duty, careful and considerate of those under his command, prompt in execution."

CARLTON B. CURTIS, Colonel of the Fifty-eighth regiment, was born in central New York on the 17th of December, 1811. He removed to Pennsylvania in 1831, and, having read law, settled at Warren in 1834. In the fall of 1836 he was elected to the Pennsylvania Legislature, where he served for two terms. He was elected to Congress in 1850, as the successor of the late Chief Justice Thompson, where he served as a Democrat until 1855. Upon the repeal of the Missouri Compromise he abandoned his old political affiliations, and henceforward acted with the Republicans. When war broke out, in 1861, he was made Colonel of the Fifty-eighth. He was ordered to North Carolina with his command, where he was for the most part on outpost duty, arduous and perplexing, with frequent severe skirmishing. In July, 1863, on account of failing health he resigned. In the fall of 1872 he was again elected to Congress.

CHANCEY ALMERON LYMAN, son of Eleazer and Sally (Payne) Lyman, was born in Tioga county, on the 19th of July, 1820. He entered the service in April, 1861, as Captain in the Seventh Reserve regiment, and was promoted in succession to Major and Lieutenant-Colonel. He was engaged in the battles of Beaver Dam Creek, Gaines' Mill, Charles City Cross Roads, Second Bull Run, South Mountain, Antietam, and Fredericksburg. He commanded his regiment at Antietam and held his men in good order until one-third were killed or wounded, and though the brigade was broken, still kept them in hand and retired leisurely, receiving the plaudits of General Meade. By the wounds of his superiors the command also devolved on him on the field at South Mountain and Fredericksburg. In February, 1864, he resigned. He was married in 1841 to Miss Celinda M. Ingraham.

ISAIAH PRICE, Brevet Colonel of the Ninety-seventh regiment, was born on the 20th of May, 1822, in Chester county. His father was Benjamin, son of Philip Price, an eminent teacher, both prominent members of the Society of Friends. His mother was Jane Paxson, also a Friend. He received a liberal English education, with some knowledge of Latin, and graduated at the Philadelphia College of Dental Surgery in 1854. That a conviction of duty as revealed in the heart of each individual should be the paramount spring of action was held to be a leading tenet in the Quaker faith, and while peace and good-will among men was set as the end of their teaching, it was undoubtedly the promptings

Isaiah Price

[illegible]

of conscience which impelled many young Friends to join in the great contest between despotism and human freedom. On the 18th of September, 1861, he was mustered into service as Captain of Company C of the Ninety-seventh. With his regiment he proceeded to the Department of the South. On the 3d of January, 1862, he was detailed upon recruiting service, and ordered to report to Harrisburg. Early in June with his recruits he rejoined his regiment at Legereville. He participated in the engagements at Grimball's Plantation and Secessionville, on James Island, June 10th and 16th, and during the winter succeeding was detailed upon court-martial duty. He led his company in the affair at Stephen's Landing on the 16th of July, 1863, and during the protracted siege of Forts Wagner and Gregg, on Morris Island, was in command of the regiment. After the fall of these strongholds he was ordered to Florida, and upon the occupation of Fernandina was made Provost Marshal of the town. In the spring of 1864 his regiment was transferred to the Army of the James. In the advance upon the Richmond and Petersburg Railroad on the 9th of May, at Proctor's Creek on the 16th, and at Green Plain on the 18th, he exhibited a determined spirit that won the highest admiration.

On the night of the 19th of May, Captain Price was on the picket line with one hundred and fifty men, and was several times attacked, but was able to hold his ground. Reinforcements were repeatedly called for, but none came. Finally three rebel regiments *en echelon* moved out from a concealed position and bore down upon his line. A detachment upon his left broke at the first onset, leaving his flank exposed. By his personal bravery he prevailed upon a part to return. But it was impossible to stem the torrent of the attack, and his line was forced back. In the midst of the struggle Captain Price was struck by a spent canister shot.

He was in command of the regiment at Cold Harbor. He also participated in carrying some of the enemy's works on the heights near Petersburg on the 15th of June, and in the assault on the 30th of July upon the occasion of the springing of the mine. On the 6th of June he was commissioned Major. At the close of his term, the regiment having been reduced below the number required for two field officers, he, having been debilitated by an attack of fever, resigned and was honorably discharged. In March, 1867, he was brevetted by Governor Geary Lieutenant-Colonel and Colonel. After his return from the field he resumed the practice of his profession in the city of Philadelphia. In 1846 he was married to Lydia, daughter of Jacob Heald, of Delaware.

An old companion-in-arms says of him: "There never was an officer more willing and *anxious* to hold himself up to the strict, stern, and varied requirements of his official duty than Major Price. With him lofty and pure patriotism and a desire to do everything he could to further the interests of the public service, regardless of self, were the grand incentives."

J. William Hofmann, Colonel of the Fifty-sixth regiment, and Brevet Brigadier-General, was born on the 18th of February, 1824. He was the son of John and Anna Louisa (Eckhardt) Hofmann, both natives of Prussia, who emigrated and settled in Philadelphia, in 1819. At the age of seventeen he learned calico engraving, and at the end of three years engaged in trade as a dealer in hosiery goods, the manufacture of which had been the occupation of his father. In 1848 he was married to Emma Margaretta Aunen, who, while her husband was in the field, acted the part of a real heroine in assuming the management of his business. In 1840 he joined the Junior Artillerists, and three years later the Washington Grays, continuing in active duty for a period of ten years. He served as a Captain in the Twenty-third regiment, and on being mustered out accepted the position of Major of the Fifty-sixth. In October following he was promoted to Lieutenant-Colonel. In the battle at Gainesville Colonel Meredith was wounded, when the command devolved upon Hofmann, who led it in the actions of the two following days at Bull Run. In the affair at South Mountain he was placed over the brigade, which he led throughout the battle of Antietam. Upon the advance of the army down the valley of Virginia, Hofmann was detailed with his brigade to operate with the cavalry under Pleasanton in clearing the passes of the Blue Ridge. He soon after returned to the command of his regiment, and was, on the 8th of January, promoted to Colonel. In the severe battles of Fredericksburg and Chancellorsville he led with his usual intrepidity, and at Gettysburg had the honor of opening the battle on the part of the infantry. He was sent soon after to Philadelphia to bring drafted men to the front, and while there was called to serve on a general court-martial. He returned in time to take part in the movement upon Mine Run, and after the determination had been taken to retire without bringing on a general battle, he was detailed to destroy the bridges over that stream which had been constructed for the use of the First corps. In the first day in the Wilderness his regiment suffered severely. At noon of the following day General Wadsworth was killed in an effort to repel a charge of the enemy, and the division forced back. As the regiments retired through the thick underbrush, they were much broken. A number of these were rallied by Colonel Hofmann and reformed in rear of a line of works held by the Second corps. At evening the enemy made a furious onslaught, and succeeded in forcing the troops out and in planting the rebel colors on the works. At this juncture, with the fragments of nine regiments which he had rallied, numbering about 400 men, he attacked and drove the enemy out, and thus reëstablished the main line of communication between the right and left wings of the army, which had been momentarily interrupted. General Hancock, who was in command of the left wing and who was present, acknowledged the importance of this blow, which proved to be the final one on that sanguinary field.

On the 21st of May, after having participated in the severe fighting at Spottsylvania and Alsop's Farm, he was assigned to the command of the brigade. At the North Anna, soon after crossing, he was heavily attacked, but succeeded in hurling the foe from his position. On the 7th of June Hofmann was ordered to seize the railroad bridge over the Chickahominy. By making a long detour he came upon the enemy unawares and put him to rout, sustaining only small loss. Having crossed the James, he joined on the 18th of June in the assault upon the works before Petersburg, where the loss was very severe. In the movement upon the Weldon Railroad on the 18th of August, Colonel Hofmann's brigade bore a conspicuous part, making many captures, among which were two field officers, nine line officers, and three battle-flags. He was soon afterwards made Brigadier-General, and was by special order of the President assigned to duty according to his brevet rank. In the action at Pegram's Farm, at Hatcher's Run, and in the raid upon the Weldon Railroad, General Hofmann led his command. At the conclusion of his three years' term in March, 1865, he retired from the service. In the fall of 1863 General Hofmann was the recipient of a jewelled sword, in silver scabbard, with belt, spurs, and sash, from the officers and men of his command. In the summer of 1864 he received from the men of the Fourth Delaware of his brigade, a revolver and spurs which they had captured in battle. By the members of his staff he was presented with an elegantly bound copy of Jomini's Life of Napoleon. He enjoyed the confidence of his superior officers, having been honored with testimonials from Generals Meredith, Rice, Cutler, Wadsworth, Doubleday, Griffin, Ayers, Warren, and Meade, the latter bearing testimony to "his high character for intelligence, energy, and zeal in the discharge of his duties, and for conspicuous gallantry on the field of battle."

EDWARD OVERTON, JR., son of Edward and Eliza (Clymer) Overton, was born at Towanda, on the 4th of February, 1836. He was educated at Princeton College, graduating in the class of 1856. He entered the service as Major of the Fiftieth regiment in September, 1861, and was promoted to Lieutenant-Colonel in August, 1863. He served with Stevens in the Department of the South, and with the Ninth corps in the fierce engagements at Bull Run and Chantilly, leading his regiment in the latter and continuing at its head in the battle of South Mountain and at Antietam, where he was severely wounded. He returned to duty in time to go west with the Ninth corps, and was with Sherman at Vicksburg and Jackson, and subsequently bore a part in the defence of Knoxville in its protracted siege by Longstreet. On the bloody battle ground of the Wilderness he was where dangers were thickest, and at Ny River, Cold Harbor, Petersburg, Mine Explosion, and Weldon Railroad, shared the fortunes of his regiment, facing the foe in one of the most sanguinary campaigns of the Rebellion. Since the war he has held the position of Register in Bankruptcy for the Thirteenth Congressional District.

William Francis Small, son of Thomas and Sarah (James) Small, was born in Montgomery county on the 16th of September, 1819. He commanded the Monroe Guard, a militia company, in the riots of 1844, and led it throughout the Mexican War, especially distinguishing himself at Puebla, charging with only sixty men a battery strongly defended. After his return he rose to be Colonel and Brigadier-General of militia. In 1860 he recruited the Washington brigade, and tendered its service to Mr. Buchanan, which was declined. When hostilities opened in April, 1861, he attempted to pass through Baltimore with his command with the Massachusetts Sixth, but not being armed was attacked by the mob and driven back, having several men wounded. He was commissioned Colonel of the Twenty-sixth regiment. In the battle of Williamsburg, while leading with great heroism upon a bastion of Fort Magruder, he was severely wounded and borne helpless from the field. Being incapacitated for duty, he resigned in June, 1862. He recruited and commanded the Sixtieth militia when the State was invaded in 1863. Previous to the war he was a member of the State Senate.

James Gwyn, Colonel of the One Hundred and Eighteenth regiment, Brevet Brigadier and Major-General, was born at Londonderry, Ireland, on the 24th of November, 1828. He was the son of Alexander and Catharine (Garvin) Gwyn. He was educated at Foyle College, and for a time studied surgery. On coming to this country he settled in Philadelphia, where he was connected with the mercantile house of Stuart Brothers. In February, 1850, he was married to Miss Margaretta E. Young. At the opening of the Rebellion he was commissioned Captain of the Twenty-third regiment, and when it was reorganized for veteran service he was again commissioned Captain and went to the field under the gallant General Birney. With him Captain Gwyn fought at Fair Oaks, and at the close of the Peninsula campaign resigned to accept promotion to Lieutenant-Colonel of the One Hundred and Eighteenth. Its first engagement was at

Shepherdstown, soon after the battle of Antietam, where it fell into an ambuscade and was fearfully decimated. In the battles of Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville, and Gettysburg, with all the incidental skirmishing and fighting, Lieutenant-Colonel Gwyn maintained his character as a valuable and reliable officer, and at the close of these campaigns was promoted to Colonel. On the first day in the Wilderness he was severely wounded in the right thigh. He rejoined his regiment in front of Petersburg. On the 30th of September, 1864, Warren attacked the enemy in his works at Peeble's Farm. Gwyn, as the senior Colonel, commanded the First brigade, First division. With great gallantry he led forward his men, reduced by repeated losses to about eight hundred, and captured two earthworks and a fortified line. For this action he was brevetted Brigadier-General, and assigned to duty in accordance with the brevet rank. At Five Forks, in April, 1865, which was the beginning of the end, General Gwyn's brigade captured a large number of the enemy and many battle-flags. He was immediately thereafter promoted to Brevet Major-General. At the close of the war he returned to mercantile business.

William Henry Boyd was born on the 14th of July, 1825, at Quebec, Canada. His father was a soldier in the British army. At the breaking out of the war he was in the Directory publishing business in Philadelphia. He recruited a company of cavalry for Schurz's National brigade, which became a part of the First New York (Lincoln) cavalry, and which he led on the Peninsula as escort to General Franklin. After the Maryland campaign this regiment was left with Milroy at Winchester, and fought the advance of Lee in his march towards Gettysburg. Boyd was detached to save the wagon train and brought it safely to Harrisburg, after which he operated in the Cumberland Valley both during the advance and retreat of the enemy from Pennsylvania, rendering important service. He was shortly after commissioned Colonel of the Twenty-first cavalry, which in the Wilderness campaign he led as infantry, and at Cold Harbor was severely wounded, the ball piercing his neck and lodging in one of the vertebræ, where it remained for five months and was only extracted after three unsuccessful attempts. In 1868 he was an agent of the Treasury Department.

FREDERIC SHEARER STUMBAUGH, Colonel of the Seventy-seventh regiment, was born on the 14th of April, 1817, in Franklin county, Pennsylvania. He was the son of John Stumbaugh, a descendant of Lawrence, who emigrated to this country from Strasburg, Germany, in the year 1751, and Sarah (Shearer) Stumbaugh. He was married in September, 1841, to Anna Sophia Cressler. He was appointed Colonel of the Second regiment organized in the State, having for fifteen years previous been connected with the militia. At the expiration of the three months' term he was made Colonel of the Seventy-seventh. It was sent for duty to Buell's army in Kentucky, which was ordered to the support of Grant at Shiloh. At the opening of the battle the Seventy-seventh was a long day's march away. Early the dull sound of artillery told that the struggle had commenced. It was spring, and the ways were unsettled. But fired with zeal to reach the ground, they moved rapidly forward, and at four on the following morning, April 7th, were embarked upon the Tennessee for the Landing. During the early part of the day the Seventy-seventh was held in reserve, but was attacked, and successfully repulsed a cavalry charge. At one in the afternoon Colonel Stumbaugh was placed in command of a brigade under General McCook, and so led his force in the heavy fighting which ensued as to win the hearty applause of that soldier.

In the campaign before Corinth, he was in command of his regiment; but soon after was prostrated by sickness, which proved to be of such a lingering nature that he offered his resignation, and was mustered out of service in December, 1862. In November preceding he was nominated, by the President, Brigadier-General. Since the war, he has for several terms served as a member of the Pennsylvania Legislature, where he has always taken a leading rank.

ORPHEUS S. WOODWARD, Colonel of the Eighty-third regiment, and Brevet Brigadier-General, was born in Erie county, on the 1st of May, 1835. He was the son of Ebenezer and Cornelia

(Prindle) Woodward. He served for three months in the Erie regiment, and at the conclusion became Captain in the Eighty-third, accredited with more battles than any other Pennsylvania regiment. In all these engagements down to the 5th of May, 1864, with the exception of Bull Run and Fredericksburg, he took part. He commanded his regiment at Gettysburg in one of the most trying positions of the war. He was promoted to Colonel in July, 1863, and to Brevet Brigadier-General in March, 1865. He was slightly wounded in the left arm at Malvern Hill, and severely in the right knee-joint on the first day in the Wilderness, losing his leg, which ended his active service. The pain experienced during the ten days between the wounding and the amputation, in which he was constantly moving, was excruciating. Since the war he has served two terms in the Pennsylvania Legislature. He was married in 1861 to Miss Marietta Hemrod.

ROBERT MILLER HENDERSON, Colonel of the Seventh Reserve regiment, and Brevet Brigadier-General, was born in Cumberland county, on the 11th of March, 1827. He was a farmer's son, and was educated at Dickinson College. He chose the law as his profession, and before he had attained his majority was admitted to practice. He was soon after elected a member of the Pennsylvania Legislature, where he served during the sessions of 1851–'52. He married Miss M. A. Webster, of Baltimore. When the war opened he entered the volunteer force as a Captain in the Seventh Reserve. His two brothers accompanied him, but one of them, William M., was compelled from ill health to resign, and in less than a year died. During the Seven Days' battle upon the Peninsula, Captain Henderson shared in the hard fighting, receiving a wound at Charles City Cross Roads. Four days thereafter he was made Lieutenant-Colonel, General Seymour recommending the advancement on the ground of "brilliant gallantry." After returning from the Peninsula, Colonel Henderson marched to Kelly's Ford, and finally to the Second Bull Run battle-ground, where, in the severe struggle which ensued, he led his regiment with such coolness and courage as to elicit the warm commendation of Generals Reynolds and McDowell. Late in the action Colonel Henderson was severely wounded and carried from the field. After partially recovering, he resigned his commission, to accept the office of Provost Marshal of the Fifteenth district of Pennsylvania. At the close of the war he returned to civil life and resumed the practice of his profession. He was brevetted Brigadier-General. The position of Judge Advocate-General of the Army of the Potomac was tendered him by General Meade, in a communication dated October 20th, 1864, but this for private reasons he was obliged to decline.

ISAAC ROGERS, son of John and Matilda (Gorsuch) Rogers, was born on the 5th of November, 1834. Entering the service as a Lieutenant in the One Hundred and Tenth regiment, he rose to Captain, Major, Lieutenant-Colonel, and Colonel in succession. He was with Shields at Winchester, and in the battles of Cedar Mountain, Bull Run, Chancellorsville, Gettysburg, and Wilderness he bore himself with heroic courage. At Laurel Hill, on the 12th of May, 1864, he was mortally wounded, and expired eleven days thereafter, having endured intense suffering. He left his home a year before with a presentiment that he would never return. His last message to his family was: "Tell them I have fought and fallen for my country," and died commending his comrades to heaven.

TILGHMAN H. GOOD, Colonel of the Forty-seventh regiment, was born in Lehigh county, on the 6th of October, 1830. He was the son of James and Mary A. (Blumer) Good. At the age of twenty he joined the militia, and in 1856 was Brigade-Inspector. He married, in 1851, Miss Mary A. Trexler. In 1858 he was a member of the Pennsylvania Legislature. When troops were called for the three months' service, his company, the Allen Rifles, was the first which arrived in camp, reporting at Harrisburg fully armed and equipped on the 20th of April, and became a part of the First regiment, of which he was Lieutenant-Colonel. He was made Colonel of the Forty-seventh regiment, and was sent to the Department of the South, where he participated in the battles of Pocotaligo, South Carolina; St. John's Bluff, Florida; and in Louisiana at Sabine Cross Roads, Pleasant Hill, Cain River Crossing, and Morganza. In July, 1864, the Nineteenth corps to which he belonged was ordered north, and upon its arrival at Fortress Monroe was hastened forward to the Shenandoah Valley. At Berryville, Winchester, Fisher's Hill, and Cedar Creek, he was among the most reliable and skilful leaders who had a place in the glorious column that followed Sheridan to victory. The most notable exploit of his military life was that at Pocotaligo, where the brigade which he then commanded had the advance, and in fact fought the battle. Colonel Hawley, of the Seventh Connecticut, says of his conduct here: "Throughout this terrible engagement he displayed such marked coolness, indomitable bravery and skill as to win the admiration of all the officers and men in the expedition."

GEORGE ELWOOD JOHNSON, son of Samuel and Eliza (Keen) Johnson, was born in Philadelphia, on the 8th of December, 1824. He entered the service as a Lieutenant in the Twenty-ninth regiment in May, 1861, and was promoted to Captain, Major, and Lieutenant-Colonel. He was captured in the battle of Front Royal and was a prisoner at Salisbury three months. He was engaged in the battles of Chancellorsville, Gettysburg—where he was captured but escaped—Lookout Mountain, Missionary Ridge, Ringgold—where he was wounded severely—Atlanta, in the March to the Sea commanded a battalion of pioneers for the Twentieth corps, and was with his regiment in the march north, participating in several minor engagements. He was honorably discharged at the close of the war. He was married in 1848 to Miss Annie Burwell. In 1868 he was chosen an Alderman of Philadelphia.

JAMES W. H. REISINGER, son of Charles and Providence (Roberts) Reisinger, was born on the 19th of January, 1833, at Beaver. When the war came he with his brothers was in the oil regions. Carried along by the current of fortune-making and speculation they had overlooked the claims of patriotism, when they were one day greeted with a note from their mother intimating her consent to their enlistment in the army of the Union. That hint was enough, and her four sons were quickly transformed to soldiers. James W. H. became a Captain in the One Hundred and Fiftieth, with which he served until after Chancellorsville, when, from ill health, he was transferred to the Veteran Reserve corps, and subsequently was commissioned Major, and Lieutenant-Colonel of the Twenty-fifth colored regiment, with a section of which he was in command at Fort Pickens. Napoleon B. served in the Seventeenth Indiana; Charles S. lost a leg in front of Petersburg; and Roe, the youngest, received three balls in the right leg at Gettysburg. At the close of the war Colonel Reisinger published a weekly paper in Venango county, and afterward became editor and proprietor of the Meadville *Republican*, having a daily and weekly issue.

Adoniram Judson Warner, Colonel of the Tenth Reserve, and Brevet Brigadier-General, was born on the 13th of January, 1834, in Erie county, New York. His father was a native of Vermont, his mother of Massachusetts. At the age of twelve the family removed to Wisconsin. Four years after, his father died, and he, being the eldest of five children, remained at home and took the management of the farm, which had been broken anew on reaching the State. By his own exertions upon the farm, and as a hired laborer and teacher, he not only obtained a liberal education at Beloit and the New York Central College, but continued the discharge of a filial duty by providing for the support of the family of his widowed mother. In 1856 he was married to Miss Susan E. Butts, of Wayne county, New York, and soon after went to Lewistown, Pennsylvania, where he had previously taught, and became principal of the Lewistown Academy. Subsequently he was appointed Superintendent of the schools of that county, but resigned before the expiration of the term to take charge of the Union School at Mercer, Pennsylvania, where he was engaged at the breaking out of the war. He had no military training, and on this account declined the offer of the place of Major, accepting the commission of Captain of Company G. Before the opening of the Seven Days' battle on the Peninsula he was promoted to Lieutenant-Colonel. In the actions at Beaver Dam Creek, Gaines' Mill, and Charles City Cross Roads his regiment was hotly engaged and suffered severe losses. In connection with the first two of these battles Colonel Warner mentions an interesting fact. "At Beaver Dam Creek, a request to be allowed to dig rifle-pits was hardly permitted by a regular army officer, and then only with an intimation that it was not evidence of true courage to get behind breastworks, and at Gaines' Mill it was impossible to get any attention paid to suggestions as to the propriety of throwing up temporary works, and no tools could be had for the purpose. A year later no one was asked for permission to dig trenches." At Charles City Cross Roads, when one wing of McCall's division was broken, after the most stubborn fighting, Colonel Warner, in conjunction with Major Stone and a few other officers, rallied disjointed troops, and when the enemy was about to charge, arrested a powerful attack, creating the impression that heavy Union supports were in readiness to receive it.

After the return from the Peninsula, Colonel Warner rendered important service throughout Pope's campaign and at South Mountain. But it was at Antietam that he gave the most signal proof of his ability as a soldier. As the battle opened he was ordered by General Hooker to proceed to the extreme right of the line, and as far to the front as he could, and report the movements of the enemy. As he went forward he discovered heavy masses of the foe pushing out upon that part of the field where Hooker was already most heavily engaged. With the eye of a true soldier he perceived that, unless that assault could be checked, Hooker's centre would be pierced. His resolution was instantly taken. "I immediately," he says in his report, "threw out nearly the whole regiment into a corn-field, as skirmishers, placing the rest as a reserve under cover, and opened a sharp fire upon the enemy's moving columns. This manœuvre had the intended effect. The enemy evidently expecting an attack in force, halted his columns, formed line, and threw out skirmishers to engage us. Meanwhile I sent a few chosen men further to our right, who crept up close enough to the rebel battery to kill the horses and pick off the gunners. For about twenty minutes the skirmishing was kept up sharply, and the enemy's whole force was held at bay. He evidently construed it into a movement on his flank. I had ascertained and reported to

A. J. Warner

ADONIRAM J. WARNER

[illegible]

General Hooker fully the enemy's movements." By his prompt and skilful conduct the centre was relieved, and Hooker was enabled to make one of the most gallant and well-directed fights of the war. But Colonel Warner, while doing bravely and well for his country, was himself sorely scourged. Being the only mounted officer he was a conspicuous mark for the enemy's sharpshooters. After having his horse twice struck, his sword once, one ball graze his right side and another pass through his coat, he was hit by a Minié ball in the right hip, which shattered the pelvis bone and buried itself, where for a long time it was inextricable. Two unsuccessful attempts were made to find it, during which he suffered great anguish. Not until the 8th of February, 1864, after an operation that lasted five hours, was it finally removed. His subsequent field service was trying. He could only walk with the aid of crutches or canes, which he carried fastened to his saddle, and riding was exceedingly painful. But the Gettysburg campaign was at full tide, the enemy already on the soil of his State, and he could not resist the desire to hasten forward to join in the great struggle. As he was advancing into position across a spur of the Little Round Top, he received a severe injury from the fall of his horse. "Once on the field of Gettysburg," he says, "I felt sure of victory; for it was the determination of the men to bravely withstand the enemy that won us the battle." As soon as the conflict was over he was sent again to Washington for treatment. He had been reported to the Secretary of War as unfit for duty, with wounds likely to prove fatal. This prevented his promotion, which had been recommended by General Meade. He was, however, advanced to Colonel, to date from April 25th, 1863; but after Gettysburg, seeing no hope of being useful in the field, he accepted of a transfer to the Seventeenth regiment of the Veteran Reserve corps, on the 23d of November, and in March following was brevetted Brigadier-General. In the meantime he was kept on court-martial duty, and was finally sent to Indianapolis, and placed in command of that post. Bounty-jumping was here rife, a practice which he could not regard but with feelings of abhorrence. Indeed the whole system of giving bounties he condemned in unqualified terms. To break up this flagitious outrage he resorted to the most severe punishment, ordering the worst offenders to trial and execution, and binding whole gangs of others together and sending them thus yoked to the front. At the conclusion of his service he took up his residence at Marietta, Ohio, where he became President of the Marietta, Pittsburg, and Cleveland Railroad Company, in which position he is still employed.

LORENZO CANTADOR was born on the 10th of June, 1810, at Dusseldorf, Prussia. He entered the Prussian army in 1832, as a volunteer, was promoted an officer of the Landwehr in 1833, and in the attempted revolution of 1848 commanded a body of the National Guard. He was subsequently engaged in mercantile pursuits, and in 1861 was commissioned Lieutenant-Colonel of the Twenty-seventh regiment, having in the meantime become a resident of Philadelphia. He was in the battles of Cross-Keys, Cedar Mountain, Second Bull Run, Chancellorsville, and Gettysburg, and had two horses shot under him. He resigned in November, 1863. He is six feet four inches in height, and well formed.

JOHN ELY was born on the 16th of January, 1816, in Bucks county, where his ancestors, who were of the Society of Friends, had lived for six generations. He abandoned a lucrative trade in coal at the opening of the Rebellion, and contributed liberally to the formation of a company for Colonel Baker's California regiment. In August, 1861, he recruited a battalion of five companies for the Twenty-third regiment, of which he was appointed Major. He was engaged at Williamsburg, and at Fair Oaks had a leg broken by a musket shot, but kept his horse until the fighting was over. His promotion to Lieutenant-Colonel followed close, and in the battle of Marye's Heights, in May, 1863, he acted a leading part in that daring charge which hurled the enemy from his stronghold, and received severe injuries from the fall of his wounded horse in the midst of the assault, which compelled him to tender his resignation. In January, 1864, he was appointed Colonel in the Veteran Reserve corps. From July to November, he was recruiting and disbursing officer in West Virginia, when he was transferred for similar duty to New Jersey.

In January, 1866, he was placed in charge of the Bureau of Refugees, Freedmen and Abandoned Lands in Kentucky, having in the meantime been advanced to Brevet Brigadier-General. General Ely was twice married—in 1837 to Rebecca R. Winder, and in 1856 to Marie Antoinette Morris—and had one son, Samuel L. Ely, who served in the Eighth cavalry. In person he was nearly six feet in height, deep chested, and of powerful frame. General Ely was intrusted with responsible duties in the Freedmen's Bureau, which he resigned in 1867. In 1869 he was appointed United States Marshal for the eastern district of Pennsylvania, but died suddenly on the 4th of May, soon after being inducted into office.

EDWIN E. ZEIGLER was born in Lewistown, in 1842. He was a member of the noted Logan Guards, the van of the first column to reach the Capital in April, 1861, and with it served for three months at Fort Washington. On being mustered out he entered the Forty-ninth regiment as a Lieutenant, where he served until March, 1862, when he was transferred to the One Hundred and Seventh, of which he became in succession Captain, Major, and Brevet Lieutenant-Colonel. In the stubborn battle at the Weldon Railroad on the 19th of August, 1864, he was taken prisoner and was incarcerated in the prisons at Salisbury and Danville until the spring of 1865. General McCoy says of him: "Colonel Zeigler participated in nearly all the battles of his regiment, and was esteemed as one of its most courageous, faithful, and reliable officers." At the close of the war he became an agent of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company at Huntingdon, and was subsequently promoted to a much more responsible position in Allegheny City.

ASHER S. LEIDY, Colonel of the Ninety-ninth regiment, was born on the 30th of July, 1830, in Philadelphia. He was the son of Philip and Christiana Teliana (Maley) Leidy. He was educated at the Philadelphia High School, the College of Pharmacy, and the Medical Department of the University of Pennsylvania. He was active in raising the Ninety-ninth regiment, which he assisted materially in equipping, organizing, and disciplining, and was commissioned its Major. He was severely wounded in the battle of Fredericksburg, the left thigh bone being fractured. By skilful treatment he recovered with only slight permanent disability. He was promoted to Lieutenant-Colonel on the 1st of February, 1862, and to Colonel in June following. On various occasions he was called to the command of Kearny's old brigade. The most important battles in which he participated were Second Bull Run, Fredericksburg, and Chancellorsville, though he was conspicuous in a large number of less important engagements, notably at White's Ford, where Stuart's cavalry attacked and was repulsed, and at Wolf Creek Bridge, where Moseby was likewise driven in rout. He was handsomely noticed by Kearny at Bull Run, by Birney at Fredericksburg, and by Ward, Birney, and Sickles at Chancellorsville. He was honorably discharged on the 9th of April, 1864.

THOMAS LEIPER KANE, Colonel of the Bucktail regiment, Brigadier and Brevet Major-General, second son of John K. Kane, was born in Philadelphia. Having overtaxed himself in study he was sent, at the age of sixteen, to Norfolkshire, England, to reside with an aged kinsman, to whose property he was by family arrangement to succeed. Finding it a condition of his fortune that he should become a British subject, he broke with his relative, and left England for the Continent, where his education was completed. On his return to the United States he engaged with youthful ardor in various reforms designed to introduce advanced French ideas into American politics. He drew about him a circle of young professional men, who, though varying widely in opinion, united in preparing articles of a progressive tone, the publication of which they pushed in newspapers and serials. The little junto, however, split and went to pieces upon the slavery question, Kane with the minority being an unconditional abolitionist.

In the meantime he had studied law and was admitted to practice; but an adventurous spirit possessed him, and he forsook his profession to find, in the western wilds of America, its satisfaction. With his brother, Elisha Kent, whose exploits have filled the world with their renown, he had early planned extended travel, and when his brother entered upon his Arctic explorations he went west. Fremont's journals had not then familiarized the reading public with the character of the national domain west of the Missouri. It had as yet been little explored, and the months of Kane's residence in the Indian villages of the plains were full of adventure. He returned to Philadelphia the sworn defender of the Red Man. The boldness of his attacks on the Indian rings at Washington conciliated prominent members of the Society of Friends, who led him to regard with favor their methods of advancing reform, and fed his zeal in the cause of the American slave. He made southern trips to urge upon eminent slave-holders gradual compensated emancipation, and three voyages to the British West Indies to study the working of emancipation there, extending his researches to the Spanish Islands.

In 1846, while on a confidential mission from President Polk to New Mexico, he fell in with the Mormons, just then driven from Nauvoo, whose wretched condition excited his pity and moved him to efforts for their amelioration. Mr. Buchanan, in his message of 1858, alludes in terms of compliment to his mediatory offices in pacifying Utah. In 1848 he was chairman of the Freesoil State Central Committee. At the time of the passage of the Fugitive Slave Law of 1850, he was a United States Commissioner; but spurning its provisions he resigned his place in a letter which was construed as a contempt of court. The action of the District Judge in committing him was, however, overruled by Judge Grier of the Supreme Bench. Kane, shortly after this, appears as a corporator of the Underground Railroad, asserting practically the abstract right of a member of society to break any law against his conscience, provided he does so openly, and without attempting to evade its penalties. In June, 1852, he was upon the platform at an anti-slavery meeting in the Tabernacle, New York, facing boldly the threats of violence, and at a similar assemblage in Philadelphia, to be addressed by George W. Curtis, resolutely advocated the meeting of force by force.

But as a resident of Philadelphia he found scope for his energies in more practical duties. As a city director of the Sunbury and Erie Railroad he was influential in having its route changed to one running through a pass of the Alleghenies, which he had discovered in his summer explorations. He was an active member of the American Philosophical Society, a manager of the House of Refuge, to the success of which he largely contributed, and a familiar visitor to the almshouse and prisons of the city. He was now able to reduce to practical operation some of the less Utopian theories of his youth. He established and maintained, at his own expense, for several years, a large and most successful Salle d'Asile, the first working model in America of this excellent charity, and found coadjutors among the most sober and conservative of his fellow-citizens in another enterprise which he regarded as of great usefulness—the popularization of music in public schools and charitable associations for the training of youth.

In 1860 the portents of storm in the political horizon made him uneasy, and abolitionist though he was, he deprecated war. He counselled peaceful measures, advocated the Crittenden Compromise, and made numerous trips to Washington, as the winter advanced, to plead with his old Southern friends in Congress. Yet, when the Rebellion broke out, he dropped all his occupations, abandoned all his plans, and was the first volunteer from Pennsylvania for the war, reconciling his course with the peace principles which he had professed, on the score that he went forth as an armed policeman to restore order. Although he had raised a regiment he was himself mustered in as a private. When subsequently elected Colonel, he resigned on the following day in favor of one recommended by General Scott as a proficient in military tactics. He was a rigid disciplinarian, but did not thereby forfeit the love and confidence of his men. In the first victory gained in the Army of the Potomac his regiment was prominently engaged, he manœuvring it with singular skill and receiving a ghastly wound in the mouth.

While in winter quarters at Camp Pierpont, before Washington, in the winter of 1861–'62, Kane wrote his *Instruction for Skirmishers,* a protest against the enforcement of European tactics upon American riflemen. He claimed for its chief merit the employment of large bodies of men in dispersed order; deploying and bringing them together again more readily than by the prevailing system. His manuscript was submitted, by command, to General Casey, upon whose recommendation General McClellan issued an order, dated March 7th, 1862, to General McCall, instructing him to "detail four companies of the Kane rifles to report to Lieutenant-Colonel Kane, and until further orders to be drilled by Colonel Kane exclusively in the system of tactics devised by him." Under his instruction these companies became proficient. He served in Bayard's brigade, and here found himself among officers whose tone was like his own. Bayard was his personal friend. But both were fighting for the Union against the sympathies and wishes of many of their family connections. Their camp near Fredericksburg was set among the plantations of old friends and relatives, now estranged. Complaints of outrages committed by Union soldiers were often brought to his notice, and meddlesome persons sought to charge him before his former associates with instigating them, though without a shadow of foundation.

It was a relief when spring came to turn from these painful scenes to active campaigning. A specialty of Kane's tactics was a peculiar fatigue march, and in the movement to the Shenandoah against Jackson, his skirmishers kept pace with the cavalry, outmarching the rest of the column. Kane was no less magnanimous than brave. It was his fortune to hold a command opposed to Ashby throughout that officer's career, and in 1861, when operating in the New Creek country against the Black Horse cavalry, he had ordered his men to respect Ashby's life. At Harrisonburg, Ashby made himself conspicuous, commanding Jackson's rear guard while Kane was pressing the pursuit. Kane was shot, as his men claimed, by Ashby—a pistol ball having been extracted from one of his wounds—and they were intent to avenge the wrong. This was finally accomplished by Fred. Holmes, a Bucktail, who had himself already received his death-wound. As Ashby passed near, Holmes raised himself on his arm and fired. A Bucktail's aim none might elude, and Ashby fell. The engagement at Harrisonburg gave occasion for a display of generous magnanimity worthy to recount. Kane's fall left Charles F. Taylor, brother of Bayard, in command of the Bucktails. Kane refused to be carried off the field at the peril of his men, and by his order Taylor withdrew them to a place of safety. This done he returned alone to seek his wounded Colonel. Darkness had fallen, and Kane had been carried off the field by the enemy. Taylor surrendered himself, stating his errand. His capture was reported to Jackson and Ewell, and an aid immediately brought him the offer of a parole. Taylor declined it until he should first find his commander, whom he discovered next day, "hatless, coatless, shoeless, and out of his head," lying on an ammunition wagon in the blazing sun. The offer of parole was formally renewed to both at intervals until accepted. As they were carried across Virginia to Salisbury, North Carolina, Kane was again thrown among the companions of his boyhood. At one point they passed a wounded man propped up against a tree. It was a relative of Kane, who had been shot by the Bucktails and was dying. Another cousin, unlike any other Southerner they met, shook the bed on which Kane was lying to arouse him, and addressing him by his Christian name taunted him with his wounds and captivity. His own men removed the young Virginian forcibly, crying "For shame." The obsequies of Ashby were being celebrated as they went through Charlottesville. The funeral bell was heard tolling, the musketry firing over the hero's grave. Passing the University of Virginia, a young gentleman came into the car where the two prisoners lay among the rows of wounded Confederates, and began giving them refreshments from a basket which he carried on his arm. Approaching Kane the latter said, "We are Federals." "These provisions are my father's," the lad answered courteously; "he meant them for gallant men. I am sure you have been one, sir." Kane asked his name, and when he gave it, recognized in him the son of one of his oldest family friends. Everywhere he met with kindness; and when he reached home he sought to repay it. He had seen enough of the misery of Southern hospitals, without ice, quinine, or chloroform, to pity the wounded there languishing. One of his first acts was to dictate a letter to President Lincoln, requesting permission to send a schooner-load of these articles to the Southern hospitals at his own expense. But the President was inflexible in his denial.

In the meantime he had been promoted to Brigadier-General of volunteers and given a brigade in the Twelfth corps. After Chancellorsville, a selection was made of regiments "warranted to stand fire" to defend the rear on the retreat. The honor of commanding this brigade was conferred on General Kane. Perhaps the most important in its results of his irregular services was his rejoining his brigade before the battle of Gettysburg. He was intrusted by the War Department with the important message to General Meade not to place any reliance on the telegraphic cipher, as it had been intercepted and was understood by the enemy. As the rebel General Stuart's command of horse was between the Capital and Meade's army, it was hazardous to attempt to reach it. A special train furnished him was ambuscaded above Poolesville, and he came near falling into the enemy's hands. General Schenck, in command at Baltimore, detailed a barouche with spirited horses, in which he made his way to the Union head-quarters. As was apprehended, he fell into Stuart's hands near Westminster, where he was arrested and examined, but it being in the sleepy hours before day, was allowed to pass on. He reached Taneytown in the afternoon of the 1st of July. On reporting to his brigade, it was ordered upon the front, and its place on the line on Culp's Hill is marked to this day by the severity of the fire. During the afternoon of the 2d, while the sharp fighting was in progress on his left, he shifted and strengthened his position; but in the evening he was hurriedly ordered out to reinforce the opposite wing of the army. Before he was half way to Round Top, his destination, he learned that the enemy had been repulsed, at the same time detecting heavy firing in the direction he had left. Instead of reporting and awaiting orders, he instantly countermarched, arriving at a critical moment. The enemy was found in possession of his breastworks. The night was far advanced; but he drove them out inch by inch, and retook in person a piece of rocky ground—a key-point in the hard fighting of the succeeding day.

Having been disabled by wounds and sickness he withdrew from the active command soon after the battle, and on doing so issued to his brigade the following characteristic order, which may properly conclude this narrative: "The hard fighting seems over. If there is to be more of it soon, I will be with you. If not, farewell, and may God bless and reward you for your noble conduct, but for which, neither I nor any of the thousands of this army would have home, country, pride, or honor to return to. If you should not see me again in the brigade I hope you will remember long and affectionately your friend and commander."

CHAPTER XIV.

GALUSHA PENNYPACKER, Colonel of the Ninety-seventh regiment, Brigadier and Brevet Major-General, was born at Valley Forge, the scene of the unparalleled fortitude of Washington and the patriot army. He was the son of Joseph J. and Tamzen A. (Workiger) Pennypacker, natives of Chester county. The mother died when the son, her only child, was but three years old, and he was placed in charge of his paternal grandmother, who cared for him with all a mother's tenderness. He received a good English and classical education, and at the instance of his father learned the art of printing. He was about to commence the study of law when the war broke out, but dismissed the lights of jurisprudence for the camp and bivouac fires.

He had previously attached himself to the infantry company of Henry R. Guss, with whom he served in the three months' campaign under Patterson in the Ninth regiment as Quartermaster's Sergeant, performing the duties of Quartermaster during the greater part of the campaign. He displayed unusual executive ability, and when Colonel Guss received authority to raise a regiment for three years Sergeant Pennypacker recruited the first company and was commissioned Captain. He was appointed commandant of Camp Wayne, where the regiment was placed, and authorized to muster the troops as fast as organized. Soon after his entrance upon this duty he was promoted to Major, and in addition aided his associate officers in the routine of their labors, in which by his experience he was well versed, conducting regimental and battalion drills with the skill and confidence of a veteran drill-master.

His regiment left camp on the 16th of November, 1861, for

G. Pennypacker.

BREVET MAJOR GENERAL G. PENNYPACKER, U. S. A.

Fortress Monroe, and a month later sailed for South Carolina. A storm kept the vessel tempest-tossed several days, and the men, fresh from the farm and the work-shop, had their first experience of the sea. It was a dismal voyage; but the kind face and pleasant voice of Major Pennypacker, as he moved among the men, inspecting their quarters and caring for their wants, reassured many a drooping spirit, and brought sunshine amidst clouds and storms. While in the Department of the South, his regiment was engaged in the operations against Fort Pulaski in January, 1862, and in the following month in the occupation of Fort Clinch, Fernandina, and Jacksonville, at the latter place having brisk conflicts with the enemy. Active service continued with little cessation while his regiment remained in the department, its command much of the time devolving on Major Pennypacker. In the discharge of that trust he showed signal ability, causing General A. H. Terry, who was serving in this department, to say to Colonel Guss: "You have a most excellent and deserving officer in Major Pennypacker; he will make his mark in the service,"—a prediction which was signally verified. In February, 1863, he was member of a board appointed to examine officers. His selection for this grave duty, when barely twenty years of age, over soldiers graced with the training of West Point, shows how completely he had won the confidence of his commander, and how devoted he had been in the brief period of his novitiate to the military profession.

The second assault on Fort Wagner was made at dusk on the evening of July 18th, 1863, the Fifty-fourth Massachusetts (colored) leading the way. The slaughter was terrible, and though promptly and gallantly supported by Putnam's brigade, it proved disastrous. Stevenson's brigade, in which was Pennypacker's regiment, was brought up to cover the retreat, and during the long hours of that dismal night, under a constant fire from the fort, the men were employed in bringing in the wounded, crawling stealthily up to the very moat and slopes of the fortress. To this attempt to gain the stronghold, regular approaches succeeded. In the face of desperate resistance, and a ceaseless fire from the most formidable enginery of war, these operations were pushed. In the midst of them Major Pennypacker was stricken with fever. When the siege works were ready for a fresh assault, the commanders of regiments were called together to receive their final instructions. Major Pennypacker was too sick to be present, but he awaited until past midnight the return of his next in command, who attended in his stead, and refused to retire until he had fully mastered every detail of the plan of attack. When morning came he mounted his horse, the very study and meditation of the scheme inspiring him with vigor. At the point where horses must be left, he dismounted and marched at the head of his columns. But on reaching the parallels it was ascertained that the enemy had forsaken their posts, leaving the stronghold to fall into the hands of the besiegers—a bloodless victory.

So much reduced was he by the severe duty here imposed that, at the urgent representation of his physicians, he accepted a furlough and went north to regain his shattered strength. He returned and rejoined his regiment near the close of October, 1863, which had in the meantime been transferred to Fernandina, Florida. He was immediately placed over five companies, and in April following succeeded to the command of the post. He headed two expeditions to the mainland for the purpose of surprising rebel camps and obtaining lumber for the use of the department, both of which were successful. In April, 1864, he was ordered to Virginia, there to join the Army of the James, and was soon after commissioned Lieutenant-Colonel. Arrived at Gloucester Point, the place of rendezvous of the troops, his regiment was assigned to the Second brigade of General Terry's division of the Tenth corps. In the operations from Bermuda Hundred and along the line of the Petersburg and Richmond Railroad, in the main fruitless, though involving desperate fighting, Colonel Pennypacker manœuvred his men in the face of superior forces with consummate skill. Especially was this the case in the action at Wier Bottom Church, on the 16th of May. It was necessary that the enemy, who was concentrating there in considerable force, should be held in check until the main body of General Butler's army could be withdrawn. By a forced march the regiment was brought into position in time to check the foe, and by so disposing his troops as to convey the impression that his was only the skirmish line to a powerful body, he stopped a vastly superior force, until Butler was safe in his works.

Two days after this, Beauregard, who commanded the rebel troops, attacked and carried a portion of the Union line occupied by the Eighth Maine. Pennypacker was ordered up with his regiment to retake it. Selecting four companies with which to make the assault, by a sudden spring he routed the enemy, though in the face of a terrific fire, and reoccupied the ground. It was a brilliant dash, and though attended with fearful slaughter was completely triumphant. At Foster's Plantation, on the 20th, his command was less fortunate, but not less heroic; for, charging gallantly over open ground, his steadfast line was swept by a storm of musket shot and canister from well-served guns. Twice had he fallen from grievous wounds, but recovering himself, had led on, exhorting and encouraging, when he was a third time stricken, and now rendered helpless. A more gallant or persistent charge was not delivered during the war, nor one which more clearly demonstrated the devotion of a body of men to their commander. He was carried helpless to his tent with a wound in his right arm, another in his left leg, and still a third in his right side, and three days thereafter was sent to the general hospital at Fortress Monroe. Impatient to be with his men, though still suffering from his wounds, he resumed command on the 12th of August, and soon after was made Colonel. The actions at Deep Bottom and Strawberry Plains speedily followed, in which, though with right arm still disabled, he headed his command, and at the moment of extreme peril in the latter engagement succeeded by great skill and heroism in bringing off his regiment, when by a sudden unfortunate turn in the fight it seemed given over to inevitable capture. On returning to the lines before Petersburg, Colonel Pennypacker succeeded to the command of the brigade, and was shortly after permanently assigned to it by General Butler.

Towards the close of September, aggressive operations were renewed on the north side of the James, and in the actions at New Market Heights, and before Fort Gilmer, Colonel Pennypacker led his brigade, winning new claims to confidence in his more responsible position. In the latter engagement he received a painful wound, and his horse was shot under him. Though suffering greatly, he refused to leave the field. Commanding positions were secured at New Market Heights and at Fort Harrison. To regain them the enemy made desperate assaults, and the slaughter was frightful. The reconnoissance towards Richmond by Terry and Kautz involved severe actions at the Darbytown and Charles City Roads. Major Price, who succeeded him in command of the regiment, and who furnished the material for this sketch, thus speaks of his chief: "During these important movements, Colonel Pennypacker was continuously in command of his brigade, always at the post of duty, always prepared for instant action, always thoroughly cognizant of every movement of the enemy in his front."

Early in December, the Tenth and Eighteenth corps were merged in one and designated the Twenty-fourth. A plan was devised about this time for the reduction of Fort Fisher, commanding the entrance to Wilmington, the chief remaining entrepôt to the Confederacy. With Ames' division of the Twenty-fourth and Paine's of the Twenty-fifth (colored), about six thousand five hundred men, General Butler set sail on the 13th of December, to act in conjunction with Admiral Porter. Under cover of the fleet, Ames' division debarked, and pushed up close under the fort, Pennypacker leading his brigade. A reconnoissance was made by General Weitzel, second in command, which resulted in the conclusion that the place was impregnable; whereupon Butler ordered the division to embark, and sailed away to the James. On the 2d of January, scarcely two weeks later, the same troops, with the addition of Abbott's brigade of Terry's division and a small siege train, in all about eight thousand men, under General Terry, were ordered to renew the attempt. Rendezvousing with the fleet off Beaufort, Terry was obliged by stress of weather to wait from the 8th to the 12th, when, moving up, he landed with his entire force. A line of skirmishers was thrown out which met little resistance, and Colonel Pennypacker at dusk, with his own and two other brigades, was sent to establish a line of defensive works across the island from sea to river. The ground was marshy and difficult, and it was not until two o'clock on the following morning that a line much nearer the fort than the one originally sought was found feasible, and the work of intrenching commenced. Before morning, a good protection was completed, giving a sure foothold. After a careful reconnoissance, Terry determined to assault. At eight o'clock on the morning of the 15th, the fleet moved down and opened fire at close quarters. Ames' division had been selected to lead. At two o'clock P. M. one hundred picked men, with Spencer repeating carbines and light spades, went forward at a run, and when arrived within two hundred yards of the fort, quickly threw up sufficient earth to afford some protection, and opened fire. Curtis' brigade followed, and was succeeded by Pennypacker's and Bell's at regular intervals. By successive steps these were advanced one after another by rapid movements, taking shelter behind the slight works prepared. The missiles of the fleet and the work of the intrepid axe-men had made openings in the palisades, when Curtis' brigade sprang forward, and though meeting a terrific fire, passed all obstruction and made a lodgment upon the parapet. Pennypacker was not far behind, "overlapping Curtis' right," says Terry, "and drove the enemy from the heavy palisading, from the west end of the land face to the river, capturing a considerable number of prisoners; then pushing forward to their left, the two brigades together drove the enemy from about one quarter of the land face." Bell carried the side next the river, where the works were of minor strength. But the difficulties had now but just begun to be met. "Hand-to-hand fighting," continues Terry, "of the most desperate character ensued, the huge traverses of the land face being used successively by the enemy as breastworks, over the tops of which the contending forces fired into each other's faces. Nine of these, one after the other, were carried by our men. . . . The fighting for the traverses continued until nearly nine o'clock, when a portion of Abbott's brigade, which had been brought to the support of the assault, drove the enemy from the last remaining stronghold, and the occupation of the work was completed." Language is inadequate to the presentation of the terrors of the scene as assailants and assailed met each other over the traverses of this strongest of rebel works. But the valor of this devoted division was superior to all, and everything went down before it.

When his brigade had scaled the battlements of the frowning fortress, Colonel Pennypacker, seizing the flag of his old regiment, heroically led the way. Three of the traverses, after fearful struggles, had been carried, when Colonel Pennypacker received a severe wound. Recovering himself, by one desperate effort he planted his flag at the farthest reach on the front, and then fell back helpless and exhausted from the loss of blood. "I have no words," says General Terry, "to do justice to the behavior of both officers and men on this occasion. Better soldiers never fought. Brigadier-General Curtis and Colonels Pennypacker, Bell, and Abbott, the brigade commanders, led them with the utmost gallantry. Curtis was wounded after fighting in the front rank, rifle in hand! Pennypacker, while carrying the standard of his regiment, the first man in a charge over a traverse! Bell was mortally wounded near the palisades!"

Captain George F. Toule, Inspector-General to General Terry, in a letter from the fort, of January 23d, 1865, says: "The assault was magnificent. For six hours success seemed doubtful. The men actually clubbed rifles over the parapet, and the fighting was of that hand-to-hand character we so often read about but seldom see. . . . Curtis was wounded. Bell was wounded and died the next day. Poor Pennypacker was wounded while leading his brigade over the parapet, with the colors of the Ninety-seventh in his hand. I saw him as he was brought off on a stretcher. He refused to leave the field until he had seen General Terry. I told the General, who went to see him. Pennypacker then pointed to the foremost flag on the traverses, and said, 'General, take notice; that is the flag of the Ninety-seventh Pennsylvania.' Everybody feels badly that he should receive such a severe wound, and none more so than myself. . . . The carrying of such a strong work as Fisher by assault is an event unparalleled in military history. Including the Mound battery, and Battery Buchanan, there are eighty-four guns. Among them a splendid one-hundred-and-fifty pounder gun, with a rosewood carriage, presented to the rebels by English friends. General Terry intends to present it to West Point."

Colonel Pennypacker's wound was a ghastly one in the right side and hip, made by a Minié ball, the pelvis being shattered.

As soon as it was deemed safe he was taken to the Chesapeake Hospital, at Fortress Monroe, where he received the best surgical and medical attention. His recovery was for a long time considered doubtful, and his suffering intense.

Immediately after this action, the rank of Brevet Brigadier-General was conferred upon him, and soon after that of a full Brigadier. Upon the recommendation of General Terry he was also made Major-General by brevet for gallant and meritorious services during the war.

As soon as he was so far recovered as to travel with safety, he returned to his home at West Chester. He was received on his arrival with the most flattering demonstrations of respect and esteem, by an organization of citizens, accompanied by the cadets of the two military schools, the populace crowding to behold the maimed soldier. He was formally welcomed by Senator Wilmer Worthington in a delicate and graceful eulogy of his faithful service. Though gradually recovering his strength he was still unfit for field duty, and after twice tendering his resignation it was finally accepted on the 30th of April, 1866, he being the last of his regiment to leave the service, as he was the first to enter it. He was the youngest general officer who served in the army during the war, having been confirmed as Brigadier and Brevet Major-General at the age of twenty-two.

Relieved from martial duties, though with wounds unhealed, General Pennypacker at once commenced the study of law. But the Government could ill afford to spare the services of so true and good a soldier, and on the 1st of December, 1866, he was appointed a Colonel in the regular army and assigned to the command of the Thirty-fourth infantry. He was permitted to delay joining his regiment for several months that he might have proper surgical treatment. In the meantime he was nominated and confirmed a Brevet Brigadier and Brevet Major-General in the regular army.

On the 20th of May, 1867, he joined his regiment, then stationed at Grenada, Mississippi. He was afterwards President of a military commission convened at Vicksburg, and for a short time commanding officer of the sub-district of Mississippi. Subsequently the Twenty-fourth infantry was discontinued as an organization, when General Pennypacker was assigned, on the 25th of March, 1869, to the command of the Sixteenth infantry, which position he still holds.

Previous to the nomination for Governor in 1872, General Pennypacker was urged by many influential papers throughout the State for that high office. In the effort to harmonize conflicting interests, the propriety of selecting a candidate so deservedly popular, in order to secure the united support of all parties, was regarded as of the first importance. For the intended honor he expressed to his friends in the convention grateful appreciation, but respectfully yet positively declined to be considered a candidate, preferring to retain his position in the army. His name was accordingly withdrawn from the convention before a ballot was taken. His age was barely that fixed by the Constitution for Governor.

WILLIAM J. PALMER, son of John and Matilda (Jackson) Palmer, was born near Smyrna, Delaware, on the 18th of September, 1836. He was educated at the Central High School of Philadelphia, and spent a year in inspecting practical mining and engineering in England, becoming soon after his return private secretary to J. Edgar Thomson, President of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company. He formed and was made Captain of the Anderson Troop for escort duty to General Anderson on taking command in Kentucky. Captain Palmer subsequently set about recruiting a regiment of cavalry, and when partially completed it was sent into the Cumberland Valley to meet the enemy in his Maryland campaign. Soon after Antietam Captain Palmer volunteered to go into the enemy's lines on delicate duty, was taken prisoner, and was not released until January, 1863. He had in the meantime been promoted to Colonel, and on rejoining his regiment, now with Rosecrans in Tennessee, soon brought it to an effective state. He was active in the Chickamauga campaign, in the battle of Missionary Ridge, and in the operations against Longstreet in the valley of the French Broad River, in the winter of 1864. In the Atlanta campaign he had charge of a portion of the line of supply, and when Hood moved on Nashville, Palmer was set upon his rear, burning a pontoon train near Russellville, destroying a supply train near Aberdeen, and subsequently routing a column under General Lyon. In the spring of 1865, having been made a Brevet Brigadier-General, he was given a brigade and sent into North Carolina, and when Johnston surrendered was placed over a division and put upon the track of Jefferson Davis, then trying to escape to the Gulf. Palmer with others pushed the pursuit, and he was close upon his trail when the rebel President was captured in his female paraphernalia. On leaving the service he was chosen Treasurer of the Kansas Pacific Railroad Company, and builder and manager of construction of the last two hundred and thirty-two miles. After the lapse of a little more than five years he organized the Denver and Rio Grande Railway Company, the main line to extend to El Paso in Mexico, the track having a gauge of only three feet. In 1870 he married Miss Queen Mellen, of Flushing, Long Island. He has established his home in a wild gorge of the Rocky Mountains, which he has named Queen's Cañon. General Thomas said of him: "There is no officer in the regular or volunteer service who has performed the duties which have devolved upon him with more intelligence, zeal, or energy, than General Palmer, whose uniform distinguished success throughout the war places his reputation beyond controversy."

SAMUEL KLINGER SCHWENK, Colonel of the Fiftieth regiment, and Brevet Brigadier-General, was born on the 8th of May, 1842, in Dauphin county. He is descended from the Von Schwencks of Germany, a noble family, several of whom served with distinction in the late Franco-German war, and both paternal and maternal ancestors served in our Revolutionary war and in the wars of Napoleon. He was educated at Dickinson Seminary, which he left in his senior year to enlist in the service of his country. He studied military tactics when but a boy, with an old French officer, and at the age of sixteen was appointed Lieutenant of the Germanville artillery. While at college he instructed the Dickinson Cadets, composed of the teachers and students of the college. On the 19th of August, 1861, he was appointed a First Lieutenant in the Fiftieth, and proceeded with it to South Carolina. In affairs at Beaufort and twice at Port Royal Ferry he acted with skill, and received the thanks of Generals Stevens and Hunter. He returned to Virginia in time to take part in the battles of Bull Run and Chantilly. At South Mountain he was wounded in the ankle. At Antietam he was still with his company, though scarcely able to walk, and was given command of the sharpshooters on the Ninth corps front, where he was pitted against the famous Palmetto sharpshooters, whom he drove, and opened connection with Hooker's corps on the right, receiving handsome mention from Generals Wilcox and Burnside. At Fredericksburg he again led the skirmishers, and reached out on the left until he joined hands with those of Franklin's Grand division. The Ninth corps was sent west in the spring of 1863, and at Blue Spring and Hough's Ferry, where the advance of Longstreet was met, Captain Schwenk performed one of those daring feats with which his name was often associated. He not only fought the enemy's skirmishers and captured a number of them, but actually went within the hostile lines, gaining full information of the position and numbers, and in the end took a party sent out to demand his own surrender. "At Campbell's Station," says his brigade commander, General Cutcheon, "he behaved most bravely," and during the entire siege of Knoxville was "especially distinguished for his coolness, prudent judgment, and determined gallantry, as well as professional skill in the construction of defences." The same officer further says: "During the battles of the Wilderness and Spottsylvania his regiment fought side by side with the Twentieth Michigan, of which I was then the commanding officer. In the first of these actions his gallantry was conspicuous and remarked by all who witnessed it. At the passage of the Ny River, on the 9th of May, 1864, his services were more valuable and permanent, being in command of the right company of the Fiftieth Pennsylvania, holding the extreme right of our line. The enemy charged and attempted to turn that flank. Most of the regiment gave way and fell back from the crest. Our flank seemed to be turned. At this moment Captain Schwenk, by his great personal exertions and bravery, rallied a part of his regiment, charged the enemy with the bayonet, and repulsed them from the crest, thus saving

Sam K Schwenk.-

the brigade from serious disaster. Again on the 12th of May, in the battle of Spottsylvania Court House, he greatly distinguished himself, so as to draw the attention and admiration of the whole brigade." At the North Anna and at Shady Grove he was alike conspicuous, always upon the advance line, where dangers thickened and peril was most imminent. In the severe fighting at Cold Harbor he was severely and at the time thought mortally wounded. A ball entered the side, split and traversed a rib bone, carrying away a portion of the vertebra. It was treated by men eminent in the medical profession, the case being regarded as remarkable, many months elapsing before he could move about. In the meantime an examining board had pronounced him permanently disabled, and the order for his discharge on account of "physical disability from wounds received in action" had been issued. On the day following that on which this was promulgated, Governor Curtin had ordered his promotion to Lieutenant-Colonel. On six several occasions he went before the examining board to have the revocation of the order of discharge recommended, before he succeeded, and then with his wounds still open. He proceeded immediately to the field and assumed command of his regiment, with the rank of Major. At the retaking of Fort Steadman and in the final capture of Petersburg he was engaged, leading his troops with marked skill and enterprise. He was promoted to the rank of Colonel and Brigadier-General by brevet for "skilful and meritorious services during the war." Upon the occasion of laying the corner-stone of the national monument at Gettysburg, in July, 1865, Colonel Schwenk's regiment was selected, upon the recommendation of General Grant, to represent the infantry of the army. At the muster out of service, on the 30th of July, only 134 men and two officers, out of 940 who originally went forth, remained. In his farewell order to his men he said: "The story of the old regiment, with the incidents of the past four years, will always be remembered and cherished with the memory and virtues of our noble comrades, whose remains are mouldering in ten different States. Your deeds of valor and trials of endurance, with the achievements of thirty-two battles, will brighten many pages in the annals of your country's fame."

Soon after his discharge General Schwenk entered Hancock's First Army corps, and served for a time in Michigan. Near the close of the year 1866 he was appointed First Lieutenant in the Forty-first regular infantry, which he joined at Baton Rouge, Louisiana, in March following, and was shortly after made Adjutant. He was in succession brevetted Captain, Major, and Lieutenant-Colonel in the regular army for conspicuous gallantry and skilful and meritorious services at Ny River, Spottsylvania, and Cold Harbor. He was stationed at Brownsville, Texas, in 1867, and was Adjutant-General to General Mackenzie in command upon the Rio Grande. During the prevalence of yellow fever he in addition performed the duties of Regimental and Post-Adjutant, until he was himself stricken with the fever, of which, after having nearly recovered, he suffered a violent relapse which came near carrying him off. He was promoted to Captain in December, 1867, and stationed at forts along the Texas frontier, where he had several encounters with the Indians. In July, 1868, he was President of the first Military Commission for Texas under the reconstruction acts of Congress. A year later he was sent to Nashville, Tennessee, in charge of recruiting service, with offices in Kentucky, Tennessee, Alabama, and Mississippi. When the army was reduced in 1871, he was assigned to the Eighth cavalry, but in consequence of disability from wounds, of which he received eight during the war, he was compelled to give up active service and will probably have to go upon the retired list of the army

MARTIN D. HARDIN was born on the 26th of June, 1837, in Jacksonville, Illinois. His father, a native of Kentucky, a member of Congress, was killed in leading a charge in the battle of Buena Vista. His grandfather, Martin D., for whom he was named, was a member of the United States Senate, and his great-grandfather, born in western Pennsylvania, was a distinguished soldier in the Revolutionary War. His mother, Sarah Ellen (Smith) Hardin, married, in 1851, Chancellor Walworth of New York. He was educated at West Point, where he graduated in 1859. He entered the service as a Lieutenant of artillery, and, after a brief term at Fortress Monroe, was sent with a detachment of three hundred men to the Pacific coast, and posted at Fort Uniqua, Washington Territory. He returned at the opening of the Rebellion, and was stationed with his company in the defences of Washington, and served with it in McClellan's column until after the battle of Yorktown, when he was for some time prostrated by sickness. He returned to duty in time to participate in the Seven Days' battle, during which he served on the staff of General Hunt, Chief of Artillery. In July, 1862, he was made Colonel of the Twelfth Reserve regiment, and in the battle of Bull Run led Jackson's brigade, holding open ground with determined courage, and near the close of the engagement received a severe and dangerous wound. He participated in the battle of Gettysburg, and at Mine Run by his gallantry broke through the enemy's mask, disclosing his purposes. Near the close of 1863, while on duty near Catlett's Station, he was shot by guerillas and severely wounded, losing his left arm. He served on a board to examine prisoners of state, and in charge of draft rendezvous at Pittsburg until the opening of the spring, when at his earnest solicitation he was restored to his regiment, and put in command of a brigade of the Reserves. He was wounded at the North Anna, and distinguished himself at Bethesda Church. On the muster out of the Reserve corps, on the following day, Colonel Hardin was put in command of the defences of Washington north of the Potomac and promoted to Brigadier-General. When attacked by Early, in July, 1864, he rendered important service in holding him in check until the arrival of the Sixth corps. On the 15th of August, 1865, he was assigned to the command of a district in North Carolina. In July, 1866, he was commissioned Major of the Forty-third Veteran Reserve, and was stationed at Detroit. In June, 1867, he was given leave of absence and spent a year in Europe. On his return he served in Michigan and at Buffalo, New York, until December, 1870, when he was retired from active duty with the rank of Brigadier-General, having been advanced by brevet through all the grades to that of Brigadier in the regular service. On retiring he studied law, and was admitted to practice in Chicago, in July, 1871. He was married in 1864 to Miss Estella Graham, second daughter of James Sutton Graham, of Harrodsburg, Kentucky.

Henry Martin Hoyt, Colonel of the Fifty-second regiment, and Brevet Brigadier-General, was born in Luzerne county, on the 8th of June, 1830. His parents were natives of Connecticut. He was educated at Lafayette and Williams' Colleges, graduating at the latter in 1849. He studied law in the office of George W. Woodward, and early took a good rank at the bar. The national cause found no more ready supporter, and he was commissioned Lieutenant-Colonel of the Fifty-second in August, 1861. While on an examining board at Washington he studied diligently books upon tactics, engineering, fortifications, and the various requirements of a soldier. On the Peninsula he was of Naglee's brigade, and participated in the reconnoissance from Bottom's Bridge to Seven Pines in advance of the whole army, and commanded the party which constructed the bridges across the Chickahominy. When the battle of Fair Oaks opened he rendered signal service by communicating to General Sumner the exact position of the Union troops, joining Sumner's column as it moved to the support of Heintzelman in that battle, and fighting under him to the end. This brigade had the honor of being selected to hold the enemy in check at the passages of the Chickahominy, and when recalled joined Franklin at White Oak Swamp, in both situations exhibiting the most undaunted courage.

At the close of this campaign Colonel Hoyt was ordered first to North Carolina, and thence to South Carolina, where he was engaged in the siege of Fort Wagner, the first serious obstacle to the reduction of Charleston. The operations were laborious and conducted under the terrible fire of the enemy and the more wasting effect of the summer's heat. For forty days the work was pushed. A single paragraph from a letter written by Colonel Hoyt at the time will illustrate its nature. After describing the busy scenes of a detail, he says: "Over all this diversity of labor were constantly exploding, at night, the shells of the enemy. 'Cover Johnson!' would be called out from one lookout. There is a flash away across the harbor. In ten or fifteen seconds comes a report. Away up in the air is seen a small unsteady twinkle. Presently it 'whistles,' and 'wobbles,' and roars like a coming storm. Down, down on the heads of the men crouching behind their mounds of sand, lower and lower still, and in very imminent proximity, it winds up with a bang, and a villainous whirr-r-r of half a hundred pieces humming into the marshes, or mayhap into the living muscles of its poor victims. Then the Bull of the Woods would open its pyrotechny, and Bee, and Beauregard, and the Peanut, and Haskell, and so the thing was kept up until, tired, and weary, and mangled, the detail went out of the trenches at dawn." When all was ready, a hundred heavy guns opened upon devoted Wagner and the troops were held in readiness to assault, Colonel Hoyt having been assigned the task of charging Fort Gregg; but before the time for the movement had come the enemy evacuated and the stronghold fell without a blow.

In June, 1864, a plan was devised to capture Charleston by surprising the garrisons guarding its approaches. The attempt was made on the night of the 3d of July, in three divisions, Colonel Hoyt, closely supported by other troops, leading that which was to capture Fort Johnson. The channel was difficult, and the pilot, either through ignorance or treachery, utterly failed in his duty. Colonel Hoyt, determined to carry out his instructions, undertook the guidance and triumphantly cleared the bar. But precious time had been lost, and as he approached the fort he was discovered and a simultaneous, rapid fire was opened upon him. His supports failed to follow, though of this he was ignorant, and pushing boldly forward, landed, and with 135 men, his whole party, charged and captured a two-gun battery. The heavy guns of Fort Johnson, two hundred yards beyond, were beginning to open their hoarse throats, while the intervals were filled with the sharp rattle of musketry. No sign of wavering was seen in the intrepid band as they moved steadily forward, led by Colonel Hoyt. They crossed the parapet, struggled at the crest face to face with the foe, and began to leap into the fort, when the astounding and mortifying fact was disclosed that they were unsupported. The whole garrison was now alive and swarming upon all sides. It was plain that a further struggle would be useless, and the detachment surrendered as prisoners of war. The skill and daring displayed by Colonel Hoyt and his men extorted the highest praise from friend and foe. The Charleston *Mercury* of July 6th said: "The second column, under Colonel Hoyt of the Fifty-second Pennsylvania, who also had command of the expedition, attacked the Brooke gun, and landing, Lieutenant Boworth of the Second South Carolina artillery was compelled to fall back, after himself and men fighting bravely. The enemy, cheered by this success, with their commander at their head waving his sword, advanced in heavy force upon Fort Johnson; but these were received with a terrific fire by the light and heavy batteries on the line." General Foster, in command of the department, said in orders: "The boats commanded by Colonel Hoyt, Lieutenant-Colonel Conyingham, and Lieutenants Stevens and Evans, all of the Fifty-second Pennsylvania, rowed rapidly to the shore, and these officers with Adjutant Bunyan (afterwards killed) and 135 men, landed and drove the enemy, but, deserted by their comrades, were obliged to surrender to superior numbers. Colonel Hoyt bestows unqualified praise on the officers and men who landed with him; of these seven were killed and sixteen wounded. He himself deserves great credit for his energy in urging the boats forward, and bringing them through the narrow channel, and the feeling which led him to land at the head of his men was the prompting of a gallant spirit which deserves to find more imitators." General Schemmelfinnig said, after recounting the preliminaries: "After this you placed yourself at the head of the column and led them most gallantly, faithfully carrying out as far as possible with the small number of men who landed with you the orders given you by me. Had you been supported as your brave conduct deserved, it would have ensured the success of the important operations then being carried on in front of Charleston."

Colonel Hoyt with other Union officers was sent to Macon, and subsequently to Charleston, where they were exposed to the sweep of the Union guns. On his way thither he, with some companions, leaped from the cars and undertook to make their way to the Union fleet, but were tracked by bloodhounds and all captured. After his exchange he returned to his regiment, and at the close of hostilities, which occurred not long after, resumed the practice of his profession. In 1867 he was appointed by Governor Geary an additional law judge of the eleventh district. He discharged its duties with honor and dignity until the ensuing election, when one of the dominant political party was chosen to succeed him. In person he is full six feet in height, well proportioned, and of a dignified presence. He was married in 1855 to Miss Mary E. Loveland.

John P. S. Gobin, son of Samuel S. and Susan A. (Shindel) Gobin, was born on the 26th of January, 1837, at Sunbury. His great-grandfather, Charles Gobin, was a Revolutionary soldier. He learned the printing business in the office of the Sunbury *American*, studying law in the meantime. In the three months' campaign he served in the Eleventh regiment as Lieutenant, after which he entered the Forty-seventh as Captain, and advanced through the several grades of Major, Lieutenant-Colonel, Colonel, and Brevet Brigadier-General. He was early sent to the Department of the South, where he participated in the actions of Pocotaligo, St. John's Bluff, Sabine Cross Roads, Pleasant Hill, and Cane River Crossing. During 1862 and part of 1863 he was Judge Advocate-General of the Department of the South. He returned north in the summer of 1864, and made the campaign with Sheridan in the Valley, a portion of the time commanding a brigade in the Nineteenth corps, participating in the battles of Opequan and Fisher's Hill, and particularly distinguishing himself at Cedar Creek. His regiment was here the right of Sheridan's line, and when a portion gave way from the severe pressure of the rebel front which overlapped the Union, he held fast and gave the enemy his first repulse, the turning point in the battle. Returning to the South in June, 1865, General Gobin was placed in command of the First Sub-district of Charleston, and was Provost Judge from July to January, 1866, when the term of service of his regiment ceased. He married, in October, 1865, Miss Annie M. Howe, of Key West, Florida. Since the war he has practised his profession in Lebanon.

J. Bowman Sweitzer, Colonel of the Sixty-second regiment, and Brevet Brigadier-General, was born in Fayette county, in 1824. At the breaking out of the Rebellion he was a lawyer of Pittsburg. In conjunction with Samuel W. Black he recruited the Sixty-second regiment, which they transformed into one of the most reliable corps in the whole army. At Hanover Court House a handsome victory was gained and prisoners taken. In the sanguinary battle of Gaines' Mill, Colonel Black, while directing a charge upon the left, was killed. Nothing daunted, Colonel Sweitzer assumed command and resolutely beat back the foe. The line was now hard-pressed upon the extreme left, and thither Colonel Sweitzer was directed to lead his regiment. The struggle was desperate and was at this time raging with terrible heat along the whole front. To the last Colonel Sweitzer breasted the storm. But the current of disaster was now setting against the fragment of the Union army engaged, which was vastly outnumbered, and he fell, wounded, into the enemy's hands. He was taken to Libby, and his fate was for a while in doubt. He was reported killed, and several papers published his obituaries. His wife, on her way to the front, casually overhearing a soldier declare that he saw Colonel Sweitzer killed, swooned and was for some time insensible. It was with a joyous heart that she learned on the following day, from the noble philanthropist Clement B. Barclay, that her husband was still alive and only slightly wounded.

As soon as exchanged Colonel Sweitzer returned to his regiment, and led in the battle of Antietam. The command of the brigade to which the Sixty-second was attached fell to his hands a short time afterwards—the brigade which the intrepid Griffin had led. This he commanded in the battle of Fredericksburg, under a fire that has rarely been paralleled. As they advanced in beautiful order, General Burnside, who was watching every movement through his field-glass, exclaimed as he beheld the magnificent spectacle:

"What troops are those?"

"Second brigade, General Griffin's division," replied General Sturgis, who stood near.

"No troops ever behaved handsomer," said Burnside, as he moved nervously.

But all was to no purpose. Though they fought with a desperation worthy of success, they were hurled back from the stone walls and intrenched guns, where a foe lurked that no daring could reach. Colonel Sweitzer was wounded and had a horse killed under him. At Chancellorsville he handled his brigade with remarkable skill, extricating it, when cut off and in imminent danger of capture, with surprising success. A writer in the Boston *Advertiser* thus alludes to him in the battle which next succeeded: "At Gettysburg he was as brave as a lion, regardless of his own personal safety, but urging his men on to victory. When he was ordered to move on the enemy, he went up to the very front, some distance in advance of his troops, with his brigade flag flying by his side. Through some oversight or bad management Colonel Sweitzer's brigade was left in the very front without any support, and it became flanked by the enemy. It was then thought that the whole brigade were prisoners. But Colonel Sweitzer was equal to the emergency, and by a skilful movement withdrew his command, though his loss was very heavy."

Colonel Sweitzer was one of the most trusted leaders in the campaign from the Wilderness to Petersburg, where the way was through human gore, and the track was marked by war's most blasting and blighting effect. At the expiration of his term he was mustered out of service together with the fragment of a regiment which remained of that once strong body of men, and he retired to his home at Pittsburg. In March, 1865, the brevet rank of Brigadier-General was conferred upon him—a rank which he had really held for more than two years. Acts of heroism which in the early stages of the war would have been rewarded with a star were allowed to pass unregarded in the later, so gigantic had become the contest and so vast the theatre on which it was conducted.

JOHN FLYNN was born on the 10th of March, 1819, at Waterford, Ireland. He came to this country in early manhood, and in 1844 enlisted as a private in the regular army. He served in Mexico, and was noticed by General Worth at Cherubusco and characterized by Captain F. T. Dent, at Molino del Rey, as "foremost and fearless." Upon his discharge-paper, given to accept promotion, Captain Whitall noted the following: "First Sergeant John Flynn is an active, efficient, and intelligent soldier."

At the opening of the Rebellion he was made Lieutenant and Adjutant of the Twenty-eighth regiment and afterwards Captain, participating in the affairs at Bolivar Heights, Cedar Mountain, Rappahannock, Sulphur Springs, Antietam, and Chancellorsville. Shortly after the latter engagement he was promoted to Lieutenant-Colonel. At Gettysburg he was severely wounded. In the famous Battle above the Clouds at Lookout Mountain he was conspicuous for gallantry, and in March, 1864, was promoted to Colonel. Throughout the Atlanta campaign he led with skill and courage his well-tried regiment. In the battle of North Edisto he received a wound in the foot which necessitated the amputation of a portion of it. He was brevetted Brigadier-General in March and mustered out in November, 1865, after a faithful service of over twenty-one years—a hero in two wars. He was married in 1850 to Miss Mary Pinchard. In person he is over six feet in height. He is characterized by an old companion-in-arms as "intelligent, zealous, a thorough soldier, at all times and under all circumstances bearing in mind that a soldier should be a gentleman."

CHARLES H. T. COLLIS, Brevet Brigadier and Major-General, was born on the 4th of February, 1838, at Cork, Ireland. He was the son of William and Mary Anne (Lloyd) Collis. In the year of his birth his parents removed to England. His father being a gentleman of means, his early education was of the most liberal character. He was fond of athletic games, expert at cricket and ball, and skilled in horsemanship. At the age of fifteen he came with his father to the United States, and settled in Philadelphia. His mother, five sisters, and two brothers sailed shortly afterwards in the *City of Glasgow*, but were all lost at sea, the vessel, after leaving port, never having been heard of more. His training was conducted with a view to a legal education. He was married on the 9th of December, 1861, to Miss Septima M. Levy, of Charleston, South Carolina, for several years a resident of Philadelphia.

His only military experience previous to the war was gained while acting on the staff of William D. Lewis, Jr., commanding the First regiment, Pennsylvania militia. He served in the

Charles H. T. Collis

Eighteenth regiment through the three months' campaign, and at its close recruited a company of Zouaves d'Afrique for the special service of body guard to General N. P. Banks, successor to General Patterson. When Banks was attacked by Stonewall Jackson, with forces many times outnumbering his own, to Captain Collis with his fine company was assigned the hazardous and difficult duty of covering the retreat. By skilful dispositions and bold assaults he succeeded in delaying the hostile advance until Banks had got his trains away and the main body into position to defend himself. For this important service Captain Collis was warmly commended by the General, and was induced by him to raise a regiment of Zouaves. In this he was successful and was commissioned Colonel, the entire regiment being uniformed after the manner of the French Zouaves d'Afrique. But though gayly dressed they were no holiday troops, as was proved in many a bloody struggle. At the battle of Fredericksburg Colonel Collis was with Birney on the left, and when the contest was hottest he was thrown in to the support of the Pennsylvania Reserves, coming to the rescue at an important juncture, hurling back the enemy and saving the guns of Randolph's and Livingstone's batteries. His service in this battle was specially recognized in the reports of Generals Robinson and Stoneman. At Chancellorsville he so impressed all with his intrepidity that a letter asking his permanent assignment to its command was signed by every regimental commander of the brigade, and the enlisted men of his own regiment, desirous of emphasizing their gratification with his growing honors, presented him with a sword inscribed "in commemoration of his distinguished gallantry in the battle of Chancellorsville, May 3d, 1863."

In the retreat of Meade from Culpeper in the fall of this year, General J. E. B. Stuart came unawares upon Colonel Collis' brigade, now composed of six Pennsylvania regiments (Fifty-seventh, Sixty-third, Sixty-eighth, One Hundred and Fifth, One Hundred and Fourteenth, and One Hundred and Forty-first); but the rebel chieftain found the young Colonel prepared, and was obliged to withdraw sadly repulsed. General Birney immediately issued the following order: "The Major-General commanding the division thanks the officers and men for their admirable conduct during the late movements. Especial credit is due to the First brigade, Colonel Collis, for its gallantry in repulsing the enemy's attack on the head of the column at Auburn, and to Colonel Collis for his skill and promptitude in making the dispositions ordered." Soon after this engagement General Birney thus wrote to the President: "Colonel Collis has for a long time very ably commanded the First brigade of my division; the brigade has always behaved, under General Kearny and myself, with the utmost gallantry, and deserves a general officer to command it, promoted for services in it." In this request Birney was joined by Generals Robinson, French, and Meade, and in the following October he was appointed Brigadier-General by brevet.

At the opening of the campaign of 1864, an independent brigade consisting of six regiments of infantry and one of cavalry was organized for duty at the head-quarters of General Grant, to the command of which General Collis was assigned. In this capacity he participated in the battles of the Wilderness, Spottsylvania, Guinea Station, and Petersburg, under the immediate eye of the Lieutenant-General, and so well did he acquit himself in the charge delivered from Fort Sedgwick upon the enemy's salient, where he led the assaulting column, that he was brevetted Major-General upon the field.

At the close of the war General Collis returned to the practice of his profession, and was soon after appointed Assistant City Solicitor. In 1869 he was appointed Director of City Trusts of Philadelphia by the Board of Judges. He was tendered the position of Assistant Attorney-General of the State, under Mr. Brewster, but declined. In 1871 he was elected City Solicitor by a large majority, and reëlected in 1874 for a second term of three years, by an increased majority. His opinions as law-officer of the city government possess enduring merit, notable among which was that adverse to the right of the Constitutional Convention of 1873 to enact an election law, in which he was sustained by the Supreme Court without a dissenting voice. Few men so youthful have won so high a rank both civil and military as has General Collis.

JAMES McLEAN THOMSON, son of Andrew and Jane Eliza (McLean) Thomson, was born in Adams county, on the 4th of February, 1833. He entered the service of the United States as a Captain in the One Hundred and Seventh regiment and led his company through Pope's campaign. At South Mountain and Antietam the command of the regiment fell to him. In the former he led in a charge with fixed bayonets which routed the enemy, Colonel Gale of the Twelfth Alabama being killed and the Lieutenant-Colonel of the Fifth South Carolina wounded and taken prisoner. In the latter he led on his men up to the noted Corn-field, where he suffered severe losses, having been pitted against vastly superior numbers, but held his ground with unwavering courage. He was shortly after promoted to Major, and took part in the battle of Fredericksburg. In February, 1863, he was made Lieutenant-Colonel. He was with his corps at Chancellorsville, and at Gettysburg the command of the regiment again devolved upon him. Here his horse was killed under him and he was struck by a grapeshot. He was brevetted Brigadier-General for gallantry, and continued to serve until the close of the war, when he was transferred to the regular army. In stature he is over six feet in height. He married in 1864 Miss Mary Rebecca Slye, of Washington, D. C.

JOHN HENRY TAGGART was born on the 22d of January, 1821, at Georgetown, Kent county, Maryland, where his ancestors for several generations had lived. The father died in 1825, when the mother with her two children, a boy and girl, removed to Philadelphia. At the age of eleven the son was apprenticed to a printer, William Fry, of the *National Gazette*, with whom he remained nine years. To his mother, who had taught school in Maryland, he was much indebted for the rudiments of education. But aside from this his university was the printing office, where a knowledge of the history and politics of the time, and the progress of civilization, was principally gained. He was also indebted to the Apprentices' Library of Philadelphia, which as a lad he liberally patronized. He joined the militia in 1842, aided in suppressing the riots of 1844, and was commissioned Lieutenant by Governor Shunk. Believing fully in the doctrine of coercion, he was among the first to offer a company, and was put in command of Camp Curtin in May, 1861, and a month later made Colonel of the Twelfth Reserve regiment.

He was warmly engaged at Dranesville, where, he says in his report, "The conduct of the men under fire, nearly all of them for the first time, was most commendable. There was no flinching, and the line was preserved unbroken."

At Beaver Dam Creek one of his companies was placed in Ellerson's Mill, where it did excellent service, of which Roger A. Pryor said: "Ellerson's Mill was defended with desperate obstinacy." The fatality in the battle of the following day at Gaines' Mill was very great, as also at Charles City Cross Roads. Finally at Malvern Hill the Union retreat and the rebel pursuit and attack was staid by one of the most sanguinary struggles of the campaign. The Union army played the part of a lion at bay, and the death and destruction which it dealt from artillery supported by determined infantry was indeed frightful. Upon the withdrawal of the army from the Peninsula, Colonel Taggart resigned and was appointed to the head of an institution founded to impart professional military instruction. Patriotic citizens of Philadelphia, anxious to uphold the Government in this trying hour, recognizing the difficulty of obtaining suitable officers to command colored troops just then being called into the army, proposed to establish a school for the instruction of soldiers for these positions. The chairman of the board was Thomas Webster, its secretary Cadwalader Biddle, its treasurer S. A. Mercer. Through the liberality of this board, funds were raised to furnish the instruction free, open alike to citizens of all the States, and Colonel John H. Taggart was selected to conduct it. It was known as the Free Military School of Philadelphia. The institution had the warm approval of the national authorities, and permission to grant furloughs to deserving soldiers to attend it was given to officers in the field. General Casey, chief of the examining board, wrote on March 7th: "It gives me great pleasure to learn that your school is prospering, and I am pleased to inform you that the board of which I am president have not as yet rejected one of your candidates." Pupils entered it from eighteen States of the Union, and from ten of the leading nations of Europe. It was continued in operation from the 26th of December, 1863, when it was opened with only two students, to September 15th, 1864. During this period four hundred and eighty-four were graduated and passed successful examinations. At the end of this time the funds were exhausted, when it was continued by Colonel Taggart on his own responsibility until the fall of Richmond, charging a small tuition. This service of Colonel Taggart was doubtless greater than he could possibly have rendered by continuing in the field. The Philadelphia *Dispatch* of October 2d, 1864, said of him: "The practical experience of Colonel Taggart is such that probably there is no person in the country, except the veteran professors at West Point, so well fitted to direct the studies which are necessary to be prosecuted by those aspirants who are ambitious to become officers of volunteers." On the 1st of November, 1865, he was appointed Collector of Internal Revenue, which office he held until the advent of President Johnson to power. In 1869 he became editor and proprietor of the Philadelphia *Sunday Times*.

Colonel Taggart was married on the 17th of June, 1845, to Miss Eliza Graham, a native of Philadelphia. Nine children were the issue of this marriage, the eldest son carrying a musket in the militia of 1863.

JOSEPH JACK, son of John and Nancy (McCoy) Jack, was a native of Westmoreland county. He rendered long service in the militia, having been successively Captain, Major, and General of a brigade. He was made Colonel of the One Hundred and Sixty-eighth regiment in December, 1862, which as a part of the Keystone brigade he led at Suffolk, Virginia, in North Carolina during the siege of Little Washington, and in the demonstration towards Richmond during the Gettysburg campaign. He retired from the service at the close of his term in July, 1863.

FRANKLIN ASA STRATTON, Colonel of the Eleventh cavalry, and Brevet Brigadier-General, was born in Northfield, Massachusetts, on the 30th of November, 1829. He was educated for the occupation of civil engineering, and previous to the war was engaged in several western States in its practice. In 1857 he commanded a company of riflemen in a severe winter campaign against the Sioux Indians. In the summer of 1861 he moved to Washington with a company of Iowa men, which became a part of what was eventually the Eleventh. He was promoted to Major in September, 1862, to Lieutenant-Colonel in September, 1864, to Colonel in May, 1865, and Brevet Brigadier-General in March. The pitched battles in which he was engaged number nearly thirty, besides many skirmishes and minor affairs. In a sabre charge at Franklin, in which he displayed courage and skill, he was wounded, and in a hand-to-hand encounter in the battle of October 7th, 1864, received a sabre cut in the hand. He particularly distinguished himself in the raid led by Wilson and Kautz, 500 miles inside the enemy's lines, in which three battles were fought and thirty miles of the Danville Railroad were destroyed, he having the lead in withdrawing in face of vastly superior numbers sent out to intercept them. General Stratton led his regiment in the final charge made in the Army of the Potomac just previous to the surrender of Lee on the 9th of April, and throughout his entire service proved himself an intelligent and able leader. He was married on the 24th of February, 1866, to Mrs. Georgie E. Griffith *née* Keeling of Norfolk, Virginia. He was soon afterwards appointed Civil Engineer in the Navy.

GEORGE SHELDON GALLUPE was born at Troy, New York, on the 4th of August, 1832. In early life he followed the seas for a period of three years. At the commencement of hostilities he was made Captain in the Eighth Reserve regiment, in which capacity he served through the Peninsula campaign, being severely wounded at Gaines' Mill, and again slightly at Charles City Cross Roads. The command of the regiment devolved upon Captain Gallupe in the midst of the hardest fighting at Fredericksburg, where he won the thanks of General Reynolds in command of the corps. He was shortly after made Inspector-General of the Reserves, and promoted to Major. At Spottsylvania, on the 11th of May, 1864, he was hit, and only preserved from death by the pocket-book in which the bullet lodged, and on the following day was severely wounded in the face, the flesh of the chin being carried away. At the close of his service in May he commenced recruiting for a new command and soon had over three thousand men. He was made Colonel of the Fifth artillery (heavy) and was assigned to the command of a brigade in the Department of Washington, having some severe skirmishing in keeping open the Manassas Gap Railroad, his gallantry securing him the brevet rank of Brigadier-General. On leaving the volunteer service he was appointed a Captain in the regular army and brevetted Major and Colonel. General Gallupe was married in 1854 to Miss Sadie Hare of Pittsburg.

JOHN ANDERSON DANKS was born in Venango county, on the 11th of March, 1826. In early life he was a farmer and iron-worker. He was married in 1848 to Miss Annie Reese. Earnest in his support of the Government he recruited a company for the Sixty-third regiment, of which he was commissioned Captain. At Fair Oaks he was wounded in the right leg. After recovering he returned to his regiment, having in the meantime been promoted to Major, and was in time to lead in the battle of Fredericksburg. In that engagement he heroically headed a charge, in which his own regiment with the One Hundred and Fourteenth rescued twelve pieces of artillery, and saved them from capture, receiving the thanks of General Stoneman. At Chancellorsville he was taken prisoner, and for two weeks endured the privations of Libby. Soon after his release he was promoted to Lieutenant-Colonel.

At Gettysburg this regiment was thrust out upon the skirmish front at the Peach Orchard, where it was subjected to a cross fire of artillery and infantry. In the face of the most fearful assaults that shook that ever memorable field it held its ground, and until the Third corps, shattered and broken, was forced back. Lieutenant-Colonel Danks was promoted to Colonel, to date from the second day of this battle. He was warmly engaged at Auburn Mills on the 14th of October, where he led the regiment in a charge which resulted fortunately, and won the approval of the division commander, the gallant Birney. At the very opening of the spring campaign of 1864 Colonel Danks was severely wounded, a Minié ball striking his left fore-arm and passing into his hand. Seven officers besides himself were wounded, and General Hays, the father of the Sixty-third regiment, who led the brigade, was killed. Colonel Danks was sufficiently recovered to participate in the battles before Petersburg. He was mustered out at the conclusion of his term, August 5th, 1864. In 1866 he was elected a member of the Legislature of Pennsylvania.

Louis Wagner, son of Ludwig and Christina (Berg) Wagner, was born on the 4th of August, 1838, in Giessen, Germany. At the age of eleven he came to Philadelphia, where, after receiving a fair education, he was apprenticed to learn the business of lithograph printing. He entered the service as a First Lieutenant in the Eighty-eighth regiment, and was engaged at Cedar Mountain, Thoroughfare Gap, Second Bull Run, and Chancellorsville, rising rapidly through the ranks of Captain, Lieutenant-Colonel, and Colonel, which last he attained in March, 1863. At the second battle of Bull Run he received a severe wound, which was eighteen months in healing, the tibia of the right leg being fractured, and necessitated the insection and removal of a considerable portion of it. He fell into the enemy's hands on this field, but was paroled shortly after. In June, 1863, in consequence of his disability from wounds, he was placed in command of Camp William Penn, established as a rendezvous for colored soldiers, which he kept open until May, 1865, organizing in the meantime troops to the number of 12,354. After closing the camp he returned to his regiment and was for a time in command of a brigade. He was brevetted Brigadier-General in March, 1865, "for gallant and meritorious services during the war." He has since been a member of the Councils of Philadelphia, executive officer of the Sons of Temperance, and Commander of the State organization of the Grand Army of the Republic. General Wagner was married to Miss Hattie Slocum, in 1869.

Thomas Jefferson Ahl was born on the 2d of April, 1839, in York county. His grandfather was a surgeon in the Revolutionary army. In February, 1859, with three others he went overland with a cattle-team to Pike's Peak, and in 1860 was a migratory lumber dealer along the Mississippi River. He was in Arkansas when the Rebellion opened, and was offered the position of Sergeant in a rebel company; but declined and returning to Pennsylvania, entered the Twenty-eighth regiment as Captain. This he led until after the battle of Antietam, when he was placed upon the staff of General Williams and subsequently of General Slocum. In August, 1863, he was made Provost Marshal of the corps, acting until November, when he took command of his regiment, having previously been promoted to Colonel, and led it in the stirring actions of Lookout Mountain, Mission Ridge, and Ringgold, succeeding to the command of the brigade in the latter. He was honorably discharged on the 18th of March, 1864.

JOSEPH M. KNAP, son of Thomas L. and Mary (Averell) Knap, was born at Ogdensburg, New York, on the 30th of December, 1837. He was educated at the Rensselaer Institute, at Troy. He entered the service as a Lieutenant in the Twenty-eighth regiment, and was promoted to Captain of a battery formed especially for Geary's brigade, which became justly celebrated as *Knap's Battery*. At Cedar Mountain the artillery played a conspicuous part, Knap receiving a converging fire; but, says the Chief of artillery, Best, "Officers and men stood firm and unflinching to the end. . . . I can bear witness to the brave and determined manner in which Captain Knap and Lieutenant Cushing worked their guns." He was engaged at Rappahannock, Sulphur Springs, South Mountain, and Antietam. He was made Chief of artillery of the Second division, Twelfth corps, in December, 1862, and at Chancellorsville was put upon the front towards Fredericksburg where the first conflict occurred, and where, says Captain Best, in his report, "The enemy was effectually checked, Knap's battery being most engaged and doing its work as usual well." On the morning of Saturday, the 2d of May, a fierce artillery duel occurred in which Knap's guns did effective service, blowing up two of the enemy's caissons and demolishing one of his guns, and in the afternoon when Hill pushed a heavy reconnoissance in front of the Chancellor House, "Knap," says an eye-witness, "had double-shotted twelve of his pieces with canister, and on the enemy reaching the point mentioned, blazed away, literally mowing down the gray coats, and riddling the woods." He here had a horse shot under him. In the early part of the following day the action was terrible, and Knap's guns never failed to do fearful execution. Best was charged with covering the withdrawal of the army with his artillery, and in his report he says, "I gave the most important point to Captain Knap's, which he protected well." The enemy had earthworks and attacked. "For about an hour," says the authority above quoted, "the roar of artillery was deafening. Three of the enemy's caissons were blown to atoms and their batteries both silenced." Captain Knap was active in recruiting other batteries which also became renowned. But the Government had duty for him of more vital importance than that which he was rendering in the field, and in May, 1863, he resigned to take charge of the Government Cannon Foundry at Pittsburg, in which he was assiduously employed while the war lasted, and where his skill and judgment in producing effective weapons were of inestimable value. The Councils of Pittsburg in 1864 voted him a service sword suitably inscribed, and he was promoted to Major. He married in 1864 Miss Sophia H. Day.

WILLIAM COOPER TALLEY, son of Rev. Lewis T. Talley, was born in Newcastle county, Delaware, on the 11th of December, 1831. He edited the *Upland Union* in Delaware county, and the *National Democrat* at Norristown, previous to the war. Entering the volunteer service in May, 1861, as Captain in the First Reserve regiment, in November, 1862, he was advanced to Colonel. He was engaged in nearly every battle in which the Army of the Potomac had a part, down to the close of his term, leading his regiment, and at times a brigade, with great steadiness. At Charles City Cross Roads he was wounded, as he was also at Fredericksburg and Gettysburg. While leading a brigade upon the enemy's works at Spottsylvania Court House he was taken prisoner. He was rescued by Sheridan when approaching the rebel capital, and mounting, fought in the column of cavalry until its return to the main body. He was with the Reserves in their last battle at Bethesda Church, and earned the promotion to Brevet Brigadier-General. After the war he was appointed Collector of Internal Revenue for the Seventh Pennsylvania District. He was married in 1860 to Miss Mary Jane Webb. He resides in Media.

JAMES NAGLE, Brigadier-General, was born at Reading, on the 5th of April, 1822. He served with distinction throughout the Mexican war, commanding a company which he had previously organized as militia, the Washington artillery, one of the first five to reach the Capital in April, 1861. He led the Sixth regiment in the three months' campaign, and afterwards the Forty-eighth, and was with Burnside in North Carolina; with Pope at Bull Run, where he commanded a brigade and won the commission of a Brigadier-General; performed distinguished service at South Mountain and Antietam, and in the battle of Fredericksburg. He subsequently went to Kentucky with the Ninth corps. After a wearying service of some months, on account of a painful and alarming disease of the heart, aggravated by exposure and care, he resigned. Relieved somewhat by rest, he commanded the Thirty-ninth militia in 1863, and in the hundred days' service of 1864 the One Hundred and Ninety-fourth, and was given a brigade. General Nagle died of the disease of which he had long suffered, on the 22d of August, 1866.

MISH T. HEINTZELMAN was born on the 29th of June, 1830, in Schuylkill county. For the short term he served as a private in the Tenth regiment. In September, 1861, he became Second Lieutenant in the Seventy-sixth, from which he was honorably discharged, in August, 1862, on account of disability. He reëntered the army on the 11th of November, 1862, as a Captain in the One Hundred and Seventy-second, in which he was promoted to Major. At the end of the nine months for which it was called he was mustered out, but returned again as Lieutenant-Colonel of the Two Hundred and Eighth, on the 7th of September, 1864, and was subsequently brevetted Colonel. The two most important actions in which he was engaged were at Fort Steadman and Fort Sedgwick; in both of these he led the regiment.

Audley W. Gazzam was born at Allegheny City, on the 7th of May, 1836. His maternal great-grandfather was the Baron de Beelen, the first Austrian Minister to the United States, whose favorable reports secured the interest of the Emperor Joseph. He received a liberal and military education at New Haven, Connecticut, and read law. At the breaking out of the war he was commissioned Captain of a company, which, failing of acceptance for three months, he took to Wheeling, West Virginia—then just organizing a provisional government—at the solicitation of its authorities. Not wishing to attract attention, he landed his men at various points, but soon had them collected in the city under the semblance of a military school. At the instance of General Oakes he took possession of guns and ammunition, stored below the city, likely to be used against the Union. Preferring to serve in a Pennsylvania command he returned to Pittsburg, and was elected Major of the One Hundred and Third regiment. Though prostrated by sickness he led at Williamsburg, and at Fair Oaks was on the forefront, sustaining fearful losses. By reason of disability contracted in the line of duty, he was transferred, in 1863, to the Veteran Reserve corps, and was stationed at Nashville, and subsequently at Indianapolis. At the close of the war he resumed the practice of law at Utica, New York, and in 1870 established in New York city a collection agency.

Robert E. Winslow, son of Robert and Jane (Cumming) Winslow, was born on the 1st of January, 1829, in Philadelphia. He learned the trade of a type-founder. Volunteering for the Mexican War, he served with fidelity. In 1852 he went to California, remaining until near the close of 1856. He served in the Twentieth regiment with Patterson in 1861, and entered the Sixty-eighth, at its formation, as Captain, in which capacity he took part in the battle of Fredericksburg. He was shortly after promoted to Major, and was engaged at Chancellorsville and Gettysburg. In the latter he received a gunshot wound in the head. After two months in hospital he returned with the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel, and not long after received the command of the regiment, which he led at Kelly's Ford, Locust Grove, and Mine Run. Before the opening of the spring campaign of 1864 he was ordered for duty with his command to the head-quarters of General Meade, and while thus detailed was engaged in the actions at Guinea Station, Petersburg, and Hatcher's Run. In the final charge on the Petersburg works, on the 2d of April, he led an assaulting party. "For faithful and meritorious services" he was brevetted Colonel and Brigadier-General.

John P. Taylor, Colonel of First cavalry, and Brevet Brigadier-General, was born on the 6th of June, 1827, in Kishacoquillas Valley, Mifflin county, where his ancestors for three generations had dwelt. He was the son of John and Elizabeth (McMonigle) Taylor. His home was near the spring of Logan, the Indian chieftain, who was on friendly terms with the family. Planning to go clandestinely with the troops to Mexico, he was prevented by his parents. In a cavalry company, formed in 1859, he was a Lieutenant, which at a meeting held on the 29th of January, 1861, pledged its services to the Governor. He entered the First cavalry, upon its formation, as a Captain, and was promoted in September, 1862, to Lieutenant-Colonel, and to Colonel, January 30th, 1863. He was prominent at Dranesville, charging through the town, and followed Bayard at Harrisonburg, Cross Keys, Locust Grove, and Cedar Mountain, his horse in the latter battle falling on him, inflicting injury and leaving him in the enemy's lines; but he adroitly managed to make his escape. "The coolness of Captain Taylor," says General Bayard, "in covering the retreat deserves the thanks of the commanding General." In the action at Brandy Station, where Colonel Taylor led in a daring sabre charge, and in the midst of the battle succeeded to the command of the brigade; at Culpeper, where dismounted he led his regiment to complete victory; at Mine Run, where he captured the entire skirmish line of the enemy; at Auburn, where he prudently aroused his brigade before dawn and was in readiness to receive a powerful attack intended as a surprise; and in the movement of Sheridan upon the rear of the rebel army in the spring of 1864, where the fighting was almost continuous for many days, he illustrated the highest qualities of the accomplished leader. During the three years of his service he was engaged in over thirty battles and skirmishes either as regimental, brigade, or division commander, and received frequent complimentary notices from his superior officers. He was honorably discharged at the conclusion of his term, General D. McM Gregg saying in his farewell order: "To you, Colonel Taylor, my thanks are due for the efficient manner in which you have always performed your duty." He was promoted to the brevet rank of Brigadier-General in August, 1864. He is in person full six feet in height and robust. He was married in 1863 to Miss Sallie H. Nourse.

William Moore McClure, son of Silas and Margaret (Moore) McClure, was born on the 5th of March, 1831, in Chester county. In 1854 he emigrated to Kansas and was elected a member of its first legal Legislature. Returning in 1859 he had leased a furnace near Danville, when the war came and he served during the short term as Captain in the Eleventh regiment, and subsequently in the Second artillery, posted in the defences of Washington. To supply the waste in the Wilderness campaign this regiment, now numbering nearly 4000 men, was organized in two and sent as infantry to the front. Captain McClure joined the Potomac army at Cold Harbor, where the losses in his regiment were very severe. It was kept on most exposed and exhausting duty with the musket and spade. In this Captain McClure so acquitted himself as to rise to the rank of Colonel and to the command of the reunited regiments. At the conclusion of his term, which was near the close of the war, he was honorably discharged.

William Rickards was born in Philadelphia on the 18th of November, 1824. He entered the service as a Captain in the Twenty-ninth regiment, and was rapidly advanced to Lieutenant-Colonel and Colonel. At the battle of Winchester, under Banks, he was wounded and fell into the enemy's hands. He had been a jeweler, and at Libby he transmuted many a rough object into beautiful ornaments, thus earning comforts for himself and companions in misery. In the battles of Chancellorsville and Gettysburg, where he was in command of his regiment and was of the brigade of Kane, he proved himself among the most reliable. At Wauhatchie, whither he was sent with the Twelfth corps, he was officer of the day, and by his penetration and foresight discovered the approach of the foe and prevented a midnight surprise of the camp. In the Battle above the Clouds he was the foremost in scaling the rugged heights of Lookout Mountain; and in the battles of Missionary Ridge, Pea Vine Creek, Ringgold, Rocky Face, Resaca, and at Dallas during nine consecutive days, he acted with the greatest gallantry. In the battle of Pine Knob, while leading the first line of the brigade in a charge upon the enemy's works, he received a wound through the body, just below the lungs, which was judged to be mortal. General Geary, his division commander, riding up to him as he lay bleeding upon the field, and kneeling by his side, said: "Colonel, this is unfortunate. We can ill spare such men as you, for we have rough work ahead." "Has my conduct as a soldier been satisfactory?" he faintly asked. "Yes," said the General, "none have been more faithful. If all were as trustworthy as you I should have little trouble." "That," said the Colonel, "is a comfort to a dying man." The General then believed that he would survive but a few moments. But on being taken to the hospital he revived, and by fortunate care recovered, and is still a strong man, illustrating the power of the human system to withstand terrible mutilation. Colonel Rickards was married in 1848 to Miss Eliza Tucker, of Baltimore.

WILLIAM SIRWELL, son of Richard and Elizabeth (Graham) Sirwell, both natives of England, was born in Pittsburg on the 10th of August, 1820. Of a military turn, he entered the militia service in 1839, and commanded in succession the City Blues, of Pittsburg, and the Washington Blues, Brady Alpines, and Kittaning Yeagers, of Kittaning. He was also for ten years Brigade-Inspector of Armstrong county. In person he is six feet in height, broad-shouldered, and robust. He was married on the 6th of November, 1840, to Miss Elizabeth McCandless. Upon the organization of the Seventy-ninth regiment he was commissioned Colonel, and was sent to the army then stationed in Kentucky. In the affair at Lavergne—one of the actions for the defence of Nashville—his regiment particularly distinguished itself, and its commander was complimented by General Negley, and by Andrew Johnson, then military governor of Tennessee. At Stone River the regiment captured the White Horse Artillery of New Orleans, consisting of four twelve-pounder brass Napoleon guns, the regimental colors of the Twenty-sixth rebel Tennessee, and the guidon of the Fourth Florida. As a reward of his service here, Colonel Sirwell was made Provost Marshal of Murfreesboro and was afterwards placed in command of the Second brigade, First division of the Fourteenth corps. In the terrible conflicts at Chickamauga and Missionary Ridge, and in the subsequent campaign of Atlanta, he rendered valuable services. At New Hope Church, so marked was his gallantry that he was commended by General Thomas. When Atlanta finally was taken after a campaign of a hundred days, in which the smoke of battle scarcely cleared away, it became difficult to keep open the base of supplies, stretching away to Chattanooga. Colonel Sirwell was assigned to this duty, and preserved unbroken the line of transportation, supplies being rapidly brought up. After his term of service had expired, at the solicitation of the commander of the department, Colonel Sirwell remained in the field, his regiment, as mounted infantry, being employed in attacking and pursuing Forrest's cavalry, through middle and southern Tennessee. He was mustered out on the 4th of November, 1864. Colonel Sirwell has held the offices of postmaster and justice of the peace, besides several municipal positions.

SENECA G. WILLAUER, son of Samuel and Hannah (Grubb) Willauer, was born in West Chester, on the 25th of November, 1835. He entered the service as a Lieutenant in the One Hundred and Sixteenth regiment. In the battle of Fredericksburg he was wounded by a shell which shattered the right leg, carrying away a large portion of the limb. He was promoted to Captain on the recommendation of General Hancock on the field for gallantry in battle, and in March, 1863, to Lieutenant-Colonel, but could not be mustered for lack of men. He was in the battle of Chancellorsville, and in the Gettysburg campaign commanded the regiment a part of the time, and for nearly a year thereafter. His conduct was particularly commended at Auburn and Bristoe Station. General Mulholland speaks of him as "brave and faithful," and General Hancock says, "I know Captain Willauer to be a brave and meritorious officer." He suffered severely from his wound at Fredericksburg, and was, in January, 1864, transferred to the Veteran Reserve corps, in which he was for thirty-six hours on duty before Washington in July of that year, holding General Early at bay until the arrival of the Sixth corps. At the Old Capital prison, Washington; at Johnson's Island, Lake Erie; and at Point Lookout, Maryland, he was on constant duty with his regiment, in the latter having an independent command. He was active in the search for, and arrest of Booth and Harrold, the assassins of the President, served at Plattsburg, in command of a camp of rendezvous, and at Albany on a court-martial. In April, 1866, he was assigned to the Freedmen's Bureau and ordered to Alexandria, Louisiana, in the Red River region, where he was in command for nearly two years, and was successful in organizing a large number of colored schools. He was elected Prothonotary of Chester county in 1869. In 1872 he was married to Ellen, daughter of Wellington Hickman.

ALBERT L. MAJILTON was born in New Castle county, Delaware, on the 8th of July, 1826. His father was Adam Majilton, a native of Ireland. His mother, Dorcas (Morton) Majilton, was descended from the first Swedish settlers on the Delaware River, subjects of that renowned hero-king, Gustavus Adolphus. He was educated at the Philadelphia Central High School, and at the Military Academy at West Point, where he graduated number eighteen in a class of fifty-nine, in 1846. As Brevet Second Lieutenant he entered the Fourth artillery, and served in Mexico at Vera Cruz, Cerro Gordo, Contreras, Molino del Rey, and in the assault and capture of Mexico; and was made Second Lieutenant and Brevet First Lieutenant for gallant conduct. In 1848–'49 he was in garrison at New Orleans barracks, and in 1849–'50 was engaged against the Seminole Indians in Florida. In 1849 he was promoted to First Lieutenant, and served until 1857 in Kansas, New Mexico, Michigan, and Florida. In June of the latter year he was commissioned Captain in his regiment, and in December resigned. He was commissioned Lieutenant-Colonel of the Second Reserve in 1861, and in October, Colonel of the Fourth. At Beaver Dam Creek his regiment was held in reserve, but in the more general battle of the following day at Gaines' Mill was hotly engaged and shared the fate of Porter's entire wing, being driven back with heavy loss. He was wounded at Charles City Cross Roads. Shortly after the battle of Fredericksburg Colonel Majilton resigned. For several months he was engaged as professor of infantry tactics in the Philadelphia Free Military Academy for applicants for commands in colored troops. In November, 1867, he was appointed Deputy Collector of Internal Revenue.

CHARLES COMLEY McCORMICK was born in Northumberland county. He was educated at Lewisburg, and at the Iron City Commercial College. He entered the Seventh cavalry as a private, and rose through the successive steps of a non-commissioned and commissioned officer to that of Brigadier-General by brevet. In Kentucky and Tennessee he served with Buell and Rosecrans, particularly distinguishing himself at Lebanon, in May, 1862; at Nashville, in November; at Stone River, at the opening of 1863; at Chickamauga, in September, where he was taken prisoner; and at Selma. In Sherman's Atlanta campaign he was Inspector-General of cavalry on the staff of General Thomas, and was with General Wilson on his exciting ride from Eastport, Mississippi, to Macon, Georgia. He was twice wounded, by a pistol shot in the breast at Lebanon, on the 5th of May, 1862, and on the 2d of April, 1865, while storming the works at Selma, Alabama, by a gun shot which broke the right leg, the missile still remaining in the limb. In person General McCormick is full six feet in height, erect and of well-rounded frame.

BENJAMIN CHEW TILGHMAN, son of Benjamin and Ann Maria (McMurtrie) Tilghman, was born in Philadelphia on the 26th of October, 1821. He was educated at the University of Pennsylvania, was admitted to the bar, applied himself to chemical and scientific studies, and spent several years in Europe.

He was of the first column which left Philadelphia in April, 1861, for the defence of the National capital, and afterwards became Captain in the Twenty-sixth regiment and was promoted to Lieutenant-Colonel and Colonel. He participated in the battles of Williamsburg, Savage Station, Glendale, Malvern Hill, Fredericksburg, and Chancellorsville. In the latter engagement he was severely wounded in the right thigh by a rifle ball, by which he was for some time disabled. In August, 1863, on recovering from his wound he was appointed Colonel of the Third colored regiment, with which he served in South Carolina and Florida to the close of the war. He was brevetted Brigadier-General in 1865. The distinction of commanding the first three year regiment and the first colored regiment raised in Pennsylvania is due to General Tilghman.

PETER C. ELLMAKER, son of Jacob C. and Juliana (Seeger) Ellmaker, was born on the 11th of August, 1813, in Lancaster county. At the age of fourteen he removed to Philadelphia, and was employed in a wholesale dry goods house. In 1834 he enlisted in the Washington Greys, a volunteer artillery corps, with which he served for over twenty years, rising to the rank of Captain. When the Rebellion came he commanded the first regiment raised in the State. In August, 1862, he was commissioned Colonel of the One Hundred and Nineteenth, then just organized. At the battle of Fredericksburg by his remarkable coolness he inspired his men with the courage of veterans. At Salem Church his regiment was subjected to a terrible ordeal, the numbers of the enemy being concealed and their lines protected. Colonel Ellmaker proceeded from Westminster on the night of the 1st and day of the 2d of July, 1863, by a forced march to Gettysburg, a distance of nearly forty miles, arriving in time to support and strengthen the wasted columns battling on that glorious field. In the action at Rappahannock Station he commanded the brigade of the Sixth corps which made the memorable charge, fit to rank with the most daring exploits. The assault was delivered under a terrific fire of artillery and musketry. But, filled with a spirit that no danger could appall, that devoted brigade went forward where at every step the dead and the dying fell from the ranks, and compelled the foe to lay down his arms and surrender prisoners of war. The victory was complete, and resulted in the capture of the strong position, with four guns, two thousand small arms, eight battle-flags, one bridge train, and one thousand six hundred prisoners. His gallantry in this action won for him the formal thanks of Generals Meade, Sedgwick, and Russell, and the applause of the whole army. After leaving the service he returned to the practice of his profession, and was for some time, as he had been before the war, a notary public. He was appointed Naval Officer of the Port of Philadelphia in 1848, by President Taylor. He was married in 1844 to Miss Sarah Ann Wade. In person he is six feet two and one-half inches in height, and well-proportioned.

FRANKLIN BAILY SPEAKMAN, son of Joshua and Hannah (Baily) Speakman, was born in Chester county on the 9th of January, 1833. Though nurtured in the tenets of the Quaker faith he could not regard with indifference the attempts to disrupt the government, and recruited a company of which he was made Captain, and was subsequently commissioned Colonel of the One Hundred and Thirty-third regiment. He was in the division of General Humphreys in the battles of Fredericksburg and Chancellorsville. In the former he led his command up to within forty paces of that fatal stone wall on Marye's Heights where the flower of the Union army was cut down, which position for more than an hour he held under a terrific fire. With like heroism he acted in the latter, where Humphreys faced a defiant foe with a courage and a resolution which will ever challenge admiration. Colonel Speakman's regiment was called but for nine months, and at the expiration of that time he was mustered out. He was married on the 30th of December, 1856, to Miss Annie M. Spangler.

LOREN BURRITT was born in Susquehanna county, of New England ancestry, on the 26th of June, 1837. He was educated in the Wyoming Seminary and had commenced the study of law when the Rebellion came, but enlisted in the Fifty-sixth regiment as a private, in which he served in the battles of

South Mountain, Antietam, and Fredericksburg. In February, 1863, he was promoted to Lieutenant and acting Adjutant, participating in the battles of Chancellorsville and Gettysburg, during a part of which, and subsequently, he was an aid on the staff of General Cutler. In November, 1863, he was appointed Major of the Eighth colored regiment, which he accompanied to South Carolina. At Olustee it was subjected to a wasting fire, such as is rarely recorded, in which half of the officers and three-fifths of the men were lost. Major Burritt received two severe wounds, disabling him for the rest of the war, and from which he still suffers. He rejoined his regiment in September, 1864, having been promoted to Lieutenant-Colonel; but his wounds reopening, he was obliged to retire. In November he was placed in command of recruiting rendezvous at Newport News, and was subsequently on court-martial, and President of a military commission at Norfolk. In May, 1865, he went with his regiment to Texas, and was finally mustered out in December. Since the war he has served two terms in the Pennsylvania Legislature.

Daniel Leasure, Colonel of the One Hundredth (Roundhead) regiment and Brevet Brigadier-General, was born in Westmoreland county, on the 18th of March, 1819. His great-grandfather, Abraham Leasure, emigrated to Pennsylvania from the borders of Switzerland, near France, whither the ancestors of the family had fled after the massacre of St. Bartholomew, they being Huguenots of Navarre. He studied medicine and graduated at Jefferson Medical College. He was married in September, 1842, to Isabel W., eldest daughter of Samuel Hamilton, for several years a member of the Pennsylvania Legislature.

He had served in the militia, and at the opening of the Rebellion raised a company and was made Adjutant, and also acting Assistant Adjutant-General of the brigade upon the staff of General Negley. At the close of the three months' term he was authorized to raise a veteran regiment. Lawrence county, where he had taken up his residence, had been largely settled by the descendants of those who had followed Cromwell in the struggles of the English people for liberty, and from among these he drew recruits, appropriately designating it the Roundhead regiment. Colonel Leasure was first sent to the Department of the South, where his command formed part of the brigade of General Isaac I. Stevens. In the attack upon the Tower Fort near Secessionville, on the morning of the 16th of June, 1862, Colonel Leasure led the brigade, and won the commendation of General Stevens. In the battle of Second Bull Run, Colonel Leasure, while leading his brigade, had his horse shot under him, and himself received a severe wound. He recovered in time to take part in the battle of Fredericksburg, and soon after went with two divisions of the Ninth corps, to which he was then attached, to Kentucky, and thence to Vicksburg, where, and at Jackson, he participated in those triumphant achievements which opened the Mississippi and really broke the backbone of Rebellion.

From Vicksburg he proceeded with his troops to East Tennessee, and was active in the operations of the Union arms in that region and in the siege of Knoxville. At the battle of the Wilderness on the 6th of May, where he commanded a brigade, he led in a charge which hurled the rebels from works which they had captured from Union troops, and reëstablished the broken and disorganized line, receiving the thanks of General Hancock on the field. At Spottsylvania Court House, Colonel Leasure was wounded. At the conclusion of his term on the 30th of August, 1864, he was mustered out of service. He was brevetted Brigadier-General in April, 1865. Upon his return to civil life he resumed the practice of his profession, first at New Castle and subsequently in Allegheny.

CHARLES T. CAMPBELL, son of James and Margaret (Poe) Campbell, was born in Pennsylvania, on the 10th of August, 1823. He was educated at Marshall College, and served in the Mexican war as Lieutenant in the Eighth infantry, and Captain in the Eleventh. In May, 1861, he was commissioned Colonel of the First Pennsylvania artillery, but finding his command scattered in the exigencies of the service he resigned in December, and was made Colonel of the Fifty-seventh regiment of infantry. At Fair Oaks he had his horse shot under him, and received a severe wound in the right arm, another in the left groin, and a third in the right leg. That in the arm was serious, necessitating a removal of a part of the ulna. At Fredericksburg he again had his horse shot under him, and received two balls in the right arm, and another in the bowels which made its exit near the spinal column. For a time he was a prisoner with his regiment; but taking advantage of a favorable turn, they released themselves and carried back over two hundred of the enemy captives. Again was a portion of the bone of the right arm removed, and a tedious and painful confinement in hospital ensued. This ended his active service. For his gallantry he was promoted to Brigadier-General. He was a member of the Pennsylvania Legislature in 1852. He was married in 1850 to Miss Fannie Bruce, daughter of Dr. Bruce of Pittsburg. Since the war he has resided in Dakota.

GEORGE POTTS McLEAN, son of William and Sarah (Douglass) McLean, was born in Philadelphia on the 13th of July, 1817. He served as Major of the Twenty-second regiment in the three months' service in the city of Baltimore, after which he became Colonel of the Eighty-eighth, with which he participated in the battle of Cedar Mountain and in the preliminary operations to the battle of Bull Run. Having been prevented by protracted sickness from keeping the field he resigned. He recruited and commanded the Fifty-ninth militia in 1863, and subsequently raised a three year regiment, the One Hundred and Eighty-third, which he led with gallantry at the Wilderness and Spottsylvania. Incapable of the exposures and privations of the camp, he resigned soon after. Colonel McLean was a member of the City Councils before the war, and in 1870 was appointed storekeeper of the United States bonded warehouse in Philadelphia.

CHARLES WORTH DIVEN, son of Thomas N. and Evelina (Barton) Diven, was born in Huntingdon county on the 27th of July, 1831. At sixteen, he went with the army to Mexico and served through the entire contest in Geary's regiment. In May, 1861, he was commissioned a Lieutenant and soon after Captain in the Twelfth Reserve, with which he served with distinction in the battles of the Peninsula, at Bull Run, South

Mountain, Antietam, Fredericksburg, Gettysburg, and Mine Run. In the spring of 1864 he was promoted to Major, and was engaged in the hard-fought battles of the Wilderness, Laurel Hill, Spottsylvania, North Anna, and Bethesda Church, when the term of the Reserves expired and he returned home; but immediately raised a new regiment, the Two Hundredth, of which he was made Colonel. On his arrival at the front he was put in command of a brigade, which, in the battle of Fort Steadman, performed the most distinguished service. At the moment of moving, he was struck by an exploding shell and disabled. The brevet rank of Brigadier-General was promptly conferred on him. He was characterized as "cool and calm in battle."

JOHN HARPER, son of Thomas Nicholas and Mary (McNab) Harper, was born on the 5th of April, 1840, at Bethnal Green, London, whence the family emigrated to this country in 1848. He served in the Seventeenth regiment for three months and entered the Ninety-fifth as a non-commissioned officer, rising through all the grades of the company and regiment to that of Colonel. He was engaged in the battles of West Point, Gaines' Mill, Crampton's Gap, Antietam, Fredericksburg, Marye's Heights, Salem Church, Gettysburg, Rappahannock Station, Wilderness, Spottsylvania, Cold Harbor, Petersburg, Opequan, Fisher's Hill, Cedar Creek, Second Petersburg, Sailor's Creek—in short in every battle in which his regiment participated with the exception of the Second Hatcher's Run, and a slight skirmish in front of Petersburg, when he was absent by leave. He was awarded the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel and Colonel both by commission and brevet, which is sufficient evidence of his gallantry.

CHARLES KLECKNER, son of Michael and Susana (Reber) Kleckner, was born in Union county, on the 10th of December, 1831. In August, 1861, he was commissioned a Lieutenant in the Forty-eighth, in which he was engaged under Burnside in North Carolina, at Bull Run, Chantilly, South Mountain, and Antietam. In December, 1862, he was made Colonel of the One Hundred and Seventy-second, drafted militia, which he commanded near Yorktown during the period of its service. He subsequently became Lieutenant-Colonel of the One Hundred and Eighty-fourth for veteran service, which he led in two desperate assaults at Cold Harbor, where the enemy's shots fell like rain, and the dead and dying covered all the field. Its loss was sixty-seven killed, and one hundred and thirteen wounded. Colonel Kleckner was warmly commended for the dauntless courage displayed on this field, and the unflinching bravery of his men. He continued to lead the regiment in the assaults before Petersburg, at Strawberry Plains, Reams' Station, and Deep Bottom, where he was severely wounded. He was with his regiment in the final attack on Petersburg, and to the end of the war stood with face to the foe. He was married in 1851 to Miss Harriet A. Orwig. In person he is over six feet in height.

JOSEPH B. KIDDOO, son of John and Mary (Barr) Kiddoo, was born on the 31st of March, 1837, near Pittsburg. He received a liberal education and studied law, which he had barely finished when the Rebellion opened. He served as a private in the Twelfth regiment for the short term, and went to the Peninsula in that capacity in the Sixty-third regiment, serving till the close of the campaign as a non-commissioned officer. In August, 1862, he was made Lieutenant-Colonel of the One Hundred and Thirty-seventh, and with it participated in the engagements at South Mountain, Antietam, and Fredericksburg. In the spring of 1863 he was advanced to Colonel, and led in the battle of Chancellorsville. In June he was mustered out at the expiration of his term, but took an active part in the exciting chase after John Morgan in Ohio. Soon afterward he was appointed Major of the Sixth colored, but was not long thereafter made Colonel of the Twenty-second colored, which he led in the active operations of the Army of the James. For his assault and capture of a strong redoubt and six pieces of artillery, on the 15th of June, he was brevetted Brigadier-General. In an action on the South Side Railroad, on the 27th of October, he was severely wounded through the hips, involving the spine, which confined him to the hospital till after the close of the war. For his valor here he was brevetted Major-General. He was given command of the post at Harrisburg. In the spring of 1866 he had charge of the

Freedmen's Bureau for Texas, and while there was appointed Lieutenant-Colonel in the Forty-third infantry, and was brevetted Colonel and Brigadier-General in the regular army. After two years of service in the Department of the Lakes, and a term of duty in New York city as superintendent of recruiting, he was placed on the retired list of the army with the rank of Brigadier-General.

GEORGE FAIRLAMB SMITH, son of Persifer F. and Thomasine (Fairlamb) Smith, was born on the 28th of February, 1840, at West Chester. He was educated at Yale College, and was reading law when the war broke out. He served as a private in the Second regiment; at the end of its term became Captain in the Forty-ninth; and in the spring of 1862, Major of the Sixty-first. At Fair Oaks he was wounded and fell into the enemy's hands. On his return after a brief captivity he was promoted to Lieutenant-Colonel. He was conspicuous in storming Marye's Heights in the Chancellorsville campaign, and was soon after promoted to Colonel. In the action at Spottsylvania Court House he was severely and nigh fatally wounded. Of him that intrepid soldier, General A. P. Howe, said: "He showed himself at all times an efficient, gallant, and competent officer;" and the lamented Sedgwick: "He has performed his duty with zeal and ability." Colonel Smith married in 1867 Miss Anna Elizabeth Hickman. At the conclusion of the war he commenced the practice of the law at West Chester.

DAVID B. MORRIS was born at Port Elizabeth, New Jersey, on the 17th of December, 1825. In 1838 the family removed to Wheeling, and in 1841 to Pittsburg. In December, 1845, he was married to Miss Margaret Grissell, daughter of John Grissell. In 1855 he enlisted in the Washington Infantry, in which he rose to be Lieutenant. This company, with the Pennsylvania infantry, turned out armed and equipped to resist the order of Secretary Floyd to remove heavy guns from Allegheny Arsenal. Of his company Lieutenant Morris was commissioned Captain in April, 1861, and at the formation of the One Hundred and First regiment was made Lieutenant-Colonel, and after the death of Colonel Roberts, Colonel. In the battle of Fair Oaks he was in Casey's division, the first to be struck. Recognizing from the opening his precarious situation, and that it behooved him to make every missile tell, Colonel Morris hastened along the line as he marshalled his men in arms, and spoke words of encouragement. "Fire low, my boys," he said, "and aim at the waist-belts of the graybacks!"

That they might be deliberate, he ordered them to hold their fire until the enemy were near enough to count their fingers. Right manfully were his orders heeded, and when the crash of his musketry opened, the ranks of the foe were swept clean away. Overborne by superior numbers the regiment was finally compelled to retire to the supporting line of General Couch, where it fought until the close of the battle. Early in the fray Colonel Morris was wounded and borne from the field.

At the conclusion of the campaign this regiment was ordered to the Department of North Carolina, where upon his recovery Colonel Morris rejoined it. He was intrusted with the direction of expeditions undertaken into the interior, and was prominent in several considerable engagements. At the conclusion of his term on the 24th of January, 1865, he was mustered out of service and returned to his home in Pittsburg, where he maintains the character of one of the most active business men of that eminently business city.

HENRY M. BOSSERT, son of Henry Y. and Hannah (Miller) Bossert, was born on the 25th of January, 1825, in Montgomery county. He served in the Eleventh regiment under Patterson, and participated in the affair at Falling Waters. In the summer of 1862 he was commissioned Colonel of the One Hundred and Thirty-seventh regiment. "We drilled," he says, "by company during the day, and by battalion by moonlight." When the army retired from the Second Bull Run field, Colonel Bossert was ordered to join Hancock's brigade. He acted in support at Crampton's Gap, and, when the enemy gave way, was directed to take sixteen companies, one from each regiment in the division, and establish a line across Pleasant Valley, facing Harper's Ferry, which had fallen into the enemy's hands. When the battle of

Antietam opened he resumed his place at the head of his own regiment. He was posted in support of a battery of Hancock's command, which he gallantly defended under the immediate eye of that heroic General, and received his thanks upon the field. When Stuart made his famous raid to the rear of the Union army, Colonel Bossert was aroused at midnight to move to intercept him, but failed to catch the wily rebel leader.

When the campaign in Maryland was ended the regiment was ordered to Washington, and thence to Acquia Creek, where Colonel Bossert was placed in command of a brigade of six regiments, and charged with guarding the landing, and the railroad leading to Falmouth. Having been injured by the fall of his horse in March, he retired from the service, the time of his regiment being then about to expire. Previous to the war, Colonel Bossert was justice of the peace for a period of fifteen years. He was afterwards elected register and recorder, and clerk of the courts of Clinton county.

EDWARD CAMPBELL, son of Hugh and Rachel (Lyon) Campbell, was born on the 24th of July, 1838. He received a liberal education and entered the service of the Union as Lieutenant in the Eighty-fifth, and in May, 1862, was promoted to Captain. His regiment was in Casey's division at Fair Oaks and sustained heavy losses. At the end of the Peninsula campaign he went to North Carolina, and subsequently to the army before Charleston, where he was engaged in the operations to reduce that stronghold, and in the siege of Fort Wagner. In September, 1862, he had been promoted to Major, and after the fall of Wagner was advanced to Colonel and commanded the regiment. After its transfer to the Army of the James it was engaged in the desperate fighting which was in progress here until the 22d of November, when at the conclusion of his term he was mustered out, and returned to the practice of his profession at Somerset.

THEOPHILUS KEPHART, son of Abraham R. and Mary (Garner) Kephart, was born in Bucks county, on the 19th of April, 1835. He served for the three months' term in the Twenty-fifth regiment, and entered the One Hundred and Fourth as a Lieutenant, in which capacity he went through the Peninsula campaign. Soon after its conclusion he was promoted to Captain, and with his regiment was transferred to the Department of the South. It was finally returned to the Army of the James in the spring of 1864, where it served till the close of the war. In December, 1864, Captain Kephart was promoted to Major, in the March following to Lieutenant-Colonel, and in June to Colonel. In the battle of Fair Oaks he received a wound in the foot, and again in the breast at Fort Gregg, South Carolina. He was also wounded in the finger at the battle on John's Island. Colonel Kephart was married to Miss Lottie B. Connor in 1867.

FREDERICK O. ALLEMAN was born August 1st, 1829, in Dauphin county. He received a liberal education and graduated at the Pennsylvania Medical College in the spring of 1853. At the opening of the Rebellion he served as a private in the Fifteenth regiment, and at the close of its term was appointed Assistant Surgeon of the Eighth Reserve. He was active through the entire Peninsula campaign. "On one occasion," says a correspondent, "while caring for the suffering, two shells burst by his side, instantly killing three of his wounded, and tearing to pieces the body of one whose leg he was amputating. He had three horses shot under him, and for four consecutive days and nights got neither food nor sleep, being constantly engaged with the knife and in dressing wounds." At the close of the campaign he resigned, but was immediately reappointed Assistant Surgeon in the Ninth Reserve. He remained with this until after the battle of Fredericksburg, when he was detailed to duty in the Western Army. He had charge of hospitals at Louisville, Nashville, Chattanooga, Lookout Mountain, and Atlanta. From this point he marched with Sherman to the Sea. He was stationed there as Surgeon-in-chief of Roper Hospital, and was afterwards placed in charge of all the hospitals in the city. Here he remained until after the close of the war, leaving in August, 1865, and was soon after mustered out of service, having been in almost constant duty from the beginning to the end of the Rebellion. He married in 1853 Miss Mary B. Ogelsby, of Harrisburg.

DANIEL NAGLE was born at Pottsville, Schuylkill county, Pennsylvania, in 1828. He was the son of General James Nagle, a native of Reading. He served as a private in Mexico, participating in the siege of Vera Cruz, and the battles of Cerro Gordo, La Hoya, Huamantla, and the City of Mexico. In the late war he served as Captain in the Sixth regiment, in the three months' campaign, at the close of which he entered the Forty-eighth as Captain, and was soon after promoted to Major. He was with Burnside in North Carolina, and after the return of the regiment to Fortress Monroe, resigned and retired from the service. In 1862 he was Lieutenant-Colonel of the Nineteenth emergency regiment. In November, 1862, he was appointed Colonel of the One Hundred and Seventy-third—a regiment of drafted militia—and was stationed at Norfolk, Virginia. In July he was transferred to the line of the Orange and Alexandria Railroad, where he remained until his muster out, in August, 1863.

ARCHIBALD BLAKELEY, son of Lewis and Jane (McAllister) Blakeley, was born on the 16th of July, 1827, in Butler county. His great-grandfather, a brother of Commodore Johnston Blakeley, of the American Navy, was killed in the battle of Brandywine. The father dying suddenly when he was but a mere youth, Archibald was forced to rely on his own exertions for an education. He studied law, was admitted to practice in 1852, and in the fall of that year was elected District Attorney. At the breaking out of the war he was active in recruiting, and was commissioned Lieutenant-Colonel of the Seventy-eighth regiment, which was sent to the army of Buell in Kentucky. He was engaged in arduous service in defending communications while Buell was on the march to Shiloh, and after the fall of Corinth, Blakeley was detailed to preside over a court-martial, and a military commission for the trial of civil offences, performing for a time much of the business of the civil courts. In the fall of 1863 he was prostrated by sickness and was unable to return to duty until after the battle of Stone River. At Dug Gap, just previous to the battle of Chickamauga, while in command of his regiment, he found himself in the presence unexpectedly of the rebel army, and only by cool and judicious manœuvres was he able to extricate himself. During the night of Friday preceding the battle he was sent to the fords of the Chickamauga, with orders to hold them to the last extremity for the protection of the flank of McCook's corps, moving into position, which was gallantly executed. In the great battle of Saturday and Sunday he led his regiment with marked courage. After the series of engagements which drove the enemy from before Chattanooga, Colonel Blakeley with his own, the Twenty-first Wisconsin, and a battery, was placed in command on Lookout Mountain, which he fortified and held securely during the winter. Near the close of his term of service, in the spring of 1864, on account of severe illness in his family, he resigned. He was nominated by President Johnson for Brigadier-General by brevet, but the nomination was never acted on by the Senate. He was married in 1854 to Miss Susan D. Mechling. Since the war he has devoted himself to his profession in Pittsburg.

JOSEPH W. FISHER was born in Northumberland county on the 16th of October, 1814. Two years after, his father died, leaving a widow and several small children, of whom he was youngest. His education was consequently the result mainly of his own efforts. He married in 1836 Miss Elizabeth R. Shearer, and in 1840 removed to Lancaster county, where he studied law and was admitted to practice. In 1848 he was elected a member of the Pennsylvania Legislature. He entered the service as a private in April, 1861, and was subsequently made Lieutenant-Colonel of the Fifth Reserve regiment. He made a campaign in West Virginia in the fall of 1861, and in 1862 was in the Seven Days' battle on the Peninsula, commanding the brigade skirmishers at Beaver Dam Creek, was in the hottest of the fight at Gaines' Mill, and at Charles City Cross Roads led in the famous charge which shattered the enemy and threw him back upon his supports. He was soon after promoted to the rank of Colonel. On his way to the Bull Run field his horse fell upon him, inflicting serious injuries, which prevented him from participating in that battle. At South Mountain he led his regiment in the assault and capture of that stronghold, and with equal gallantry fought at Antietam. At Gettysburg he was in command of a brigade, which he led upon Little Round Top at an opportune moment, and subsequently, at dark, scaled Round Top itself, driving out the enemy, and fortified it. He continued to command his brigade in the battles of the Wilderness, Spottsylvania, Cold Harbor, and Bethesda Church, and was mustered out with the corps at the end of its service. In less than a month he was in the field again with a regiment for one hundred days, at the end of which he raised one for veteran service, and was ordered into the Shenandoah Valley, where he was pitted against the redoubtable Moseby. Colonel Fisher was brevetted Brigadier-General in this his final campaign, and soon after the close of the war was elected a member of the Pennsylvania Senate. In February, 1871, he was appointed an associate justice of the court in Wyoming Territory, and in December was made Chief Justice, which office he still holds.

Noah G. Ruhl, son of John and Catherine (Gerberick) Ruhl, was born on the 20th of February, 1823, in York county. In 1840 he entered the regular army as a private, and was engaged against the Indians in Florida. He served in Mexico from Palo Alto to the capture of the City of Mexico, and at the conclusion of the war left the army. Reëntering the service as a Captain in the Eighty-seventh regiment in 1861, he served in the Shenandoah Valley until after the close of the Gettysburg campaign, having in the meantime been promoted to Major, when his regiment was incorporated with the Sixth corps and in the campaign of the Wilderness fought with the Army of the Potomac. The duty here was unusually severe, and his health becoming impaired, he was, on the 30th of August, discharged on surgeon's certificate. He had previously been promoted to Lieutenant-Colonel, and during a considerable time had commanded the regiment.

James Carle, son of John and Maria (Suttle) Carle, was born on the 8th of September, 1835, in Broome county, New York. He served an apprenticeship to the business of printing, and five years in the regular army, and entered the volunteer service in April, 1861, as a Captain in the Sixth Reserve regiment, participating in all the battles in which that noted body was engaged. At Antietam he had a part of his left hand shot away, but remained with his company until ordered back. When the Reserve corps, at the expiration of its term of service, was mustered out, the remnants—a few scarred veterans—were organized into two new regiments, the One Hundred and Ninetieth and Ninety-first, and Captain Carle was given command of the latter. Soon after crossing the James he was directed to charge the enemy before Petersburg. This order was gallantly executed, and the Thirty-ninth North Carolina regiment was captured in a body. On the 18th of August, 1864, in an action upon the Weldon Railroad, near the Yellow House, he was captured with a large part of his brigade, and was held at Belle Isle, Salisbury, and Danville, until near the close of the war. "For conspicuous gallantry and meritorious services" he was brevetted Brigadier-General by the President.

JAMES S. NEGLEY, Major-General of volunteers, was born in Allegheny county, on the 26th of December, 1826. In the war with Mexico he enlisted as a private in the First Pennsylvania regiment, in which he fought in the siege of Puebla, the battle of Cerro Gordo, and other engagements of the campaign which carried the flag in triumph to the City of Mexico. On being mustered out he returned home and engaged extensively in horticulture. He was for many years connected with the militia, and at the opening of the civil war was in command of a brigade. He rendered important service in raising and organizing troops for the first campaign, and was selected by Governor Curtin to command the camp at Lancaster. General Patterson chose him to lead one of his brigades in the Shenandoah Valley, he having in the meantime been made a Brigadier-General of volunteers.

After the muster out of his first command he was given a brigade in McCook's division of the Army of the Cumberland. General Negley was for a time with General Mitchell in northern Alabama, but was subsequently given the Eighth division of Buell's army, and put in command at Nashville. While Buell was upon the campaign northward which culminated in the battle of Perryville, Negley was obliged to tax his best resources to prevent the city from falling into the hands of the enemy. An officer of his command says: "While besieged, affairs wore a gloomy aspect. Shut out from the world, with no news for months from the army or from home, surrounded by a vindictive enemy resolutely determined to capture the capital with the executive members of the government, compelled to fight for every mouthful of food we ate, the condition of the garrison became every day more critical. Yet no one was discouraged, and all were determined to stand by the city, with full faith that under the gallant Negley and Palmer it would be successfully held. Our expectations were not disappointed, and on the morning of the 20th of October we saw from our fortifications the victorious legions of Rosecrans approaching the city."

On the very last day of the year 1862 General Rosecrans, who had superseded Buell, met the rebel army under Bragg in front of Murfreesboro, at Stone River. McCook with the divisions of Johnson, Davis, and Sheridan, held the right of the Union line; Thomas with the divisions of Negley and Rosecrans the centre; and Crittenden with the divisions of Palmer, Wood and Van Cleve, the left. Early on the morning of the 31st of December, with massed columns, Bragg attacked the Union right, just at the moment that Rosecrans was about to attack from the Union left. Rosecrans' right wing was crushed and driven before help could reach it. Negley stood next with his noble division. He made a stubborn fight. "Pushing out," says a writer in the *Rebellion Record*, "to the Cedar Forest, where Negley's gallant division was struggling against great odds, trusty Sheridan was met, bringing out his division in superb order. During all this period Negley's two brigades, under valiant old Stanley and brave John F. Miller, were holding their line though fearfully outnumbered. When the right broke, Negley had pushed in ahead of the right wing, and was driving the enemy. His troops sustained one of the fiercest assaults of the day, and the enemy was dreadfully punished." At nightfall the right and centre had been driven back, and many gallant men had perished. But a line more contracted had been taken up, and the courage of the troops was unbroken. On the afternoon of the following day the fighting was renewed on the Union left, upon the opposite side of Stone river,

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

and the foe was again driving Rosecrans' troops. "The enemy," says the writer above quoted, "as usual had massed his army, and advanced in great strength. Negley's division, supported by that of Davis and St. Clair Morton's pioneer battalion, was immediately sent forward to retrieve the disaster. A sanguinary conflict ensued, perhaps the most bitter of the whole battle. Both sides massed their batteries, and plied them with desperate energy. The infantry of either side displayed great valor; but Negley's unconquerable Eighth division resolved to win. The fury of the conflict now threatened mutual annihilation, but Stanley and Miller charged simultaneously and drove the enemy rapidly before them, capturing a battery, and taking the flag of the Twenty-sixth Tennessee, the color sergeant being killed with the bayonet." By the valor of Rosecrans' army a complete triumph was won, Bragg retreating and leaving the field in the hands of the victors. For valor displayed in this fight, Negley was made Major-General of volunteers. His division was warmly engaged at Chickamauga, and with the army retired to Chattanooga, where it was intrenched. Soon afterwards General Negley took leave of his command, and was called to other fields of duty. In 1869 he was elected to Congress, and was twice reëlected.

JAMES MILLER, son of Henry and Ann (Shaw) Miller, was born on the 15th of April, 1835, in Jefferson county. He entered the service as a Sergeant in the One Hundred and Fifth regiment in September, 1861. In a skirmish near Auburn, Virginia, in October, 1863, he was severely wounded, having in the meantime been promoted to Lieutenant. In the battle of the Wilderness he was again severely wounded in the left elbow. In the battle near Farmville, on the 6th of April, 1865, he had his horse shot under him; but nothing daunted led a daring charge, in which sixteen officers and a hundred men were captured. He was promoted to First Lieutenant, Captain, Major, and Colonel in succession. "His reputation," says an officer of his regiment, "was that of a sober, upright and fearless man. He had the good-will and confidence of the officers and men under him, who were always ready to follow where he led, even to a charge on works apparently impregnable, and in the face of certain death."

THOMAS FOSTER GALLAGHER, Colonel of the Eleventh Reserve regiment and Brevet Brigadier-General, was born on the 17th of January, 1822, in Westmoreland county. He served in the militia from 1846 to the opening of the Rebellion—having been Captain and Colonel—when he was commissioned Colonel of the Eleventh. He was with McClellan upon the Peninsula, and at the battle of Gaines' Mill was taken prisoner, with the greater part of his regiment. Having been exchanged, he returned in time to lead at Bull Run; and at South Mountain, while in command of a brigade and charging up the steep acclivity, was severely wounded, in consequence of which, in December, 1862, he resigned. In 1863 he was made Colonel of the Fifty-fourth militia, which he led in the exciting chase after John Morgan in Ohio. He has served two terms in the Pennsylvania Legislature. He was married in 1849 to Miss Lizzie Kin McBride.

JOHN ROSPELL EVERHART, Brevet Lieutenant-Colonel, was born in West Chester in 1828. Both his grandfathers served in the Revolutionary army with Washington, and his father commanded a company in 1812, was afterwards extensively engaged in mercantile pursuits, and was finally lost in the ship Albion, wrecked off the coast of Ireland. He was educated at Princeton College and in the medical department of the University of Pennsylvania. Soon after graduating he went to Paris to further prosecute his studies. Returning, he commenced practice in his native town. At the time of the prevalence of Asiatic cholera in the Chester county almshouse, he volunteered his services, and was very successful in the treatment of the disease. At the opening of the war he was assigned as surgeon of the Ninety-seventh regiment. For three and a half years he remained on duty, proving himself in every position a skilful and faithful officer. During the prevalence of the yellow fever at Hilton Head, South Carolina, in 1862, his treatment and sanitary regulations were efficacious in staying the disease and confining it to the limits of his command. He served as a medical examiner of the Department of the South, under General Hunter, Brigade and Post Surgeon. Returning north with his regiment, he was on duty with the Army of the James until active operations of 1864

Jno. C. Everhart

JOHN R. EVERHART

[illegible]

had closed, when he retired from the service. In the summer of 1872 he went with General Pennypacker to Europe, travelling extensively in Great Britain and upon the continent.

BENJAMIN MEYERS ORWIG, Lieutenant of Battery E, First artillery, son of Samuel and Mary (Meyers) Orwig, was born on the 31st of August, 1840, in Union county. He studied his profession in the law department of the University of Pennsylvania, which he left reluctantly to join the battery that an elder brother, Thomas G., was organizing, soon rising to the place of second in command. He preserved his health during his entire army life, having never but once been in hospital as a patient. This battery won distinction on many hard-fought fields, and had the honor of being the first Union artillery to enter the rebel capital at its downfall. He died of a congestive chill on the 28th of October, 1867, at Des Moines, Iowa, where he had taken up his abode.

ROBERT PATTERSON, Major-General of volunteers, a native of Ireland, came to Pennsylvania with his family at the age of six and settled in Delaware county. He served as Lieutenant and Captain in the War of 1812, and after its close became attached to the militia, rising to the rank of Major-General in 1824, which office he held for a period of over forty years. He commanded the troops in the State troubles of 1838, and in suppressing the riots of 1844, in Philadelphia. He volunteered for the Mexican War and became Major-General, and second only to General Scott in command of the army of occupation. At Cerro Gordo he was lifted to his saddle from a sick-bed, but bore himself gallantly in the fight. When General Scott was relieved, the chief command fell to him, and he withdrew the army. None seemed so fit, when the Rebellion came, to lead and discipline the new levies, and he was appointed by Governor Curtin over Pennsylvania troops. Not many days after he was given by the General Government the command of the Department of Washington, embracing the disputed territory over which troops must pass to the Capital. When the main avenues were cut off by the mob in Baltimore he seized that by

Annapolis, and for some days being unable to communicate with the national authorities, assumed the responsibility of authorizing twenty-five additional regiments from Pennsylvania. His action was ignored, but subsequent events showed that his judgment was correct. He took possession of Baltimore and reopened all the lines of travel. Having organized a column, he moved against the enemy, who were holding Harper's Ferry and the right bank of the Potomac. When partially across the stream, and in prospect of speedily meeting the foe, his artillery and some of his best troops were taken from him, obliging him to withdraw. He now proposed to fortify Maryland Heights, and move his force to Leesburg, where he could be in striking distance of the mouth of the Valley, and in case of need could reinforce McDowell at Manassas. This sensible plan was rejected and he was directed to keep in front of the enemy in the Valley, and fight if a reasonable prospect of success offered. He fought Stonewall Jackson at Falling Waters and defeated him, advanced as far as Bunker Hill and made vigorous demonstrations in front of Winchester, where a rebel army under Johnston was intrenched, on the day that General Scott had advised him that the battle of Manassas would be fought, and then withdrew to Harper's Ferry. The battle of Manassas was not fought until several days later, and Johnston was left free to unite with Beauregard. Patterson was blamed for not having detained Johnston, and charged with the disaster at Manassas. But the plan of dividing the Union army, and allowing the entire rebel force to come between Patterson and McDowell, was defective, and the conduct of Patterson is now seen to be above reproach. At the conclusion of the campaign he resigned. He has held numerous civil offices of great responsibility, and during a long life, now protracted beyond fourscore years, has been a successful merchant and manufacturer.

PART III.

CIVIL AND MISCELLANEOUS.

CHAPTER I.

EMINENT CIVILIANS.

ANDREW GREGG CURTIN, Governor of the Commonwealth from 1861 to 1866—covering the entire period of the war—known at the front as the Soldiers' Friend, was born at Bellefonte, on the 22d of April, 1817. He was the son of Roland Curtin, a native of Ireland, a man of intelligence and refinement, having been educated in Paris, and one of the earliest settlers of Centre county. His mother was a daughter of Andrew Gregg, for many years a member of both the House and Senate of the United States, Secretary of State of Pennsylvania, and candidate for Governor in 1823. He was educated in the celebrated school of the Rev. Dr. Kirkpatrick at Milton, and in the law school of Dickinson College. In 1839 he was admitted to the bar and commenced practice at Bellefonte in partnership with John Blanchard, subsequently a member of Congress. He took a leading rank as an advocate, and soon distinguished himself in debate. As early as 1840 he entered the political arena, championing General Harrison for the Presidency, and aiding by his youthful and impassioned eloquence to create a sentiment which carried the Farmer of North Bend to the highest place in the gift of the American people. At the next Presidential election he labored with equal zeal for Henry Clay, and in 1848 was placed upon the electoral ticket, giving powerful support to the hero of the Rio Grande. He was again upon the electoral ticket in 1852, and advocated the cause of General Scott.

He was now looked upon as one of the most influential young men of the State and acknowledged as a leader. In the contest for Governor in 1854 he was made Chairman of the State Central

Committee, which had in nomination James Pollock. The ticket was successful and Curtin was selected for Secretary of State, which also embraced the duties of Superintendent of Common Schools. He came to the office at an important and critical era in school legislation and school management. In his report of 1855 he says: " It is undeniable that the common school system had lost the prestige and hopes of its earlier years, and had disappointed the expectations of its friends. Its failing energies and want of adaptation to the great objects of its creation seemed to portend its ultimate decay, unless animated by a thorough reform and an infusion of fresh vitality." To the infusion of the needed vitality he addressed himself with that enthusiasm and energy which were his most marked characteristics. He rightly appreciated the value of public education in a free State. "All the principles," he says in his report of 1857, "that tend to the amelioration of humanity, every step in the progress of civilization, and all institutions founded in benevolence, have come from the intelligence of the common mind. The great principle of universal suffrage, which lies at the foundation of our theory of government, can only be protected from abuse by the education of the masses, and without it they are insensible to its perfection, and can have no just appreciation of the value of its perpetuity."

Important legislation had been secured in the last year of the preceding administration, but for several causes violent opposition had arisen and there was imminent danger of the repeal of its most important feature, that of a county superintendency which secured a due supervision of the qualifications of teachers and the expenditures of money. This he labored zealously to maintain until the fruits of its maturity should be a sufficient guarantee for its preservation, and this he was successful in accomplishing. He ably argued in his report the necessity of having a corps of trained teachers, and sketched a plan for a system of State Normal Schools, which was the basis of the law passed at the succeeding session of the Legislature, now working such excellent results. While laboring thus for the upbuilding of the school system he did not neglect the duties of his office proper, exemplifying the principles of sound statesmanship. He never lost sight of the fundamental condition which he enunciated near the close of his report of 1855: "Our preëminence amongst the nations of the earth does not result from the fertility of our soil, our free form of government, and abundant physical resources. These constitute powerful motive forces, but the great leading power is the universality of education."

At the close of Governor Pollock's administration, Curtin returned to his home at Bellefonte, and resumed the practice of his profession; but was not suffered long to remain in retirement. In 1860 he was nominated and elected Governor of the Commonwealth, by a large majority, though in the face of violent opposition. The canvass was all the more animated from the fact that a presidential election was to occur a month later, and this was held as settling which side should triumph. Pennsylvania has ever been regarded as the keystone of the Federal arch, not only from its location midway between the States of the North and those of the South, but because of its magnitude and power, the observation being current previous to an election, "as goes Pennsylvania so goes the Union." Now more than ever was it looked upon as the battle-ground; for as it should range itself on the one side or the other in the great sectional contest, so would the decision be rendered. Even a lukewarm support of the National cause would have made doubtful the issue.

Of all the public men in the nation no one would have gone farther in the path of honor to have preserved peace and tranquillity than Governor Curtin. He sincerely deprecated war and bloodshed, and when, in response to the resolve of the Virginia Legislature, Congress asked that commissioners be appointed from the several States to devise a plan of pacification, he selected as one of the members of the delegation from Pennsylvania his old friend Governor Pollock, who he knew would labor with a Christian's zeal for an honorable peace. But when he saw all hope of reconciliation shut out, and the madness which ruled the hour triumphant, he met the danger with no timid hand nor trembling front, and hesitated not for a moment to take up the red gauntlet of war, and declare: "No part of the people, no State, nor combination of States, can voluntarily secede from the Union, nor absolve themselves from their obligations to it. To permit a State to withdraw at pleasure from the Union, without the consent of the rest, is to confess that our Government is a failure. Pennsylvania can never acquiesce in such a conspiracy, nor assent to a doctrine which involves the destruction of the Government."

The exigencies of war precipitated at a time of profound peace, with no preparation for, or even expectancy of its coming, imposed great labors and grave responsibilities upon the Executive. Everything in the nature of war material was wanting and had to be improvised. But never for one moment did he falter. He was especially popular with the young men, and to his call they rallied with a unanimity and an enthusiasm rarely witnessed.

The first levy had scarcely been enrolled before the threats of invasion were freely uttered, and a hostile flag was flaunting almost within hailing distance of the southern border. He keenly felt the dangers to which the State was exposed, and called together the Legislature in extra session to grant authority for raising a corps for home defence. His plan was adopted, and the power to act and the means for its accomplishment were placed at his disposal. The *Pennsylvania Reserve Volunteer Corps* was the result. It consisted of fifteen regiments—thirteen of infantry and one each of cavalry and artillery. But while still in camp and before its drill was perfected, the disaster at Bull Run caused the Government to tremble for its own safety, and to the earnest appeals to have this corps sent to the reinforcement of the shattered army of the Union a prompt response was accorded, and it arrived at a time of dire need, and when few troops from any quarter were ready to be thrown into the breach. Once incorporated in the National army it never returned to the special duty for which it was created, but wherever the Army of the Potomac fought, there was the Reserve corps battling with the sternest, until the very day on which its full term of three years expired.

Call after call for troops came, and the population was drained of the young and hardy and zealous. Still the industries of the State were not suffered to languish, and no abatement of heart or hope was felt. Early in 1863, having indicated his disposition not to be a candidate for reëlection, President Lincoln, recognizing the great service which Governor Curtin had rendered, and being aware that his health was broken by his severe labors and anxieties, thoughtfully tendered him a foreign mission. But his fidelity to his great trust and his personal popularity caused him to be nominated for a second term, and he was triumphantly reëlected. The spring of 1863, when the disasters of Fredericksburg and Chancellorsville were bearing with a fearfully depressing weight, was the most gloomy and hopeless of the whole war. But Governor Curtin accepted the nomination, and bore aloft the standard of the Union with the same courage and enthusiasm as had characterized him in his most sanguine and prosperous hour. His own spirit was infused into the people of the entire Commonwealth, and as at the beginning the loyal States turned with anxious look to the attitude which Pennsylvania should assume and were not disappointed in their hopes, so now were they gladdened by the voice of its millions proclaiming their devotion to the unity of the nation. In closing his annual message of 1863, he said: "It would be unjust to omit referring again to the loyal spirit of our people which has been evinced in every mode since the war commenced. Not only have they sent 277,409 men for the general and special service of the Government, and supported with cheerfulness the burdens of taxation, but our storehouses and depots have literally overflowed with comforts and necessaries spontaneously contributed by them, under the active care of thousands of our women—faithful unto death—for the sick and wounded prisoners, as well as for our armies in the field. Their patriotic benevolence seems to be inexhaustible. To every new call the response becomes more and more liberal. When intelligence was received of the barbarian starvation of our prisoners in Richmond, the garners of the whole State were instantly thrown open, and before any similar movement had been made elsewhere, I was already employed on behalf of our people in efforts to secure the admission through the rebel lines of the abundant supplies provided for the relief of our suffering brethren. . . . We are fighting the great battle of God, of truth, of right, of liberty. The Almighty has no attribute that can favor our savage and degenerate enemies. No people can submit to territorial dismemberment without becoming contemptible in its own eyes, and those of the world. But it is not only against territorial dismemberment that we are struggling, but against the destruction of the very groundwork of our whole political system. . . . We have during the past year made mighty strides towards such a solution, and to all human appearance we approach its completion. But whatever reverses may happen—whatever blood and treasure may still be required—whatever sacrifices may be necessary—there will remain the inexorable determination of our people to fight out this thing to the end; to preserve and perpetuate this Union. They have sworn that not one star shall be reft from the constellation, nor its clustered brightness be dimmed by treason and savagery, and they will keep their oath."

The sympathy of Governor Curtin for the distresses occasioned by war was unbounded, and prompted him to constant acts of personal kindness and executive amelioration. He knew full well that war, even when conducted according to the most humane and Christian usages, was a source of constant suffering. It was not in his nature to repose when there was aught to be done which could promote the comfort of the humblest private. The midnight hour often found him still hard at work in the Executive chamber, and he cheerfully left his bed at night to face the winter's blast, that some act of executive duty that could speed waiting troops on their way, or a parent hastening to a perishing son, might be performed. He was often at the front, and never neglected an opportunity to visit the soldiers in their camps or bivouac; and where he could not go in person he sent faithful and competent representatives. The hospital and the field were thus constantly under his supervision, and if suffering or want was to be alleviated, there was the hand of the Commonwealth outstretched to administer relief. When the soldier, rendering willing obedience to the mandates of the Government, cheerfully volunteered, Governor Curtin extended a promise in behalf of the State that his family should be protected, and if he fell in battle his children should be provided for. That promise was not forgotten. His messages abound in recommendations for the relief of the needy and those despoiled by the ravages of war; and the statute books through all the years of battle show that his suggestions were promptly heeded.

In the Gettysburg campaign parts of the border overrun by the two armies were completely ravaged, and many families found themselves reduced from competence to beggary. To ameliorate their condition, and to secure suitable remuneration for their losses, was an object of his care. Nor were his sympathies alone excited by the needs of his own people. When it was announced to him that the loyal inhabitants of East Tennessee were suffering and dying from want, his heart was moved to tenderness, and he embodied the following recommendation in his message of 1863: "The condition of the loyal people of East Tennessee is represented to be most deplorable, and appeals with irresistible force alike to your sympathies and your sense of justice. Their whole country has been laid waste by the contending armies of the Government and the rebels. Four times large armies have passed over that district, destroying or carrying off all that had been gathered for the approaching winter, and now the women and children are left in a state of destitution. Representations made by gentlemen of the highest respectability, from that State, are of the most heart-rending character. Starvation, actual and present, now exists. Can we in the midst of affluent abundance for a moment hesitate as to what our action shall be towards the people whose only crime has been their loyalty to the Government? Even if a portion of our charity should reach the starving families of those in sympathy with the Rebellion, better it should than that those devoted, self-sacrificing people who have so unhesitatingly adhered to the Government be left to suffer. Whenever pestilence and famine distressed any portion of our country, we have always been foremost in relieving it, and the people of Pennsylvania have extended their open-handed benevolence and broad charity to the starving of foreign countries. Shall it be said that the appeals of these people for bread fell upon the heart of Pennsylvania in vain, and that we who have so recently given thanks for our abundance have no relief for them in their extremities?"

But the subject which was nearest his heart, and upon which he was most eloquent and earnest, was that of the care of the orphans of soldiers. Through his appeals and personal influence a system has been adopted in Pennsylvania to which, for efficiency and completeness, no approximation has been made in any other

State of the Union. The orphans are clothed, fed and instructed in Homes where they are under the kindest and best of influences, and are trained to useful employments. Seven thousand three hundred and ninety of these pupils have been the children of the State, and the aggregate expense thus far has reached the sum of $4,322,298.34. The manner in which these schools originated and the system was wrought is of peculiar interest, as it strikingly illustrates of what heart and spirit Governor Curtin is. In accordance with a time-honored custom the chief magistrate had, early in November, 1863, issued his proclamation setting apart a day, and recommending its observance as one of thanksgiving and praise. On the morning of that day there came to the Governor's door two small children, scantily clad and apparently pinched with hunger, begging food. Upon inquiry he found that their father had been killed in the battle of Gettysburg, that their mother had since sickened and died, and that they were friendless and alone in the world. He called a servant and relieved their immediate wants, and as he returned to his cheerful and comfortable apartments he exclaimed, "Great God! can it be that the people of this Commonwealth in the midst of their abundance are this day to feast and revel in profusion, while the children of the soldiers who have yielded up their lives upon the altar of their country, homeless and friendless, are begging bread!"

With a heavy heart he went at the appointed hour to join in the service to Almighty God; but burdened with the feelings which the experience of the morning had awakened, his heart was not in the worship. For several days he was much oppressed, eagerly devising some plan by which he could arouse the feelings and conscience of the Commonwealth in behalf of these unfortunate orphans. Sooner than he anticipated, and in a way he had not discerned, the occasion came. Henry Ward Beecher had just returned from his mission to England, where he had effectively plead the interests of his country, and he had been invited to speak at a public reception which was accorded him in the Academy of Music at Philadelphia, to be held in behalf of the United States Sanitary Commission, and Governor Curtin was invited to preside and introduce the speaker.

When the request was made to his Excellency he exclaimed: "This is my opportunity! Yes, I will come." A brilliant assemblage greeted him as, with the reverend orator, he appeared upon the platform, and in his brief address on taking the chair said: "We meet amid the comforts of home, and the enjoyments of civilized and peaceful life, to aid a great association for the beneficent object of following the soldier of the Republic, sick or dying—of being with him after every battle, to bind his wounds, slake his fevered thirst, and pour into his ears as life ebbs the consolations of religion; and, if no other good can be done, to bear his lifeless remains back to those to whom in life he had been nearest and dearest. . . . I fear that we have not done what we ought for the comparatively uncared for, who have been left at home by the gallant fellows who have gone forward. I assured thousands of them, as I committed to their care the sacred charge of guarding our country's flag and honor, and placed in their hands the national ensign, that those of us who remained at home would guard, protect, and cherish the households they left behind them. I fear that we have not done our whole duty in this particular, that out of our abundance we have failed to render a just share to the surviving relatives of the slain, and to the families of those who, maimed and wounded, have become helpless. Indeed, I am certain that the orphan and widow have not been cared for as the priceless treasure of a life surrendered for the country should have demanded. Coming, as these claimants upon our patriotism and benevolence usually do, from the humbler walks of life, their modest and unpretending wants are hardly recognized amid the clamor and excitement of the times, and the soldier's widow turns with a natural pride from what might be considered the condition of a mendicant or the recipient of charity. My friends, let us no longer fail in the performance of our solemn duty, but let us make the position of these an honorable one, and not one of degradation. Let the widow and her dependent offspring become, in fact and in truth, THE CHILDREN OF THE STATE, and let the mighty people of this great Commonwealth nurture and maintain them. Let this not be a mere spasmodic effort, but let us now at once lay the foundation of a systematic and continuous work, which will enable the defender of the Constitution to know, as he paces his weary vigil upon the cheerless picket, that living, his family at home is cared for, and that dying, the justice, not the charity of the country has provided for the helpless survivors." In his message delivered soon after he said: "I commend to the prompt attention of the Legislature the subject of the relief of the poor orphans of our soldiers who have given or who shall give their lives to the country during this crisis. In my opinion their maintenance and education should be provided for by the State. Failing of other natural friends of ability to care for them they should be honorably received and fostered as children of the Commonwealth." But the Legislature did not at once feel the force of the Governor's suggestion, and the Act which he had caused to be prepared and offered was defeated. Some time previous, the Pennsylvania Railroad Company, in that spirit of independent and manly generosity which has ever characterized it, presented to the Governor $50,000 to be expended in raising and equipping troops, or in such way as the Legislature should direct for the benefit of the soldiers. Seeing his benevolent designs in behalf of the orphans about to fail, the Governor bethought himself of this fund, which had not been disposed of, and near the close of the session secured the passage of a resolution authorizing him to appoint a superintendent and gather the orphans into suitable schools. That resolution of a few lines served to inaugurate the system, and to found a charity before which the most imposing are dwarfed. His end was compassed, and his heart was made glad. Hon. Thomas H. Burrowes, a man who had devoted his life to education and was peculiarly gifted with the power of organizing, was made superintendent. Institutions in convenient parts of the Commonwealth were selected, and intelligent and efficient supervision was provided. The next Legislature seemed as little inclined to make appropriations as the preceding, and again was the cherished purpose in imminent peril. In this extremity the Governor had recourse to a flank movement which for tactical skill and overwhelming success was never excelled by Grant or Sherman in their palmiest hours. He sent out and had the orphans from a few schools summoned to Harrisburg, and on an appointed day the offspring of heroes sacrificed on their country's altars came and were quartered among the citizens, the Governor himself receiving twenty into his own home. With fife and drums and diminutive banners they marched to the capitol, and in presence of the assembled members they had recitations and sung songs, and one brave little fellow told the story of his father's life, and how he had fallen on the first day at Gettysburg, how his mother had died and he with his young sister was left alone in the world, until by the efforts of the Governor and the representatives of the people they had been provided for in the orphan school, had been furnished with warm clothing and given the care of kind teachers. The recital excited profound emotion; tears rolled down cheeks where tears were strangers, and the breasts of strong, rough men were bowed with tenderness. Addresses were made by the Governor and by members; but they were dull and tame in comparison with the simple story of that boy whose lips would never more be pressed in parental affection. The bill for the support of Soldiers' Orphans was promptly passed, and ample appropriations without further question made, all parties uniting, and ever after persevering in their support of the measure. Thousands were thus gathered and placed under the charge of experienced and kind-hearted educators, and were treated as children of the State. The policy was wise and just; for it not only discharged a debt due the fallen soldier, but it preserved in the paths of honor and usefulness a class of children, who failing of protection and care would have been ready subjects of temptation and vice. The zeal and earnestness which Governor Curtin displayed in this enterprise, and the success which crowned his efforts, will constitute his strongest claim to gratitude and remembrance by future generations.

A consideration of the perishable nature of the records of troops while in the field induced the Governor to recommend the preparation of a more permanent account of every soldier who went out from the Commonwealth to do battle for his country, that the patriotic and faithful might point to with pride and satisfaction. The authority was duly granted, and a compendium from all official and available sources was made and published, filling five large octavo volumes, in which each has at least one line, embracing the chief items in his record, besides a condensed account of the part taken by the regiment or organization to which he belonged.

The winter of 1864–'65 was spent by Governor Curtin in Cuba, his physicians enjoining it as the only alternative of saving his life, he having been much reduced by sickness and having in the previous year been under the care of an eminent physician in New York. He was prominently named near the close of his gubernatorial office for the United States Senate, and a large number of his political friends in the Legislature were eager to place him there. He was also named for Vice-President on the ticket with General Grant, and soon after the latter had been elevated to the chief office, he appointed Governor Curtin Minister to Russia, a compliment no less graceful than merited. His residence at St. Petersburg was in an eminent degree pleasant to himself and agreeable to the royal family, he being highly esteemed for his high public position, but more especially for his personal worth, his courtly bearing, and his unsurpassed conversational powers. Early in 1872 he resigned his office and returned to this country. Parties were at the time in a state of turmoil and mutation. His old political friend and associate, Mr. Greeley, was a candidate for the Presidency, in opposition to President Grant. It is a striking mark of the hold which Governor Curtin had upon the popular heart that he should have been strongly urged in the convention of the Liberal Republicans, and in that of the Republicans also, for Vice-President in that year. In the struggle which ensued he gave his support to Mr. Greeley.

Allusion has been made above to Governor Curtin's rare conversational power. Those who have been favored with his intimacy know how irresistible is its charm. Never monopolizing the attention of the company with Johnsonian arrogance, he yet never suffers conversation for a moment to lose its interest, and his sallies of wit, his matchless caricature, the display of keen insight into the springs of human nature, his affinity for the lofty and ennobling, his unrivalled power of description and delineation, and withal a mind of never-failing resource, combine to make him a princely companion. His oratorical powers are of a rare order. The political rostrum has been the scene of his most frequent triumph. There were his earliest attempts to wield that mysterious influence which sways the heart, and there, in the full maturity of his powers, with master hand, touching that potent instrument,

> "In varying cadence soft or strong
> He swept the sounding chords along."

A striking example of Governor Curtin's power in binding personal attachment occurred in his last election as Governor. The soldier, Birney, after having displayed the most exalted heroism and courage at the front, was stricken with a mortal sickness, and was being brought home to die. On arriving in Philadelphia, knowing that it was the day of the gubernatorial election, and filled with the fervor of a stern and uncompromising patriotism, he insisted on being taken to the polls. His friends, knowing his weakened condition, endeavored to dissuade him. But with that determined voice so often heard in the thick of battle he answered: "I must vote, sir; I must vote! Governor Curtin may be defeated for lack of my vote." So weak was he that he had to be lifted from his carriage, and to aggravate his peril his vote was challenged. But not till that vote was accepted and recorded would he turn away.

Governor Curtin is in person kinglike, a head taller than the people, and of a dignified and commanding carriage. His head is broad and massive, and his face indicative of high resolve and kindly emotion. He married Catharine, daughter of William J. Wilson, M. D. The issue of this marriage has been one son and four daughters.

SIMON CAMERON, Secretary of War during the early stages of the Rebellion, was born in Lancaster county, on the 8th of March, 1799. He received a fair English education, and early learned the art of printing, working as a journeyman in Lancaster, Harrisburg, and Washington, and subsequently editing newspapers in Doylestown and Harrisburg. He was largely interested in banking and railroad construction in the central portion of the State, and was for a time Adjutant-General. In 1845, he was elected United States Senator, in which capacity he served until 1849. In 1857 he was reëlected for the full term of six years, and was a participant in the stormy sessions of that body preceding the opening of hostilities, advocating peace and a fair settlement of questions in dispute with an earnestness and pertinacity which seemed almost at variance with his support of the principles on which the Republican party was built. In the national convention which met at Chicago in 1860, he was presented as a candidate for President, having strong support, and when Mr. Lincoln was nominated, it was generally conceded that Pennsylvania should be accorded the Vice-President, in the expectation that Mr. Cameron would be named; but the delegation being unable to harmonize, Hannibal Hamlin of Maine was selected.

Recognizing Mr. Cameron's great executive ability, President Lincoln designated him as a member of his cabinet, assigning him to the Department of War, which necessitated his resignation as Senator. When once the alternative of a resort to arms was forced upon the Government, Mr. Cameron advocated the prosecution of the contest with relentless vigor. When Mr. Lincoln decided to call seventy-five thousand men, his voice was for a more decided policy. The status of the slave, which was at the foundation of the struggle, early claimed the Secretary's attention, and when General Butler wrote asking instructions, and proposing to treat fugitives as contraband of war, he enunciated the general principles which should govern throughout the entire Union army. "The war," he says, "now prosecuted on the part of the Federal Government is a war for the Union, and for the preservation of all the constitutional rights of the States and the citizens of the States in the Union. . . . In States wholly or partially under insurrectionary control, it is obvious that rights dependent on the execution of the laws temporarily fail. . . . To this general rule rights to services can form no exception. . . . Under these circumstances it seems quite clear that the substantial rights of loyal masters will be best protected by receiving such fugitives as well as fugitives of disloyal masters into the service of the United States, and employing them under such organizations and in such occupations as exigencies may suggest or require." A record was authorized to be kept of such fugitives with a view to compensating loyal masters. But as complications multiplied and dangers thickened, to his keen practical sense it was evident that, if the Government was ever to conquer a peace, the fugitive should not only be treated as a contraband, but that his services should be actively employed in the national armies. On the 13th of November, 1861, Colonel John Cochrane, in presence of a large concourse of citizens and officials high in the service of the Government, spoke to his regiment, the First United States Chasseurs. His words throughout breathed a determined spirit, and upon the subject of the slave he said: "Suppose the enemy's slaves were arrayed against you, would you, from any squeamishness, refrain from pointing against them the hostile gun, and prostrating them in death? No, that is your object; and if you would seize their property, open their ports, and even destroy their lives, I ask you whether you would not use their slaves? Whether you would not arm their slaves and carry them in battalions against their masters? If necessary to save this Government, I would plunge their whole country, black and white, into one indiscriminate sea of blood, so that we should in the end have a government which should be the vicegerent of God. Let us have no more of this *dilettante* system, but let us work with a will and a purpose that cannot be mistaken. Let us not put it aside from too great a delicacy of motives. Soldiers, you know no such reasoning as this. You have arms in your hands, and those arms are placed there for the purpose of exterminating an enemy unless he submits to law, order, and the Constitution. If he will not submit, explode everything that comes in your way. Set fire to the cotton. Take property wherever you may find it. Take the slave and bestow him upon the non-slaveholder if you please. Do to them as they would do to us. Raise up a party of interest against the absent slaveholders, distract their counsels, and if this should not be sufficient, take the slave by the hand, place a musket in it, and in God's name bid him strike for the liberty of the human race." In response to this sentiment Mr. Cameron said: "The doctrines which he (Colonel Cochrane) has laid down, I approve as if they were my own words. They are my sentiments—sentiments which will not only lead you to victory, but which will in the end reconstruct this our glorious Federal Constitution. It is idle to talk about treating with these rebels upon their own terms. We must meet them as our enemies, treat them as enemies, and punish them as enemies, until they shall learn to behave themselves. Every means which God has placed in our hands it is our duty to use for the purpose of protecting ourselves."

But Mr. Cameron was not a man to be satisfied with proclaiming his sentiments and allowing them to end in idle vaporing. He was a man rather of few words, and chiefly powerful in deeds. General T. W. Sherman was at about this time sent to have command in the Department of the South. In preparing his instructions the Secretary inserted the following: "As special directions, adapted to special circumstances, cannot be given, much must be referred to your own discretion as commanding general of the expedition. You will, however, in general, avail yourself of the services of any persons, whether fugitives from labor or not, who may offer them to the National Government; you will employ such persons in such services as they may be fitted for, either as ordinary employés, or, if special circumstances seem to require it, in any other capacity, with such organization in squads, companies, or otherwise, as you deem most beneficial to the service. This, however, not to mean a general arming of them for military service." Mr. Greeley, in his "History of the Rebellion," in a note relative to the concluding sentence of the above extract, says: "It is well understood that this was inserted by the President in revising the order." But Mr. Cameron was not content with issuing the instructions. He caused to be prepared a quantity of gay uniforms in which the bright colors suited to please the susceptible and imaginative negroes predominated, and sent them to General Sherman, well knowing that the commander would understand for whom they were intended.

In his annual report, submitted to Congress in December, 1861, as he originally prepared it, the Secretary argued the right to seize and arm the slave as undisputed, but by direction of the Government it was materially modified. In his first draft he had said: "War, even between independent nations, is made to subdue the enemy, and all that belongs to that enemy, by occupying the hostile country, and exercising dominion over all the men and things within its territory. . . . Why should this (slave) property be exempt from the hazards and consequences of a rebellious war? . . . While the loyal States have all their property and possessions at stake, are the insurgent rebels to carry on warfare against the Government in peace and security to their own property? Reason, and justice, and self-preservation forbid that such be the policy of this Government, but demand, on the contrary, that being forced by traitors and rebels to the extremity of war, all the rights and powers of war should be exercised to bring it to a speedy end. . . . The Government has no power to hold slaves, none to restrain a slave of his liberty, or to exact his service. It has a right, however, to use the voluntary service of slaves liberated by war from their rebel masters, like any other property of the rebels, in whatever mode may be most efficient for the defence of the Government, the prosecution of the war, and the suppression of the Rebellion. It is as clearly a right of the Government to arm slaves when it may become necessary, as it is to take gunpowder from the enemy and use it against them. . . . If it shall be found that the men who have been held by the rebels as slaves are capable of bearing arms and performing efficient military service, it is the right, and may become the duty of this Government to arm and equip them and employ their services against the rebels, under proper regulations, discipline and command. But in whatever manner they may be used by the Government, it is plain that once liberated by the rebellious acts of their masters, they should never again be restored to bondage. By the master's treason and rebellion he forfeits all right to labor and service of his slave; and the slave of the rebellious master, by his service to the Government, becomes justly entitled to freedom and protection." This, at the very outset of the war, was considered bold doctrine, and apparently not entirely in harmony with the declarations of the President in his messages, as to the purposes of the Government, though the course here pointed out was at a later period actually adopted without incurring any imputation of inconsistency, the necessity for preserving the life of the government overriding every other consideration, and might from the first have been adopted had public sentiment been prepared for it. At the suggestion of the Government, however, Mr. Cameron's argument was so modified as simply to say: "Their labor may be useful to us; withheld from the enemy it lessens his military resources, and withholding them has no tendency to induce the horrors of insurrection, even in the rebel communities. They constitute a military resource, and being such, that they should not be turned over to the enemy is too plain to discuss. Why deprive him of supplies by a blockade, and voluntarily give him men to produce them?". The publication of the original draft subserved the important purpose, at the time, of familiarizing the loyal people of the course which the Government might be compelled to adopt, and at the same time gave the disloyal a strong hint of what they might eventually reasonably expect.

On the 11th of January, 1862, Mr. Cameron resigned his position as Secretary of War, and was immediately tendered by the President and accepted the place of Minister to Russia. He undertook this important mission at a critical period in the national history. Complications with foreign nations were then hourly thickening. Several first-class powers were earnestly discussing the question of recognizing the Southern Confederacy. Napoleon was maturing his schemes for the occupation of Mexico. Southern emissaries were laboring at every European court to gain favor for their newly formed government, and seeking to create a sentiment at variance with that of the United States. In the midst of these portents of evil, to preserve and cement the friendship of so powerful a nation as Russia was of the first moment. To Mr. Cameron was committed this all important duty. How well he executed his high trust the sequel of events proved. As the winter of 1863 drew on apace, and the prospect of ultimate triumph seemed more and more remote—the western nations of Europe supporting the rebels not only with their sympathy but with material aid—there suddenly appeared, one bright morning, in New York harbor a fleet of the most powerful war vessels in the Russian navy, and there they remained during the entire season. No word was spoken as to their destination or purpose, and ostensibly they were seeking a safe haven. But European nations, hostile to the government of the United States, were not slow in reading the import of the act. In tones which echoed across the Atlantic, it uttered the condemnation of intervention, and proclaimed: "Gentlemen, in this struggle of the American nation, hands off!" It was a call to keep the peace which the nations of Europe chose to respect.

On the 30th of April, 1862, the United States House of Representatives passed a resolution censuring the conduct of Mr. Cameron, while Secretary of War, in investing Alexander Cummings with public money without taking security therefor, and in other ways involving the Government in large outlays. This resolution had no sooner met the eye of President Lincoln than he prepared a message to Congress, in which he stated that at the crisis in April, 1861, when communication with the North had been cut off, and the Government itself was in imminent danger of immediate overthrow, he sent orders to the commandants of the navy yards at Boston, New York, and Philadelphia to purchase each five war vessels for defence, had empowered Governor Morgan and Alexander Cummings of New York to provide for the transportation of troops, no security being required, and had directed the Secretary of the Treasury to advance $2,000,000 to Messrs. Dix, Opdyke, and Blatchford to meet necessary expenditures. "I believe," the President continues, "that by these and other similar measures taken in that crisis, some of which were without any authority of law, the Government was saved from overthrow. . . . Congress will see that I should be wanting equally in candor and justice if I should leave the censure expressed in this resolution to rest exclusively or chiefly upon Mr. Cameron. The same sentiment is unanimously entertained by the heads of departments who participated in the proceedings which the House of Representatives has censured. It is due to Mr. Cameron to say that, although he fully approved the proceedings, they were not moved nor suggested by himself, and that not only the President but all the other heads of departments were at least equally responsible with him for whatever error, wrong, or fault was committed in the premises."

After accomplishing the purposes of his mission to the court of the Czar, Mr. Cameron resigned and returned to his home in Pennsylvania, where he remained until 1867, when he was again elected to the United States Senate, and was reëlected in 1873, and should he serve out this term he will have been twenty years a member of that body. Upon the retirement of Mr. Sumner from the chairmanship of the Committee of Foreign Affairs, a place of great dignity and responsibility, Mr. Cameron was selected for the position thus made vacant. He has always held a place upon some of the most important committees, in which he has ever been attentive, and swayed a controlling influence. In debate he expresses himself clearly, forcibly and cogently, but with no attempt at display. In a deliberative body and in a popular canvass he is never failing in resource and remarkably successful. Few men have been more so, and much of the antagonism which he has encountered has arisen from this cause. In person he is over six feet in height, broad-shouldered, and though now in his seventy-sixth year is as erect and lithe as a youth of twenty. Mr. Cameron married Miss Margaret Brua, who died in 1873. Both were of Scotch descent. The issue of this marriage was three sons and three daughters.

EDWIN M. STANTON, Secretary of War during the greater part of the Rebellion, was born in Steubenville, Ohio, on the 19th of December, 1815. His great-grandfather was a Quaker, who settled early in the history of Massachusetts colony on Nantucket Island. His grandfather moved to North Carolina, where he married a Miss Norman from Virginia, and whence he afterwards moved to Steubenville, where Edwin M. was born. He entered Kenyon College, but, on account of the straitened circumstances of the father, only remained a few months, and then went to Columbus, where he was engaged in a bookstore. During his leisure moments he applied himself to the study of law, and was admitted to the bar in 1836. He commenced practice at Cadiz, and was for one term District Attorney for Harrison county; but at its expiration removed to Steubenville. In 1839 he was elected by the Legislature of Ohio, reporter of the Supreme Court, which position he held for three years. In 1842 he defended Mr. McNulty, Clerk of the House of Representatives, charged with defalcation, winning a national reputation by the ability displayed. In 1848 he removed to Pittsburg and entered into a law partnership with Charles Shaler and

Edwin M. Stanton

Theodore Umbstratter, at once taking a leading rank, his practice extending beyond the limits of the State. He had some time before been called to the Supreme Court, and here some of his most important and lucrative practice was found. The case of the Wheeling Bridge Company in which he was engaged involved large amounts and attracted wide attention, as did also the defence of Sickles for the killing of Key. In 1858 he was appointed by Attorney-General Black to represent the United States in the celebrated California land cases. He accordingly proceeded thither, and after a protracted and determined contest succeeded in overthrowing the titles under the Mexican grants and established those of the rightful claimants.

With this exception he had held no public office until December, 1860, when, to fill the vacancy occasioned by the transfer of Mr. Black to Secretary of State, he was appointed to a cabinet office under Mr. Buchanan. He advocated a determined and vigorous policy; but Mr. Buchanan's ear was heavy, and he only sought to retire without a conflict. When Mr. Lincoln was installed, Mr. Stanton resumed the practice of his profession, but civil life was now overshadowed by military, and he did not remain long in retirement; for when Mr. Cameron was sent to Russia, Mr. Stanton was nominated to the place left vacant in the cabinet. Some surprise was manifested by the leaders of the Republican party, that he, a pronounced Democrat, fresh from the cabinet of Buchanan, should receive this signal mark of honor, the War Office—in view of the magnitude of military operations to be carried on, the most important in the Government. With so firm a hand and with such relentless vigor did he execute the trust that he was justly styled the American Carnot. An editorial of the New York *Herald*, in an appreciative estimate of his character, says of him at this period: "An honest, earnest, active, firm, resolute, decisive and efficient man was Stanton in the War Office—the man of all men for the part he had to play. It may be said that he was rough, imperious, despotic, cruel, and offensive in many things. Measured, however, by the hatred of the implacable adherents of the Rebellion, in his services to the Union, he stands first in the list of the great champions of the cause." Better than any description or analysis of his character are incidents which show him to the life. In an article contributed to *Harper's Magazine* by Mr. T. B. Thorpe is the following: "Mr. Stanton, with an amanuensis, made his appearance punctually at eleven o'clock. His approach was heralded by the noise of the rapidly disappearing feet of messengers and idlers, who were by some fascination hanging about the War Office. . . . Instantly a tall gentleman supported by a bundle of papers, fawning and gushing, but with very weak knees and a stereotyped smile, would approach, and with a vulgar salute of presumed familiarity would hurriedly utter, 'Good-morning, Mr. Secretary; fine morning, sir.' Mr. Stanton would give a nervous twitch, as the familiar voice met his ear, and turning abruptly to the speaker would growl between his teeth: 'Sit down, sir; I'll attend to you by-and-by,' and Mr. Senator Mealymouth, with papers about some 'job,' would suddenly disappear. Next in presumed importance, a gentleman with a brand-new suit of military clothing, glistening like an ignited pinwheel, with stars and stripes: 'My card, Mr. Secretary—Major-General Brassbuttons.' Mr. Stanton would turn on the new speaker like a tiger at bay, would examine the caricature of Mars from head to foot, would thunder out: 'Come, sir, what are you doing in Washington? If you are not needed at the front I'll see about mustering you out.' General Brassbuttons would gasp for breath, and his capacious boots, less sensitive than the man, would carry the discomfited officer out of the room. Consternation would now reign in the audience room. Even the widows and wounded soldiers would grow pale. When they beheld such great men as Senators and Generals in good health suddenly squelched out, they naturally asked themselves, 'What is to become of us?' By this time Mr. Stanton literally had his audience in hand; no one was now venturesome enough to obtrude especially himself or wants upon his notice; so at his leisure he would glance around the room, then suddenly stopping to examine a sick or wounded soldier, the poor fellow would attempt to rise from his seat in acknowledgment of the honor, when Mr. Stanton would mildly, musically say, 'Keep your seat, my good man," and the iron Secretary would leave his place, would walk over to the silent but eloquent applicant for relief, and taking him kindly by the hand, would ask, 'What brings you here?' The story was the same so often told. Soldier in one of the Washington hospitals, suffering from a severe wound; cannot identify himself, as his regiment is on the move, and no descriptive list can be obtained. Can get no pay, draw no clothing; wants a furlough to go home. The hospital regulations keep him with the strictest severity in the narrow whitewashed walls, now worse than a prison. *Order* from Mr. Stanton: 'Advance of two months' pay, transportation home, and thirty days' furlough.' Soldier retires, his face beaming with satisfaction, and realizing keenly, for the first time, that he has a country worth fighting for and men in the Government who care for its defenders."

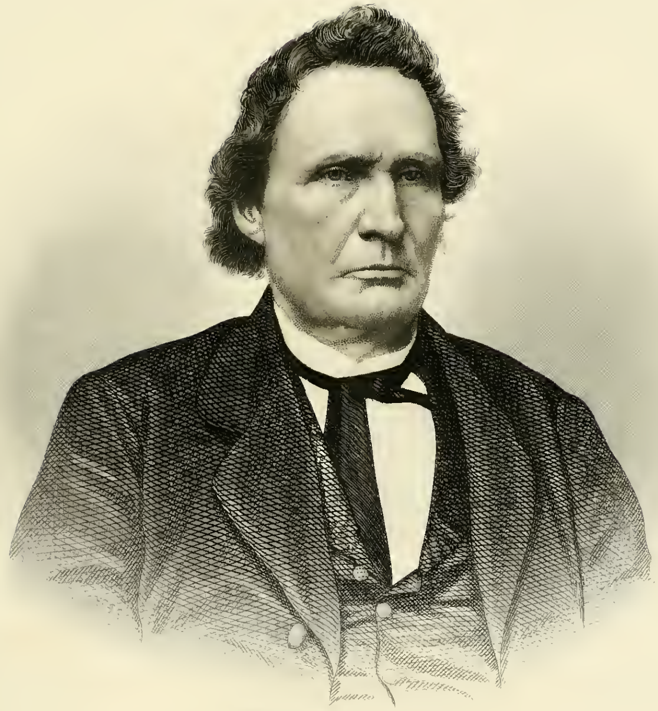
General Sedgwick, the gallant commander of the Sixth corps, having gone immediately to the front on coming to Washington from the frontier in 1861, had never met Mr. Stanton till late in 1863, when he was summoned to the capital to testify before the Committee on the Conduct of the War. On his arrival as was his duty he went immediately to the War Office to pay his respects to the Secretary. Though entering early, Mr. Stanton studiously ignored his presence until every one in the room had been received. "The two alone," says Thorpe, "Mr. Stanton turned toward his imperturbable visitor, and, looking him full in the face, ejaculated, 'Well, sir?' To which came the reply: 'Mr. Secretary, I am General Sedgwick; I have called to pay my respects to you as the head of this department. I have neglected this duty up to this time, because I have not been here since I came from the frontier in 1861, and,' Sedgwick added, with some emotion, 'I shouldn't have been here now, sir, if I had not been ordered to do so by a committee of Congress.' The Secretary's face instantly changed. The harsh voice that put the equivocal 'Well, sir?' softened into a cheerful greeting. 'Give me your hand, General,' said Mr. Stanton, his face beaming with pleasure. 'I am glad to see you—I would be glad to see more soldiers like you. Come into my private room; I don't see *you* very often.'"

Mr. Stanton saw many dark and wearisome days when disaster followed disaster, and when for a long time the result of the contest hung trembling in the balance. A friend visited him when upon his dying bed, after the triumph had come, and he was about to yield up his life. It was thus described in Wilkes' *Spirit of the Times:* "The day was tempestuous and gloomy, and the wind howled violently around the angles of the building. After some conversation, we noticed this by saying, that doubtless such dismal noises had the effect of making him feel unusually sad. 'Oh, no,' he answered, 'not at all; on the contrary, I derive a peculiar pleasure *now* in listening to the howling of the winds. There was a time when it would make me dreadfully nervous, and keep me awake for hours in the night. Then there were thousands of our boys afloat on the Atlantic coast; others were on the treacherous bosom of the Gulf; others were exposed on the surface of the Mississippi, and thousands upon thousands lay drenched in camp, or shivering upon picket duty; but'—and here the speaker's eyes exhibited reviving light, and his voice strengthened into joyful volume—'but the boys are all home now; all home now; out of the reach of the storm!' It is impossible to describe the exquisite tenderness with which this was said, or to explain the emotion which we felt when, as he concluded, we saw a tear break from each lid and quietly roll down his cheeks."

Mr. Stanton was retained in the War Office under President Johnson, and for a time the immense business of bringing home the armies and returning them to the pursuits of peace went smoothly on. But when the subject of reconstruction of the revolted States came to be settled, the President enunciated views which were at variance with those entertained by Mr. Stanton, and the party which had placed him in power. The Tenure of Office Act rendered it possible for him to remain in office in spite of the will of the President. The Republican party, being in the ascendency and responsible for the government of the country, was desirous of shaping its own policy. At the urgent entreaty of the leaders of that party he was induced to hold the position after his successor had been named by the President, barricading and making his office a citadel. When the impeachment of the President failed—regarding that as decisive of his party's authority—he quietly retired. The great strain upon his nerves had left his system weakened and shattered; but he resumed the practice of his profession with the zeal of youth, appearing in several important cases before the Supreme Court. His labors, however, were of short duration, and on the 22d of December, 1865, after a short illness, the great Secretary quietly breathed his last. A short time before his death he was nominated and confirmed an associate Justice of the Supreme Court, but he lived not to take his seat in that grave place of honor and renown. The writer above quoted from the *Herald*, in closing his summing, says: "Eminently distinguished in the character of Carnot, he has left the additional fame of a lawyer fully qualified for the high position to which he was but the other day appointed and confirmed, as a Judge of the Supreme Court. His name will live, and his memory will be revered, while the enduring principles of the Union, liberty, equal rights and law survive in the minds of men. His friends, in view of his services as a public man, are millions in number, while the enemies he leaves behind him with a few exceptions are the unhappy mourners over the 'lost cause.'"

THADDEUS STEVENS, "The Great Commoner," was born in Peacham, Caledonia county, Vermont, on the 4th of April, 1793. He was a sickly child and club-footed, and his parents being extremely poor he had small prospect of eminence. His father appears to have been what is commonly termed a "good-for-nothing," but his mother having strong native sense and great tenderness for her unfortunate boy labored assiduously to gratify his desire to learn, in providing decent clothing and keeping him in the rural district school which for a few months in each year was in operation. An old lady who was a schoolmate in this humble situation says: "I remember him as it was yesterday. Folks never supposed they would ever be able to raise him; but they did. He was still and quiet like, different from the rest of the boys, and they'd laugh at him, boy-like, and mimic his limping walk. They didn't mean any harm; but Thaddeus was a sensitive little fellow, and it rankled him. I've always thought that's the reason, perhaps, he has never been back to the old homestead." By close application he prepared for college, eking out the necessary means by teaching school in the intervals of study, and graduated at Dartmouth in 1814. Soon after he removed to York, Pennsylvania, which State became his permanent home, where he taught school and studied law. Known only as a school teacher, when at the end of two years he was about to seek admission to the bar, the members of the profession actuated by pride and prejudice refused to recognize Stevens as a law student, and actually passed a resolution providing that no person who pursued any other avocation than that of the regular study of the law should be eligible to membership. Stevens was not a man to be foiled in a way like this, and changing his residence for a month or two to a neighboring county of Maryland he was admitted, when returning to Pennsylvania he had the satisfaction of coming to the bar in spite of the narrow-minded policy by which he had been met, and soon rose to the front rank as a practitioner. He eschewed politics for a time; but in the exciting campaigns following the advent of John Quincy Adams to the Presidency he could not remain a quiet spectator, espousing the cause of Adams and subsequently of the Whigs. In 1833 he was elected to the Legislature, and was returned in '34, '35, '37 and '41.

It was during his membership of this body that Mr. Stevens made his noted speeches on the Common School System and the act for establishing a School of Art. From 1809 to 1834 a system of educating the poor gratis had been in operation in the State, a system which had become odious, as it could only benefit those abject enough to have themselves recorded as paupers. After long efforts a bill was drawn in that year, during the administration of Governor Wolf, providing for the establishing of a complete system. "It was believed," said Mr. Stevens, in a conference upon this subject with the writer, "that the best way to pass it was not to have any public discussion, but to canvass the members individually. So successful was it that it passed the House of Representatives with but one vote against—Mr. Grimm's, of Lehigh. When the law was published and sent out for execution, it caused an excitement throughout the State which I have never known equalled in any political contest. The members were denounced as usurpers, and the people were warned that their liberties and rights were in danger. Very few of the old



[illegible]

Thaddeus Stevens

THADDEUS STEVENS

[illegible]

members were returned at the next election except such as recanted and promised to vote for the repeal. At the meeting of the Legislature petitions for the repeal poured in until the signatures amounted to about fifty thousand. Very few remonstrances could be got up, though considerable effort was made. The Democratic party held a caucus and advised Governor Wolf to yield to the storm and not oppose the repeal, as it would not be possible to reëlect him if he vetoed the bill, which was sure to pass. This was the condition of things when I went to Philadelphia on a committee of investigation and was absent, I think, about two weeks. When I returned, my colleague, Mr. McSherry, a most estimable man and a great friend of the law, called and informed me that a bill had passed the Senate repealing the school law, with but eight dissenting votes; that a vote of reference, which was made a test vote, showed that there was a majority in the House for the repeal of over thirty; that the friends of the law had consulted and agreed that it was useless to oppose the repeal. He said that he thought that *we* were bound to vote for it, as he had ascertained that three-fourths of our constituents had petitioned for the repeal. I inquired and learned that the Governor, a fast friend of education, had answered the committee that he would veto the bill if he did not get a vote in the State. I informed my colleague that whilst I would not ask him to vote against his judgment, I would make an effort to save the original law. The Senate bill to repeal it came up on April 10th and 11th, and I moved an amendment to strike out the whole of the bill but the enacting clause, and insert a supplement to the Act to Establish a General System of Education by Common Schools."

Upon this motion Mr. Stevens made his noted speech. Great expectation had been aroused, and most of the members of the State Government and the Senate were present. He was then in the prime of manhood and in the full strength of his great intellect, and its effect was electrical. Mr. M. B. Lowry, who was then a member of that body, describes the attitude and bearing of Mr. Stevens as he appeared in the fervor of debate as that of a descended god. The vote was taken immediately after its close, and, says Mr. Stevens, "I was both surprised and gratified to find, I think, for I speak from memory, about fourteen majority for it, and on the vote to agree to the bill as amended it carried by over thirty. It was sent to the Senate and at once concurred in." It is not often that a speech in a deliberative body influences many votes; but this undoubtedly had the effect to sway both branches of the Legislature from strong opposition backed by an excited and almost unanimous population, to the support of his bill. He was throughout severe but lofty in his sentiment. In speaking of the old law for educating the poor gratis, he said: "Sir, hereditary distinctions of rank are sufficiently odious; but that which is founded on poverty is infinitely more so. Such a law should be entitled 'An act for branding and marking the poor, so that they may be known from the rich and proud.'" In the progress of his argument upon the great boon in the Common School he said: "Sir, when I reflect how apt hereditary wealth, hereditary influence, and perhaps, as a consequence, hereditary pride are to close the avenues and steel the heart against the wants and rights of the poor, I am induced to thank my Creator for having from early life bestowed upon me the blessing of poverty. Sir, it *is* a blessing; for if there be any human sensation more ethereal and divine than all others, it is that which feelingly sympathizes with misfortune. . . . What renders the name of Socrates immortal but his love of the human family, exhibited under all circumstances and in contempt of every danger?"

"Pennsylvania's sons," he continues, "possess as high native talents as any other nation of ancient or modern time! Many of the poorest of her children possess as bright intellectual gems, if they were as highly polished, as did the proudest scholars of Greece or Rome. But too long, too disgracefully long, has coward, trembling, procrastinating legislation permitted them to lie buried in 'dark unfathomed caves.'" But the passage of this speech which made the greatest impression, and which is even now recalled with a feeling of delight, was that in which he referred to Governor Wolf. The Governor was opposed to him in politics, and sharp passages in public matters had passed between them. But upon the subject of education they were at one, and upon this he said: "I have seen the present chief magistrate of this Commonwealth violently assailed as the projector and father of this law. I am not the eulogist of that gentleman; he has been guilty of many political sins, but he deserves the undying gratitude of the people for the steady, untiring zeal which he has manifested in favor of common schools. I will not say that his exertions in that cause have covered all, but they have atoned for many of his errors. I trust that the people of this State will never be called on to choose between a supporter and an opposer of free schools. But if it should come to that—if that should be made the turning point on which we are to cast our suffrages—if the opponent of education were my most intimate personal and political friend, and the free school candidate my most obnoxious enemy—I should deem it my duty as a patriot, at this moment of our intellectual crisis, to forget all other considerations, and I should place myself unhesitatingly and cordially in the ranks of HIM WHOSE BANNERS STREAM IN LIGHT."

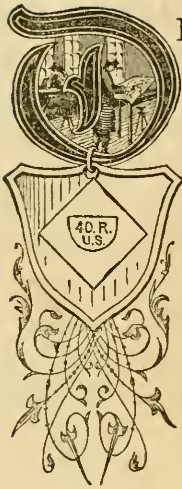
In 1836 he was a member of the convention to revise the State constitution, and took an active part. Previous to this the constitution recognized the right of suffrage without distinction of color; but a majority favored restricting it to white male citizens above a certain age. This he opposed with great vigor, and when the labors were concluded he refused to sign the instrument. In 1838 he was appointed Canal Commissioner, then one of the most important offices in the Government on account of the vast expenditures being made for internal improvements. At the succeeding election for Governor a fierce struggle ensued for the supremacy, and parties being pretty evenly balanced, both candidates claimed to be elected. The military were called out, the President was applied to for aid, and from the fact that a Government storekeeper in Philadelphia sent to Harrisburg an immense amount of buck-shot, it was called the BUCK-SHOT WAR, though it ended in compromise without bloodshed. Mr. Stevens championed Governor Ritner's cause, which was the losing one.

In 1842 he removed to Lancaster, where he pursued his profession, and engaged largely in the manufacture of iron. In 1848 he was elected to Congress and was reëlected in 1850, serving through that exciting period when the admission of California, the repeal of the Missouri Compromise, and the Kansas-Nebraska embroglio were debated by the giants of the American forum. In 1858 he was again elected, and remained a member till the day of his death. He was among the earliest to declare the abolition of slavery the only alternative of the Government, and presented the Indemnity Act, the Thirteenth Amendment to the Constitution, and advocated the arming and disciplining one hundred and fifty thousand colored soldiers. In the Thirty-ninth Congress he was chairman of the Committee on Appropriations, and a member of the Committee on Reconstruction, giving himself unreservedly to the preparation and advocacy of all those measures adopted to settle the affairs of the distracted country. He assisted in drafting the articles of impeachment against President Johnson, and was chairman of the committee of seven who managed the case on the part of the House, preparing an argument justly regarded as a masterpiece for cogency and power.

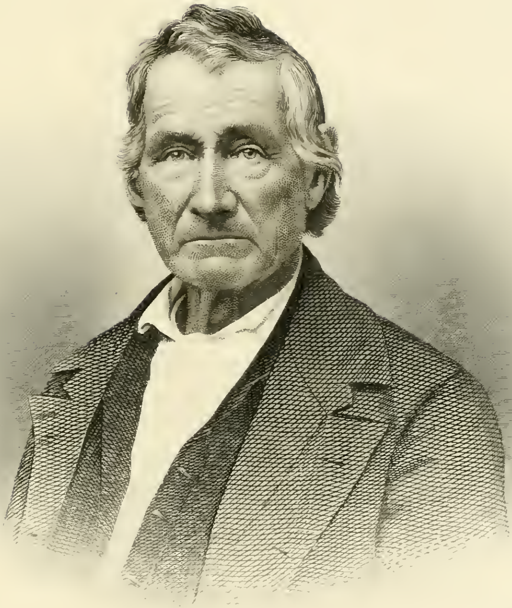
One of the most striking characteristics of Mr. Stevens' oratory was his allusions to the Bible and to the classics of antiquity. In answer to the argument that the negro was a different order of being from the white man he said: "I have listened to the golden-mouthed gentleman from New York, Mr. Brooks, in his attempt to prove the Bible a lie. That book says God created of one blood all the nations of the earth. The gentleman, however, contends that there were several different varieties, and that all nations were not created of one blood. The question at issue between the gentleman from New York and the Author of that sacred volume I shall not attempt to decide—it is too high for me." When Mr. Johnson, then President, on one occasion, while the Fourteenth Amendment was under consideration, came into the capitol and told a member that the amendment was not needed, and then had the conversation published, Mr. Stevens said, in alluding to it, "This authorized utterance was made in such a way that centuries ago, had it been made to Parliament by a British king, it would have cost him his head. But, sir, we pass that by: we are tolerant of usurpation in this tolerant Government of ours."

Mr. Stevens' mind held out in all its early strength and vigor long after his poor feeble body was exhausted. One of his last speeches is thus described by an eye-witness: "He spoke for about ten minutes, at first with noticeable difficulty. Nearly the entire house gathered into the aisles and areas within twenty-five feet of him. Of the first half of his remarks not a word was heard in the galleries. Then like a candle dying in its socket he flamed up with an energy that carried his utterances to the listener in the remotest corner of the chamber. It was a wonderful exhibition of will and determination. It could not last. The physical forces of the old body have gone away, and three or four minutes completely exhausted it and dropped Mr. Stevens back into his chair paler and more emaciated, seemingly, than ever before." He conversed freely about his approaching end and seemed to welcome it. He refused to be buried in the beautiful cemetery at Lancaster, because its managers would not allow people of color to be interred in it. He desired only a simple tablet laid over his grave, and remarked in relation to it, "I suppose, like the rest of the fools, we shall have to get something stuck up in the air; let it be plain." He died at midnight of Tuesday, August 11th, 1868.

CHAPTER II.



OLD JOHN BURNS, the Civilian Hero of Gettysburg, without official title, but with renown which shall be lasting when brass and marble moulder, was born at Burlington, New Jersey, on the 5th of September, 1793. His father, Joseph Burns, was a Scotchman from the banks of the Dee, and a relative of the poet; his mother, Polly Dobson, of English descent. Fearless by nature, provocation served but to whet the edge of his resolve, and when, after long-suffering outrage and wrong, the United States declared war against Great Britain in 1812, young Burns was among the first in the ranks. The recollections of those eighteen months of service were never effaced nor dimmed, and when, a short time before his death—then at the verge of eighty—the subject was broached, the fire of his eye and the compression of his lips, as he recounted their eventful course, revealed his fearless and heroic nature. He was of the company of Captain Barton, of the Tenth regiment, and marched to New York, thence to Albany by boat, proceeded to Greenbush where he joined the army of General Scott, with it moved to Sackett's Harbor, crossed to Canada, and was at Plattsburg and Queenstown. In the battle of Lundy's Lane, when the conflict was at its height, and the event still doubtful, General Brown, who commanded the American force, came dashing up to Major Miller, who was leading Burns' regiment, his horse foaming with excitement, and, pointing to a powerful six gun battery of the enemy posted upon an eminence and doing fearful execution, exclaimed: "Major Miller, can you take that battery?" Miller was a man of few words, and he simply responded, "I can try." "We all knew what that meant," says Burns; "for while one of his men



John L. Burns

should live we knew that Miller would never rest till that battery was his." The order to fix bayonets and charge was promptly given, and Miller, placing himself at the head of the column, led on. Darkness overshadowed all—as the battle was fought from sundown to midnight—except as the blaze of the guns lit up the field. The slaughter was fearful; but that coveted eminence was scaled, the guns captured, and turned on the foe. That heroic exploit was the turning point in the battle, and at midnight the British retired, leaving the Americans masters of the field. Tears would fill the eyes of Burns, and his brawny figure heave with emotion, as he told the words of his brave old leader, and described the fiery ardor of his General.

Burns remained upon the frontier through two winters, and until peace was declared. He enlisted with the first for the war with Mexico, and after drilling and patiently awaiting orders, was in the end sorely disappointed to receive notice that his company could not be accepted. He was a member of the militia in Newtown, commanded by Weanausel, John and Jonathan Wynkoop. When the Hon. Edward McPherson, then member of Congress from the Gettysburg district, and since Clerk of the House, formed his company for three months' service, Burns shouldered his musket and putting himself in the ranks marched to the camp at West Chester; but when it came to be mustered into the service of the United States, he was rejected on account of his age and sent home. The quiet little town of Gettysburg was too small for a man like Burns, and he travelled on foot to Hagerstown, joining the wagon train. Near the close of May, he was sent to Frederick with a fresh supply of animals, and soon after, his fidelity being appreciated, he was made police officer of the wagon camp. He was at the battle of Falling Waters; and when the booming of the cannon and the rattle of musketry were borne to his ears, he gave his whip to another, exclaiming, "They may want me over there," and started for the field; but before he reached it Jackson had been routed. He remained in the column of Banks after the departure of Patterson, until winter set in, a period of seven months, when he was again sent home.

His fellow-townsmen, reverencing his patriotic impulses, and thinking that by giving him employment in which he should feel responsibility he might be kept from the field, at the borough election in the spring of 1862, chose him constable. This had the desired effect, and until the invasion of the State he devoted himself diligently to his official duties. At one period of his life Burns had been given to dissipation; but in later years he was not only a disciple of temperance, but of strict total abstinence, and never was a man more earnest and consistent in his professions. The unlawful sale of alcoholic liquors found in him an uncompromising foe.

On Sunday, June the 21st, preceding the great battle, Captain John Scott, with fourteen men, among whom was Burns, went out fourteen miles into the mountains, on the Chambersburg road, for the purpose of bushwhacking the enemy; but met Union scouts and were turned back. On Friday, the 26th, Early came with his division to Gettysburg, infantry, cavalry, and artillery, and Burns, perhaps showing himself a little too officious, was taken prisoner and held in custody until Sunday, when the rebel leader departed on his way to York. The fiery spirit of Burns could illy brook this vile durance and insult to his authority as a civil officer, and we may imagine him ready to answer in the language of the resolute constable in a village of the old Bay State, when a bully threatened to shake him, "You may shake; but remember, if you shake me you shake the whole State of Massachusetts." Towards evening of that same Sunday, Burns caught a rebel chaplain, George Gwin, riding with messages from Ewell to Early, and a trooper, and locked them up in the Gettysburg jail. On the following day he seized one of White's guerillas, who gave the name of Talbut, and him, also, he held fast in jail. Buford with his cavalry came on Tuesday, and after resting an hour in the streets, moved out to McPherson's farm and encamped. The appearance of the old flag and the veterans of Buford brought joy to the old man's heart. Hitherto he had been single-handed in facing the whole rebel army. He hailed with satisfaction the van of the Army of the Potomac, coming to his support. On the following morning came Reynolds leading the First corps. Burns was on the alert; yet he was a man who never meddled with any business except his own and kept aloof from the General's cavalcade; but when hailed by Reynolds on his return from his interview with Buford, and asked to point out a near way to get through the outskirts of the town to meet the head of his column, Burns joyfully performed the office. When the leading division came on, and the pioneers, obedient to the order of Reynolds, were levelling the fences through the fields to open a way to Seminary Ridge, Burns was at hand, and the flashing of their bright axes in the morning sunlight made an indelible impression upon him. Burns could never restrain his enthusiasm in describing this scene; but would spring to his feet and swing his arms as though handling one of those shining implements and laying low the fences before him.

Going back towards his own home he met two wounded soldiers of Buford's command returning to town. "Ah, my lads," says Burns, "your guns are needed over yonder; but you are bleeding, and are too weak to carry them; give one of them to me." This the soldier addressed resolutely refused. The other, more accurately discerning the old man's spirit, said to his companion, "Give it to him. You can't use it." "What do you want to do with it?" asked the soldier. "Shoot the d——d rebels," was the old man's curt reply. It was given, and filling his pockets with cartridges, he hurried forward and came upon the Union line where Stone's brigade was hotly engaged. He was first accosted by Major Chamberlain of the One Hundred and Fiftieth Pennsylvania, with, "Old man, where are you going?" "I want a chance," said Burns. "A chance for what?" "To shoot," replied the old man, his eye fired with excitement and his whole frame swayed with emotion. Chamberlain referred him to Colonel Wister. To the question if he could be allowed to fight, Wister replied, "Yes, and I wish there were many more like you. But you have no ammunition." "Yes, I have," said Burns, slapping his pockets. "Do you know how to shoot?" "Give me a chance," cried Burns, "and I will show you whether I can shoot or not." "You may have a chance," said the Colonel, "but this open ground is no place for an old man like you. Go over to the woods with the Iron Brigade, where you can have some shelter." He went as directed, and joining the Seventh Wisconsin, Lieutenant Colonel Callis, opened upon the rebels. But the wood did not suit him. He wanted a fair unobstructed view, and went to a fence in the open ground. Among his acquaintances he had always been known as a dead shot. He was now in no haste to create smoke; but awaiting his opportunity, he fired only when he saw something that he could hit. He watched especially for men mounted, and many a saddle was emptied. His unerring aim attracted the attention of the soldiers and officers of the Seventh, and Colonel Callis sent him a fine silver-mounted rifle that had been captured from the enemy in the battle of Antietam. Away across Willoughby Run was seen an officer riding a beautiful gray horse. He came on, leading his men with the utmost gallantry. He was pointed out to Burns, and that beautiful charger was soon seen galloping riderless over the field, and the old hero was saluted by three cheers from the soldiers who were watching him. At one o'clock there was a lull in the battle and he lay down upon the grass to rest. On looking about he was startled by seeing a hand lying on the ground that had been torn from the body by some terrible missile; but the body whose pulsations had warmed it was nowhere to be seen. When the battle was renewed he went again earnestly to work. The enemy, strong and well supported, pushed forward fearlessly, while the Union force had but one thin line, and that now fearfully decimated. Burns took little care of his person, and he was finally struck in the side by two musket shots that eventually produced a rupture; but still he would not yield. Again he was struck, now on the buckle of his belt, the shock bending him nearly double, and for a few moments he could not speak; but he recovered himself, and might then have retired with honor and safety, the brigade with which he had been fighting having already gone. But now the enemy were coming nearer, and his chances for shooting were rapidly improving, and he stood at his post firing away until the rebel line was close upon him, when he received a severe wound in the arm, an artery being severed, from which the hemorrhage came near proving fatal, and another in his leg, the limb being completely paralyzed, and he could do no more—neither retire nor even stand. His first thought was to divest himself of every appearance of a combatant, well knowing that he could not hope for mercy with the evidences of having participated in the fight found upon him. He accordingly threw away his gun, and the four cartridges which still remained in his pocket he buried, digging for the purpose with his pocket-knife. Weakened by the loss of blood he soon became oblivious, and when the final charge of the enemy was made he was insensible, and was passed for dead. At about six o'clock in the evening a sergeant and six men engaged in gathering the wounded, attracted by the strange sight of an old gray-headed man in his ordinary dress, bleeding from numerous ghastly wounds, approached and stood spell-bound before him. After a moment's silence they turned him upon his side, and seeing that he was still alive, inquired, "How came you here?" "My wife," answered Burns, "was taken suddenly sick this morning, and I started off from the town to cross this field in search of a girl who lives out beyond here to come and take care of her and was caught between the two lines, and as you see am badly wounded." "I believe he is an old liar," said the sergeant; "but he will never harm us any more," and passed on, leaving him in his misery. He then dragged himself along on the grass to where two dead rebels and a Union man with thigh all crushed by a cannon shot were lying. Not long after burying parties came and covered his three dead companions with earth where they lay, to whom he repeated the story of hunting a girl; but they were alike incredulous. He finally fell asleep and rested till eleven, when he was awakened by the tramping of a sergeant posting his guards. It had been raining and he was chilled. He called to the guard for a drink of water, which was given him, and a blanket in which he wrapped himself.

At dawn he heard the cocks crowing, and saw a guard not far off, towards whom he began to roll and pull himself along. An officer approached and told him to get to a hospital. By great exertions and with excruciating pain—for his clothing was stiff and rasped the lips of the undressed wounds—he reached a little log-house and pulled himself upon the cellar door, when his strength failed him and he fainted, and it was some time before he recovered. He was taken up and carried into the loft of the house, which was full of wounded. Seeing his exhausted condition he was offered some blackberry wine by the good woman, but he stubbornly refused it from a rigid sense of his duty in view of his pledge to total abstinence. He sent a message to an old friend who lived near to come and take him back to the town; but before he arrived, a neighbor, Anthony Sullivan, was returning with his family, and laying Burns gently in the wagon carried him to his own home, arriving at about two o'clock on the afternoon of the 2d of July. The report had spread that he was killed, he having been last seen badly wounded, and it was with a thrill of joy and relief to a heart burdened with anxiety and grief that he was met at the cottage door by his wife. But his home was now a hospital crowded with mutilated soldiers. A place was made for him in an upper room, and his wounds were dressed by the surgeon in charge, a Major of the Confederate army from North Carolina. As General Ewell was passing his window the doctor asked Burns if he had ever seen the General, and kindly raised him up to look out. Burns gazed an instant, and then, as though not impressed with the General's appearance, exclaimed: "Humph! the old booger has only one leg, and has to be strapped on his horse." On Friday a Captain and a Lieutenant visited the house and approaching him inquired, "Well, old man, how did you come wounded?" Again he had recourse to the story of the sick wife. "But who shot you? your own men or ours?" "I can't tell that," said Burns, "I could get no farther than the Union line, and when I was wounded I sat down and could not get back until brought in by my neighbor." But this did not satisfy his questioner, who, as appears, had been enlightened respecting Burns' case by some of the townspeople, and gruffly responded, "Look here, old man, didn't you take a gun from a soldier out on the street here, Wednesday morning?" "Yes, I did." "Well, what did you say when you took it?" "Why, I said a heap of things. Folks say a heap of things in these times." "Didn't you say that you was going out to shoot some of the d——d rebels?" Burns was helpless, and in the power of his enemies, but his spirit was undaunted, and he promptly and resolutely responded, "Yes, I did say just that thing." His questioners had but one argument remaining. They silently left the house, and procured two riflemen, who, going into a chamber on the opposite side of the street, took deliberate aim at the old man as he lay helpless upon his couch. The missiles penetrated the bed under him, just missing his body. Realizing that their purpose was to kill him he rolled upon the floor and crawled into the next room. Supposing that he was under the bed they fired several shots, and hearing nothing concluded they had effected their design. But now the last charge had been delivered and the day had gone hopelessly against the foe. At three o'clock on Saturday morning guards came and aroused all—quietly removing the wounded—the trains being already in full retreat.

The story of Old John Burns, his courage in the battle, his almost miraculous escape from death by wounds and the assassin's bullets, soon spread through the whole land, and he was hailed as the HERO OF GETTYSBURG. Not the Generals who had conducted the battle were regarded with greater interest, nor was there a stronger desire felt to behold them. He was brought upon the platform at great public gatherings in Philadelphia, and other large cities, and he was made to pass in triumph like the heroes of old. On one occasion in Philadelphia as he was being conducted through the crowd, an aged woman rushed forward, and grasping his coat, exclaimed: "Troth, mon, if I caan't shake you by the hand I'll shake your old coat." None felt a greater interest in the veteran than Mr. Lincoln, and no sooner had he arrived in Gettysburg on the day of the consecration of the National Cemetery, than he inquired for Burns and expressed a desire to see him. Citizens immediately went to bring him. They found him at his home, and when told that Mr. Lincoln had sent for him, he was apparently incredulous as to the regularity of the call, and replied, "If anybody wants to see me let him come here." But he was finally convinced and was taken along. After a pleasant interview, in which the President showed him very marked attention, the whole company started for the church, where there was to be a public reception. As the procession was ready to move, Mr. Lincoln sought Mr. Burns and walked with him arm in arm through the streets. Burns visited Washington, and was received by the President, the Secretary of War, and other officials of the Government with special honor; Congress and the Legislature of Pennsylvania voted him pensions, and the Senate of the latter made him one of its officers, a position which he held for several years. He was mentioned with admiration by the press of other countries, and poetry has woven for him an enduring chaplet.

As age came upon him, and the furrows deepened on his face, his body indeed gave token of yielding; but the spirit was still fresh. He delighted in the society of children, and danced gayly with them as he hummed the air which in the days long ago had guided the feet of the maiden whom he led in sportive measure. Nor could age temper his love of martial glory. He was never quite satisfied with the fight at Gettysburg, especially on that first day, when the Union forces were obliged to yield their position. He never mentioned the subject without expressing the wish that the rebels would come once more, believing that if the battle was to be fought over again he could do better. He manifested great reluctance to speak of his wounds, and only after repeated importunities could he be induced to show his scars, which disclose how horrible must have been his mutilation. After the death of his wife, which occurred in 1868, he was very lonely, had no regular home, and was much cast about. While in Harrisburg, in the winter of 1870, he had a paralytic stroke, and was carried to his lodgings. An Irishman, a stranger, was employed to take care of him. During the night Burns got the impression—whether well or ill founded—that the Irishman was trying to rob him. He attempted to draw up his right hand, but that would not obey the impulse. The left, however, was still free, with which he hit the fellow such a powerful blow over the eyes as to send him sprawling upon the floor.

With all his heroism, Burns was not without a spark of superstition. It may have been a relic of family or national tradition, or a constitutional trace of morbid religious sentiment, with which he was thoroughly imbued. He believed in apparitions. He was on one occasion passing through the woods, where in the battle he had fought. It was summer, and the foliage was upon the forest as then. He was alone, no human being within call, when suddenly there appeared before him a Confederate soldier, dressed in gray, with slouched hat, gun and accoutrements,

> A figure
> Armed at point, exactly, cap-à-pie.

"He was," says Burns, "a man of immense proportions and the very image of the one whom I had seen there on the day of the battle, at the very spot, and in the exact attitude." "Did you speak to it?" we asked. "No, sir, I did not. It beckoned me to come towards him, but I turned and left the ground as rapidly as I could, and have never been on that field since. I could face them alive and respond to their challenge, but when the dead men come back, I am not in for that style of warfare." "But, Mr. Burns, you do not really believe that it was a ghost, do you?" Shaking his head as if still in awe of the apparition, and with solemn and mysterious mien, he exclaimed, "Ah, ha! You tell if you can."

Burns was a man of strict fidelity, one in whom unlimited trust could be placed, who looked with utter abhorrence upon corruption in political as in private life. He was full of the milk of human kindness, of tenderness and compassion, quickly moved to tears at the recital of suffering and distress. He was not only strictly devoted to his professions of temperance, and his pledges as a Good Templar, but was a devout Christian—an honest man. He died on the 4th of February, 1872, and was buried in Evergreen Cemetery, near the resting-place of the dead in that great battle in which he acted so heroic a part. Time may bring other men to stand in future emergencies; but none will come with a truer heart than that which beat in the bosom of John L. Burns, the HERO OF GETTYSBURG.

Our artist has admirably produced the rugged features of the old hero, and Bret Harte, in his characteristic way, has thus vividly portrayed him in song:

Have you heard the story that gossips tell
Of Burns of Gettysburg?—No? Ah, well!
Brief is the glory that hero earns,
Briefer the story of poor John Burns:
He was the fellow who won renown,—
The only man who didn't back down
When the rebels rode through his native town;
But held his own in the fight next day. . . .

I might tell how, but the day before,
John Burns stood at his cottage door,
  Looking down the village street,
Where in the shade of his peaceful vine,
He heard the low of his gathered kine,
  And felt their breath with incense sweet;

Or, I might say, when the sunset burned
The old farm gable, he thought it turned
The milk, that fell in a babbling flood
Into the milk-pail, red as blood:
Or how he fancied the hum of bees
Were bullets buzzing among the trees.
But all such fanciful thoughts as these
Were strange to a practical man like Burns,
Who minded only his own concerns,
Troubled no more by fancies fine
Than one of his calm-eyed, long-tailed kine,—
Quite old-fashioned and matter of fact,
Slow to argue, but quick to act.
That was the reason, as some folks say,
He fought so well on that terrible day. . . .

Just where the tide of battle turns,
Erect and lonely stood Old John Burns.—
  How do you think the man was dressed?
He wore an ancient long buff vest,
Yellow as saffron,—but his best;
  And, buttoned over his manly breast
Was a bright blue coat, with a rolling collar,
And large gilt buttons,—size of a dollar,—
With tails that country-folk called "swaller."
He wore a broad-brimmed, bell-crowned hat,
White as the locks on which it sat.
Never had such a sight been seen
For forty years on the village green,
Since Old John Burns was a country beau,
And went to the "quilting" long ago.
Close at his elbows all that day,
  Veterans of the Peninsula,
Sunburnt and bearded, charged away;
And striplings downy of lip and chin,—
Clerks that the Home Guard mustered in,—
Glanced, as they passed, at the hat he wore,
Then at the rifle his right hand bore;
And hailed him from out their youthful lore
With scraps of a slangy *répertoire;*
"How are you, White Hat?" "Put her through!"
"Your head's level," and "Bully for you!"
Called him "Daddy," begged he'd disclose
The name of the tailor who made his clothes,
And what was the value he set on those;
While Burns, unmindful of jeer and scoff,
Stood there picking the rebels off,—
With his long brown rifle, and bell-crowned hat,
And the swallow-tails they were laughing at.

'Twas but a moment, for that respect
Which clothes all courage their voices checked;
And something the wildest could understand
Spake in the old man's strong right hand;

And his corded throat, and lurking frown
Of his eye-brows under his old bell-crown;
Until, as they gazed, there crept an awe
Through the ranks in whispers, and some men saw,
In the antique vestments and long white hair,
The Past of the Nation in battle there;
  And some of the soldiers since declare
That the gleam of his old white hat afar,
Like the crested plume of the brave Navarre,
  That day was their oriflamme of war.

So raged the battle. You know the rest;
How the rebels, beaten and backward pressed,
Broke at the final charge, and ran:
At which John Burns—a practical man—
Shouldered his rifle, unbent his brows,
And then went back to his bees and cows.

That is the story of Old John Burns;
This is the moral the reader learns:
In fighting the battle, the question's whether
You'll show a hat that's white, or a feather.

FRANCIS JORDAN, son of John and Jane Jordan, was born on the 5th of February, 1820, in Bedford county. His father was of English and his mother of Irish parentage, both highly esteemed for their intelligence and Christian virtues. In his nineteenth year a maternal uncle—a wealthy Mississippi planter—took charge of his education and placed him in Augusta College, Kentucky, where he remained two years, and subsequently in Franklin and Marshall College, Pennsylvania, where he finished his collegiate course. Returning to his native place, he commenced the study of law, teaching, meanwhile, to defray his expenses, and was admitted to practice. He had not been long at the bar before he was appointed, by the Attorney-General, District Attorney of Bedford county, and subsequently, when the office was made elective, was chosen to that position. At the outset his official conduct was able, his indictments being so accurately drawn that not one of them was quashed for informality. In 1850, he entered into partnership with Alexander King, subsequently President Judge, which continued until the opening of the Rebellion.

In 1855 he commenced his public political career, having been elected to the State Senate for a term of three years. A leading question of that period was the sale of the public works, and he was the champion of the bill authorizing it. He was chairman of the committee charged with drawing a bill for the readjustment of legislative districts, under a new apportionment, and was successful in carrying through the act, which was substantially just to both political parties. These measures were chiefly instrumental in wresting the control of the State from the party which for a long period had been dominant. In a body which contained some of the best legal talent of the Commonwealth he was made chairman of the Judiciary Committee. At the close of his term he declined a reëlection, and was not long after appointed one of a commission of three to revise the Civil Code, which duty was postponed on account of the opening of hostilities, and finally passed to other hands.

A pressing exigency called for a sudden concentration of troops upon the central border, and at Cumberland, Maryland, in the fall of 1861. A portion of the noted Reserve corps was sent, and at the request of the Governor, Mr. Jordan accompanied the column as Assistant Quartermaster. Unexpectedly called, and but indifferently organized, the duties of this officer were troublesome and onerous. While thus employed, without solicitation or even knowledge he was appointed by the President a Paymaster in the army and was promptly confirmed. Recognizing the right of the Government to his services, he promptly dissolved his law partnership, resigned his civil trusts, and entered upon his new duties. In the two and a half years succeeding, he served in Virginia, Maryland, Kentucky, Tennessee, Mississippi and Louisiana, during the last four months of this period being chief paymaster in the Army of the Mississippi, and disbursing during his entire term over $4,000,000, under a bond of only $20,000, rendering a satisfactory account of all his transactions.

In the fall of 1863, being at home on a short leave of absence, he was tendered by Governor Curtin the position of military agent of the State at Washington. The duties required legal and military knowledge, capacity for, and willingness to work, and a character for integrity beyond the reach of suspicion. The earnestness with which the Governor urged the acceptance induced Colonel Jordan to resign the office of paymaster for that purpose. In his annual messages of 1864–'65–'66, the Governor said: "A reference to the reports of Colonel Jordan of Washington, and Colonel Chamberlain, agent for the Southwest, will show the magnitude and usefulness of this branch of the service." "The report of the State agent at Washington shows that under his management the claims of our soldiers are promptly examined and paid." "This agency has proved very useful in all respects, and especially to our volunteers and their families. There have passed through the agency during the past year 4690 claims, and $311,703 have been collected from the Government free of charge." The aggregate of the sums paid to soldiers or their families exceeded a half million dollars, and so great was the confidence reposed in the agent that no bond whatever was required. The Legislature, recognizing his service, passed an act conferring upon him the rank and pay of a Colonel of infantry.

In 1866, the Republican State Central Committee elected Colonel Jordan its chairman. The canvass was conducted with great ability and discretion, and resulted in the election of General Geary, who, having been thus brought into intimate relations with, and observing the eminent qualifications of Colonel Jordan, made him Secretary of the Commonwealth. This office he held throughout the two terms of Governor Geary's administration, a period of six years, discharging its duties with marked ability.

During the latter part of Colonel Jordan's second term the subject of a revision of the State Constitution was generally agitated and discussed in the columns of the press, and among leading citizens. The respect entertained for the character and legal acquirements of the Secretary induced a number of prominent citizens of Philadelphia, irrespective of party, to address him a letter asking his views. In response he wrote and published a paper, on the 18th of September, 1871, advocating a revision, and detailing his reasons. This was well received and had a strong influence in carrying the State in its favor. After the convention had been called, the Social Science Association of Philadelphia invited him to deliver an address upon the needed amendments. This he did on the 19th of February, 1872, and repeated his discourse in Pittsburg shortly after. The Secretary ably advocated thirteen amendments, covering the most vital defects of the old instrument. It is sufficient to say of the soundness of view displayed, that the convention, composed of the best ability of the State, adopted twelve of the thirteen changes advocated. Both the letter and address were published and widely disseminated, operating powerfully upon the popular mind and paving the way for the ultimate adoption of the amended constitution. These papers served to establish the reputation of Colonel Jordan as a sound lawyer, and elicited strong commendation from intelligent men both within and without the Commonwealth. That noted jurist, Jeremiah S. Black, who was a member of the Convention, on one occasion said of it: "Mr. Jordan's speech and letter, which will be found in the Convention Manual, is the best, bravest, and most effective blow that legislative corruption has received at the hands of any man in this Commonwealth; and I think has done more service to the cause of good government. His analysis of the Statute Book of Pennsylvania, and his exposure of its absurdities, are masterly in the best sense. His means of knowledge being undisputed and his veracity undoubted, what he says upon the subject may be taken as of the highest authority." Charles J. Faulkner of Martinsburg, who was then a member of the Constitutional Convention of West Virginia, wrote on the 28th of December, 1871: "I had the honor of receiving to-day your interesting and able letter upon constitutional reform in your State. I have read it with great profit and instruction and consider your argument on the evils of special legislation overwhelming."

The subject of a successor to Governor Geary early engrossed public attention, and Colonel Jordan was prominently presented. In one of the most influential counties of the State his name was submitted on the Crawford county system, whereby every voter indicates his preference on his ticket. Five candidates were presented and the result was a majority for Colonel Jordan over all others combined. In the nominating convention, however, his name was withdrawn before a vote was taken, in the hope of thereby harmonizing conflicting interests. The same convention selected a candidate for Judge of the Supreme Court, and although he was not before the convention for the office, such was the appreciation of his character, and desire to have his name upon the ticket, that on the last ballot his vote was the next to that of the successful candidate. In January, 1873, Colonel Jordan returned to private life, having adopted the city of Harrisburg as his residence, and in partnership with his brother-in-law, Lewis W. Hall, resumed the practice of his profession. Few men in the Commonwealth are more esteemed for talent, professional attainment, moral virtues, administrative skill, and official integrity, and he may with pride be referred to as a guide for the young who aspire to a career of honor regulated by strict rectitude.

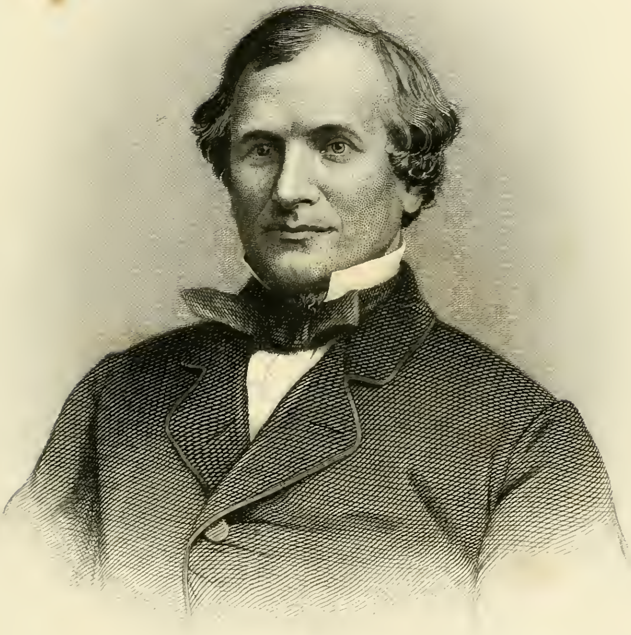
GEORGE HAY STUART, Chairman of the United States Christian Commission, and one of its most active and efficient members, was born on the 2d of April, 1816, at Rosehall, County Down, Ireland. After receiving a good business education he came to this country in 1831, whither members of his family had preceded him, and settled in Philadelphia. He not long after became a member of the First Reformed Presbyterian Church, and in 1842 was ordained a ruling elder, which office he still holds. Few were more zealous or consistent, and none more liberal in advancing the interests of Christianity. For twenty-five years he was Superintendent of the Sabbath School of his church, Treasurer of the Theological School, and an earnest advocate and worker in various missionary societies. During the years of famine in Ireland, he aided powerfully in sending succor. He presided in the Presbyterian National Convention which sat in Philadelphia in 1867, in which the preliminary arrangements were made for uniting the broken and disjointed elements of that sect. From the first he was an active member of the Young Men's Christian Association, and was President of the conventions which met in 1861 and 1863. The Bible and Tract Societies, and the Sunday School Union, are all greatly indebted to him for personal efforts for their efficiency and material aid. In the year 1868, the General Synod of the Reformed Presbyterian Church suspended him from his position as ruling elder and member in his church, for singing hymns and communing with Christians of other evangelical denominations. The action was taken in his absence on account of severe illness. It was repudiated by the church of which he was a member, and the regulation which incited to the determination of the Synod has called forth severe denunciation.

Mr. Stuart early won a high reputation in mercantile circles by the vigorous and successful management of his business, no less than by his probity and honor. He was associated with four brothers, John, James, Joseph* and David, and in addition to their chief establishment in Philadelphia they had other houses in New York, Manchester, and Liverpool. Success in business pursuits has given him the means to be eminently useful in every humane and Christian enterprise which he could conveniently and consistently reach. The rallying of men to the National standard in the spring of 1861 could not fail to excite the interest of a man so endowed as Mr. Stuart, and the thunders of the First Bull Run battle had scarcely died away when he began to meditate measures for reaching the soldier in camp, on the battle-field, in the hospital, and at the lonely picket post. On the 28th of October, 1861, the Executive Committee of the Young Men's Christian Associations of which he was chairman issued a call for a general meeting of delegates in extra session to devise means for reaching the soldier with Christian and brotherly influence and care. The meeting was held in New York on the 14th of November, and resulted in the constitution of the United States Christian Commission, as follows: Rollin H. Neale and Charles Demond, Boston; John D. Hill, Buffalo; John V. Farwell, Chicago; M. L. R. P. Thompson and H. Thane Miller, Cincinnati; S. H. Tyng, Benjamin F. Manierre, and Edmund S. Janes, New York; George H. Stuart and John P. Crozier, Philadelphia; and Mitchell H. Miller, Washington. At the first meeting of this Commission Mr. Stuart was made Chairman, a position which he held to the close of its operations at the end of the war, and never was trust more faithfully performed or more signally successful. He was a moving spirit, and his great efficiency, sound judgment, and more than all his indomitable energy were everywhere recognized.

When it became known that inhuman barbarities were prac-

---

* Died November 18th, 1874.



Yours in Christian bonds

Geo. H. Stuart

tised upon Union prisoners confined at Andersonville and other rebel prisons, Mr. Stuart made vigorous exertions to have men, to whose honor and integrity the rebel authorities could take no exception, appointed to go among the prisoners to distribute comforts and labor to ameliorate their condition, offering the like privilege to the rebels. The Government promptly adopted the proposition, and sent forward the agents with the requisite official certificates and means of access; but it was rejected, and the agents turned back by the Richmond authorities.

In 1866 Mr. Stuart was in Europe, and at the anniversary meeting of the British and Foreign Bible Society, held at Exeter Hall on the 2d of May, the Earl of Shaftesbury, President of the society, presiding, Mr. Stuart spoke, and in the course of his remarks gave a summary of the operations of the Christian Commission, and incidents illustrating its workings. "When the war commenced," he said, "we had an army of 16,000 men, scattered from Maine to California, but in the course of the war there were called into the field 2,000,000 of men—young men from schools and seminaries, young men unused to the hardships of the battle-field; and the Christian people of the land felt that we ought not only to follow these young men with our prayers, but that we ought above all to furnish them with the bread of life, through the Gospel of Jesus Christ. During the four years of the struggle there were distributed, among the army and navy alone, over 2,000,000 copies of God's Word, in whole or in part. The principal agency for that distribution was the United States Christian Commission, which distributed 1,466,748 copies. all of which were received gratuitously from the American Bible Society, with the exception of 15,000 copies forwarded to us from your own depository; and I am here to-day to return to you our grateful thanks for that contribution." Mr. Stuart here exhibited a £5 note of the Bank of England, sent by a poor woman living in Derbyshire, to President Lincoln, "with which to buy Bibles for the poor wounded soldiers of the North." "Fifty or a hundred guineas," said Mr. Stuart, "would not buy it (holding it up), for it has incited to many gifts, and brought 'much money' to our treasury; and if you have any difficulty, my lord, with regard to your building fund, it might perhaps be well for you to borrow it."

"The United States Christian Commission was simply the Church of Christ, in all her branches, in an organized form, going forth in time of war, as our blessed Master went through the streets of Jerusalem and along the shores of Galilee. Some might ask, Where did these men get their commission to go forth to the army, carrying bread for the body in one hand, and the Bread of Life in the other? I believe they got it from the example of our Saviour Himself. We sent forth the Bible and other books, by the hands of men of burning zeal, not mere perfunctory agents. There were ministers who came to us and offered themselves for the work; but we said: 'No; you have not succeeded at home, and you are not likely to succeed in the army.' We wanted only men who were willing to put off the black coat and the white cravat, and would put on the army attire, and if need be, would undertake to make with their own hands gruel for the soldiers. I will tell you what happened on one occasion. A reverend Doctor of Divinity was engaged in making gruel for the soldiers, and was putting into the gruel something that would make it more palatable. Some of the soldiers were busily watching his movements, and one of them exclaimed: 'Go it, Doctor; put some more of that stuff in, and it will be the real Calvinistic gruel!' In another case, a man saw a reverend Doctor engaged in washing bloody shirts in a brook, and he called out to him: 'Doctor, what are you doing?' The Doctor replied: 'The shirts supplied to the army are exhausted and also those of our own Commission. The wounded are suffering from their stiffened and clotted shirts, and I thought I might undertake to wash a few of them in the brook. Do you think I am wrong?' 'Wrong!' said the other, 'oh, no. I never saw you walking so closely in the footsteps of your Divine Master before.' These men have not only ministered to the bodily wants of the soldiers, but to their moral and chiefly to their spiritual necessities. They circulated upwards of 8,000,000 of copies of knapsack books, including such works as Newman Hall's 'Come to Jesus,' and Mr. Reid's 'Blood of Jesus.' The history of these books will never be written. They came back to the families of the soldiers in America, many of them stained with their former owners' blood. They have become heir-looms of those families, and they will never be parted with. Besides these there were 18,000,000 copies of our best religious newspapers issued to the army, fresh as they appeared from the press. The total receipts of the Commission were $6,250,000. The books were distributed by about 5000 unpaid agents. How did we get these agents? They got nothing for their labors. We would not employ agents who wanted pay for their work, except a few permanent ones to superintend. . . . But these men got pay—pay far richer than was ever coined in any mint: it was the 'God bless you' of the dying soldier."

Mr. Stuart declared that in all his labors in distributing the Scriptures he never found but one man who refused to take a copy, and that was a German from Philadelphia. To the representations that it was Cromwell's Bible, the one which old Ironsides read and from which they received such inspiration, he still turned a deaf ear, as he did to his being a fellow-townsman. Mr. Stuart knows no such word as fail. He tried a flank movement. He told the soldier that on the following Sunday he would speak to a large audience in Philadelphia. "'Well,' he inquired, 'and what will you say?' 'I shall tell that I have been engaged so long a time in distributing Bibles among our soldiers; that I never met with but one refusal, and that he was a soldier from our own city.' 'Well, and what more will you say?' 'Why, I shall tell them that I began to distribute Bibles this morning, at the White House,' a place somewhat like your Buckingham Palace, only not so fine. 'And who was the first man to whom I offered a copy? Why, it was to President Abraham Lincoln. When I went to see the President he was writing, and when I handed him a copy of Cromwell's Bible he stood up—and you know he was a very tall man and took a long time to straighten. He received the Bible and made me a low bow, and thanked me; and now I shall have to go back and tell him that one of his soldiers, who was fighting his battles, refused to take the book which he had accepted so gladly.' The German softened at once. He said: 'Did the President take the book?—well, then, I guess I may take one too.'"

An agent of the Commission in Tennessee came upon four soldiers playing cards. He proposed to buy the cards with a copy of the Scriptures for each, which they accepted. They desired his autograph in their books; but when he in turn asked for theirs they refused to indorse the cards, disclaiming an approval of the game, but resorting to it for lack of anything to read, by which their leisure hours could be filled. "At the bloody battle of Stone River," Mr. Stuart continued, "during a lull of the fight, the cries of a wounded soldier were heard asking for assistance; but soon his voice was drowned in the renewed roar of the artillery. When the conflict was over, there came the ghastly work of sorting the dead from the living. When the men who were despatched for this service reached the spot from whence these cries proceeded, they found a lad of nineteen, dead, and leaning against the stump of a tree. His eyes were open, though fixed in death; a celestial smile was on his countenance; his well-worn Bible was open, with his finger, cold and stiff, pointing to that passage which has cheered the heart of many a dying Christian: 'Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for Thou art with me; Thy rod and Thy staff they comfort me.' Oh, mother, wife, sister! if that had been your son, husband or brother, who had died under such circumstances, what would you not give for the possession of that blessed copy of the Word of God?"

It has often been a matter of wonder whence came the boundless resources placed at the disposal of the Commission. In answering this, in response to the inquiry of a friend, Mr. Stuart said: "We relied on the voluntary contributions of the people—and how nobly they responded! After the battle of Gettysburg, when tens of thousands of wounded and dying men were thrown upon our hands, I telegraphed in all directions. To Boston I telegraphed: 'Can I draw on you for $10,000 at sight?' It was stuck up in the exchange. The merchants at once formed in line to put down their subscriptions, and the answer came: 'Draw for $60,000.' And the little children helped us too. They made tens of thousands of little housewives, comfort-bags, as the soldiers called them, with buttons, needles and thread, comb, cake of soap, and, above all, a little tract or Testament, and sent them on through the Commission to the needy soldiers, and they did them a world of good."

When delegations from the Commission visited Mr. Lincoln he always seemed gratified to have a few moments spent in prayer. After Mr. Johnson came to be inaugurated, misgivings were felt about proposing it. But Mr. Stuart never failed in resource, and on the very first visit to the President, as they were leaving, Mr. Stuart said: "Mr. Johnson, you have been called to the head of the nation at a very critical time." "Yes, yes," he said. "After a man who was the idol of the people." "Yes." "No man has been raised to a position where he stands more in need of divine help." "It is true." "Dr. —— will perhaps ask the Divine blessing and guidance for you before we go." The President made no objection and they all mixed in prayer.

In all of the above Mr. Stuart has spoken for himself, and from the spirit with which his words are filled, it is not difficult to infer what manner of man he is. To him congenial work is rest. He has been a great sufferer from asthma, by which he has been prevented from reclining in bed for weeks together. Aside from this he is strong and well preserved, having ever practised strict temperance. He was married on the 11th of May, 1837, to Miss Martha K. Dennison. The issue has been nine children, only five of whom survive. He is nearly six feet in height, broad-shouldered, and is possessed of an exceedingly kind and benignant countenance. He has been offered a place in President Grant's cabinet, but has steadily declined. When the Commission was formed for securing the amelioration of the Indians, he was named as a member and has labored earnestly in carrying out its beneficent designs.

MRS. JOHN HARRIS, of Philadelphia, who was with the wounded at the front during nearly the whole war, and moved by her pen in a remarkable degree the people of the North to deeds of charity, has won by her devotion and zeal the love and affection of the mutilated and perishing of both armies, and the lasting gratitude of the whole American people. "If," says Frank Moore, in his *Women of the War*, "there were any such vain decorations of human approbation as a crown, or a wreath, or a star, for her who in the late war has done the most and labored the longest, who visited the greatest number of hospitals, prayed with the greatest number of suffering and dying soldiers, penetrated nearest to the front, and underwent the greatest amount of fatigue and exposure—that crown, or that star, would be rightfully given to Mrs. John Harris, of Philadelphia."

On Sunday, the 21st of April, 1861, a notice was read in the several churches of Philadelphia calling a general meeting to perfect plans for establishing a hospital for the reception of the sick and wounded soldiers, and prepare bedding, bandages, and lint. That notice was drawn by the hand of Mrs. Harris. It called out an immediate and hearty response. Dr. Taylor, of the Third Reformed Dutch Church, says: "I shall never forget the impression made upon the audience by the simple reading of this notice. Pastor and people burst into tears together. It was absolutely overpowering. No blood had yet been shed. After the service some even doubted whether there would be any fighting. I was told by two or three persons that it was a premature notice, and calculated to produce needless alarm and anxiety among the people. But it was the first foreshadowing in our church of the actual preparation at home for the awful carnage that attended the great Rebellion. Out of this and other movements among the churches of Philadelphia grew the Ladies' Aid Societies of the city—noble heralds and aids of the Christian and Sanitary Commissions."

The smoke had scarcely cleared away from the first battle-ground of the war when Mrs. Harris started for Washington, where during the weeks which followed she was unceasingly employed in ministering at the bedside of the suffering, whispering words of consolation to the dying, and receiving their last messages of affection. From the first she adopted the habit of writing regularly and fully to the officers of the society which she represented, and their reports abound in extracts from her correspondence. "Visiting the military hospitals of Washington, Georgetown, and Alexandria, two days after the Battle of Bull Run (Tuesday, July 23d), the value of our holy religion and its power to soothe were felt as never before. In the different hospitals about 500 wounded youth, with every variety and degree of injury, were found. Passing from cot to cot with almost bursting heart, 'Words of Jesus' were whispered into the ears of many of the sufferers. As the poor fellows caught the sound they looked up with cheerful countenances, and even glad surprise. . . . I was about to pass on when the position of his arm arrested me. 'You are wounded in the arm?' 'Yes.' 'I hope not seriously.' 'Yes; it was amputated at the elbow before I left the field.' Wholly unprepared for such an announcement my feelings overpowered me. He soothingly said: 'It is only my left arm. That is not much to give to my country. It might have been my life.' Another, a lovely youth, whose bright, restless eye and flushed cheek told of suffering, grasped my hand and gently pulled me towards him, as I knelt beside him, and said: 'My dear boy, what can I do for you? Shall I talk to you of Jesus?' 'Oh, yes,' he said, 'I am used to that. I have loved Him, but not near enough, for two years; and now He is going to take me home.' 'You are very young. Have you a mother?' 'Oh, yes!' Tears filled his eyes. 'It must have been a great trial to give you to your country.' 'Yes, it was. When I first mentioned it she would not hear me, but we both prayed over it, and at last she consented, saying, "My country deserves this sacrifice. I gave you to God, at your birth, and this is his cause."' As I fanned the dear boy, brushing back the hair from his beautiful forehead, he fell into a sleep. When I withdrew my hand he started and exclaimed: 'Oh! I dreamed that that was Annie's hand. Won't you put it on my head again?' 'Who is Annie?' 'My twin-sister. We were seventeen since I left home.' This dear youth is now with the Saviour. He died from his wounds the next day."

After the first battle of Bull Run there was little fighting in the Army of the Potomac until it reached the Peninsula in the spring of 1862. But the change from civil life to the camp brought many to the sick couch, and before the army moved Mrs. Harris had visited over a hundred hospitals and distributed the contributions of the Aid Societies, speaking words of comfort and Christian consolation and directing the minds of the dying. The malarial airs about Yorktown brought down men faster than the bullets of the enemy, and the hospitals were crowded. Soon after the battle of Williamsburg she wrote: "No language can give the faintest idea of the scenes of suffering and deadly anguish through which we are passing. . . . Could you have visited with me, on Saturday, the largest ward of the Hygeia Hospital, your whole being would have thrilled with anguish. Friend and foe are crowded together without distinction—all suffering. The first one approached had been wounded in the thigh and arm. The leg had been amputated, and an extraction made of the broken bones in the arm. Surgeons had been probing the diseased portions, not heeding the shrieks of the sufferer, whom I found covered with cold sweat, and nearing the dark valley; indeed, the mists of the valley were settling over him. When the gracious words, 'Come unto me, all ye that are weary and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest,' were spoken, the suffering one looked up, and exclaimed: 'Rest, rest! Oh, where, where?' 'In the bosom of Jesus, if you will but lay your sins on him, and your suffering, throbbing heart close to his, you will be filled with rest in all the fulness of its meaning.' He tried to stay his faith on 'the Rock,' but very soon the unseen closed him in, and left us vainly endeavoring to follow the departing soul." In the same ward was a boy only nineteen, mortally wounded. "He begged me," she says, "to write to his mother 'a very long letter, sending a lock of my hair; but you needn't take the hair now; say everything to comfort her; but,' he added, 'I want her to know how her poor boy suffers; yes, I do that; she would feel so for me.' He lingered till Monday; and, after a painful operation, sank away most unexpectedly, and when I got there was in the dead-house. So I went into that dismal place, full of corpses, and cut a lock from the dead boy's head, and enclosed it to the mother, adding some words of comfort for the sorrow-stricken. He had received a religious training and told me to tell his mother he would meet her in heaven."

After the battle of Fair Oaks the wounded were sent in ships to the hospitals below. From the Louisiana she writes: "The whole day had been spent in operating. In one pile lay seventeen arms, hands, feet and legs. A large proportion of the wounded had undergone mutilation in some important member. Many must die. Four lay with their faces covered, dying or dead. Many had not had their wounds dressed since the battle, and were in a sad state already. One brave fellow from Maine had lost both legs, but bore up with wonderful firmness. Upon my saying to him, 'You have suffered much for your country; we cannot thank you enough,' he replied: 'Oh, well, you hadn't ought to thank me. I went of my own accord, in a glorious cause.' . . . When I left the boat, at eleven o'clock at night, I was obliged to wash all my skirts, they having been draggled in the mingled blood of Federal and Confederate soldiers, which covered many portions of the floor. I was obliged to kneel between them to wash their faces. This is war."

When a conflict was imminent she was with the moving column, and was brought, not unfrequently, under fire. From the Antietam field she wrote: "Night was closing in upon us—the rain falling fast; the sharpshooters were threatening all who ventured near our wounded and dying on the battle-ground; a line of battle in view, artillery in motion, litters and ambulances going in all directions; wounded picking their way, now lying down to rest, some before they were out of the range of the enemy's guns, not a few of whom received their severest wounds in these places of imagined safety; add to this, marching and counter-marching of troops; bearers of despatches hurrying to and fro; eager, anxious inquirers after the killed and wounded; and the groans of the poor sufferers under the surgeons' hands,—and you may form some faint idea of our position on that eventful evening. Reaching a hospital hut but a few removes from the corn-field in which the deadliest of the strife was waged, I found the ground literally covered with the dead and wounded—barns, hayricks, outhouses of every description, all full. Here and there a knot of men, with a dim light near, told of amputations; whilst the shrieks and groans of the poor fellows, lying all around, made our hearts almost to stand still. . . . We were called to pray with a dying Christian; and I feel the grasp of his hand yet, as we knelt, in the rain, in the dark night, with only the glimmering lights around the operating tables, and looked up to the Father of our Lord and Saviour for his mercy and grace to fall upon the dying man, and all his comrades clustering round us needing dying grace. Then we sang, 'There is rest for the weary,' Miss G.'s loud clear voice leading. The sounds stopped the shrieks and groans of the brave men. They listened. They all seemed comforted. It was then midnight, or near it. Before the next sun threw its rays in upon these twelve hundred wounded soldiers, the darkness of death had settled upon eleven —sons, husbands and fathers—whose hearts had throbbed healthfully with loving thoughts of home and country but a few hours before. We had slept a few hours on the straw upon which our soldiers had lain and upon which their life-blood had been poured out. We prepared tea, bread and butter, milk-punch and egg-nog; furnished rags, lint and bandages as needed, and then came on to French's division hospital, where were one thousand of our wounded, and a number of Confederates. The first night we slept in our ambulance; no room in the small house, the only dwelling near, could be procured. The next day was the Sabbath. The sun shone brightly; the bees and the birds were joyous and busy; a beautiful landscape spread out before us, and we knew the Lord of the Sabbath looked down upon us. But with all these above and around, we could see only our suffering, uncomplaining soldiers, mutilated, bleeding, dying. Almost every hour I witnessed the going out of some young life."

Her picture of the field as it presented itself to her after the battle was over is vivid, and has the merit of truthfulness, the narrative being written from amid the scenes described: "Stretched out in every direction, as far as the eye could reach, were the dead and dying. Much the larger proportion must have died instantly—their positions, some with ramrod in hand to load, others with gun in hand as if about to aim, others still having just discharged their murderous fire. Some were struck in the act of eating. One poor fellow still held a potato in his grasp. Another clutched a piece of tobacco; others held their canteens as if to drink; one grasped a letter. Two were strangely poised upon a fence, having been killed in the act of leaping it. How my heart sickens at the recollection of the appearance of these men who had left their homes in all the pride of manly beauty."

A kind of nourishment which she compounded of corn-meal, ground ginger, wine, and crackers, for the pickets as they came in from their vigils where they had buffeted the storm in wintry nights, was remarkably popular. She called it *hot ginger panada*, and without doubt it saved many a soldier from painful sickness and even death. After Chancellorsville, in May, 1863, she says, writing on the 18th: "We filled two ambulances with bread and butter, prepared stewed fruit, egg-nog, lemons, oranges, cheese, shirts, drawers, stockings, and handkerchiefs, and went out to meet a train of ambulances bearing the wounded from United States Ford." The wounded had been left in the enemy's hands and were now being brought in. Their wounds had reached that stage when the slightest motion is agony. The ways were rough, and the jars and jolts brought excruciating torment. "No pen," she says, "can describe the scene. Amputations and dressings had been hurriedly gone over, and then much neglected; for the rebel surgeons had more than enough to occupy them in the care of their own wounded. By day and by night I see their poor mutilated limbs red with inflammation, bones protruding, worms rioting, as they were held over the sides of the ambulance to catch the cooling breeze. . . . For six mornings we have prepared five gallons of custard, using six dozen eggs, and about eight gallons of puddings."

With a supply of chloroform and stimulants she left Baltimore on the 4th of July for Gettysburg, ministering to the wounded as they came in car-loads from the front. From the field she wrote: "Am full of work and sorrow. The appearance of things here beggars all description. Our dead lie unburied, and our wounded neglected. Numbers have been drowned by the sudden rise in the waters of the creek bottoms, and thousands of them are still naked and starving. God pity us!—pity us!" Seeing sufficient aid hourly arriving to care for the wounded here, she pushed on with supplies after the army, which was in expectation of fighting another great battle, continuing with the moving columns.

Early in October the Aid Society in Philadelphia decided to send her to the armies in Tennessee. At Nashville she met numbers of the Union refugees, who had come in from the mountains to escape the iron grasp of rebel rule, whose unfortunate condition challenged pity. "It is a very dark picture," she says, "made up of miserable-looking women and old men, with naked children of all ages. Many came here to die, no provision being made for them, other than the food and shelter afforded by Government. After herding together indiscriminately in some dirty wareroom, or unfinished, unfurnished tenement, in ill-ventilated apartments, they become an easy prey to that foe of all ill-clad and ill-fed—typhus fever. It comes in the form of a chill followed by fever, and this is succeeded by jabbering idiocy, with no great suffering, except to sympathizers. The mind is filled with old home-scenes; ghastly smiles, more saddening by far than tears, play over wan and haggard faces; the patient sinks, in a few days fills a Government coffin, and is carried to a nameless grave."

The labors of Mrs. Harris were directed to collecting supplies and money from the States to the northward, returning to Louisville for this purpose, and then going forward to Chattanooga, where the Union armies were assembled. Referring to the BATTLE ABOVE THE CLOUDS, at Lookout Mountain, she says: "As I write, an ambulance passes, bearing the remains of four heroes of the late battles; all of them full of hope when I came here, and though wounded, talking only of victory; one telling how vexed he felt when the bullet struck him, half way up the hill; another rejoicing that he got to the top; another that he grasped the flag, and held it aloft nearly at the top—is sure the old 'Stars and Stripes' saw the top if he didn't. And so they talked for days, only of their country's triumph. But a change passed over them. Gangrene was commencing its ravages, and they were carried from their comrades and put in tents lest the poison might be communicated to their wounded fellow-sufferers. There, in the 'gangrene ward,' the glory of battle and victory faded away, as the fatal disease bore them nearer and nearer to the great eternity that shuts out all sounds of war. Then the fearful misgivings that took the place of the hopes of earthly glory were deeply engraven on their poor wan faces, and began to be whispered in the ears of Christian sympathy."

But she who was abounding in sympathy and love for suffering humanity, whether friend or foe, the mutilated from the field or the wanderer from his home, and who was willing to wear her own life out that she might raise others to health, herself at length fell a victim to disease. For many days life hung trembling in the balance; but she was mercifully restored, and characteristically wrote: "I feel almost ashamed to consume your time with any account of it, the suffering all around me is of such an intense character." She resumed her labors, when recovered, in the great hospitals about Chattanooga, and during the early part of 1864 was never more active, and writes: "My experiences since I reached Chattanooga have been the most painful of the three past eventful years. In looking back, amazement seizes me, and the attempt to rehearse them seems futile. War, famine, and pestilence have made up the warp and woof of our soldier life."

Thus to the end of the war was she devoted to the care of the suffering and disconsolate, reviving their drooping spirits not only by relieving their physical wants, but in breaking to them the bread of life, and preparing them for entrance to the spirit world. By the blessing of God hundreds of lives were saved by her tender and assiduous care, and many more were comforted and consoled in their dying hour. For her angelic ministrations she has won the lasting gratitude of the whole American people. After the close of hostilities Mrs. Harris returned to that quiet, unobtrusive way of life which she had quitted on going to the field, and shrinking from notoriety appears only solicitous for the plaudit of the Master, "Well done, good and faithful servant."

MRS. HANNAH MOORE, a martyr to her zeal and industry in behalf of sick and wounded soldiers, was born in the State of New York, on the 16th of April, 1816. She first visited Meadville, Pennsylvania, in 1848, and a few years afterwards took up her abode there permanently. Of a delicate and sensitive organization, her feelings were always easily touched by scenes of suffering, and she was quick to respond to calls of charity and mercy. When war, with its train of wretchedness and misery came, in 1861, Mrs. Moore was not slow to discern the need of systematic effort in laboring to stimulate benevolence, in collecting stores, and in providing measures for their distribution. Without the incitement of the spectacle of pain and sorrow to move her, she devoted herself unceasingly, as President of the Meadville Relief Association, in arousing the active interest of those throughout the entire county who might otherwise have been lukewarm or indifferent, in conducting the daily duties of her office, receiving material in every variety of form and condition, preparing and packing for transportation, and conducting a correspondence with other societies and with agents at distant points. Her friend, Miss E. G. Huidekoper, says of her: "Thoroughness was one of Mrs. Moore's characteristics. Whatever she undertook, she endeavored to do in the best way, at whatever cost of toil and energy to herself. Her labors were not confined to the Relief Rooms. Almost the whole of her strength and time were devoted to the work before going to the Rooms, and after her return, frequently till late at night, though very weary with the duties at the society meeting. She wrote many letters to neighboring societies and to individuals whom she thought would contribute, encouraging them to continue their donations, or giving needed information, and promptly acknowledging contributions."

During the year 1863 there were shipped from the Rooms eighty-six boxes, twenty-one barrels, and sixteen firkins, to the following points: Fortress Monroe, Frederick, Baltimore, Washington, Philadelphia, Gettysburg, and Cleveland. The material usually came in crude form, and everything needed to be assorted and prepared for transportation. All this received her constant personal supervision. There were made up at the Rooms of the Central Society in Meadville, 3536 yards of cotton, and 600 yards of flannel. The parties to whom these packages were addressed are unanimous in their acknowledgment of their great value and excellent condition. In a letter from the Central Office for Northern Ohio, at Cleveland, the Manager says: "As always, they were extremely valuable. You have accomplished wonders in your society, and especially have you in your own person." Again on the 18th and 20th of July, 1863, Miss Mahan writes: "We have received from your society, twelve boxes and one keg of hospital stores. I will not attempt to repeat, what Miss Brayton has so often expressed to you, our cordial, hearty admiration of your noble society." Again, on the 31st, the same hand acknowledges the receipt, "July 22d, of one keg, July 24th, of six boxes and one keg, and July 28th, of five boxes (Nos. 70 to 82, inclusive). For them all you have our renewed thanks. Your first shipment of last week of twelve boxes and one keg was sent on the 24th to Louisville, for Vicksburg and Port Hudson. The remainder will be forwarded next week to Nashville." We thus see how the patient labors of this devoted woman, far removed from danger or the excitement of arriving and departing troops, resulted in scattering comforts and relief at the great centres of conflict at a time when urgently needed. From Frederick, Maryland, on the 27th of August, Miss Bantz writes: "The boxes were received, after some delay, in good condition; for which please accept our thanks, as also for the kind interest you manifest toward us. If all in charge had their hearts in the work, it would add greatly to the comfort of our brave boys, who have so nobly left their homes and loved ones for the cause."

From St. Louis, the Rev. W. G. Eliot, D. D., writes: "We acknowledge with much pleasure the receipt of two admirably well-filled boxes, which arrived yesterday in excellent order. As there are now nearly 2000 in hospital here, and 500 more expected from the interior camps, or with the returning army, your kindness will not have been in vain."

Mr. Joseph Shippen, an agent of the Sanitary Commission, who was employed on the Gettysburg field soon after the close of the battle, writes on the 30th of July: "A pleasing feature of the hospital was that our men bore so heroically, almost jubilantly, their sufferings. A soldier would tell you first what regiment he belonged to, and where he was hit, and then, 'Oh, but didn't we make them skedaddle! They thought they were going to fight nothing but militia, and found here the old Army of the Potomac.' Whatever the individual loss, whether one leg or two, every man rejoiced in the battle gained. A second redeeming feature was the grand manifestation of the patriotism, humanity, and Christianity of our land through the voluntary relief afforded to the sufferers. Surrounded by a pile of boxes, on one of which she was seated, a lady with an intelligent face, in very plain attire, was pointed out to me as Miss Dix. Mrs. Harris of Philadelphia was also on the ground with stores. The Baltimore firemen had a depot from which were distributed many supplies to our wounded. The Adams' Express Company also had stores which were devoted to the same good object. The Christian Commission was largely represented by some two hundred delegates, for the most part preachers and divinity students from all parts of the country. On this emergency the same promptness and liberality was shown by the Sanitary Commission that has marked its course on all the great battle-fields of the war. With Meade's advancing columns several army wagon-loads of supplies were pushed forward and afforded great relief on the second and third days of the fight. While the cannon were dealing out death and destruction, these gifts of the people possessed a life-saving power. Some of the surgeons were ready to exclaim, "In the name of heaven, where did the Sanitary Commission come from!" . . . Among the many articles dealt out with liberal hand to the hospitals were ten thousand pounds of fresh soft bread, ten thousand pounds of fresh poultry packed in ice, five tons of fresh vegetables, ten thousand dozen of fresh eggs, five thousand shirts and drawers, three hundred boxes of lemons and oranges, one ton of tamarinds, ten thousand pounds of condensed milk, and a like amount of concentrated beef, together with large quantities of sheets, towels, slippers, gowns, bandages, fans, etc. These rude estimates of quantities were made of what had been distributed during the first two weeks after the battle. . . . Coming through the regular channels of supply, the wounded are generally ignorant that they are the free-will offering of the people. I asked a wounded man from Crawford county where he had got his clean white shirt and drawers, and he did not know until I showed and explained to him the mark of the 'U. S. San. Com.' . . . The Commission dealt out generously to the wounded rebels, and many were the expressions of appreciation and thanks made by surgeons, officers, and men. . . . The Commission did a grand work of special relief in feeding, sheltering, and assisting the wounded at the railroad station before starting for Baltimore. . . . Each day hundreds would find their way to the town from the woods and fields with heads bound up or arm in a sling, or with wound in the foot or leg, not so severe as to prevent their limping along or hobbling with the help of a fence-rail or pole cut in the woods. Poor fellows! it made one's heart bleed to see them tottering along, so weak and so suffering. At the depot we had six large tents, where they could lie and rest on clean hay, have their wounds dressed, receive food and such articles of clothing as they needed. . . . Hot soup and hot coffee were always kept ready, and fresh bread, soft crackers, and cold water were at hand in abundance. Thus from six to twelve hundred wounded were fed each day for a fortnight."

A letter addressed to Mrs. Moore by Miss Brayton, of the 11th of August, thus acknowledges the value and extent of her labors: "Miss Mahan tells me that the receipts from your society are 'perfectly astonishing.' I can well believe it, when I remember that *you* are charged with the whole duty of arousing the county, gathering in donations, packing and shipping. The task you have imposed upon yourself is a heavy one. I hope your health will not fail under it. We are always glad to hear that a Meadville Box is on the way, knowing its contents will rejoice many a poor sufferer's heart." The solicitude expressed in the above extract for the health of Mrs. Moore proved to have been reasonably excited. It was impossible that the most firm and enduring constitution could long withstand the strain which she voluntarily took upon herself. Wearing labors by day, and anxiety by night, made such inroads upon her strength that she was finally obliged to resign her office of President, Secretary and Treasurer of the Association, being succeeded by Mrs. William Thorpe, and after a short illness sank to the grave, as really a martyr to the cause of her country as he who pours out his lifeblood upon the field of battle. In personal appearance she was rather above the medium height, of fine figure, with dark and expressive eyes, easy and graceful in her manners. She had that kindness of heart which prompts to generous action, and which lies at the foundation of politeness and attractiveness in social life. Gifted by nature with more than ordinary mental endowments, persons of high culture enjoyed her society for the vivacity of her spirit, for her quickness of appreciation, and that subtle refinement of thought which is more of a gift than an acquisition, betokening the finest mould of humanity. On the other hand she won the hearts of those in humble life by the abandon with which she placed herself in communion and sympathy with their condition, their trials or their sufferings. She had a wonderful faculty of animating others with her own zeal and enthusiasm, and her magnetic power made those about her esteem it a privilege, instead of a drudgery, to be permitted to coöperate with her in her labors.

Her good taste, her love of order, and her kindness of heart all came into play in her efforts in behalf of the sick and wounded soldiers during the war, and she remained at her post of duty until failing health drove her away from it. The following stanzas formed part of an obituary notice, and the prediction in the concluding lines finds its fulfilment in the memorial wreath annually placed upon her grave on Decoration Day, by the Boys in Blue, who hold her services and sacrifices in their behalf in grateful remembrance:

"The poor, whose humble homes ye oft have sought,
With blessings breathed thy name;
And the sick soldier on his lonely cot,
To whom thy offerings came—

"Genial alike unto the old and young,
E'en childhood at thy knee,
Spell-bound, with radiant visage, hung,
Charmed with thy sympathy.

"Farewell! thy cheerful voice which banish'd gloom
Is lost to social ring;
Yet loving hands shall ofttimes strew thy tomb
With the fresh flowers of spring."

CHAPTER III.

THE UNION VOLUNTEER REFRESHMENT SALOON of Philadelphia, a name dear to many a soldier in the late war, originated in an humble but generous impulse of humanity and patriotism. As the troops began to move towards the National Capital, in response to the call of the President, it was seen that by the time they had reached Philadelphia, journeying from New England, New York, and States from the West, and even from parts nearer, they needed some rest, nutritious food, warm drink, and a spark of the humanizing influence which comes from a generous deed. The Sixth Massachusetts, which had been quartered at the Girard House, was joined by Colonel Small's regiment, and these, in Baltimore, were attacked by the mob, some killed, several wounded, and the road destroyed, cutting off further travel by that route. After this, troops were compelled to go by Annapolis. As there was delay in moving, at first they were fed upon the street, or taken into the houses of people living in the neighborhood of the Baltimore Depot, on Broad street. The offering was from the heart, many bestowing from their own scanty stores, one poor woman giving away all her customers' milk. Seeing that the calls were becoming frequent, and recognizing the pressing necessity of allowing none to pass uncared for, Mr. Bazilla S. Brown gave notice that he would receive contributions of material for this purpose, and with eleven pounds of coffee, he commenced the work of dispensing from a table improvised from boards wrenched from a neighboring fence. Thus humble were the beginnings of this noble charity.

Those who were active in the work were laboring men and could ill afford to lose time and sleep in waiting and watching.

Accordingly, by an arrangement with the railroad companies, the coming of troops was telegraphed, so that preparations could be duly timed. The first notice was of the Eighth New York, 800 strong, to arrive at three o'clock on the morning of the 28th of May, 1861. On the back of this telegram Mr. Paul I. Field wrote to Mr. Arad Barrows: "The bearer of this, Mr. B. S. Brown, is in every way responsible. If you will lend him the kettle he wants I will guarantee its safe return." The kettle was duly delivered from the establishment of Messrs. Savery & Co., and the regiment, which was that of Colonel Blenker, received refreshment on Washington Avenue, possession being taken of a vacant boat-house in the neighborhood for making the necessary preparations. This building on the 1st of June was leased, and appropriately fitted. The lease stood in the name of Mr. B. S. Brown, and an organization was effected, known as the Volunteer Refreshment Saloon, subsequently changed to the Union Volunteer Refreshment Saloon. A few days later another huge boiler was procured, and the two connected and ingeniously combined with ovens, so that a moving column of large proportions could be quickly supplied. That every soldier might enjoy the luxury of a free ablution, the Fairmount water was led into the building, and a long line of bowls provided where soap and snowy napkins were plentifully supplied. With every body of troops, whether going to or from the field, were always some languishing, often too sick to pursue their journey. To accommodate such, a hospital—the very first to be established in any part of the country—was opened, over which Dr. Eliab Ward presided, giving his services through the entire war without reward other than that which follows a good deed incited by a pure motive. This was provided with drugs and medicines gratuitously contributed, and furnished with comfortable cots. Books, periodicals, and papers were supplied, and noble, kind-hearted women volunteered their services, leaving comfortable homes by day and by night, to minister to the weary and war-worn soldiers. Nearly eleven thousand sick and wounded in the progress of the war were nursed, and received medical attendance, nearly twice that number had their wounds dressed, and over forty thousand had a night's lodging.

Samuel B. Fales

"THE SOLDIER'S FRIEND"

"The Soldier here, upon his wistful way
From Peace to War (sad contrast), paused an hour;
Just near enough to death to own his sway—
Just far enough from home to feel its power:

"This nicely-balanced moment found the word
And work of solace ready for his heart;
A thousand cups rose reeking on the board
As by the touch of the magician's art.

"The care-worn matron, at the signal's call,
Gave her own breakfast to that mother's son
Who'd left behind a thousand miles his all,
While she who bore him bravely urged him on."

The charities of this institution were not confined to soldiers actually in the service of the Union Army, but were extended to more than fifteen thousand Southern refugees, deserters from the rebel army, and freedmen. For many of the latter employment was found. The necessities of the association soon outgrew the building first taken, and additions were made until a space 95 by 150 feet was covered, the Philadelphia, Wilmington and Baltimore Railway leasing the ground and refusing any compensation. In its enlarged dimensions 1200 men could be supplied at once, and 15,000 have been received in a single day. Deaths occurred among its guests, and a ground was secured where about fifty of the number lie buried. An accurate record was kept of all its operations, and the books show that over 800,000 soldiers were received and 1,025,000 meals were furnished—figures the significance of which we can scarcely comprehend. What a charity was this! How prompt in its inception! How broad in its bounty! How self-sacrificing and tireless in its execution!

In summing up its results we are led to consider the great expense which must have attended operations on so grand a scale, and to inquire whence came the funds. The cost, in consequence of the judicious management of its finances, was very moderate, the entire amount of money expended being but $98,204.34, and material estimated at $30,000—an aggregate of $128,204.34; and of this sum nothing came from any public treasury. When it was seen that a great work was being done, the city government signified its willingness to appropriate; but the managers decline the proffer, preferring to depend upon the free-will offerings of the people. It was only necessary to make known that money or material was wanting, and they flowed in abundance into its coffers. Festivals were given for which contributions came from the city and the rich champaign contiguous, extending to New Jersey and Delaware, and from which the receipts were generous. On the occasion of the Strawberry Festival held in June, 1862, bountiful supplies of flowers, cakes, bread, butter, fruit and meats were received; released prisoners from the steamship Union brought a flag made in the jail at Salisbury; and thirty-four ladies from New Jersey, headed by ex-Senator Savery, came bringing a grand bouquet in acknowledgment of the care of wounded Jerseymen. There were 36,000 ticket-holders, an evidence of the hearty coöperation which the citizens of Philadelphia accorded to this enterprise. Entertainments of various kinds were given at places of amusement in its aid, and the direct subscriptions of wealthy citizens were frequent. But the most generous and princely gift was that of the time, and even the life-current, of the attendants. Many of them, after laboring at their regular occupations the whole day, would spend a part of the night, often rising at the dead hour at the call of the signal gun, and, ministering to the tired, worn soldier, send him on his way with a glad heart. Women who had already passed the limit of an ordinary life were found daily at their posts lending a strong, willing hand to the good work.

The method of conducting the Saloon is a matter of interest. A correspondent of the Boston *Journal*, of November 19th, 1861, thus writes: "It is a spacious building and divided into a dining-room, store-room, and a large apartment for cooking. The walls of the main apartment are hung with very pretty paintings, engravings, and cards neatly designed, having inscriptions: 'Welcome to the brave Volunteers.' 'The city of Philadelphia invites you to her hospitality, and bids you God-speed on your way to the Union army.' 'Be brave; your deeds for liberty will never die.' 'You have the prayers of all honest, loyal hearts for your success in arms, and a safe return to your friends, crowned with honor and glory.' . . . The rooms are open at all hours, with dishes on the tables and fuel under the boilers. When a regiment leaves Jersey City a telegram is sent to Philadelphia, and a cannon is immediately fired to inform the citizens that the soldiers are on the way. When the men are within a few miles of the city another gun is fired, which brings out those who wait upon the tables. The ladies who attend to the soldiers are true women in every sense of the word. Their constant endeavor is to show the soldier that they love the great principles of our government, and that they also love every brave volunteer who goes forth to defend them. When they see a soldier who appears homesick or low-spirited, no false dignity prevents them from going up to him and cheering him with kind and loving words. Let no cold-hearted critic say that this is a wrong method of procedure. We must respect our soldiers, and the more we impress upon their minds the idea that we love them, the higher will be their standard of action, and the braver their deeds upon the field of battle. . . . In the hospital room of the main building there is a large table covered with writing materials, where the soldiers can prepare letters while the trains to convey them away are being made up. These letters are given to the attendants of the Saloon, who stamp and send them to their destination free of charge. In one corner of the room is a desk where large bundles of the city papers are deposited, in readiness for gratuitous distribution. The food furnished the men is better by considerable than the average fare at our city hotels. The bill embraces beef of all kinds, ham, pickles, sweet and common potatoes, excellent white bread, tea and coffee, and often cakes and pies. The coffee-boilers hold 180 gallons, which is reduced, on account of its strength, to 360 gallons. Each regiment upon an average uses seven barrels of coffee, besides many gallons of tea. The average cost of a soldier's meal varies from nine to ten cents." Later in the war the cost was about doubled.

The gun mentioned, which was fired to notify the attendants when troops left a far off station and again upon their arrival at the city, has an interesting history. It was manufactured at Springfield, Massachusetts. In the war with Mexico it fell into the hands of the enemy, was put on board a Mexican privateer called the Wasp,—which was overhauled by an American gun-boat and sent to Philadelphia,—was placed upon the receiving ship at the Navy Yard,—which was sunk by an ice-jam, was raised,—and was finally loaned to the Union Saloon. A curious autobiography was written of this gun in which the old piece was made to say: "I am housed up on Washington Avenue, and it is only on particular occasions, or when I am in a filthy condition—owing to the black food they ram down my throat, and against which I *kick tremendously*—that they let me see the bright sun, or the twinkling stars; and then I must be gazed at as an object of curiosity, or slushed with water, and rubbed and scoured until I can flash back the rays of old Sol, who, in another climate, often heated me so that my friends were heartily glad to keep their hands off. I was in Mexico, and I often astonished the *greasers* on the Rio Grande with my iron compliments. . . . I make as much noise as possible whenever I know our noble volunteers are coming to our Saloon. I do this to welcome them and call our committee from home to wait on them, for they deserve good treatment. . . . I often hear them say: 'Bully for Philadelphia!' 'They do things up; don't they?' 'That's the best meal I have had since I left home.' I once heard a sick soldier who had been in the hospital say to his comrade whom he had brought down to see me: 'They could not have taken better care of me if I had belonged to them.' I sometimes think that all this talk of the volunteers induces the gunner that feeds me to cram too much down my throat, for often after a large number have been at the Saloon, and the excitement runs high, and everybody is overflowing with good humor, and other troops are expected soon, he gives me a big dose, or greases my mouth, and when he fires me off, the glass rattles from the windows around. It makes no difference to me, for I have brass sufficient about me to break anybody's windows." The flag-staff which stood in front of the Saloon also had a story. It was the mainmast of the revenue cutter J. C. Dobbin, which was for a while in the hands of the enemy in the Savannah River bearing the rebel flag, but was rescued, and when condemned at the Navy Yard, this staff was loaned to the Union Saloon.

The substantial and palatable character of the entertainment furnished, its abundance, and the hearty good-will and even love with which it was given, arrested the attention of all, and called forth their thanks and gratitude. Mr. L. P. Brockett, of Brooklyn, New York, under date of June 8th, 1863, writes to Samuel

B. Fales, the Corresponding Secretary and financial agent of the association: "I was conversing a few weeks since with an officer of one of the Eastern regiments. . . . We were speaking of the demoralizing influences of camp life, and he remarked that while at east New York, his regiment, composed in large part of farmers' sons and lads who had had a considerable amount of moral training at home, became sadly demoralized. The camp was surrounded by grog-shops, and the rations were of the poorest—filthy, insufficient, and not half cooked—and all the associations of the camp were evil; the men had become dispirited, feeling that no one cared for them, except as food for powder; and though he and some of the other officers endeavored to cheer them, they were sullen, and seemed about ready for mutiny and desertion. 'But,' said he, 'orders came for the regiment to march, and the men went on board the steamer much as if they were going to the gallows. We reached Philadelphia, and were marched to the Volunteer Refreshment Saloon, and the warm welcome, the hearty shake of the hand, and the ample and delicious fare served up for us, put a new spirit into the men. They had landed in a mutinous mood; they left Philadelphia feeling that they were the cherished soldiers of the nation, loved for the cause in which they were to fight. Over and over again, during our passage from Philadelphia, I heard remarks like this from one and another of the men: 'Well, they showed that they did care for us after all.'—'Weren't those nice, handsome ladies that helped us there?' This influence did not leave them after they went to the field; often was that night's supper at the Refreshment Saloon spoken of, and its influence in preventing demoralization, and rousing the ambition and self-respect of the men, was wonderful. When, on Thanksgiving Day, the townsmen of the soldiers had provided a bounteous dinner, more than one of the soldiers said to me: 'This seems like that supper in Philadelphia, only we haven't the ladies to wait on us.'"

The testimony of the officials in the several States from which soldiers passed through Philadelphia was unreserved and appreciative of the great work done by the Union organization. Governor Andrew, of Massachusetts, writes: "Gratefully acknowledging the comfort, encouragement, and consolation afforded to many thousands of our New England soldiers, to whom, in their hunger, thirst, weariness, and sickness, our devoted friends in Philadelphia have administered with unfailing generosity, kindness and solicitude." Governor Holbrook, of Vermont: "Over 6000 of the volunteer soldiers of Vermont, on their way to the seat of war, have been refreshed and comforted at your Saloon, and 'Our Green Mountain Boys' remember the kind attentions of the citizens of Philadelphia with lively gratitude. On behalf of the State of Vermont, I return hearty thanks for the kindness shown to our soldiers on their passage through your city." Governor Buckingham, of Connecticut: "Such disinterested and self-sacrificing benevolence will be gratefully remembered, not only by the soldiers, but by their many friends in this State." Secretary Seward: "The disinterested patriotism and benevolence of those who manage that institution have for some time past attracted my attention and admiration." The Hon. Edward Everett: "No one circumstance, I am sure, has contributed more to the comfort and health of our patriotic fellow-citizens who have obeyed their country's call. It has given your city a new and most commanding title to her beautiful name."

Nor were the efforts of this association confined to the refreshment of soldiers at its own rooms. Stores were shipped to St. Louis, to Kentucky, and other points, in response to earnest calls for help from similar institutions. Many young men who had received leave of absence, as a reward for good conduct, to attend military schools in the city in preparation to command colored troops, were allowed to take their meals and lodge at the Saloon. On the homeward march soldiers often came with considerable sums of money, and were fit subjects for the wiles of the sharper, having been not unfrequently drugged and robbed. Large numbers were induced to send this to their families, members of the committee often laboring until midnight in writing letters and despatching them. Sums were also sent by express. Over $50,000 were thus forwarded, $15,000 having been sent at one time. After the battle of Bull Run, 290 sick and wounded soldiers from that disastrous field, who could not find a place in the United States hospitals, were taken in charge by the Union committee, and 260 of them were permanently provided for, many of them taken to the homes of its members, some remaining a period of three months. After the battle of Gettysburg, over 700 patients were received, the utmost energies being taxed for a time in burying the dead, dressing the wounded, attending the surgeons in their ghastly work, and in ministering to their daily wants. Divine services were held for the benefit of soldiers in the hospitals in January, 1864, at which clergymen from the various denominations officiated.

The following were the officers of this great charity: *Chairman*, Arad Barrows; *Recording Secretary*, J. B. Wade; *Treasurer*, B. S. Brown; *Steward*, J. T. Williams; *Physician*, E. Ward; *Corresponding Secretary and General Financial Agent*, Samuel B. Fales.

Committee of Gentlemen: Arad Barrows, Bazilla S. Brown, Joseph B. Wade, Isaac B. Smith, Sr., Erasmus W. Cooper, Job T. Williams, John W. Hicks, George Flomerfelt, John Krider, Sr., Isaac B. Smith, Jr., Charles B. Grieves, James McGlathery, John B. Smith, Curtis Myers, Dr. Eliab Ward, Christian Powell, W. S. Mason, Charles S. Clampitt, D. L. Flanigan, Richard Sharp, James Cassel, Samuel B. Fales, Robert R. Corson, and John T. Wilson.

Committee of Ladies: Mrs. Mary Grover, Hannah Smith, Priscilla Grover, Margaret Boyer, Eliza J. Smith, Anna Elkinton, Ellen B. Barrows, Mary L. Field, Ellen J. Lowry, Mary D. Wade, Eliza Plummer, Mary A. Cassedy, Mary Lee, Emily Mason, Mary Green, Eliza Helmbold, Elizabeth Horton, Sarah Femington, Kate B. Anderson, and Hannah F. Bailey, and Misses Sarah Holland, Catherine Bailey, Amanda Lee, Anna Grover, Martha B. Krider, Annie Field, and Mary Grover.

With the exception of the Steward, who was constantly employed and who had responsible and laborious duties to perform, none of the officers or agents of the association received any compensation. Mr. Fales, who was a man of large means, of extensive acquirements and scholarly tastes, gave his almost exclusive attention for over four and a half years to this work, often laboring till late at night though his life had passed the bounds of half a century. He was a native of Boston and allied by birth to the families of Governor Bradford and James Otis; was educated at Harvard College, and previous to the war was engaged in making a collection of paintings and other fine art works, which he suspended entirely to engage in the labors of the Union Saloon. His influence, during the whole period, among wealthy citizens was very great in procuring the necessary funds, and from the fact that the association was not incorporated he was individually liable, as were his associates, for any debts incurred in its management. Since the war he has been made a Companion of the Military Order of the "Loyal Legion of the United States,"—an association which admitted to companionship but one civilian to fifty officers,—a high mark of approval, by military men, of his great services in behalf of soldiers during the war, and in the engrossed resolutions of the Committee of the Union Volunteer Refreshment Saloon, he was designated the SOLDIERS' FRIEND.

Mrs. Eliza G. Plummer, born in 1812, had been for twenty-five years a widow. Though in humble circumstances, she had been long known as the friend of the sick and needy, and when the Saloon and the Hospital were opened, was among the most untiring in her attentions, and was made principal of the latter. When, in 1862, the accommodations were insufficient for the numbers of the sick and wounded, she took some of the worst cases of virulent typhoid fever to her own home, and nursed them with a mother's tenderness. At the fair held in 1863, and in caring for the Gettysburg wounded who came almost simultaneously with that event, she was debilitated by excessive labor, and soon after sank to the grave, widely lamented and mourned. Mrs. Mary B. Wade, past seventy, known among the soldiers as Mother Wade; Mrs. Ellen J. Lowry, past fifty, a native of Baltimore; and Mrs. Margaret Boyer, of Philadelphia, also advanced in years, were among the active and untiring.

On the 1st of January, 1863, a beautiful eagle, the National emblem, measuring fourteen feet from tip to tip, and standing nearly six feet in height, artistically carved and gilded, the work of employés of the Navy Yard, was presented to the Saloon, and was placed upon the roof over the main entrance. Mr. T. Buchanan Read subsequently read at the Academy of Music the following poem, suggested by its sunlit appearance, appropriately dedicated to Mr. Samuel B. Fales, in recognition of his tireless labors:

I saw in a vision with glory o'errun,
A great golden Eagle flash out of the sun;
His wide wings of splendor were lit like the morn,
Ablaze with the hue of the place he was born.
He had heard the first shell that at Sumter was hurled,
And at once his broad pinions of light were unfurled;
His eyes flashing anger—his talons beneath,
Holding the bolts threatening treason with death—
The bolts that in lightning and thunder were poured
In defence of the right--in the name of the Lord!
He heard the great North call loudly to arms—
Saw the West pouring legions from cities and farms—
The Excelsior State give her patriot sons,
And the solid old Keystone, a-glitter with guns!
Just think, if you can, as he drop't down the sky,
What a wonderful picture lay under his eye:
There were long lines of dust with the bayonet's quiver,
Moving southward unchecked, like a storm-swollen river,
That at last breaks its banks and pours over the plain
A terrible deluge that naught can restrain:
And the cavalry, swift as the shades of a cloud,
Swept the field, where the foe like a harvest was bowed,
And where those brave champions were sheltered and fed,
He perched with his guardian wings wide overhead.
How the soldier's eye glistened, as gazing aloof,
He saw the great emblem that brightened the roof.
There many a blue-coat, with dust almost gray,
Breathed a blessing and prayer as he went on his way,
And the poor wounded veteran, borne up from the fight,
Smiled a smile of relief as that bird flashed in sight,
For he knew that beneath, in that hospital ward,
Great patriot hearts kept their tireless guard:
Kind men and kind women, whom toil could not tame,
Who wrought not for pay, and who dreamed not of fame:
They sought no promotion, their labor was love—
But their crowns and their stars surely wait them above,
Where the angel of freedom her gratitude sings,
And stands like that Eagle with welcoming wings."

When, in 1868, the Republican National Convention for the nomination cf a candidate for President and Vice-President assembled in Philadelphia, there came from near and far large numbers of soldiers, members of an organization known as the Boys in Blue. When the patrons of the Old Union Saloon learned that soldiers were coming, former recollections were revived. A meeting of the former committee, and those who had shown such disinterested charity and philanthropy during the years of peril, was called, and it was proposed, as of old, to buckle on the armor and again take them by the hand in glad welcome. The objection was raised that these were men of one particular party and the Saloon would be committed by such an act to a political organization. But to this it was answered that, as during the war the party or creed of the applicant for bounty was never asked, but the refugee, the contraband, and even rebel deserter, was received and fed, so now it was enough to know that they had been the country's defenders. This view prevailed, and once more the committee and their assistants gathered in their stores. Again was the old gun brought into requisition, and its voice echoed across the Delaware, and along the waters of the Schuylkill. National Hall was taken possession of, and transformed into a saloon, and in the space of forty-eight hours 29,000 meals were furnished. The entire force of the former society, from highest to lowest, even to Mother Wade, now past eighty, was out. Old associations were joyfully recalled, and the heart of the donor and the recipient of bounty were together made glad.

THE COOPER SHOP VOLUNTEER REFRESHMENT SALOON, of Philadelphia, which, like the Union Saloon, with which it was intimately associated, has attained a reputation broad as the national domain by its open-handed charity, took its name from the building where it was located, which previous to the war had been used for the manufacture of shooks for the West India trade. This building, 32 by 150 feet, stands upon Otsego street, a few rods south of Washington Avenue, near the line of march of soldiers passing through the city on their way to or from the front. When the tide of troops, early in 1861, began to set towards the national capital, and the weary and travel-stained soldiers paused for refreshments which kind-hearted women of the neighborhood prepared for them in the open street, Messrs. William M. Cooper and H. W. Pearce, who in company carried on the business in this building, suggested that it be taken for a Saloon. Boilers were accordingly obtained and set in the great fire-place, tables were extemporized and thus the work was begun. Those interested first brought provisions from their own homes;

but as the troops came in great numbers they appealed for help to butchers, grocers, milkmen, and even farmers, in a wide circuit. Mrs. Thomas D. Grover rendered efficient aid in collecting provisions, and her example was emulated by others. Their call was promptly responded to, and their humble enterprise grew into a large and well-managed institution, doing well and faithfully its self-appointed work. A hospital was also established over which Andrew Nebinger, M. D., presided, giving freely his services and attention. A committee of ladies, at the head of which was Miss Anna M. Ross, devoted itself to the care of the suffering. The wash-boilers in the old fire-place were eventually succeeded by a mammoth range, where hourly a hundred gallons of coffee could be made.

The Cooper Shop and the Union Saloons worked harmoniously side by side, the only rivalry being in the strife to see which should do the most good, and ample opportunity was found for their united labors. That there might be no clashing in the practical working of their organizations a committee of three from each was appointed to arrange the details of receiving soldiers, afterwards reduced to one from each, and finally increased to three in May, 1863, and consisted of Messrs. Sharp, Mason, and Brown from the Union, with Messrs. Plant, Coward, and Mellen from the Cooper Shop. By these it was agreed that each should alternately entertain the officers and an equal division of enlisted men. When the arrivals were less than two hundred in number, each in turn was to receive all who came within a space of twenty-four hours. In a brief address at Concert Hall on the occasion of a benefit to the Saloon, on the 22d of November, 1864, Miss Cordelia Cappell said: "When the careworn soldier, his wounds still bleeding, comes from the battlefield, he finds at the Cooper Shop Volunteer Refreshment Saloon a solution of the problem of what constitutes true patriotism and philanthropy. The extended hand not empty—the cheerful welcome not an empty sound—a place at a table never bare—give him the sweet assurance that the welcome is like the great sea's ebb, which only retires when laden with inestimable blessings. . . . Not only to the returned soldier are its doors open, but to the gallant boys passing to the field of battle, their martial spirit beaming from their sparkling eyes, does this *oasis* present itself. The cooling streams in the deserts of Arabia are not more welcome to the weary, wandering traveller than is the Cooper Shop Volunteer Refreshment Saloon to our returned volunteers! It remained for this war to elicit and bring forth all the noble qualities of men and women, to sustain a country that has no parallel in history." Miss Anna M. Ross, the Lady Principal of the hospital, in closing an appeal for aid, dated March 1st, 1862, said: "Since the opening of the hospital, on the 29th of October last, there have been received in it 130 patients; of these 113 have left the hospital either cured or relieved; three have died and fourteen are now in the ward—a large number of patients, certainly, to be treated in so small a hospital, in a space of time covering only five months. This little institution now presents itself to you and your congregation, and solicits your and their aid. The defenders of our bleeding yet glorious Union implore your help. The cause of humanity begs you for assistance, and the soldier—sick and a stranger among us—asks you to give, and he knows that to ask will be to receive."

Early in the year 1862, the hospital was placed under the charge of a committee of three ladies: Mrs. R. P. King, Mrs. William Struthers, and Mrs. Hatch, in addition to the Principal, with power to add three others to their number. The supply of drugs, which was quite complete, was under the charge of Mr. Robert Nebinger, who labored with great zeal to make the collection serviceable. The increasing demands upon the association for hospital care and treatment, and from a class who, having been discharged from the service of the United States, were still not beyond the bounds of humanity and mercy, induced the managers to project a Soldiers' Home, a charter for which was obtained on the 15th of February, 1862, from the Philadelphia Court. Not until September could suitable apartments be procured. To raise the necessary funds to open it, and to form a nucleus for future efforts, a fair was held by the ladies associated in the management of the Saloon, headed by Miss Ross, the Principal, from which the sum of $2400 was realized. The necessary repairs and preparations having been made, it was formally opened and dedicated to its purposes. But, on the very day that the dedication took place, she who had been among the foremost in laboring to establish it was called to her final rest. Possessed of a vigorous constitution, and urged forward by unfailing energy, in her zeal to minister to the infirmities of others she had utterly neglected to care for herself. "Fatigue," says Dr. Moore, in his history of the Saloon, "numbness, a sense of extreme cold, and finally paralysis supervened, and this faithful servant of God remained for days in a state of unconsciousness. When she aroused from this, she felt as if death were approaching, and embracing her friends, peacefully breathed her last. . . . An immense concourse of people attended the honored remains to their last resting-place in Monument Cemetery, where, with clustering roses, beneath a stately cedar, her tomb is marked by a chaste monument of marble, and an appropriate inscription testifies the appreciation of her worth by sorrowing friends, records her virtues, and presents the passer-by with a noble subject for emulation. On the day of her decease, while she lingered in the last struggles of expiring nature, the 'Cooper Shop Soldiers' Home' was dedicated. Thus she 'rests from her labors and her works do follow her.' She was about fifty years of age."

After the death of Miss Ross, Mrs. Abigail Horner became Lady Principal of the hospital, and was ably seconded by Mrs. J. Floyd, Mrs. J. Perry, Mrs. R. P. King, Mrs. E. E. Roberts, Mrs. William M. Cooper, and Mrs. P. Fitzpatrick. An Act of incorporation of the Home was obtained from the Legislature on the 20th of April, 1864; but it was soon after merged in the Soldiers' Home of Philadelphia. The number of men under treatment from the organization of the hospital to May 25th, 1862, was 159; to May 25th, 1863, 305; to May 25th, 1864, eighty-five were admitted, two died, and seventy-nine were discharged; and to 1865, twelve died and 291 were discharged. This number is exclusive of several thousands of soldiers who, passing through the city, received dispensary treatment. At the close of the war it had 160 inmates, and by the proceeds of a fair held for the purpose, in which the managers were aided by several influential citizens, at the head of whom was General Meade, it had an invested fund for its perpetual support of $100,000. The location of the Home was at first at Race and Crown streets, but was subsequently at Sixteenth and Filbert streets, in the State Arsenal, the use of which was kindly granted by the Legislature. "The institution," says Dr. Moore, "as the visitor enters, presents an appearance of great interest. The name of any patriot soldier or sailor is at once put upon the books, and his place assigned him. If he desires to read, an extensive, well-selected library provides him with a valuable and varied collection of books. A School furnishes instruction in reading, writing, arithmetic, and other useful branches. The dormitory is spacious and well ventilated, while a hospital, complete and well ordered, receives the sick, who are attended by a Resident Physician, and daily by another in conjunction. The apothecary's shop is full of medicines, capable of relieving the maladies of the patients in all but desperate cases. These supplies, called to the aid of science, mitigate the sufferings of the brave defenders of their country, who are well cared for. There is a Bible class, in which a considerable number meet daily to read the Scriptures, and a spacious chapel where divine service is held. The supply at table is excellent, nutritious and plentiful. The inmates partake of the meals with good order, and it is an interesting sight to see them. The melodeon and other musical instruments are called into requisition during the evening, and the time passes delightfully away, all being improving from the beginning to the end, morally and intellectually. On the occasion of the flag presentation in July, 1866, when the banners of Pennsylvania regiments were delivered back to the hands of the Governor, to be deposited in the archives of the State, the orphan children of the soldiers were received at the Home. Seven hundred of them were hospitably entertained during their stay in the city. Through the whole period of the Rebellion, the Cooper Shop Volunteer Refreshment Saloon was sustained by the noble and unremitted efforts of all classes of citizens of Philadelphia. The old and young contributed. Poor as well as rich gave freely according to their means. All classes vied with each other in endeavors to support the institution whose aims were purely those of patriotic philanthropy. But, while others contributed, the committee labored as well, and many of them fell victims to their noble ardor, or had the seeds of disease disseminated in their constitutions which no skill of the healing art can eradicate. Thus the beneficent efforts made by the committee and their friends, by means of fairs and contributions, passed not away, but became perpetuated in the Soldiers' Home."

Of the number of those who sustained this association, and who were cut off in the midst of their labors, were Miss Clara T. Cooper, daughter of William M. Cooper, one of the owners of the building which gave name to the charity; Mr. William H. Dennis, who was stricken down suddenly from prostration, "one of the most untiring members of the committee;" Mrs. Mary Ann Haines, "one of the originals of the committee, whose loss was much felt and deeply regretted by the soldiers and a large circle of friends;" and Mr. William Morrison, who was the first of their number to be summoned from the stirring scenes of life.

In the volume of Dr. Moore a daily record of troops is published, which shows that in the aggregate, during the little more than four years of its existence, six hundred thousand were received. The committee who originally had the Saloon in charge was constituted as follows: William M. Cooper, H. W. Pearce, A. M. Simpson, W. R. S. Cooper, Jacob Plant, Walter R. Mellon, A. S. Simpson, C. V. Fort, William Morrison, Samuel W. Nickels, Philip Fitzpatrick, T. H. Rice, William M. Maull, R. H. Ransley, L. B. M. Dolby, A. H. Cain, William H. Dennis, R. H. Hoffner, L. W. Thornton, Joseph E. Sass, T. L. Coward, E. J. Herrity, C. L. Wilson, Joseph Perry, R. G. Simpson, Isaac Plant, James Toomey, H. H. Webb, William Sprowle, Henry Dubosq, G. R. Birch, Christopher Jacoby, James Tosing, E. S. Cooper, Joseph Coward, J. T. Packer, A. Nebinger and R. Nebinger.

The picture of the Saloon and of its operations as drawn by Dr. Moore is of interest: "The room was strictly clean and tidy, and every article shone by the careful hands of the active housekeepers who ministered to our braves. In the extensive fire-place was a large boiler for preparing the coffee, one for boiling meats, and all the required utensils of the culinary art. While the vegetables were cooking, and the viands preparing, each table was laid with a clean white linen cloth, on which were arranged plates of white stone china, mugs of the same, knives and forks, castors, and all that was necessary to table use. Bouquets of flowers, the gifts of visitors, were frequently added, and lent their fragrance to the savory odors. The bill of fare consisted of the best the market could supply, and was not, in the articles provided, inferior to that of any hotel. At all meals food was abundant; consisting of ham, corned beef, bologna sausage, bread made of the finest wheat, butter of the best quality, cheese, pepper sauce, beets, pickles, dried beef, coffee and tea, and vegetables."

The treatment accorded soldiers at this Saloon excited in the breasts of the hundreds of thousands of those who were its recipients the kindest and most enduring regard. Many letters were received from the field and from far off homes, from soldiers themselves and from the relatives of those who had fallen in the strife, tendering the warmest thanks for the Christian and humanizing influences bestowed. One will stand as an example of all, and will fitly conclude this notice. It was addressed by Fannie M. Overton, from Long Island, to Mr. Wm. M. Cooper: "Dear Sir:—I am under greater obligations to you and your lady committee than any others on this earth. I am a widow with but little of this world's goods, and have received many favors, but thou hast outdone them all; and on the judgment day I hope my children will rise up and call you blessed. There is but little prospect of my seeing any of you, except the one who has been at my humble cottage, on such an errand of mercy with the law of kindness on his tongue; but, do not fail to meet me in heaven. Dr. Nebinger: Thanks to you. God bless you for your faithful efforts to relieve the sufferings of and restore my dear, my oldest son. May the great physician hold you *precious* in his sight—soul and body—and when you are removed hence, may it be to the land where the inhabitants never say, 'I am sick.' Rev. Joseph Perry: You found my boy a disabled soldier in the hospital; you reminded him that he had a soul to save, as well as a body to heal. A thousand thanks to you for it. The blessed intelligence that 'he was enabled to say that his trust was in the crucified Saviour, and that we would meet in heaven,' made my heart beat with joy, while it ached with grief. Mr. Struthers: You, in unison with your lady, were a friend to the fatherless boy—the stranger among you. The Lord reward you a thousand-fold. To one and all, I return thanks, hearty thanks."

CHAPTER IV.

THE FORT PITT WORKS. In warfare, genius for invention, skill in overcoming difficulties in mechanical execution, and the provision of the necessary appliances for producing the most effective weapons, have often saved a nation from disgrace, and been the means of asserting its triumph. Bows and arrows could not stand against powder and balls. The catapult had to bow to the power of artillery, and the valiant little Monitor appeared upon the ocean at a moment opportune for saving the Union from dishonor in the assaults of the dreaded Merrimac. Napoleon was known to say that the Lord was on the side of the party with the heaviest guns. It is certain that the chances of victory should be with the one which has the best constructed and most powerful weapons.

The subject of heavy ordnance has been a perplexing one on account of the difficulty of producing perfect pieces. In the Revolutionary War the size of the guns used, even on shipboard, was insignificant, and down to the close of the War of 1812 the heaviest gun employed in the military or naval service was a twenty-four pounder that barely weighed fifty-two hundred pounds. Among the earliest and most successful establishments for casting heavy ordnance in this country were the Fort Pitt Works at Pittsburg. They were founded by Joseph McClurg, in 1814, and were located on the corner of Fifth and Smithfield streets, the present site of the Custom House and Post Office, and guns were cast there for use in the war with Great Britain, which had not then closed. The cannon balls and grape-shot, used by Commodore Perry, in his little fleet which achieved so glorious a victory on the waters of Lake Erie, on that memorable morning of the 10th of September, 1813, were cast at the little foundry from which the ordnance foundry originated. Mr. McClurg then entered into a contract with the Government to cast cannon for the navy, and erected new works on the site now occupied, which, by enlargements from time to time made, have come to occupy an entire city square, bounded on three sides by streets and a fourth by the Allegheny river. At first only boring and finishing were done here, the machinery being driven, for want of water-power, by horses. After three or four years experience with these, in which time some excellent work was turned out, the old, blind horses were discarded, and the steam engine, then just coming into use, was substituted.

A board of military men, convened in 1819 by John C. Calhoun, then Secretary of War, to consider particularly the subject of the use of heavy guns, reported that the twenty-four-pounder, the size then in use, was the largest gun required. Ten years later, a thirty-two-pounder was adopted, and in 1832 a forty-two-pounder, weighing eighty-four hundred pounds.

The Works, which had descended to the sons of the original proprietor, and subsequently, in 1831, had come into the hands of Joseph McClurg and Major William Wade, were purchased in 1841, by Charles Knap and W. J. Totten, and at this time in addition to the production of heavy guns and missiles turned out steam engines and machinery. In 1844, the two iron steamboats Jefferson and Bibb were built and armed for the United States revenue service. In 1840, trials proved that shells as well as solid shots could be fired from heavy guns, which had formerly been confined to mortars; and guns of eight and ten inch calibre were proven to be practicable. Six years later, experiments showed that a two-hundred-and-twenty-five-pounder, weighing twenty-five thousand pounds, using twenty-eight pounds of powder, and throwing a loaded shell of one hundred and eighty pounds three and a third miles, could be safely and conveniently used.

In the making of heavy guns, the method pursued had been to first cast the piece solid, and then to bore it of the size of the desired calibre. In practice an objection to cast-iron guns had been found to be their liability to burst, so that the party firing was almost in as much danger as the party fired at. Lieutenant Rodman, who in 1846 had been employed to superintend the casting of guns for the Government at the Fort Pitt Works, conceived the idea that cooling from the outer surface inward had a tendency to weaken the strength of the metal, inasmuch as, when the outer layer had become firm, that lying next to it would shrink away by contraction, and so on as the successive layers cooled until the centre was reached. By reversing the process he believed that the metal would be correspondingly strengthened. He accordingly proposed to cast the piece hollow, and by introducing a constant stream of cold water into the aperture, and at the same time surrounding it on the outside by air heated to eight hundred degrees, to cool the metal from within outward, so that each concentric stratum as it congealed would act like the tire on a carriage wheel, which, being put on hot, as it gradually cools, hugs the tighter, and draws all together more firmly. After careful and thorough tests, his theory was found to be correct, and Mr. Knap secured a patent in Rodman's behalf for the invention, and in 1859, so superior were these guns found to be to those cast solid, that the Secretary of War ordered that all heavy guns made thereafter for the Government should be by this method.

In 1851, after the decease of Mr. Totten, Major Wade again became a partner. In 1858 the entire Works were burned. They were immediately rebuilt on a much more extended scale, and H. F. Rudd and N. K. Wade succeeded Major Wade in the partnership. In 1859 a gun of fifteen inch bore was cast. Three furnaces were employed to melt the metal, of which seventy-six thousand pounds were used, and after mingling in a common reservoir it was conducted into the gun mould. Eighteen hundred tons of water were used to cool it, the process requiring an entire week. This gun was removed to Fortress Monroe, where it was fired five hundred times with charges of powder varying from thirty-five to fifty pounds, and with shells weighing from three hundred to three hundred and thirty pounds.

Soon after the testing of this gun, Rodman proposed to cast a twenty inch gun, twenty feet long, to weigh a hundred thousand pounds, and to throw a ball weighing a thousand pounds; but the breaking out of the Rebellion caused this project to be abandoned, as the foundry was kept in operation to its full capacity in turning out guns of lesser mould for use both by land and sea, until February, 1864, when, by order of Secretary Stanton, one was cast twenty-five feet long, five feet and a half in diameter in its largest part, for which one hundred and seventy-two thousand pounds of iron were melted. It was mounted at Fort Hamilton, New York, and was tested with one hundred pounds of powder, and a solid shot weighing one thousand and eighty pounds, without injury. A similar gun, somewhat shorter, was cast for the navy.

A trial of the use of heavy guns in real conflict occurred about this time which gave a decided impetus to their production. It was the conflict of the Weehawken, Captain Rodgers, with the rebel iron-clad Atlanta. This craft was British built, and at Savannah, Georgia, had been iron clad, and so armed as to be thought invulnerable; so much so as to have been the object of exultation in advance, the haughty Southerners being hardly willing to fix any limit to the mischief it was destined to do—the raising of the siege of Charleston, and bringing the city of New York upon its knees, being only among the more common of its exploits. As it moved down from Savannah it was accompanied by steamers, gayly decked, freighted with fair ladies and gallant men, who were to be witnesses to the triumph of the giant of the waters. Dupont had been apprised of her coming, and had despatched the Weehawken and the Nahant, which for several days had been on the lookout in Warsaw sound, to meet her. Finally, just after daylight on the morning of the 17th of June, 1863, the monster was discovered approaching with colors defiantly spread. Waiting till he had come within three hundred yards before answering the hostile fire, Rodgers opened with one of his heavy guns. The first shot struck and shivered a shutter to one of the port-holes of the Atlanta. The second carried away its pilot-house, severely wounding two of its three pilots. The fifth passed quite through it—massive iron armor, stout timber backing and all—and splashed into the water beyond, killing one and wounding thirteen gunners. This ended the battle, for the rebel flag was hauled down and a white one run up, and Commodore Rodgers towed off his prize to

Hilton Head, the gay ladies of Savannah returning with poor appetites to a late breakfast.

Soon after the breaking out of the Rebellion the Fort Pitt Works were greatly enlarged, to meet the increased demand for cannon and ordnance stores, at an expense of over two hundred and forty thousand dollars, and in 1863 Mr. Knap became sole proprietor. Some idea of the extent of the works, and of what an adjunct they proved in crushing Rebellion, may be gained from the following description, taken from the history of *American Manufactures:* "The establishment is now one of the largest and most complete cannon foundries in the United States or in Europe, as no other is known having the capability of manufacturing guns of such enormous size, or of producing any other kinds with equal despatch. It is the oldest cannon foundry in the United States, having survived for more than twenty years all others which existed when it was first established in 1814. Its proprietors had each in continuous succession been previously engaged in conducting its operations, thus inheriting whatever knowledge of the art had been acquired by the cumulative experience of their predecessors for more than half a century.

"The foundry contains six reverberatory air-furnaces, capable of melting from twelve to fifty tons each, and two cupola furnaces capable of melting twenty tons. If all of them were put in operation at the same time, they would be capable of melting one hundred and sixty tons of iron, and of making a casting of that weight in one single piece. There are fifteen gun-pits in the foundry floor, in which the moulds are placed vertically on end when the guns are cast. Grate bars and ash pits are placed in the bottom of the pits for receiving fuel, with underground air-flues communicating with them for the purpose of heating the pits while the guns are cooling. The boring-mill contains thirty-one lathes, employed in turning, boring, and finishing cannon, besides other special machines for dressing irregular curves, which cannot be accomplished by ordinary turning or planing machines. The lathe constructed specially for the twenty inch guns is sixty feet long and eight feet wide, and weighs ninety thousand pounds. The boring tool does not revolve while the gun is boring, but advances in the line of the axis of the gun while the latter is revolving. When all the lathes are in full work, the weight of guns in revolving motion at the same time exceeds four hundred tons. The lathes have turned, bored, and finished complete, eighteen heavy guns per week, viz.: two of fifteen inch, ten of ten inch, and six of eight inch; or at the rate of nine hundred guns per annum, requiring eleven thousand tons of melted iron.

"The casting and boring apartments contain twelve large cranes, eight of which are worked by steam power. Four of the latter are capable of lifting, lowering, and moving horizontally, forty-five tons each, and all others from fifteen to twenty tons each. By means of the steam-power cranes and other machinery, the heaviest guns are lifted out of the pits in which they are cast, and moved from place to place through successive lathes and machines until they are finished complete, when they are sent out of the works and loaded on railroad cars for distant transportation by steam-power alone.

"The machine used for testing the iron was invented by Major Wade, in 1844, and has since been enlarged and improved by Major Rodman. It is made to exert a force of one hundred thousand pounds, which is applied or removed with great facility by the simple turning of a hand crank, and it measures accurately to a single pound the resistance offered by the body under trial. It is arranged for measuring the resistance of metal to tensile, transverse, torsional, crushing, and bursting forces; for measuring extension, deflection, compression, and permanent set in either form of strain, and for determining the relative hardness of metals. The specific gravity is ascertained by a hydrometer, designed by Major Wade, which receives specimens of any weight not exceeding two pounds. It is exceedingly sensitive, and gives the weight lost by the specimen in distilled water, to the one-hundred-and-forty-thousandth part of the specimen weighed. Duplicates of these testing machines were obtained and sent to England for use in the Woolwich arsenal, by a special commission of English officers, who visited the United States in 1854, for the purpose of examining the machinery used in our national armories, duplicates of which, also, they procured for use in their public armory at

Enfield. The instruments used in verifying the dimensions of cannon are numerous and well devised. The Star Gauge which measures the diameter of the bore, the part in which the greatest accuracy is required, denotes differences so minute as the one-thousandth part of an inch. And such is the perfection of the boring machinery, and the skilfulness of the workmen now employed, that the variations from the prescribed diameter of the bore rarely exceed the one five-hundredth part of an inch. Government inspecting officers are present, and witness all the successive operations in the manufacture of cannon, from the selection of the iron for melting up to the completion of the gun, all of which they note and register. When the guns are finished, they are carefully inspected, weighed, and proved; and when they are received, the inspector stamps upon them the official marks of reception. The instrument by which they are weighed has a capacity of one hundred tons. A register of all the details of the manufacture of each cannon cast, and of all the tests made, is kept in the foundry books also. So that a minute and exact history of every gun in the public service is preserved in the ordnance offices at Washington, and at the foundries.

"There is probably no single establishment in the United States which attracted so much public attention during the war as the Fort Pitt Foundry. It was thronged daily with visitors. Many travelling strangers in passing would delay their journey a day or two in order to visit the Works. Distinguished military and naval officers from England, France, Spain, Russia, Sweden, Denmark, Prussia, Sardinia, and Austria, who had come from Europe to observe the operations of our armies in the field, or to note the progress of the war, and the manner of conducting it, came from Washington City for the special purpose of examining the Works, and of witnessing the casting of the monster cannon."

PETERSBURG MINE. Few events in the late war created more interest, or will be longer remembered, than the explosion of the celebrated Petersburg Mine. Such operations are not uncommon in the history of warfare, but this is the only instance, in the several wars prosecuted upon this continent, in which it has been resorted to. It has few of the horrors of close conflict with artillery, or even infantry; yet, as the direful moment approached, it was awaited with breathless anxiety; and when, after a deep, rumbling sound, like the roll of heaven's artillery, or the awful voice of the storm, a great fort, with all its immense enginery of war, and the entire garrison, rose bodily far into the heavens, and then fell back and outwards in unthought of confusion,—soldiers buried beneath heavy guns, and the bowels of the earth thrust up to the sunlight, encompassing and covering all,—a feeling of wonder and amazement succeeded. The consternation inspired among the enemy was unbounded. Each looked at the other dumb with terror, seeming to inquire if his own foothold would yield, and for a considerable time no movements on either side were undertaken.

The man in whose brain the thought of this novel work originated, and by whom it was planned and executed, was Henry Pleasants; and the men who performed the tedious labor of excavating and constructing it were the men whom he commanded, the Forty-eighth Pennsylvania regiment. He was born on the 17th of February, 1833, in the city of Buenos Ayres, Argentine Republic, South America. His father, John Pleasants, was a native of Philadelphia, descended from a Quaker family who settled early on the banks of the James; his mother, Nieves Silveira, of Spanish origin. During his boyhood and to the age of thirteen, he was in the Spanish and English schools of Buenos Ayres. His parents then returned to this country, and he entered the Philadelphia High School. Here he continued from July, 1846, to February, 1851, when he graduated, receiving the degree of Bachelor of Arts, and afterwards, in course, that of Master of Arts. He at once entered upon his chosen profession, that of a civil engineer, and was for seven years engaged upon the line of the Pennsylvania railroad. He subsequently went to the mining regions of Pennsylvania, taking up his residence at Pottsville, Schuylkill county.

When the war opened in 1861, he recruited a company, of which he was chosen Captain, that became Company C of the Forty-eighth Pennsylvania regiment. It was composed largely of miners, and of men familiar with mining operations. He was with Burnside in North Carolina, and with the Army of the

Potomac in the battles of Bull Run, Chantilly, South Mountain, and Antietam, and at Marye's Heights, in the battle of Fredericksburg, exhibited the most unhesitating bravery, receiving the promotion of Lieutenant-Colonel. He was with Hooker in his march to the shattered army of Rosecrans, and in Kentucky, Tennessee, and Georgia, did the most effective service.

Having returned to the Army of the Potomac, Burnside's corps stood ready, at the opening of May, to advance with the armies of Grant on the Wilderness campaign. Lieutenant-Colonel Pleasants was still in command of his regiment, and in the engagement before Spottsylvania Court House, he manœuvred his men so skilfully, as to capture two hundred of the enemy. Again on the 18th of June, 1864, when first arrived before Petersburg, and when strenuous efforts were being made by the Union army to carry the place by direct assault, he by a brilliant stroke captured over three hundred more.

The heroic efforts of the men in blue were unavailing in routing the enemy from their well-chosen positions, rapidly strengthened; and the operations settled down into the slow work of a siege. And now the commander of the Forty-eighth came forward with his plan of a mine. Just below the crest of Cemetery Hill, and opposite the Second division of the Ninth corps, the enemy had constructed a strong work. Colonel Pleasants proposed to start a mine just inside the Union line, run it under this work and blow it up, thereby opening a way for a rapid advance within, and the turning of the enemy's positions to right and left. On the 24th of June, 1864, he formally stated his plan to General Potter, and subsequently, in an interview with Generals Potter and Burnside, it was decided to undertake it, and he was ordered with the aid of his regiment to commence the work. Many of his men, having spent a good portion of their lives under ground, were entirely at home in such operations, and entered into the project with high zest. Beside, the idea of opening the gate to the coveted city in this way possessed a fascination which stimulated them to exertion, though encountering many inconveniences, and being subjected to much severe toil. Strange as it may seem, army officers looked askance at the author of this novel undertaking, and at the head-quarters of the army little faith was exercised in the scheme, even the use of engineering instruments and the ordinary implements of toil being denied him.

The testimony of Colonel Pleasants before a committee of Congress discloses the feeling which prevailed, and the history of the enterprise:

"Can you fix the time when you mentioned the matter to General Burnside, when you commenced the work?"

"The work was commenced at twelve o'clock noon on the 25th of June, 1864. I saw General Burnside the night previous, and commenced the mine right off the next day."

"Did you have any communication with any other commanders on the subject?"

"No, sir."

"About how many men did you employ in the work?"

"My regiment was only about four hundred strong. At first I employed but a few men at a time, but the number was increased as the work progressed, until at last I had to use the whole regiment, non-commissioned officers and all. The great difficulty I had was to dispose of the material got out of the mine. I found it impossible to get any assistance from anybody; I had to do all the work myself. I had to remove all the earth in old cracker boxes. I got pieces of hickory and nailed on the boxes, and then iron-clad them with hoops taken from old pork and beef barrels."

"Why were you not able to get better instruments with which to construct so important a work?"

"I do not know. Whenever I made application I could not get anything, although General Burnside was very favorable to it. The most important thing was to ascertain how far I had to mine, because if I fell short of, or went beyond the proper place, the explosion would have no practical effect; therefore I wanted an accurate instrument with which to make the necessary triangulations. I had to make them on the furthest front line, where the enemy's sharpshooters could reach me. I could not get the instrument I wanted, although there was one at army head-quarters, and General Burnside had to send to Washington and get an old-fashioned theodolite, which was given to me."

"Do you know any reason why you could not have had the better instrument which was at army head-quarters?"

"I do not. I know this, that General Burnside told me that General Meade and Major Duane, chief engineer of the Army of the Potomac, said the thing could not be done; that it was all clap-trap and nonsense; that such a length of mine had never been excavated in military operations, and could not be; that I would either get the men smothered for want of air, or crushed by the falling of the earth; or the enemy would find it out, and it would amount to nothing. I could get no boards nor lumber supplied to me for my operations. I had to get a pass and send two companies of my own regiment with wagons outside of our lines to rebel sawmills and get lumber in that way, after having previously got what I could by tearing down an old bridge. I had no mining picks furnished me, but had to take common army picks and have them straightened."

"Was General Burnside the only officer who seemed to favor the mine?"

"The only officer of high rank, so far as I learned. General Burnside, the corps commander, and General Potter, the division commander, seemed to be the only high officers who believed in it."

"How long from the time that you commenced the mine did it take you to finish it?"

"I finished the whole thing, lateral galleries and all, ready to put the powder in on the 23d of July."

"How long would it have taken you had you been supplied with the proper tools and instruments?"

"I could have done it in one-third or one-fourth of the time. The greatest cause of the delay was taking the material out."

"How far did you have to carry it?"

"The whole length of the mine, and to where it could be deposited; and every night I had to get the pioneers of my regiment to cut bushes and cover it up, where it had been deposited; otherwise the enemy could have climbed up the trees in their lines and seen the pile of newly excavated earth."

"What was the length of the mine?"

"The main gallery was five hundred and ten and eight-tenths feet in length; the left lateral gallery was thirty-seven feet in length, and the right lateral gallery was thirty-eight feet. The magazines were to be placed in the lateral galleries."

"What were the dimensions of the galleries?"

"They varied at different places. I suppose the average was four and a half feet by four and a half feet."

"Did the enemy discover that you were mining them?"

"Deserters came into our lines from the enemy, who stated that they had found out where the mine was, and were trying to countermine. They said that some deserters from the Fifth corps in our army had told them about it. General Burnside ordered me to stop all work on a certain day on that account, and to listen for one day; but not hearing anything of the enemy, we resumed our work. I did not hear the enemy until I got right under the fort. They did a great deal of hammering. While I was propping up the mine that we had dug I made no noise. I had the timber all framed and notched outside of the mine, and it was put together by hand, without any blows."

"Was the mine placed directly under the fortification, or close by it?"

"It was exactly under it, except that the right lateral gallery made a little circular direction on account of avoiding a shaft which we supposed the enemy were making near by. It did not move out of line much, so that when the explosion took place it would tear up all around there."

"What amount of powder was used?"

"I called for twelve thousand pounds; they gave me eight thousand."

"What means did you take to consume the powder so that it would have the proper effect?"

"I had bags of sand interspersed with logs. There was no tamping between the magazines; it was left all open there so that there might be oxygen enough for the combustion of the powder. Outside the lateral galleries, in the main gallery, it was tamped."

"What means did you use to insure the explosion of the powder?"

"I used three lines of fuze called the blasting fuze. I asked for fuze, and they sent me the common blasting fuze. There were troughs running from one magazine to the other, half filled with powder; and then from where the two lateral galleries joined there were two troughs with fuzes in them. The troughs were half filled with fine powder; then from a certain distance out was nothing but three fuzes without any powder. The fuze I received was cut in short pieces; some of them were only ten feet long."

"Was there any danger that it would not communicate at those parts where it was joined?"

"It did not, and had to be relighted."

"Who had the courage to go down into the mine and relight it?"

"I had a Lieutenant and a Sergeant with me in the mine when I lighted it the first time."

"How far did it go out?"

"I had a fuze about ninety feet long, and it burned about forty feet—the whole three fuzes."

"How long did you wait to find out whether it would explode?"

"I waited from a quarter after three, the time it was first lighted, until quarter after four, when it was relighted, and exploded at sixteen minutes to five."

"Could you not procure fuzes that were not spliced?"

"It was too late after the fuzes came. The mine was prepared and ready for the powder to be put in on the 23d of July, and the enemy was trying to find me out all this time; but I could not get powder to put in, or permission to put it in, until the 28th or 29th."

"What reason was given for that?"

"No reason at all; they were not ready, that was all. General Burnside told me he had not permission yet to explode it. I was afraid the enemy would find me out that week."

"You state that you prepared three fuzes and laid them?"

"Yes, sir."

"Why was that?"

"I wanted to make a certain thing of it; but all three of the lines were spliced, and all three went out. The whole of the tamping, putting in the powder, and everything, was completed at six P. M. on the 28th of July, and remained there until it was exploded on the morning of the 30th of July; and the powder, remaining there a day and a half in the mine, of course became damp."

"Did it not require some nerve to go in there and relight those fuzes?"

"At first it did; but afterwards we felt certain that the reason the mine did not explode was that the fuzes had gone out."

"Who went in to relight them?"

"Lieutenant Jacob Douty, First Lieutenant of Company K, Forty-eighth Pennsylvania Volunteers, and Sergeant Henry Rees, now Second Lieutenant of Company F, of the same regiment."

From Colonel Pleasants' official report, the following additional particulars are given: "The charge consisted of three hundred and twenty kegs of powder, each containing about twenty-five pounds. It was placed in eight magazines, connected with each other by troughs half filled with powder.

"The mine was ventilated at first by having the fresh air go in along the main gallery as far as it was excavated, and to return charged with the gases generated by the breathing and exhalation of the workmen, by the burning of the candles, and by those liberated from the ground, along and in a square tube made of boards, and whose area was sixty inches. This tube led to a perpendicular shaft twenty-two feet high, out of which this vitiated air escaped. At the bottom of this shaft was placed a grating, in which a large fire was kept burning continually, which, by heating the air, rarefied it, and increased its current. Afterwards I caused the fresh air to be let in the above mentioned wooden tube to the end of the work, and the vitiated air to return by the gallery and out of the shaft, placing a partition with a door in the main gallery a little out of the shaft, to prevent its exit by the entrance of the mine. The latter plan was more advantageous, because the gases had to travel a less distance in the mine than before.

"The great difficulty to surmount was to ascertain the exact distance from the entrance of the mine to the enemy's works, and the course of these works. This was accomplished by making five separate triangulations, which differed but slightly in their result. These triangulations were made in our most advanced line, and within one hundred and thirty-three yards of the enemy's line of sharpshooters.

"The size of the crater formed by the explosion was at least two hundred feet long, fifty feet wide, and twenty-five feet deep.

"I stood on top of our breastworks and witnessed the effect of the explosion on the enemy. It so completely paralyzed them that the breach was practically four or five hundred yards in breadth. The rebels in the forts, both on the right and left of the explosion, left their works, and for over an hour not a shot was fired by their artillery. There was no fire of infantry from the front for at least half an hour; none from the left for twenty minutes, and but few shots from the right."

A writer in the *New York Herald*, in speaking of the secrecy with which the work was executed, says: "For a long time the project was unknown, even to those at whose side it was going on. It is true that reports were in circulation of a mine, but nobody could speak certainly of the matter. So much doubt was there, indeed, that for a time it was disbelieved that any such undertaking was on foot. One soldier in the breastworks, by whose side a ventilating shaft emerged, told his comrades in the most surprised manner that 'there was a lot of fellows under him a doing something; he knew there was, for he could hear 'em talk.' To guard against indiscretion on the part of the pickets, to prevent any meeting of our soldiers with the rebels, whereat the secret of the mine might be boastingly or imprudently disclosed, our pickets were ordered to fire continually. Hence the never ending fusilade on the front of the Ninth Corps, so incomprehensible to the other corps, and which was often referred to in newspaper paragraphs. The enemy, doubtless, suspected at first that the undermining was going on; but when several weeks elapsed without any demonstration, their suspicions began to vanish, especially as their engineers must have thought the plan unfeasible."

It was with feelings of the deepest anxiety that Colonel Pleasants took his place upon the parapet of the works and watched for the result of the explosion. Darkness was over and around all. Thirty thousand troops were assembled in close proximity, and were still noiselessly moving up. The time calculated for burning of the fuze came, but no explosion. For an hour the anticipated shock was awaited. The mine was entered, the defect in the fuze discovered, it was relighted, and now the word passes from the lips of Colonel Pleasants, and it speeds on the telegraphic wires, that in a certain number of minutes and seconds the powder will be reached. At the precise second foretold, the fort rose and quickly settled away, leaving a vast column of smoke and dust, which for some time obscured all about the crater. The division of troops assigned to lead went forward, and were followed by others; but with feeble stroke. Failing to push on beyond the crater, confusion ensued, more troops being crowded into the rebel works than could be used. The terror inspired by the upheaval passed away, and being reassured, the enemy pushed up on all sides with great energy, and rendered all possibility of gaining an advantage futile. On the day previous to the assault, General Meade modified the plan of General Burnside, directing that the colored troops which he had specially trained for many days in the evolutions necessary for entering and turning the rebel works, and who had not been exposed to sharpshooting at the front, and consequently had not acquired the habit of seeking shelter at every opportunity, should not be employed, and that one of the white divisions should be taken in its place. This derangement of plan, upon the very eve of so important an undertaking, apparently had a disastrous effect. Added to this, there was a lack of energy in pushing forward the leading division. But, for this failure, neither Colonel Pleasants nor his intrepid regiment were in any way answerable. The mine which he had planned and had seen executed under his eye, and by his ceaseless care, was entirely successful, and with marvellous exactness had produced the result which he had predicted.

Though having little faith in the project, and giving little countenance to its execution, when the explosion had taken place and had accomplished all that the most sanguine could have wished, General Meade hastened to make recognition of the service rendered by Colonel Pleasants, in the following general order: "The Commanding General takes great pleasure in acknowledging the valuable services rendered by Lieutenant-Colonel Henry Pleasants, Forty-eighth regiment Pennsylvania Veteran Volunteers, and the officers and men of his command, in the excavation of the mine which was successfully exploded on the morning of the 30th ultimo, under one of the enemy's batteries in front of the Second division of the Ninth Army Corps. The skill displayed in the laying out and construction of the mine reflects great credit upon Lieutenant-Colonel Pleasants, the officer in charge, and the willing endurance, by the officers and men of the regiment, of the extraordinary labor and fatigue involved in the prosecution of the work to completion, is worthy of the highest praise."

After the failure in the assault, the army settled down to the varied duty of siege operations, in which Colonel Pleasants participated with his accustomed fidelity and skill, till the end of his term in December following, when he was mustered out of service. Immediately after the successful result of the mine was known, President Lincoln, desirous of showing him a mark of esteem, ordered that the brevet rank of Colonel be bestowed upon him: but this he declined. In October following he was commissioned Colonel of the Forty-eighth regiment; but on account of insufficiency of men in his command, he was not mustered. On the 13th of March, 1865, he was brevetted Brigadier-General by the President, for distinguished services at the Petersburg mine, in which he was confirmed by the Senate, and this distinction he accepted. General Pleasants, from leading an active out-door life, has always enjoyed excellent health. He is a little above the medium height, and well preserved. He was married on the 6th of June, 1866, to Miss Annie E. Shaw, of Lexington, Kentucky.

For two years past he has occupied the position of Chief Engineer of the Philadelphia and Reading Coal and Iron Company, which he still continues to hold. He is at present engaged in one of the most important engineering projects ever undertaken in this country—the excavation of two vertical shafts through rock, to the mammoth coal vein. The drilling is done by machinery driven by compressed air, and applied by diamonds attached to the drilling bits. These are the first shafts ever made in this way in the world. One of them has already attained a depth of seven hundred feet.

LIBBY PRISON TUNNEL. An exploit which gained great notoriety at the time of its occurrence, both North and South, was the opening of the Libby Tunnel, which offered to the inmates of that loathsome and detested place free egress to the streets of Richmond, at a point beyond the path of the sentinel's tread. At the writer's request, Brevet Brigadier-General Thomas E. Rose, of the Seventy-seventh Pennsylvania regiment, the originator and moving spirit in its execution prepared a full and circumstantial account, which is given below substantially as he wrote it. No correct history of this thrilling event—which presented the novel spectacle of the inmates of a great prison, in the midst of a populous city, with keepers watchful and sentinels marching, walking off unchallenged—has ever been published; only the merest outlines mingled with many entirely erroneous statements having ever been given:

"I was captured at the battle of Chickamauga, Georgia, on the 20th of September, 1863, and taken to Richmond, Virginia. On my way thither, I escaped at Weldon, North Carolina, and after wandering about for a day, seeking a route to the nearest post of Union troops, I was recaptured by some rebel cavalry that came upon me accidentally. I was suffering at the time from the effects of a broken foot, which caused me to be too slow in reaching a place of concealment. I was taken thence to Libby, arriving about the 1st of October, 1863, and received my first greeting of 'fresh fish,' that being the cry of the prisoners upon the notice of the latest arrival. I soon set about devising means of escape. At that time there were about two thousand prisoners in Libby. The windows were without bars, and the prison was insufficiently guarded. The officers consisted of the two Turners, Ross the clerk, the Adjutant, three Sergeants, one overseer of negro laborers, one officer of the guard, and sixteen enlisted men, making in all only twenty-five men. I thought that the whole party could be captured without alarm, and for this purpose organized a society among the prisoners, called the COUNCIL OF FIVE. The whole number who joined in the league was 420.

"Before the plan was fairly perfected, a notice was published in the Richmond papers, that a plot had been discovered among the prisoners to overpower the guard and prison officers, burn the

JAMES A. BEAVER
Col. 148th Reg. Brevt Brig. Gen.

SAMUEL B. M. YOUNG
Col. 4th Cav. [illegible] Reg. Brevt Brig. Gen.

EDMUND L. DANA
Col. 143d Reg. Brevt Brig. Gen.

THOMAS [illegible]
[illegible] Reg. Brevt Brig. Gen.

JOHN [illegible]
[illegible] Reg. Brevt Brig. [illegible]

[illegible] York

city of Richmond, and escape to the Yankee lines. Whether this publication had allusion to our league or not, I do not know. Our organization was carried on with strict secrecy, and unless some one of our number divulged the plan, it was impossible for the prison officers to have found it out. My opinion is, and was then, that the publication alluded to was the result of a mere suspicion; and the fact that our league was in existence was only a coincidence. At any rate the measures taken by the rebels, immediately after, prevented us from making the attempt. The doors were made more secure, the windows were closed with iron grating, and the guard was largely reinforced. I then attempted to escape by way of the carpenter shop, a room on the ground-floor of the prison, supposed to be inaccessible to the prisoners. This room I reached by tearing up a plank in the floor, and lowering a rope into the shop from the room above. I was assisted in this by Captain A. J. Hamilton, a native of Pennsylvania, but who belonged to the Twelfth Kentucky cavalry. The rope used was given to me by Major Harry White, of the Sixty-seventh Pennsylvania infantry. The rope was first obtained from General Neal Dow. About that time the Union government sent a quantity of clothing to our prisoners at Richmond, and this rope came around one of the bales. General Neal Dow, Colonel Von Schrader, and Captain Boyd, Assistant Quartermaster, prisoners, had been selected by the rebels to issue this clothing, and they had by this means secured the rope. This rope was of immense importance in all our subsequent operations. It was an inch rope and nearly one hundred feet in length. The door of the carpenter shop was always open, and the plan was, when once down there, to stand by the door on the inside of the shop, and when the sentinel had just passed the door, to slip out while his back was in that direction, and walk off. There were several in the plot, but of course we could only escape singly. and I was to make the first attempt. I made the venture one very dark and stormy night. I easily passed the first sentinel, but unfortunately was seen by the second, who happened just at that moment to be facing towards me. He seemed to suppose that something was wrong and called out to the first, who, on hearing his name, faced about and saw me. My only chance to escape being shot or captured, was to run back into the shop, which was as dark as Erebus, and climb the rope into the room above. The sentinel called for the corporal of the guard, but before he could enter the carpenter shop and strike a light, I had drawn up the rope and replaced the plank. As there were some workmen sleeping in one end of the shop, the corporal must have supposed that one of them had tried to pass, as he soon gave up the search and did not enter the room above.

"I went down into the shop several times afterwards, but found it impossible to escape in that direction. Once while down there I was discovered by one of the workmen. I seized a broad-axe with the intention of braining him if he attempted to call the guard, but he went to bed, blew out his light, and begged me not to come in there again. I was fearful that he would afterwards expose me, but if he ever attempted to do so, the guards paid no attention to his report, as I never observed any additional vigilance.

"During my visits to the carpenter shop I secured some tools. They consisted of two chisels, some files, a kind of crow-bar, a hatchet, an auger, a hand-saw, a ripping-saw, and a carpenter's square. The rebels allowed us to send out and buy case-knives to cut our food, and clothes-lines to hang our clothes on to dry. All these things were more or less used in subsequent operations. The carpenter tools were kept secreted in blankets whenever the inspector of the prison was about. My next plan was to escape from the room under the hospital. This also was a ground-floor room.

"The Libby prison was a strong brick building extending in an easterly and westerly direction probably 160 feet, and northerly and southerly about 100 feet. It consisted of three equal divisions formed by strong walls running transversely from the ground up. The prison was four stories high. The ground-floor was on a level with the bank of the canal, on which was a wide paved street. The floor of the second story was on a level with Cary street. The prison was bounded on all sides by streets, along all of which sentinels were placed. The street or alley that bounded the east end of the prison was not graded or paved. We generally considered this a vacant lot, as no persons except guards ever passed through it. All the other streets were paved and graded. The three rooms on the ground-floor were not used by the prisoners, those at the two ends of the building being storerooms, and the centre one the carpenter's shop mentioned above. On the second floor the room at the west end was used by the rebels as an office, that in the middle as a cooking-room for the prisoners, and those at the east end as a prisoners' hospital. In the third and fourth stories the prisoners were quartered.

"The cook-room, the middle one on the second floor as already mentioned, was accessible to all the prisoners at all hours. It was from this room that access was gained to the carpenter shop by raising the plank in the floor. It was also from this room that all subsequent operations were commenced and carried on. To gain the carpenter shop required but little skill; but to reach the ground-floor of the eastern division was a very delicate operation. It was evident, however, that if an escape was to be made it must be from this room, as it was at all times dark therein, and it was seldom visited by the rebels either day or night.

"The plan to get into this room was to cut through the wall separating the middle from the eastern division of the building, diagonally across the plane of the floors beginning above that in the cooking-room, and ending below that in the room underneath the hospital in the eastern division of the building. To do this without the aperture being discovered was no easy task.

"Near the north end of the cooking-room in the wall separating the middle from the eastern division was a small dirty fireplace, in the mouth of which was a cooking-stove of considerable size used by the prisoners. It was in this fireplace that Captain Hamilton and myself commenced operations. We first moved the stove a little away from the mouth of the fireplace; then took out the dirt and placed it carefully in a gum blanket; taking a chisel and the crow-bar we cut away the bottom of the fireplace for several inches, then worked diagonally through the wall to a point under the floor of the hospital. We were obliged to make no noise whatever in doing all this; for one of the sentinels was just outside the door within ten feet of where we were. We were obliged to take out all of the front bricks without fracture so that they could be replaced; for it was through this door that the prison inspector entered every day, and the first object he met on entering was this fireplace and stove. It therefore took a good many nights before we got this hole cut completely through. We could only work from about ten o'clock in the evening, when the last of the prisoners would retire, to four o'clock in the morning, when the first would begin to come down to cook.

"As the morning hour approached, we would carefully replace every brick, and then put back the dirt, making the fireplace look as if it had never been disturbed. We would then replace the stove in its proper position, go up-stairs, conceal our tools, and go to bed. Thus we worked until at length we had cut a pretty large aperture in the wall, and I prepared myself to go through to the ground-floor of the eastern division. I did not think the hole was large enough to pass without trouble; but from the narrowness of the fireplace in one direction, and of the wall itself on the other, Hamilton was of the opinion that the hole could not be made any larger without discovery. I also thought I could squeeze through, small as it was, and see how matters looked in that room. I brought forward the rope already described, fastened it securely to one of the brace posts in the room, and lowered it through the aperture to the ground-floor. I then entered it feet foremost, at the same time seizing the rope. As soon as my feet and legs were fairly dangling below, the inevitable law of gravitation forced my body into the hole as tight as a wedge. The fireplace was so narrow, and my body in such a position in consequence of the abruptness of the wall, that I could not use my arms, and of course I could not use my feet; so that I was perfectly helpless. Of all the tight places that I ever was in, either figuratively or literally, before or since, that took the lead. I whispered to Hamilton that I was wedged so tight that I feared the whole Southern Confederacy could not loosen me.

" He was a powerful man, and grasped my left wrist with both his hands; while with my right hand I endeavored to help myself. He pulled with the strength of a giant, but it was of no use. I could not be budged an inch. He then left me sticking in the hole and ran up-stairs, awakened Major Fitzsimmons of the Thirtieth Indiana infantry, conducted him to the place, and they two after several vigorous efforts managed to pull me out. As soon as they had forced me a little over the angle of the wall, I came out very easily, and as they gave another tremendous pull, I came up so light that we all three fell upon the floor with a prodigious noise. The sentinel who walked in front of the door, and the next one to him, seemed startled and confused. The prisoners up-stairs awoke and called to each other to inquire the cause of the crash. We all three lay where we fell perfectly motionless and almost breathless, for fear we would be discovered. The corporal of the guard did not come into the room; and as soon as all was quiet again, we rose, replaced the bricks, dirt, and stove as quickly as possible, slipped up-stairs and went to bed, very much fatigued and considerably discouraged. The next day I went down into the cooking-room, and while pretending to cook at the stove so as not to attract the attention of the prisoners to my real object, examined the fireplace very minutely, and finally came to the conclusion that it could be deepened considerably and perhaps a very little widened, so that by entering the hole sidewise it could be easily passed. I did not get much reputation as a cook while I was making these observations, but when they were ended, I went up-stairs and communicated my conclusions to Hamilton. That night as soon as darkness came on we prepared ourselves for the work, and by twelve o'clock, by the call of the sentinel, the aperture was enlarged so that by passing down with my shoulders in a vertical instead of horizontal direction, as I had attempted the night before, I reached the ground-floor room of the eastern division. The darkness therein was perfect, but I examined every part of the room by feeling, then climbed up the rope and pulled myself through the hole in the wall without assistance. It was then that the problem was solved and the escape, with reasonable prudence, only a question of time.

"Here then the work commenced. The rope was now made into a ladder with wooden braces, and fixed in such a manner that any one could go up and down into the cellar—as we called that room—without incurring the risks that I had run in being obliged to climb the single rope. It was also rolled up and placed in the interior of the aperture to build the wall upon instead of a large number of the bricks, and answered even a better purpose than to have used all every day. The next day I organized a working party, consisting of the following named persons: Major Fitzsimmons, of the Thirtieth Indiana; Captains Gallaher, of the Second Ohio; Lucas, of the Fifth Kentucky; Clarke, of the Seventy-ninth Illinois; Johnson, of the Sixth Kentucky; Major McDonald, of the One Hundred and First Ohio infantry; Lieutenants Fistler, of the Twelfth Indiana artillery; Mitchell, of the Seventy-ninth Illinois infantry; Garbet, of the Seventy-seventh Pennsylvania infantry; Ludlow, of the United States artillery; Clifford, of the United States infantry; Costin, of the United States infantry; Wallack, of the Fifty-first Indiana infantry; with Captain A. J. Hamilton, Twelfth Kentucky cavalry, and myself, to superintend and direct the work.

"My first plan was to go under the foundation of the prison building by digging alongside the wall, and then into a large sewer that we knew ran parallel with the canal, and about thirty feet south of the prison building. We had often seen laborers go down into this sewer, and I judged it to be about seven feet in diameter on the inside. We commenced digging just behind the partitioned corner in the southeast side of the room. The stone pavement in the floor of the room was raised and relaid in places every night to conceal the dirt. We soon got to the bottom of the stone work of the building, but found that it rested on piles. To cut through these piles with the tools we had to work with was a tremendous undertaking; but we toiled at it night after night until at last we got entirely through, and began digging towards the large sewer already mentioned.

"From the time we had commenced cutting through the piles, we had been very much interrupted by the water running into our tunnel. We managed to bail it out, but as we dug farther into the sand the water accumulated until at last a very heavy stream rushed in so as to completly drive us out of the tunnel. Long before this time one after another of the party had quit the work, and a few others whose names I have lost took their places, only to work a short time, and then give up as the others had done, thinking the object hopeless. Finally, Hamilton and myself were left alone. We two then tried another plan. At the southeast corner of the building was a trough that came down from above on the inside to carry off the prison filth. By examination we found that it went into the ground, and of course it must reach the main sewer somewhere. We first dug down to the end of this trough, and found a small sewer leading through the wall. This was too small, however, to admit the passage of a man. It was made of wood, and we tore it out and endeavored to get through the wall. While we were removing the dirt from the aperture, the pavement on the outside of the prison building, where the sentinel walked, caved in. This of course was caused by our having taken away the plank sewer. We heard the rattling of the bricks and the call of the sentinel for the corporal of the guard. Of course we got away from there as quickly and quietly as possible. The next day we looked through the gratings of the windows from above, and saw the prison officers inspecting the place on the outside, and some negro laborers repairing the damage we had done. How it was that they did not discover anything wrong I never could imagine. We listened intently and overheard them saying something about rats, but could not hear enough of the conversation to make out whether they had any suspicion of the true cause or not. We had secreted the planks of the sewer where they could not easily find them. The next night I went down into the ground-floor room of the eastern division very cautiously, knowing that if the rebels had made any discoveries they would set a trap to catch me when I came into this room; but I found it as silent and tenantless as ever. We had now been working more than two months, and many interesting events had taken place during that time; many have passed from my memory and those that I do recall are too numerous to mention in this narrative.

"It was at this time that my friend Hamilton gave up all hope of final success. It did seem to be hopeless on account of the difficulty of getting men to work. I did not despair, but resolved, if possible, to organize another party and dig straight through from near the northeast corner of the room to a yard, enclosed by a high board fence directly across the unpaved street or alley that bounded the east end of the building. This point being near Cary street, we would of course have plenty of earth between us and the surface so that the tunnel would not cave in, and at the same time be several feet more elevated than we were while working in the former tunnel. Besides, it was a dryer locality, so that we would not be troubled with water. The only objection that I had to this plan was, that when we made our exit from the tunnel we would not be perfectly safe from being seen by the sentinels. Still the yard where the exit would be was closed on three sides by tenantless buildings, and on one side by a very high board fence, so that a dozen men would not be seen in the yard unless by accident. Through the building that stood on the south side of this yard was a gateway for carriages, and this gateway was about twenty feet from the end of the beat of the nearest sentinel, at a point that he was not required to guard; besides the other end of his beat was full sixty or seventy feet from this gateway. A man therefore could watch when the sentinel's back was turned, then slip out at the gate, and get some distance away before the sentinel would turn to come back towards the gate. In fact he could turn the corner of the building on the east end of the yard and be out of sight by walking quickly.

"This plan therefore was the best that I could adopt, if not the only one that had any promise of success. Accordingly the next day I had a consultation with some of the prisoners. None of them seemed to have much hope, but several of them said they would work if for no other purpose than to 'pass away the time,' as exchange was despaired of and prison life had become exceedingly irksome. I therefore organized a party composed as follows: Major Fitzsimmons, of the Thirtieth Indiana; Captains Clarke, of the Seventy-ninth Illinois; Gallaher, of the Second Ohio; Randall, of the Second Ohio; Lucas, of the Fifth Kentucky; Johnson, of the Sixth Kentucky; Major McDonald, of the One Hundred and First Ohio; Lieutenants Fistler, of the Twelfth Indiana; Mitchell, of the Seventy-ninth Illinois; Simpson, of the Tenth Indiana; Garbet, of the Seventy-seventh Pennsylvania; Foster, of the Twenty-ninth Indiana artillery; and McKeon, of the Forty-fourth Illinois infantry; with Captain A. J. Hamilton and myself to superintend and direct the work.

"The first thing was to cut a hole through the wall of the prison. This task was assigned to McDonald and Clarke. As already mentioned this room was seldom visited by the rebels either day or night—at night I may say never. When they did come in during the day, which sometimes was not once in a week, it would be to stay but for a few moments. To a person coming in from out-doors it was very dark even in the middle of a bright day, so that he could see but a few feet in any direction, and as the room was 100 feet in length, a person standing in the north end was secure from being seen by the person entering from without. To a person entering this room in the night, however, and staying there all day, as Hamilton or I often did, and sometimes both of us together, it was light enough to see to do any kind of work. Many a time I have seen the rebels come in there and stand and look directly at us, and frequently look exactly in my direction. To my accustomed eyes it was nearly as light as day, but to them it was dark as night, especially towards the north end of the room, where I always took care to stand when any one came in. If they stayed too long, or came too far into the room, I would lie down behind the straw, a bale of hay, or whatever happened to be at hand. It was therefore resolved that the cutting of the wall should be done in the daytime, for two reasons: if we worked at night we would be obliged to use a candle, which might be seen through the cracks of the door which opened towards the canal; again if we worked in the daytime we could make as much noise with our tools as we pleased, and it would not be noticed by the rebels or by the other prisoners, on account of the noise throughout the building and in the streets.

"This last consideration was of immense importance, because we could cut through the wall in one-tenth part of the time by not being obliged to do it without noise. It was on this account, and being obliged to take the bricks out without fracture, that Hamilton and I were so long in cutting through the first wall. Another consideration in favor of working in the daytime was, that we could work the whole day through without interruption; whereas at night we could only work from three to four hours, as already explained. Accordingly, that night McDonald and Clarke were provided with the tools used in cutting the first wall, and as soon as the prisoners had retired to sleep, I went down with them into the cooking-room, opened the hole in the fireplace, and we three descended to the ground-floor room. I showed them the point I had selected to commence operations, and after remaining and conversing a little time went up the ladder to the cooking-room, drew it up after me, put it in its place, rebuilt the wall in the fireplace, replaced the dirt and the stove, and left McDonald and Clarke to their fate as had been done to Hamilton and myself on many an occasion before.

"The next morning I was up early and went to the windows where I could see whether any of the rebels would enter the ground-floor room of the eastern division. Either Hamilton or myself were on watch all day, and as night came on we had the satisfaction of knowing that the workmen had not been disturbed in their labors. As soon as the prisoners had all retired, Hamilton and myself went down into the cooking-room, took the dirt from the hearth, opened the wall and let down the ladder, when McDonald and Clarke came up and reported that they had been successful.

"I then went down and found that they had cut a hole entirely through the wall of sufficient size to admit a very large man easily. Going up into the lower middle room I gave a preconcerted signal, that would not be noticed by any of the prisoners except my own party. It was for the first relief of the working party to turn out. I preceded them and directed them to the aperture in the wall which had been cut by McDonald and Clarke. A blanket was now spread in the form of a screen so that the light of the candle could not be seen through the cracks of the door in the south end of the room, outside of which a sentinel walked his beat. We then took one of the chisels, a pretty broad one, and commenced digging.

"The earth we dug through was composed of compact sand, nearly as hard as a rock. There was therefore no danger of caving in; and the tunnel was dry as I had supposed. We made very rapid progress until we had proceeded about fifteen feet, when the air became so vitiated as to support life but a very short time. The flame of the candle would then expire, and the digger would be obliged to crawl out of the tunnel; notwithstanding, one man stood constantly at the mouth driving fresh air into it with a rude fan, constructed for the purpose. Still we made comparatively rapid progress. One night I dug six feet with my own hands. In order to draw the dirt out of the tunnel as it was dug, we used a wooden spittoon with a clothes-line tied to it so that the digger could pull it in to him while at work, and the man at the mouth of the tunnel could pull it out when filled, a double line being continuous. My whole party was divided into reliefs of five men each, so that the same set of men went down to work every third night.

"Of the five men who composed a relief, it was the duty of one of them to stand guard in the cooking-room. It was his duty to draw up the ladder, build up the wall, replace the dirt after the others came up, also to open the hole and let down the ladder before the others came down to the cooking-room. It was also his duty, when any of the relief were working in the daytime, to stand guard at one of the windows in the prison above, and notice whether any of the rebels entered where they were at work, and see if they were discovered and captured; and to make his report to me, so that I should know whether I could send down the next relief with safety. The other four men of the relief went down to the tunnel. Of these one man dug in the tunnel and filled the spittoon. Another pulled the spittoon out, emptied it into a second and notified the digger to pull it back. A third man took the second spittoon and placed the dirt under the straw. The remaining man of the relief fanned fresh air into the tunnel. They were allowed to take turns at the different kinds of work, except the man who stood guard in the cooking-room; but they did not generally do it, each man being most expert at his own part.

"They went to work generally about ten o'clock P. M. Taps were always sounded at nine, when, of course, the lights went out; but the prisoners did not generally all retire until ten o'clock. As soon as they retired, I sent the relief down. They always worked until four o'clock A. M., by the call of the sentinels, when they would come up and go to bed. The guard then performed his duty as explained. Sometimes the whole four would remain down and work all day, in which case the guard in the cooking-room would draw up the ladder, rebuild the wall, replace the dirt and stove, and go to bed, but as soon as it was light he would go to the window and watch all day.

"This was considered extremely hazardous, however, and was not often done. It more frequently happened that one or two of the four would stay down all day and do what work they could, in which case the others would go up at four o'clock A. M., and the guard would perform the same duty as when the whole relief stayed down. We proceeded in this manner for some time, when an event occurred which effectually put a stop to our work in the daytime, and which greatly embarrassed all our operations. It was always the custom of the prison officers to count off or call the roll of the prisoners every day. The manner up to this time had been to cause the prisoners to stand up in four ranks exactly covering their files; then Ross, the clerk, would pass down the front rank from the right of the line to the left and count the files. As long as they pursued this method we had no difficulty in accounting for absentees; because if a man belonged to a file that had been counted, all he had to do, if he was in the rear rank, was to stoop and run quickly to the left of the line before Ross got there, and stand up in another file, when he would be counted by Ross a second time. Thus, almost any number of men could be accounted for, and thus our party used at first to do when any of them were below. Other prisoners used to see us doing this thing, and thought we were doing it for fun—devilment they called it; and they got to doing the same thing—for devilment sure enough. The consequence was that Ross could not make the same count by from twenty to thirty, two days alike, and towards the last we did not take the trouble to account for our men at all, Ross seemed so careless about it. All of a sudden one day, without the slightest previous intimation, the prison officers changed their plan. It was to cause all the prisoners to go into the eastern division of the building, place guards at the doors, and then call the roll. As soon as a prisoner answered to his name he was obliged to pass through the door into one of the other divisions. There was therefore no possible chance of accounting for an absentee.

"On the day that the rebels adopted this plan, Johnson and McDonald were down below at the tunnel. The day before I was down myself. Dick Turner was calling the roll. Everything went well until he called out I. N. Johnson, I. N. Johnson,

I. N. Johnson, I. N. Johnson; but nobody answered. The next name was then called, answered, and the man passed out, and so on everything went smoothly as before, until the name of B. B. McDonald was called, when the same result followed as in the case of I. N. Johnson. The remaining names of the prisoners were then called and answered, and the eastern division was cleared. Turner then went through the rooms calling the names of the missing prisoners for some time, but of course he could not find the absentees.

This affair caused me considerable concern, as it awakened not only a great curiosity among the prison officials, but also among the prisoners themselves. One of the prisoners told Turner that he had seen Johnson the day before. This gave me additional uneasiness. The next night as soon as it was safe I went down and opened the aperture in the wall. Johnson and McDonald came up, and the facts were immediately communicated to them. They asked my advice as to what they had better do. There were only two plans for them to pursue. One was to face the music, and tell the prison officials the most ingenious story they could invent. The other was to remain concealed every day down below. McDonald immediately chose the former course; but Johnson chose the latter. I was not in favor of this, because the excitement would be continually kept up, while in the former it would soon die away; besides it was extremely dangerous to the whole enterprise for Johnson to remain below; but he insisted upon it. Thenceforward Johnson came up-stairs every night, and went below and remained concealed every day. The next day McDonald was called to account. He told the prison officials that he had been concealed in the upper west room, where he had been asleep, and was afraid to come down to answer to his name. He was dismissed without punishment, and we tried to prevail upon Johnson to do the same thing; but he refused. The consequence was, that he was obliged to remain concealed until the final escape was made. There was no more work done during the daytime after this; still we made considerable progress.

"When we had extended the tunnel about thirty-eight or forty feet, some of the workmen got it into their heads that we had reached the desired point inside the enclosure across the alley. I tried to convince them of the absurdity of the notion. They, however, insisted upon it, and among the most positive was McDonald. Hamilton, I believe, was also of this opinion. To ascertain the space we had to pass under was not an easy matter. We could only see this street or vacant lot from the windows of the third and fourth stories at the east end of the building, and as these windows were closed with iron bars, we could not see the whole width of the street. It therefore looked much narrower than it really was. I had, however, taken observation of this street some months before, when there were no bars in any of the windows. Besides, even yet, there were one or two points from which I could trace the beats of the sentinels from the corners of the yard opposite to near the corners of the prison building. It was seldom that any sentinel would walk entirely to the corner of the yard opposite: they generally turned within about ten feet of it; but they did occasionally do so; particularly the one at the southeast corner. When any sentinel did walk the whole distance, I counted his paces as far as I could see him approach the prison building. By placing my head close against the bars, I could see the sentinel on the northeast corner make generally eighteen paces; and the sentinel at the southeast corner fifteen to sixteen paces. The latter being so much lower than the former, I could not see him, from my point of observation, approach so near the building. By sitting in the window and making a great many careful observations, I came to the conclusion that one walked about ten feet more than I could see, and the other about fifteen feet. I had no other instrument than the carpenter's square, but by measuring the height of the stories I soon determined the distance from the window to each of the sentinel's beats, and finally arrived at a pretty accurate estimate of the distance we had to dig, and I knew very well we had not dug far enough yet. The principal cause of their belief that we had extended the tunnel far enough was this: there was a point in the tunnel where the tread of the sentinel appeared to all of us to be directly overhead; and this point was much nearer the prison building or mouth of the tunnel than to the point reached. We all supposed that the path of the sentinel was in the middle of the street. Hence their conclusion.

"By this time our progress had become much slower than at first, principally from the fact that the digger had to crawl so far every time he came out for fresh air, and had to come out so much oftener; for, as the tunnel extended, the flame of the candle expired quicker. I knew that if an aperture was made to the surface, however small, the difference of temperature between the atmosphere outside and that in the room, where the mouth of the tunnel was, would cause a current to pass through it, and thus obviate the necessity for the digger to crawl out so often for fresh air. I therefore took the matter pretty easy when they talked about digging upward to the surface. I did not agree to it, however, for I feared the sentinel might discover it by the noise, though I did not apprehend much danger, for I remembered too well the affair of the caving in of the pavement on the south side of the building. One night the second relief was going to work; of this relief McDonald was the digger. I had dug the night before and had worked hard to extend the tunnel as far as possible. McDonald insisted on striking at once towards the surface. I told him that I wanted it distinctly understood that they were not far enough by at least fifteen or twenty feet; but he might go cautiously to the surface to let fresh air into the tunnel, and to satisfy himself of the fact. I then went up-stairs and retired.

"About one o'clock A. M., McDonald came to me in great consternation, and told me the whole thing was discovered. I rose up and asked him to explain how that was. He said that he had dug a hole out, as he expressed it, and had come right to the feet of the sentinel. He said if it was not already discovered that it would be without fail when daylight came. I asked him if they had closed the hole in the fireplace; he said 'No, that is played out,' using his own phrase. I told him to come along with me and we would go down and give the place a little examination. I felt certain that the statement, that he had come right up to the feet of the sentinel, was as erroneous as was the belief that we had got far enough when he commenced to dig out to the surface. We went below and into the tunnel. As soon as I entered I noticed that the tread of the sentinel did sound very loud, and exactly at the other end of the tunnel. I went to the place, however, and quickly discovered that the opening was not within ten feet of the sentinel's path. The air in the tunnel, as I had expected, was now pure and delightful, so that one could stay in any length of time. The orifice at the surface was very little larger than a rat-hole, and was on the slope of a bench where the ground fell off abruptly towards the yard opposite in a southeast direction. It was therefore the most unlikely thing in the world for the sentinel to discover it, besides the earth was as hard as a rock entirely to the surface, so that the orifice would not become any larger; but in order to prevent this effectually, I took one of my working garments and shoved it into the hole, so as not only to prevent it from getting larger, but to keep any one from the outside discovering it.

"We then went up-stairs to bed. Hamilton went down with Johnson and closed the wall and replaced the dirt and the stove. The next night the third relief went down with me, but very reluctantly. They seemed afraid to have the orifice opened at the surface in order to let the fresh air in. It made the tread of the sentinel sound so loud that they were afraid he would also hear them while dragging the spittoon through the tunnel. The next night the first relief went down, and I did the digging. After this it was very evident to all that the escape would be made, at least that the tunnel would be a success. McDonald and I were, by great odds, the best diggers of the party. McDonald dug a great deal more earth than I did, but he never made such an extent of tunnel from the fact that I always lay perfectly flat while digging and made my part very low and narrow. He, on the contrary, sat upright to dig and made his part very wide and high. It was at this time that McDonald and I concluded to finish the tunnel alone, taking turns at digging. In two nights from this time we went through into the yard and out at the surface. As soon as the hole was opened, I went out into the yard, thence down to the gate, opened it and out into the street that ran along the canal. I then went back. We closed up the end of the tunnel, and went up-stairs to bed. Hamilton secured the fireplace.

"For several days previous to this, we had been making our arrangements for taking our departure from the prison. Our plan was this: each one of the working party was to select a friend from among the other prisoners, to take with him. This would make thirty in all to escape the first night. We were all to assemble in the ground-floor room of the eastern division. The working party were to pass out first, headed by myself and Hamilton. Our friends were then to follow. I then arranged to leave the ladder in charge of Colonel Hobart, of a Wisconsin regiment. He was to bring out a party the next night after our escape. By this time we had found means of accounting for absentees at roll-call, by parties slipping into the eastern division above stairs after their names had been called, then answering to other names, and passing out the second time. In this manner Hobart's party were to account for us the next day and then get others to account for his party in like manner after they should escape.

"On the night of the 9th of February, 1864, my whole party, with our friends, assembled in the room so frequently mentioned as the ground-floor room of the eastern division. This was as soon as it began to get dark. Lieutenant Mitchell of the working party refused to go. A Colonel of the Twenty-third Michigan (name lost) went in his place. After they were all assembled I started out, followed immediately by Hamilton. I opened the mouth of the tunnel, walked down to the gate, opened it, then went back to the tunnel and told Hamilton to come on. We then went together down to the gate and as soon as the sentinel's back was turned slipped out, walked down the street along the canal to the first corner, then went north two squares and turned east one square. At this point we encountered some rebel soldiers that were guarding a hospital. I went right on, but Hamilton turned back, and we became separated. I did not see him again for several months. How the others came out I only know from report. I know, however, that they all passed out of the tunnel safely. The plan to have been adopted by Colonel Hobart failed. Hamilton and I passed out about seven and a half or eight o'clock in the evening. We started as soon as it got dark. Of course the escape of our party soon became generally known among the prisoners and caused great excitement. They could not be controlled, and about twelve o'clock at night they commenced going out indiscriminately. It is said one hundred and nine went out altogether and many more would have gone, but some one created a false alarm and the remainder rushed back to their quarters in a great panic, after which no others made the attempt. I only give this part as I heard it from others. It took just seventeen days to dig the last tunnel.

"No plan had been arranged to be pursued after we left the prison. It was expected of each man to take care of himself and be governed by circumstances. After Hamilton and I became separated, I passed out of the city of Richmond to the York River Railroad. I followed this to the Chickahominy bridge. Here I discovered a sentinel standing. I then turned to the right and went some distance until I came to a cavalry camp of the rebels. It was just at daylight, and they were sounding reveille. I found a large sycamore tree that was hollow. I concealed myself in this until late in the afternoon, when I slipped out and waded across the Chickahominy. At that point it was pretty deep, and I got my clothes thoroughly soaked. After I had crossed the river, I proceeded a short distance, and seeing several rebel cavalry I lay down until night. When I attempted to rise, I found myself perfectly stiff and my clothes completely frozen. I pushed right ahead, however, and in crossing the bottom I found several deep places filled with water. I did not try to avoid them much, but plunged through until I reached the high ground on the other side. After I reached the high ground, which was covered with timber, I proceeded about one mile, when I came upon a rebel picket. This I easily avoided and kept on over the country, crossing several roads. I was still very lame from the effects of a broken foot, which I had received before my capture at Chickamauga, at a place called Liberty Gap, Tennessee, or rather it had been broken at Murfreesboro', Tennessee, and again broken at Liberty Gap. This wound now became very troublesome, as the nights were dark and I could not see the inequalities of the ground.

"During the night I was obliged to stop, my clothes being still very wet and frozen in places, and I was in great danger of freezing to death. I had with me a haversack in which I carried provisions; this I had held at arms' length while crossing the Chickahominy and the sloughs in its vicinity, in order to keep it dry. In this I also had a box of matches, and upon coming into a large thicket of cedars I resolved to build a fire. I gathered some fuel and started a fire, and after inspecting the surrounding vicinity, I found that the fire was concealed by the cedars; I then went to the fire and lay down, and was soon in a profound sleep. When I awoke I found that I had been nearly in as much danger of burning to death as I was before of freezing. My coat was burned through in several places, as well as my pants and the legs of my boots. I now rose and pursued my journey, and after proceeding about two miles I came to Crump's Cross-roads. Here a picket post was encountered. This I avoided. I now resolved to travel all day, and before night reached New Kent Court House.

"Here also a cavalry picket was stationed. This I also avoided; but in crossing a small open space at some distance from the post I was seen by one of them, and the man rode up to me. He was a stupid fellow, and asked me if I belonged to the New Kent cavalry. I had on a gray cap. Of course I answered in the affirmative. He turned and rode back, and I slipped into a thicket of laurels. I pushed through this as quickly as possible, and soon gained an open woods on a hill of some elevation. I then looked back and found that the others had taken the alarm, as I had supposed they would, and were in full pursuit. Some of them had evidently seen me enter the laurel thicket, and in a minute it was surrounded. I did not wait to see them beat up the bush, but pushed away from the spot as fast as my lame foot would permit. As soon as I came to the edge of the woods, I found another picket post, and directly in front of this was a large open field which I had to cross to gain a place of safety, because it would not do for me to remain in this woods. I could not cross this open ground without being in full view of the rebel party. I slipped along the edge of the woods, avoiding the enemy, until I came to a place where a gully ran entirely across. This was neither wide nor deep, but it afforded my only chance of escape, so I threw myself into it and commenced crawling toward the other end of it. It must have been more than half a mile in length, but I crawled the entire distance without raising my head. When I reached the end of the gully I found myself at the Williamsburg road, on the opposite side of which was a thicket of pines. I quickly went into this and looked back. I could see the rebel pickets very plainly, but they had not seen me while crawling across the open space in front of them, though I had passed immediately before them.

"I remained concealed in the pine woods for several hours, and then proceeded cautiously along the Williamsburg road. Frequently I had to take to the bushes on account of rebel cavalry, or armed citizens travelling through the country. At dark I crossed Diascen bridge. Here also was a picket post. I passed this without the risk I ran at New Kent Court House. I kept on until near midnight, when I found myself completely exhausted, and, leaving the road, went some distance into a woods, lay down and slept until daylight. I then rose and took a pretty close survey of surrounding objects, walked down to the road and saw an old ruined brick building on the opposite side of the road. This place I afterwards learned was called Burnt Ordinary. I found myself this morning almost unable to move, but crawled along in the direction of Williamsburg, and after travelling for some time, suddenly came upon a spot where a picket had been posted the night before. As I was now so close to Williamsburg, it became a question with me whether it was a Union or a rebel picket. I soon discovered by the tracks that the men had been fronting towards Williamsburg, and therefore concluded that it had been rebel. I now became exceedingly cautious and withdrew to the woods. I kept on through the woods in a southeast direction until I came to an open space. Here, to my great joy, I saw a body of United States troops moving on the road to my left. I sat down very much exhausted and awaited their approach.

"While sitting there and watching their movements, a noise attracted my attention to a point in my rear, but evidently on the road which lay to my left. When I looked fairly in that direction, I saw three men standing like pickets at a point where the United States troops were approaching. These men were all fully dressed in United States uniforms. The circumstance that I had not seen them before excited a suspicion that all was not right and I watched them closely. They did not appear to pay any attention to the advancing troops, but one would frequently step into the middle of the road and look intently in the opposite direction. From this I thought they were all right, and that they were merely videttes that had been sent forward from the advancing column. About this time the troops I had first seen appeared to come to a halt. These men then moved towards the column, and by so doing placed some elevated ground between them and me, and I supposed they had gone to join the troops. I now rose and walked towards the troops I had first seen. When I had walked about fifty or seventy-five yards, I came again in sight of the three men in the road, who now saw and challenged me. They had not advanced as far towards the troops as I had supposed; consequently when I came in sight of them the second time I was much nearer than at first. Except for a moment when I first saw them, I firmly believed that they belonged to the troops below, and they were now very nearly within gun-shot, and apparently advancing towards them.

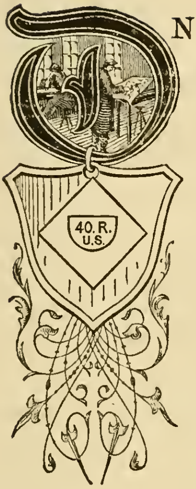
"I hesitated a moment, and then obeyed their summons to approach. As soon as I came close to them, I saw that I was entrapped, even before they spoke. Their manner indicated that they were in great fear of the troops that had halted below. I endeavored to make them believe I was a rebel soldier, but they concluded to retain me as a prisoner. My first impulse was to break and run, but my lameness and enfeebled condition prevented me from doing this in the face of three active men. I therefore waited for a better chance. One of these men appeared to be an officer. He directed one of the men to take me in charge, and go across the field that lay on the left of the road. I started off with him limping fearfully, but when he had got about half-way across the field, I sprang suddenly upon him, disarmed and prostrated him, fired off his piece, and started to run towards the troops, and would easily have escaped had it not been for my lameness. The man I had disarmed did not attempt to follow me, nor did the two we had left in the road. On the contrary, these two ran across the field diagonally to the rear; but several other men whom I had not seen before sprang up from behind the fence on the side of the field opposite to the road. They ran so as to intercept my approach to the troops. Two or three of them outran me and struck me with their muskets. This prostrated me, and they all rushed around me. I heard one of them say, 'Be quick; the Yanks are right here.'

"Several of them now seized me, and dragged me to and over the fence into a thickly timbered ravine. They then turned and went up this ravine in a northerly direction it seemed, for about 200 or 300 yards. Here the whole party assembled, including the three men I had seen in the road. These three men were completely in United States uniform; the others were only partially so. The man I had disarmed seemed to be badly hurt. He wanted to kill me at once. The man, Lieutenant Hughes—I think they called him—whom I had taken for an officer in the road, spoke roughly to this man and ordered him to keep quiet. Just then one of the men, who came crawling up the bank of the ravine, called out, 'Be off quick,' when the whole party started and ran. They forced me along with them for a short distance, when, finding that I was unable to travel, they halted.

"The officer then detailed a guard to take charge of me, and instructed them by no means to let me escape or be taken from them alive. The officer and his party then ran off very rapidly in a northeast course it seemed, but the guard conducted me through a dense woods in a northwest course until we came to another ravine, also densely wooded. Here they found an old man about sixty-five years of age. They asked him if he could guide them by a safe route to Barhamsville, saying to him the Yanks are thick as hornets on the other road. He replied that he could, and I was then taken by a circuitous route to Barhamsville, thence to White House, and thence to Richmond, where I was again incarcerated in Libby. I was kept in a cell for several days, and then sent to my old quarters. Long before this our means of egress had been discovered by the rebels. About this time, or perhaps before, a system of special exchanges was commenced. This took out most of the officers of higher rank, and soon I was the only Colonel left in the prison. At length my exchange was effected, April 30th, 1864. I was sent to Annapolis, Maryland; thence to Columbus, Ohio; and thence to my regiment in the field, where I arrived June 6th, 1864."

CHAPTER V.

INCIDENTS.



ONE of the first thoughts which seizes the home population, when it is known that an enemy is approaching, is of hiding the valuables. Where to secrete becomes a serious study, and ingenuity is tasked to its utmost; for soldiers, after a little practice, acquire great skill in searching for hidden treasures. It is said that Sherman's bummers could smell the whereabouts of a watch, though it were hidden in a swamp five miles off. They had an uncontrollable propensity for running their bayonets into every ash-pile and heap of rubbish which they came upon, and the very barrel of meal which contained the treasures was sure to be overturned. Feather-beds were ripped open, fires were extinguished and the ashes hauled from the hearth, false bottoms of drawers, chairs, and trunks were unloosed, and the very pumps were unpacked and wells made to disclose their secrets.

When the legions of Lee began to show themselves to the people of Gettysburg across the South Mountain, and their white tents to cover all the plains below, it became evident that the town would fall in the track of the invader, and the inevitable labor of secreting began. It chanced that an old man, who kept a plain farmer's inn, had just laid in a heavy invoice of choice liquors. He knew that in the event of a great army occupying the town, or even passing through it, his stock would be sacrificed. Nor was it so much the loss of his liquors that he dreaded; for he realized that the effect of strong drink was to deprive men of reason and all self-control or decency, and he shuddered at the thought of a soldiery infuriated with the fiery demon. He was, accordingly, incited to use his best resources in devising some plan to put his store beyond their grasp. It was too late to reship it to Baltimore, and the only alternative was to dispose of it on the premises. After anxiously revolving many an ingenious scheme, he finally settled upon this: going to his garden as soon as the shadows of evening had fallen, he dug a deep long trench, into which he rolled his precious but dangerous treasures. He then covered the earth neatly over them, and smoothing it down in the most careful manner, proceeded to plant the newly stirred ground to cabbage plants, as if in hope of a profitable crop of this savory esculent. When all was done, and in the morning-light he regarded his night's work with complacency, he bethought himself of calling in one of his neighbors to admire his fine patch. The neighbor came, saw, and commended; but had no suspicion. This was regarded as a fortunate omen. But he must needs have some excuse for having no liquors. To this end he had saved out a few gallons of each of the poorer brands, and pouring these into several empty barrels rolled them into an obscure corner of his inner cellar, and piled his potatoes over them.

Amidst the din and turmoil of that terrible day, when, ploughed by shot and shell, the First and Eleventh corps were obliged to yield the ground which they had heroically held, and fall back rapidly through the town, the rebels came. They poured through all the streets, and levelling the fences, filled the enclosures. No house nor private apartment was secure from their intrusion. The inn and the cabbage patch were no exceptions. One of the first questions when they came upon the premises was:

"Where is the liquor?"

Looking very serious, the host answered that his stock was entirely exhausted.

"That will do for the marines," exclaimed one, "but it's too thin for us. We have travelled."

So saying he cocked his musket, and, levelling it at the old man's head, told him to show where the liquor was, or he would have no time to say his prayers. Regarding this a very careless way to handle fire-arms, and believing discretion the better part of valor, he led the way to the innermost cellar, and taking down the elaborately piled-up barricades, and removing great bars and bolts, commenced levelling the potatoes. The soldiers, eager for a sip, lent him a helping hand. Finally the barrels were reached and the moiety of the liquor brought to light. The foil was complete. No further search was made nor questions asked.

Patiently during those hot July days, while the booming of cannon and the tramp of the armies resounded and shook the dwellings of the city, and the volumes of sulphurous smoke obscured the sun in the mid-day heavens, the old man toiled in cultivating his cabbage plants, hoeing the same ground again and again. The rebels were constantly passing, their line of battle running just in front of his premises, and were frequently in and out of his house; but they had no suspicion of his secret. Finally came that terrible cannonade on the afternoon of the third day, when the trembling fled to their cellars for safety, when the very earth quaked, and the stoutest held his breath, followed by the rush of armed thousands and the clash as of giants! Gradually the sound of battle died away, and as the shadows of evening began to lengthen, the timid stole forth from their hiding-places; when, lo! a marked change was apparent. The rebels, who before had been so boastful and jubilant, had suddenly become reticent, and their faces were lengthened like the shadows. The night passed and the morning came, and, oh! what a joyful morning! The rebels had departed, the soldiers of the Union with their star-lit banners were advancing, and the cabbage was no longer an object of cultivation!

LATE on the afternoon of the 27th of October, 1864, General Mulholland, then commanding a brigade, received orders to storm a rebel fort in front of his line. One hundred men of the One Hundred and Forty-eighth Pennsylvania were selected for the storming party. Captain Henry D. Price, who was at the time Adjutant-General of the brigade, insisted on accompanying it. Drawing his sword he handed the scabbard to Lieutenant Lee, saying, "Tom! if I am killed send this home to my mother." When the order to charge was given, he leaped over the works and ran in front of the troops to the enemy's line, where he fell. shot through the head. Thus expired one of the bravest, most unassuming, gentle, beloved, and accomplished young officers in the army. He was a native of Chester county, where he was born on the 17th of August, 1843.

THE victim of cruelty and starvation in the loathsome prisons of the South, by his suffering and fortitude borne in the common cause, challenges the admiration and gratitude, the honor and lasting commemoration of all his countrymen. The torments therein endured, and the agonies of the parting hour, will never be known until those patriot graves give up their secrets. As an illustration of this life the following narrative, prepared by Lieutenant Thomas F. Roberts, Company D, Fifth Pennsylvania cavalry, is here given. He was in command of his company at the battle of Stony Creek Station, in the Wilson and Kautz raid, on the 29th of June, 1864, and was taken prisoner with twenty-two of his men. They were immediately sent to Andersonville, where they remained about three months. We suffered here, he says, dreadfully from the hot sun, having no shelter excepting an old horse-blanket which the rebels did not think worth robbing us of. There must have been 30,000 in this prison, and the average deaths per day from starvation and neglect were at least fifty within the prison, and likely as many more in the hospitals outside. Our Sergeant-Major, John Griffith, died here, and I do not think there ever was a man who died in so much misery, as he was perfectly alive with vermin. Privates Granville Hoskins and Stacy Baxter also died miserably here.

In September, to keep us out of the hands of Sherman, we were removed by rail to Charleston and placed in a pen upon the race-course. Here we were treated better, as far as food was concerned, as ladies from the city brought us many things; but the ground was very low, so that when we got up in the morning we were wet and covered with mud. We remained here until the stockade at Florence was finished, which was early in November, when we were removed thither. The nights were now getting quite cold and damp on account of heavy fogs. By this time we were almost without clothing, and with not more than one blanket of any kind to six men. It was almost impossible to get a stick of wood, as those who had been first turned in had appropriated all. Among men suffering as we were, the claims of friendship had little weight, and those who had fuel would see their destitute companions die rather than give up an article of such priceless value. Here Sergeant Joshua E. Dyer died. Poor fellow! Starvation and cold were too much for him, and after giving a message to his mother, he expired in a hole which we had dug into the earth, and covered with dirt. In this we had lived, and here he died, so changed with starvation and pine smoke that his mother would not have known him. Sergeant Bryan also died here after suffering over two months. I do not think he would have weighed more than seventy-five pounds, although he had been a large man. Privates Garrett, Lenney, Kelly, Wood, and Moran expired after long suffering.

In November there was a special exchange for those who were considered so near dead that they would be of no further use to our army as soldiers. None of my company were included in this exchange, although many of the regiment were. About this time I came near dying with the typhoid fever, having no one to give me so much as a drink of water until a young man, Charles Carpenter, became acquainted with me. To him I no doubt owe my life. At this time the average deaths per day were about fifty, as the fever was very fatal amongst us.

In January the nights became severely cold, and hundreds of poor fellows had their toes frozen off, and you may imagine how they must have suffered, as they had not so much as a rag to put around them. This in many cases led to gangrene, which almost invariably ended in the loss of both legs, a result not favorable to further service, but entirely satisfactory to our keepers. About the middle of January the prisoners on the east side of the creek were moved across to the west, to bring the whole body more together. By this change hundreds, who had made themselves in a measure comfortable, were thrown out of shelter, when they suffered terribly, and died by thousands.

In February we were removed to Wilmington, North Carolina, for exchange. But as General Terry had attacked the place, we were hurried on to Goldsboro, out of the way. We were transported on platform cars at night, with nothing to lie on, and no covering except it was a rag that had once been a horse-blanket.

It is impossible to describe our sufferings on these cars, as seventy-five or eighty were forced on to each, rendering it wholly impossible to lie down, and almost certain death to stand up. Every time the train stopped to take wood or water, some half dozen frozen bodies were thrown off by the roadside, and it may seem past belief when I state that those bodies still remained where they had been thrown, three weeks afterward, when we returned to Wilmington. At Goldsboro we fared much better than at any previous place in the matter of a supply of food, as we had sufficient corned beef and crackers to satisfy hunger; but we suffered terribly from the inclement weather, as we lay in the woods without any shelter. On the night of the 28th of February we were crowded on the cars and started towards Wilmington, and although it rained steadily on us all day we were comparatively happy, as we knew we were on the way to be exchanged. I can never forget my feelings when I first caught sight of our flag, as we drew near our lines after an imprisonment of nine months. I do not think a man can feel the joy I felt but once in a lifetime, as I heard myself counted an exchanged man, and walked between the United States and rebel officers who stood to receive us and pass us from slavery to freedom. This ended our prison life, but not our suffering, for we were crowded in our passage to Annapolis almost beyond endurance. So much reduced was I when I reached the hospital that I only weighed ninety-four pounds; but I thanked God for the deliverance and was happy.

MARTIN L. SHOCK, Adjutant of the Fifty-first regiment, relates the following incident illustrative of coolness and fortitude while suffering from a most horrible wound: At Spottsylvania, on the 12th of May, 1864, the brigade to which I belonged while charging on the rebel works was defeated and driven, followed by a large force of the enemy, who in their turn were sent whirling back to their lines. After the battle I was ordered upon the field with a small squad in search of our wounded. Near the edge of the woods where the charge had been made, I found an old man, one of the enemy, sitting on the ground leaning against a tree and smoking a short clay-pipe. On examination I discovered that his entire left hip had been carried away by a grape shot. He seemed entirely unconcerned, puffing away at his pipe. As he saw that I was moving off, he asked me whether we could not take him to the hospital. I must confess I was out of humor on account of our defeat, and am sorry to say that I answered the poor old man gruffly that we had to take care of our own wounded first. He then requested me to get him a hat, as he was bareheaded and the sun was sending its slanting rays full in his face. I soon found a large-brimmed straw hat, belonging to a dead rebel Lieutenant, which I placed on his head. He thanked me and I left him to search for our own men. The last I saw of him he was still smoking. The next day I went to find the old man. He was sitting in the same position, the straw hat on his head, the pipe in his mouth—dead.

Shock himself was afterwards severely wounded. He was making a charge with his regiment on the enemy's works at Cold Harbor early on the morning of the 3d of June, when he received a Minié ball in the left shoulder, cutting the shoulder-blade. Fortunately he had still the power of locomotion, and could leave the field; but for two years his wound was open. He had originally enlisted in the Fourth, and afterwards in the Fifty-first, with which he served in North Carolina, Virginia, Maryland, Kentucky, Mississippi, and Georgia, and in the campaign for the reduction of Richmond until he received his wound.

A PRIVATE of the Sixty-ninth Pennsylvania regiment was on the picket line on the night of the 3d of July, 1863, at Gettysburg. His attention was attracted by the cries and piteous moans of a wounded rebel in his front. For some time he heard the calls and passed them in silence, well knowing that he could not leave his post without forfeiting his honor, and that the instant he advanced he might be fired on by the rebel pickets on his front. Filled with a soldier's generous sympathy he could not hear those groans unmoved. Finally his manhood got the better of his discretion as he exclaimed to his companion, "I cannot stand this," and taking a canteen of water, and a little cordial which he had in a vial, he determined to go to the assistance of the suffering man. Crawling stealthily along on the ground, he had advanced over a third of the distance when a flash in front told that he was discovered, and the next instant the hot blood was coursing down his body. Staunching the flow as he best could, he lay quietly for a while, and then began to move back and reached his post. He was found on the following morning, cold in death, but still grasping his musket.

THE most famous of the numerous batteries built upon and around Morris Island was the *Swamp Angel*, a name now historic. Between Morris and James Islands are about two miles of intervening swamp. Grown over with a tall coarse grass, furrowed and netted in all directions by the daily flow and recession of the tides, it is next to impenetrable, and the bed of mud, beneath, bottomless. From the centre of this swamp, with long-range guns, the streets of Charleston might be reached. No stretch of audacity was too great for Yankee ingenuity, and this was tried. Colonel Sorrell, of the New York Volunteer Engineers, gave the necessary orders to his Lieutenant. The latter, upon being shown the field of this new *evangelism* for spreading the gospel of the Union, declared the work impossible. The Colonel knew no such word, and told him to make his requisition for what he needed. It was promptly made upon the proper officer for "one hundred men, eighteen feet high, to wade in mud sixteen feet deep." He further requested his Surgeon "to splice the eighteen men as they were furnished." His humor cost the Lieutenant a temporary arrest. But the work was commenced and went bravely on. Night by night, floats bearing timber, sand-bags, and all manner of material, were carried out through the tide-filled channels or the mud, almost as fluid. The bottom was finally reached by the sinking mass of timber, brush, and sand-bags. The latter were filled nearly two miles distant. The whole work was executed under the eye of the gunners, and the range of rebel guns which swept it from a semi-circle round about.

At length, rising above the tall marsh grass, it began to present a suspicious appearance, and the rebels opened on it with their mortars; but mortar shells were of no account to Morris Island troops. It was begun on the 4th and finished on the 19th of August. In due time the *Angel* lit upon its perch. It was in the form of a two-hundred-pounder Parrott, a species *sui generis.* To transport and mount this gun cost an amount of patience, muscle, and brain, that can with difficulty be appreciated. It was put in position at last, charged with a due portion of gospel, opened its mouth, and sent its message into the streets of Charleston, spanning a distance of 8800 yards. Standing, as the Angel did, down upon a level with the city, it could only carry a shot over, at the great and trying elevation of 36°. A dozen or two of such shots finished its mission. It burst, jumped from its trunnions, leaped the parapet, and sank in the fathomless depths of Charleston mud. The Greek Fire, which Beauregard reported to have been rained upon the city, was a myth. No successful use of it was ever made during the war.

The battery was afterwards repaired, mounted with mortars, and used as a picket post. The sand-bags alone, employed in its construction, cost the Government $5000. Sergeant Felter, of the New York Volunteer Engineers, suggested the novel name which the battery bore.

WHILE my regiment, says a Pennsylvania Colonel, was on picket duty at Hazel river, with Stuart's rebel cavalry on the opposite shore, one evening a man, who lived five miles in the rebel rear, came to the bank of the stream, and calling across inquired if we had a surgeon in camp. Being answered in the affirmative, he entreated that he be sent across, as his wife was mortally sick, and the surgeon of Stuart's command having gone to Richmond, there was not a doctor within twenty-five miles. Moved by the earnestness of his manner, and being assured that an escort would be furnished, I consented. When the surgeon arrived, he found a houseful of women, all curious to behold a Yankee doctor. The proper remedies were administered, and relief obtained; and as the surgeon was about to return, the husband, his heart overflowing with gratitude, asked how he could render a suitable reward for the great boon bestowed. "I ask," said the surgeon, "no pecuniary compensation. I am only too happy to have relieved suffering; but there is one request which I have to make." "Present it," said the husband, "and it shall be joyfully accorded." "Name this fine boy *Abraham Lincoln.*"

Holding up his hands in horror, he exclaimed, "My God! I would willingly do it, but the rebels would kill the baby and me too!" Since the war he has called upon the doctor in the city, the most grateful of men.

C. B. Lower, a private in the Twenty-third Ohio regiment, having received a wound at Antietam, was sent to a hospital in New York, but, deserting, returned to his regiment, and having served until April, 1863, when his wound proved troublesome, he was discharged. Not satisfied with home life, he enlisted in the Old Bucktail regiment and fought with it to the close of its service, receiving wounds at Mine Run and the Wilderness. On the very last day of its term, after fighting heroically, he was, towards evening, struck on the head by a flying brick hurled by a solid shot, and severely injured, falling into the enemy's hands. We were sent, he says, to Libby Prison, where we remained till June 9th, when we were moved to Andersonville; and now comes the most trying part of my military life. About twenty-five members of the Bucktails were captured with me, among them Sergeant Thompson, and while at Libby we had elected him Captain, and laid a plan for escaping from the cars while on the way to Andersonville. We were to overcome the guard, bind and gag them at a concerted signal and leap from the car. I had stationed myself near the door after leaving Burksville, just beside one of the guards, with courage screwed up and nerves strung, ready to do my part. Just after dark it was announced to me that the enterprise had for some reason been abandoned.

I then made up my mind to escape alone. The weather was warm and the guard permitted the door of the car, a box, to stand open. His gun rested across it. I stood for more than an hour by his side just on the point of springing out, but still held back by the dread of what might be the result. I cannot describe my feelings at that time. I knew that in a moment I might be a mangled corpse, or I might be alive and free; or, what was more likely, I might be disabled from travelling, recaptured, and subjected to the punishment that I knew would follow. I took out my watch, which, through some unaccountable oversight on the part of the rebels, had not been taken from me, and in the darkness felt the hands, and found that it was eleven o'clock. I concluded that we must be about fifty miles beyond Burksville, and that whatever I did must be done at once. So, only waiting for a favorable moment, I caught hold of the gun, thrust it to one side, and leaped out into the darkness. The next moment I felt myself tumbling and rolling down an embankment. I heard the cry of the guard, trying to raise an alarm, as with a rush and a roar the train swept out of sight and hearing, and I was left alone and free, but far in the heart of the Confederacy. I got upon my feet and felt to see if I was all right. I found that I was slightly bruised, somewhat scratched, and that I was terribly scared; but, with the exception of breaking open the wound I had received in the Wilderness, I was not much hurt.

Alone, unarmed, I was in the midst of an enemy's country. Above me to the north I could see the pole star, which was to be the beacon to guide my footsteps by night. To attempt to go by the seaboard I knew would be to invite certain capture. Hence I shaped my course to the north, intending to travel until I had crossed the East Tennessee Railroad, and then to strike west till I reached New River, which I meant to follow down to the Kanawha. My first purpose was to get something to eat, for which I felt ready to make any desperate attempt. I travelled through woods and fields for three hours, before I came to a house. By that time I was nearly famished, having had nothing to eat for fourteen hours, and then only a small piece of corn-bread. At last I came upon a large Virginia mansion, and having thought of a plausible story to tell, walked boldly up and knocked at the door. Two large dogs answered my summons by rushing out and barking at me furiously, but I stood my ground, and soon an upper window was thrown open from which a man asked, "Who's there?" Without answering his question I said, "Quiet these dogs or I will shoot them." This he did, and I then told him to come to the door, that I was a friend, had command of a scouting party of Confederate soldiers, that we were out of rations and wanted something to eat. He at once came down and proceeded to get what I wanted, all the time talking to me and asking the news. I invented some stories which made him think that the war would soon be over, and that Southern independence was an accomplished fact. He gave me a large piece of corn-bread and about a pound of boiled pork. Thanking him, I bade him good-night and hurried away. Seeing him follow me, I got into the woods as quickly as I could, and in a tone of command I called out, "All right, boys! Fall in! Forward! march!" and being afraid that my little ruse would be discovered, I was not long in putting a considerable distance between me and that house, after which I sat down and ate a hearty meal, and then securing a comfortable bed among some dense undergrowth, I lay down and slept till daylight, which was not more than two hours.

During the next five days and nights I travelled as fast as I could in the direction I had determined to pursue, meeting with many adventures, making several very narrow escapes from capture, and getting my food as best I could, mostly from the negroes, whom I could trust at all times and under every circumstance. On the morning of the sixth day I heard from a woman, at whose house I had stopped to get something to eat, that the Yankees were at Buckhannon, twenty-five miles across the Blue Ridge. I afterwards learned that it was General Hunter, on his disastrous raid to Lynchburg. I determined to reach his lines; so I pushed ahead, keeping in the woods as much as possible. During the day I passed over the Great Otter Mountain (Big Peak), and in the evening, about an hour before sundown, came down into a valley, and then there was nothing between me and Hunter's forces but the Blue Ridge, which I determined to cross, if possible, during the night. In the valley I saw a log-cabin, and it being the only one I could see, I thought I would go to it and try to get some food before I commenced the ascent of the mountain; so I went into the house and asked the woman who was there if I could get something to eat, and, being told that I could, sat down to wait till it was ready. Of course I had to give an account of myself at every place I stopped, and I was always prepared with some plausible story. Sometimes I was a rebel soldier, going home on furlough; at others I was a scout on important business pertaining to the government. It was only to the negroes that I revealed my true character. To this woman I concluded to tell the truth. So I said I was an escaped prisoner and trying to make my way north. While talking and waiting, I was startled to see coming round the corner of the house, with musket in hand, a genuine rebel guerilla. There was no escape. He walked straight up to the door, cocked his musket, and said, "You surrender!" I cannot describe my feelings on hearing that word as he repeated it, "You surrender!" Instead of the bright vision, which had almost come to be a reality, of reaching the Union lines, I saw before me the prospect of probable death by hanging, or, upon the least provocation or pretext, by the hand of my captor; and if I escaped immediate death, then starvation at Andersonville. A heavy weight seemed resting upon my heart. I could feel my lips quiver. I could not control my voice, and for a moment my feelings were those of complete despair. But in another moment I was myself again and my eyes took in the situation exactly. It did not take me many seconds to make up my mind that at all hazards I would escape from my captor or lose my life in the attempt. I could not forecast my course, but determined to take advantage of any chance that should present itself. He directed me to pass out of the door and take the path up the mountain side leading to the highway. I started, but was stopped by the woman, who said, "Wait till I get you something to eat," and brought out two pieces of corn-bread, one of which she handed me which I put in my haversack, and the other to my captor, who was standing with his gun lying across his left arm. Just as he turned his eyes from me, and reached out his right hand, I sprang upon him, seized him by the throat, threw him over upon his back, and with both hands caught hold of his gun, knowing that if I once had possession of it, the tables would be turned. The situation was interesting, as, between the North and the South, the North so far seemed to have the best of the battle, the South being about to be captured with all his musketry. But to him unexpected reinforcements were advancing upon my rear, and in another moment I felt myself clasped in an embrace which, under other circumstances, would not have been regarded as a hostile manœuvre. That woman had me surrounded, and the only thing left for me to do was to beat a retreat and take the chances of a shot. I slipped my hand down the barrel, cocked the piece, and pulled the trigger, thinking I could fire it off and get out of sight before my escort could reload; but it missed fire. So I tore myself away from those loving (?) embraces and fled. The rebel followed some distance, calling upon me to halt or he would shoot me, and when I was within a few rods of the woods I heard the cap snap; but again the gun missed fire, and in another moment I was over the fence, into the woods, and out of sight. I travelled all night and in the morning about daylight came upon General Hunter's pickets, and was soon in camp, safe at last. I went with the army to Lynchburg, then back to Charleston, and thence home. After a short visit I rejoined my regiment in front of Petersburg, and had a part in every battle till the surrender of Lee. In the winter of 1865 I received a furlough, for meritorious conduct in making my escape from the enemy.

WILLIAM RICKARDS, Colonel of the Twenty-ninth regiment, received a terrible wound while leading the head of his brigade on the enemy's works at Pine Knob, Georgia, on the 15th of June, 1864. It was thought to be mortal, and his friends took a final leave of him. His three years' term of service had expired a few days before, and to fulfil a pledge made to his family he had sent in his resignation. Before the battle occurred, however, at his earnest solicitation, he had been released from his pledge, and had promptly recalled his resignation. But his letter of recall miscarried, and after rallying sufficiently to reach his home, though still in a critical condition, an event occurred which came near proving more painful than the wound itself. It was an order issued from General Thomas' head-quarters, in whose army he was, dishonorably dismissing him from the service. This intelligence, in his feeble state, cut to the quick. To a faithful soldier of three years standing, dying of wounds inflicted while gallantly battling with the enemy, it was indeed a cruel blow. Fever was already preying upon his body, and now wounded pride was devouring his spirit. Constant wakefulness was fast leading to delirium. At this juncture the faithful wife started for Washington to endeavor, by a personal interview with the President, to have the order revoked. Arriving after the hours for receiving visitors, the President's ushers declined to admit her. But on presenting the case as vital, and refusing to leave the house, she was finally allowed to enter. After kindly and patiently hearing her statement, Mr. Lincoln said:

"Madam, there must be other charges against your husband, or else he has had great injustice done him."

She answered, "All my husband desires is an investigation."

Thereupon Mr. Lincoln wrote upon the discharge paper these words, to which he affixed his signature: "So far as I can understand, the order, dismissing this officer, should be immediately revoked. Will you examine into the case and report?" This he directed her to take to the War Department.

"Here," she says, "I did not meet with that benevolent, pleasant reception which our President gave me, and all who came to him with heavy hearts." After looking at the paper, Mr. Stanton said: "The Generals at the front know best what course to pursue. We cannot interfere with their action. I have full confidence in General Thomas."

Having said this, he turned away; but noticing that she was not disposed to be satisfied with this, he gave her a searching glance, as she said:

"I believe it is the order of the President that this case be examined, and I shall esteem it a great favor, if it can be done speedily, as my husband's life may depend on my prompt return."

Judging by the earnestness of her demeanor, and the apparent agony of her heart, that the case was really one of wrong and injustice, he directed her to take the paper to General Chipman, to have the military record of Colonel Rickards investigated. This was politely accorded by General Chipman, who directed her to take the report which he had made out to Judge Advocate Holt, whose indorsement was necessary before action could be had. After reading General Chipman's memorandum, the Judge Advocate made the following indorsement thereon:

"This I consider a case of hardship. This officer has a military record any man might envy;" at the same time observing to Mrs. Rickards, "Madam, this is only another instance of a country's ingratitude, and I am sure, if you will now take this to the President, he will revoke the order of dismissal, and you can start for home with good news for your husband."

On visiting Mr. Lincoln he promptly revoked the hateful order, at the same time inquiring particularly about the wound of Colonel Rickards, and in a laughing, pleasant way said, "Well, never mind. We will heal it all soon by making him a General." It would have been but an act of justice which Colonel Rickards richly merited, and a graceful acknowledgment of the wrong which had been done him. But in the absorbing duties of maintaining the great contest, now at its height, the wounded soldier was forgotten, and others were ever ready to push forward and trouble the waters before him.

PHILIP R. PALM, M. D., Surgeon of the One Hundred and Tenth, and afterwards of the One Hundred and Thirty-seventh regiment, and member of the operating board in the battles of Fredericksburg and Chancellorsville, gives some interesting incidents of those engagements. On the 30th of April, 1863, he says, our division hospital was located near the Fitz Hugh House. Here I dressed the wounds of six or seven of the enemy. I could hardly get a word from them, which seemed strange. Gradually, however, they all became quite communicative. One of the "Louisiana Tigers," by the name of Stuart, was shot through the head, the ball, a large one, entering the temple on one side and making its exit through the other, passing through the cerebrum. Although he was blind, he conversed rationally. One day I mentioned the name of Stuart. He said that was not his name. On one occasion he got up and walked out of the hospital. Inflammation succeeded and he died at the end of a week.

To illustrate the delusion under which many of the enemy acted, I will relate the case of a private from Atlanta, Georgia. He was one of the party alluded to. After dressing his wounds, which were mortal, he became quite familiar. He informed me that he was a lawyer. He said the rebels had been told that if they were taken prisoners they would be subjected to cruel and inhuman treatment. I asked him if they believed such stories. He replied that they did. "Well," said I, "how do you find it?" He smiled and said, "Oh! I could not be treated better by my friends; no, not so well, because we have not things as you have them." He died soon after.

At the battle of Fredericksburg I witnessed a novel conflict between three stallions. A large number of horses of officers were parked near the hospitals. Among them was a little black stallion belonging to one of the surgeons. At the time when the cannonading was most furious, and the air was filled with shrieking shells and sulphurous smoke, the same fiery spirit that impelled the men on to conflict seemed to infect the horses. With heads erect and distended nostrils they snuffed the air of battle. The little black soon broke loose, and rushing in among others made an attack on two other stallions. These, too, broke loose, and the three made a rush for each other. With eyes glaring, they seized each other by the neck, fairly screaming with rage, rearing and plunging with their steel-shod feet, until the three lay prostrate, without for a moment letting go their hold. In that position they kept up the fight for a considerable time, and were finally separated with the greatest difficulty. The little black was led back to his place with head and tail erect as if triumphant. He again attempted to break away, but was unable to accomplish his object. While the combat lasted it drew a good house.

THE following illustrates the power of the human system to resist, and recuperate from injury. Major John Fritz, of the Ninety-third Pennsylvania regiment, received a wound through the right thigh from a Minié ball in the early part of the day, at Fair Oaks, May 31st, 1862. Towards evening he was hit in the left thigh, causing a compound fracture of the bone, the result of which was the stiffening of the knee-joint and the shortening of the limb two inches. On the 5th of May, 1864, having measurably recovered and returned to the field, he received a scalp-wound from a musket ball at the battle of the Wilderness. On the 9th of May following, at Laurel Hill, he got a flesh-wound from a rifle ball in the left arm. Three days later, at Spottsylvania Court House, a Minié ball struck him in the left cheek below the eye, fracturing the upper jaw, resulting in the loss of the teeth, the injury of sight and hearing, and a troublesome open wound. On the 25th of March, 1865, he received a Minié ball through the right arm, fracturing the large bone, in consequence of which the wrist and fingers were stiffened, and the nerves permanently paralyzed. Notwithstanding he was thus, as it were, shot to pieces, he survived all his injuries and served as postmaster of the city of Reading for several years. He died in 1873

THE intelligence and sensibility displayed by dumb brutes has excited the wonder of, and challenged a solution from the keenest investigators. The case of one of the canine race widely known, and well authenticated, is given below. The account was prepared for the author's use under the direction of Brevet Major-General Richard Coulter, with whose regiment, the Eleventh Pennsylvania, the events recorded occurred.

SALLIE.

"She was a gash an' faithful tyke
As ever lap a sheugh or dyke;
Her honest sonsie pleasant face,
Aye gat her friends in ilka place."

In the month of May, 1861, the Eleventh regiment Pennsylvania volunteers, being enlisted for the term of three months, and commanded by Colonel Phaon Jarrett, together with the Ninth regiment, occupied the Fair Grounds near West Chester. The camp was an exceedingly pleasant one, the quarters comfortable, and the rations plenty and good. War then, at the North, was but the fancy of poesy and the dream of fiction; its sorrows and its miseries were to come, and soldiers and camps were but novelties and shows. The citizens at the pleasant old town welcomed the volunteers, although the roll of the drums and the tread of the march broke upon the wonted quiet of the Sabbath-day; and during their stay entertained them as holiday visitors, treating them with a hospitality and kindness which in after times called up gentle memories and grateful emotions. The ladies of the town and vicinity, beautiful and accomplished, daily visited the camp, talked with them, prepared a banquet for them, and by their smiles, presence, and delicate sympathy, gave to Camp Wayne more the semblance of a Maytime picnic or a pleasure excursion, than what it was intended to be, a school of instruction, drill, and discipline.

One bright morning a civilian, carrying on his arm a small market-basket, came to Captain Terry's quarters, Company I, and stated that he had brought him the pup he had promised him, producing from the basket a little puffy, pug-nosed, black-muzzled canine, scarce four weeks old, and barely able to toddle upon its short and clumsy legs. The pup was taken into quarters, a nest provided for it under the Captain's bunk, fed, cared for, and duly christened SALLIE. She soon became accustomed to her new friends, and thrived rapidly. Milk and soft bread were to be had in plenty, and there was nothing for her to do but eat and sleep, snugly rolled up in her bed or lolling lazily on the blankets. No shadow of future trouble or hardship cast a gloom over her spirits, nor darkened the sunshine of her happy infancy. Such was our heroine's introduction to a life which proved an eventful one, changing from quiet, ease, and plenty, to hardship, weary travels, bloody scenes, excitement and suffering—a life, with its surroundings, such as few men have lived, and such as no other of her race ever lived before.

Whilst the regiment lay in its different camps, she stayed at the Captain's quarters, at the marque, or about the company street, was fed, petted, and played with, soon becoming a general favorite, and when the term of three months expired she had grown to respectable size and was able to take care of herself. When this regiment was reorganized for three years' service, Sallie returned with Company I, and again took her place in the field. The winter of 1862 was passed in doing provost-guard duty in the city of Annapolis, Maryland, drilling, fatigue duty at the Naval Academy, and in guarding the Annapolis Branch Railroad. Sallie took part in all these various duties, having become a regimental institution, and formed new acquaintances and made new friends throughout the entire company, always evidencing some particular intimacy, as her fancy or whim suggested, which would be continued for weeks.

She knew the roll of the drum at reveille, was out of quarters among the first, and regularly attended the morning roll-call. At the squad or company drills she patiently followed the particular soldier she had selected, until it was over. When the regiment formed for battalion-drill, she sought out the Colonel's horse, who soon began to know and recognize her, and barking and leaping led the way with him to the drill-ground, remaining until the regiment was dismissed. At dress-parade she sought the Color Sergeant, and after the regiment was formed, lay down in front of the colors, watching the "beat off," and not moving from her position until the parade was over. These two positions, to lead off with the Colonel's horse when the regiment moved, and to front the line at dress-parade, thus chosen by her at Annapolis, were sure to be taken, and the habit continued until the day she led the column from the camp at Hatcher's Run.

The regiment left Annapolis on the 10th of April, 1862, for Washington, going thence to Manassas Junction, to Falmouth and Aquia Creek, and back again by way of Alexandria to Manassas and Thoroughfare Gap, Front Royal, and the Shenandoah; then to Warrenton and Waterloo, and down to the Rapidan. The battle of Cedar Mountain was fought; Pope's retreat, Rappahannock, and Bull Run rapidly succeeded. In all these Sallie was a participant, faithfully following in the long and hurried marches, by night and by day, under fire for the first time at Cedar Mountain, sticking close by the colors at Bull Run, and falling back with them to Centreville and Chantilly. In the disorganization subsequent, through the toilsome march to South Mountain, through cities and towns, she managed to thread her way, and at Antietam went out into the corn-field with one of the skirmishers who vainly endeavored to drive her back, fearing she would be killed. A ball did, indeed, strike her here on the side, but fortunately only left its mark through her hair.

At Fredericksburg, on the 13th of December, Sallie was again with the regiment in the thick of the fight, crossed the river in her accustomed place, and went on regardless of the heavy firing. During the afternoon Colonel Coulter was wounded and obliged to leave the field. The regiment had been exposed to a terrible fire, had suffered severely, its ranks thinned and broken, and Sallie, for the first time in her life, became demoralized. Missing the accustomed faces and forms, she sought safety in a flank movement to the rear, and for the Pontoon. She was seen to approach it at a rapid rate, and "Old Daddy Johnson," detailed in the hospital department, to whom she was much attached, and whom she frequently followed, whistled for her; but she only gave one look of recognition, hurried on, and,

> "With drooping tail and humbled crest,"

passed across the bridge and sought the temporary hospital on the other side to which the wounded were conveyed, anticipating by a few hours a similar movement by the entire army.

On the expedition to Mine Run, Burnside's advance, again in front of Fredericksburg, at Chancellorsville, and all the marches, movements and operations of the regiment, the faithful animal steadily shared the toil, and privation, and danger, escaping unhurt, remaining true to her friends in all changings of camps and amidst the confusion and intricacies of a vast army—through woods and forests, across rivers and swamps, on march or countermarch, in advance or retreat, a very embodiment of devotion, courage, patience, and endurance. Bullets had no terrors for her, and she never straggled nor deserted. Hunger and thirst, heat and cold, were disregarded, and hardship and exposure utterly unheeded.

At Gettysburg, having kept with the regiment the whole of the long and rapid march from the front of Fredericksburg, Sallie went into the first day's fight; but during the repulse and falling back of our line through the town, became separated from it, and, being unable or unwilling to pass the rebel lines, returned to the crest of the hill, where the regiment had been engaged, and, seeking out the dead and wounded, remained with them, licking their wounds, or patiently watching by their lifeless bodies. Captain Cook, of the Twelfth Massachusetts, with the Provost Guard, on the morning of the 4th, while in search of stragglers and prisoners, found her and took her back with him to the brigade and her own regiment. During this faithful vigil of three days and nights, she must have been without food, and appeared quite lean and emaciated from her long fasting. Why she was not either captured, or wantonly killed by the straggling rebel soldiers, seems strange, and can only be accounted for by the fact that she knew a rebel uniform from our own, and from her antipathy to them would give the wearers as wide a berth as possible.

Following the regiment closely in the battles through the Wilderness, she was, on the 8th of May, struck in the neck by a Minié ball. The wound was examined by one of the field surgeons, bandaged, and she was sent back with some of the wounded to the hospital. Here her wound was carefully re-examined by Dr. Chase, the surgeon in charge, and pronounced not dangerous; but the ball could not be extracted. She stayed about the hospital a while, but soon returned to the field to the regiment, and about her first performance on her return was to tear the seat out of the breeches of a conscript from another regiment, who being scared at the firing, had broken ranks, and was retreating through the line of the Eleventh.

Sallie carried this ball for several months, it becoming enclosed in a cyst in the fleshy part of her neck, the size of a hen's egg, where it could be plainly felt. Afterwards the neck began to fester; and finally the unpleasant appendage dropped out and the wound healed, leaving a well-defined scar.

During the operations on the Weldon Road, the Hickford raid, and siege of Petersburg, she travelled along, or stayed with the men in the trenches or at the forts, or on the picket line, always at her old place at the head of the column when it moved, announcing the departure by barking and jumping at the horse of the officer in command until the line fairly started, when she quietly trotted along, sometimes at the horses' heels, sometimes in the rear, or winding through the legs of the men in the middle of the column.

Sallie's career, at length, was brought to an end, and after a life

> —— of most disastrous chances,
> Of moving accidents by flood and field;
> Of hair-breadth 'scapes i' the imminent deadly breach,

she was killed on the 6th of February, 1865, at Hatcher's Run, Virginia.

The Adjutant of the regiment, at the close of his official report of the battle, says: "Sallie was killed when the regiment was making its first advance upon the enemy. She was in line with the file-closers when shot. We buried her under the enemy's fire."

One of the men, in a letter dated "Camp near Hatcher's Run, Virginia, February 11th, 1865," writes: "Poor Sallie fell in the front line in the fight at the Run—a bullet pierced her brain. She was buried where she fell, by some of the boys, even whilst under a murderous fire, so much had they become attached to the poor brute, who so long had shared with them the toilsome march and the perils of battle. It would, indeed, be a pleasant reverie if one could reconcile to himself the poor Indian's theory of the happy hunting-grounds, where his faithful dog would bear him company."

Sallie was a brindle, bull-terrier, of a fine breed, and showed marks of blood. She was of undoubted courage, generally good-tempered, always so towards any one in the regiment; but had an extreme dislike to civilians, women, and strange darkies, whom she would make battle with anywhere in the camps. She was cleanly in her habits, and strictly honest, never touching the rations of men unless given to her. She would lie down by haversacks full of meat, or stand by while fresh beef was being issued and never offer to touch it. She seemed to know that she would get a share, for the men never let her suffer if they had anything themselves, and she patiently waited until it was given her. The men grew very fond of her, and so far from any of them ever striking or kicking her, they immediately resented or punished any attempt of the kind. She was of medium size, squarely but handsomely built, her coat soft and silky, chest broad and deep, her head and ears small, and her eyes a bright hazel, full of fire and intelligence. She was active, quick, and had remarkable powers of endurance. Her knowledge of the individual members of the regiment was truly wonderful, and one was at a loss to know how she acquired it; a whole corps might pass her, but she could make no mistake about her own regiment, and never followed any other. She could distinguish and recognize her own people under all circumstances, whether in camp or on the march, and even when at home on furlough. She knew the teamsters belonging to the regiment, although they were necessarily much absent from it, and when, about the time of crossing the James river, she missed the regiment, she hunted up the wagon belonging to the head-quarters, remained with it, and came into camp the first time it was ordered up seeming highly delighted at getting back again.

The night preceding the movement to Hatcher's Run, where she was killed, Sallie quartered under the tent occupied by a sergeant and three men of Company D, and at intervals awoke them with a prolonged and mournful cry. They endeavored to drive her away, but she persistently returned, repeating her moaning, as if predicting the sad fate of the morrow. The sergeant and one of the men were killed by her side upon the field, and each of the other two was severely wounded.

In the long after years, when the gray-haired veteran of the war for the Union repeats the legend of his earlier days, he will tell his listening grandchildren the story of Sallie.

ROBERT MONTGOMERY, a Lieutenant in the One Hundred and Sixteenth regiment, was mortally wounded while in command of his company, and leading it in the celebrated charge on Marye's Heights, in the battle of Fredericksburg. He was shot in the groin while crossing the bridge in the rear of the town, and fell into the canal. He succeeded in reaching the shore, and was carried to the hospital, where he expired a few days after. He was a Southern man, a native of Lynchburg, Virginia, and at the breaking out of the Rebellion owned numerous slaves. But his love for the Union was greater than his desire for wealth, and abandoning everything, he followed the fortunes of the national army until he gave his life a sacrifice.

THE REV. ROBERT AUDLEY BROWNE, D. D., a chaplain without fear and without reproach, of the One Hundredth (Roundhead) regiment, since State Senator, and President of Westminster College, in the following narrative furnishes many interesting particulars of the battle of Chantilly, and reminiscenses of the fall of Stevens and Kearny, which can never fail to interest the American people, deeply reverencing, as they do, the names of those two heroic Generals.

The night that closed the battle of Bull Run (August 30th, 1862) saw Pope's army defeated, but formidably drawn up on the strong heights at Centreville, with the roads well guarded, and Reno's corps, the Ninth, picketing at the crossings of Bull Run. Pollard's account of the frantic passage of this stream, by the Union troops, I judge, from my own observation, to be a pure fiction.

The next day was the Sabbath, when church-bells were ringing and peaceful congregations assembling all over the country. It opened with a dreary rain on the army around Centreville. The sharp battle at Chantilly followed close, which has for some cause been overlooked and its history left unwritten. Its relations to the campaign were of great importance, inasmuch as it was a victory to the National arms, gained by much gallantry and bloodshed. It was Lee's plan to again force Pope to battle while still remote from his base of supplies, and crush his army, or at least cut his communications with Washington and capture his trains. To bring this about he attempted a repetition of Thursday's manœuvre, which had brought on the battle of Bull Run. He accordingly ordered Stonewall Jackson to make a left flank movement around Pope's forces. This was done by crossing Bull Run at Sudly Springs Ford and advancing upon our line of communication at Fairfax Court House by the Little River Turnpike. But it was Monday evening before Jackson neared his objective point, when he was brought to bay, and forced to fight the battle in which Reno's and Kearny's troops were left in possession of the field.

On Monday afternoon Stevens' division of Reno's corps lay on the heights of Centreville, while the white covered wagons—an immense train—formed and moved, hour after hour, along the turnpike leading to Washington. Even then Jackson was advancing by the Little River Pike, which, after passing through Chantilly and Germantown, leads into the Washington Pike at Fairfax Court House, where, if not intercepted, he would have been among our trains in a few hours. Of this, however, Pope was advised, and as a precaution his various corps were well posted at points between Centreville and Fairfax, while it was assigned to Reno, supported by Kearny, to lead the advance upon the approaching column of Jackson.

While the wagon train was thus moving along, on the afternoon of Monday, suddenly the order came to Stevens' division, lying on the heights of Centreville, to fall in. We marched on the same road with the trains a half mile or more, and then northward, by an obscure way, and halted. Advancing again, a fence is laid low, and we pass through a meadow, an orchard, and a narrow strip of wood, when, suddenly, as we reach its farther side—whiz—crack—the bullets whistle past us, and cut the twigs and leaves over our heads! We have struck Jackson's line of march, and he receives us in line of battle! Then comes the order to form, which is done under a rapid fire. The crash of the musketry is deafening. But a sound more terrible than the noise of battle bursts upon us. It is the voice of the storm! Beneath the crash of Heaven's artillery and the descending torrents, the battle is fought. The line of Stevens is formed under a withering fire and the no less confusing uproar of the thunderstorm, and under his immediate orders makes a charge.

The movement was so rapid that the mounted officers had barely time to dismount, tie their horses, and repeat the proper commands. General Stevens was near me and dismounted. I did the same, and after tying my horse took my place in the line. It was less than five minutes afterwards that the General hailed me from the right to say that his son, Captain Hazzard Stevens, his Adjutant-General, was wounded, and wished me to conduct him to the surgeon, which I did. He turned to press on with his gallant division, his face to the foe. Knowing the desperation of the hour, and the character of the leader he was encountering, he threw himself unreservedly in the face of the battle. Seizing the colors of the Seventy-ninth New York State Militia, to encourage and inspire them for the torrent that was bearing upon them, he was heroically advancing at their head, when he was instantly killed by a musket ball. As his wounded son leaned on my arm, while we walked to the rear, he was loud in deprecating his father's rashness, and said he would be killed. I returned to find that the son's prediction had been speedily verified.

Before again reaching the line of battle, Stevens' division, notwithstanding the loss of their General, had made a bold advance across the field, and had retired for lack of ammunition. By this time General Kearny's troops had been thrown forward under General Birney, and were engaging the enemy, the fight raging furiously. At this juncture, in the midst of the gathering darkness of the evening, an officer rode up and asked, "Who commands these troops?"

I did not notice that he had but one arm, nor did I know at the moment that it was Kearny. I took him immediately to Lieutenant-Colonel Lecky, of the One Hundredth, who was commanding the brigade.

"Colonel," exclaimed Kearny, "I want to put my battery just here. I want to know if you can support it."

To this the Colonel replied, stating his loss of officers and men, and lack of ammunition. Kearny did not stop to argue, but instantly turning to the ranks, cried out,

"Men! I want to put my battery on this ground: will you defend it?"

A rousing cheer was the only response, and the General was satisfied that his guns would be safe. At this time I heard Lieutenant Critchlow express to Lecky a fear lest room had been left for the rebels to pierce our lines. Birney also reported to Kearny a gap on our right, when the latter put spurs to his horse and rode in the direction indicated, where, encountering some troops, he demanded who they were; discovering his mistake he turned to escape, and bent low on his horse to shun the fire, when one of the bullets showered after him pierced and ranged completely through his body, killing him instantly. He was alone and his fate unknown. General Birney, on whom the command devolved, supposed him captured. Having repulsed the foe, the Union army withdrew next day towards Washington, when the enemy, taking possession of the ground, announced his death. Our corps left before day. Learning from Dr. Kimble, our division surgeon, that the ground was not to be held, I decided to remain with our severely wounded, for whose conveyance to Washington no provision could be made. The wounded of our regiment had been moved to the farm house and barn near by, and in the orchard hundreds of men, separated from their commands, exhausted with the march and the fight, and wet to the skin, had kindled large fires from the neighboring fences. They were now in their blankets in the tired sleep which a soldier only knows. At about four in the morning, Dr. Kimble and myself went through the orchard and announced that every man would fall into rebel hands who remained, when full five hundred started up, and in twenty minutes were on their way to Washington. It was nearly eleven before the rebels appeared, and then but a few cavalry pickets; afterwards a portion of a regiment of infantry. Colonel Tieman Brien, First Virginia cavalry, paroled us and gave me a pass to Washington. It was on the third day, near evening, that ambulances, under a flag of truce, arrived, and carried the first instalment of our wounded to Alexandria. Our condition had been pitiable enough. Thirty-three of our wounded were dead. We had scarcely force enough to bury them. On the battle-field were more. I walked over it on Tuesday evening with Dr. O'Farrell, of a Massachusetts regiment. Our dead lay upon it. The rebel dead had been removed. Here and there the ground, hard beaten, showed where two lines opposite each other had encountered as foes in the darkness. Some of our men were stripped of their clothing, and as we advanced we met here and there a ragged pair of butternut pants, left by the Confederate, when he had hastily donned the blue of his fallen countryman; and here and there we came across a mound that showed where burial had been given one of Jackson's men.

CAPTAIN WILLIAM HYNDMAN, a veteran soldier of the Fourth Pennsylvania cavalry, was wounded through the ear and back of the head at Sulphur Springs, while acting with his regiment on the rear guard to the army in its retrograde to Centreville, on the 12th of October, 1863, and while lying insensible upon the field fell into the enemy's hands. He was a brave man, and had made many daring scouts. On being taken to the rear, he found himself in company with one hundred and fifty-six others of his regiment. The struggle had been a desperate one against vast odds and in a forlorn hope. With his companions he soon found himself incarcerated in Libby Prison, where the treatment was at its worst, and the suffering from the uncared-for wound intense. Believing that he would soon have to succumb to his misery if he much longer remained, he determined to make his escape. It was the practice of the prison officials to send a number each day to the cook-house on Eighteenth street, under guard, to labor. Seeking a companion, Corporal Alexander Welton, a true man, who had been sadly gashed with sabre wounds, he began trading for rebel caps and uniforms. Accoutring themselves in all but caps, and throwing blankets about their shoulders, they watched their chance as they turned the corner of the street on their way to the work-house, handed their blankets to those in rear, donned their rebel caps, stepped from the ranks, faced about and sauntered back, whistling as they went, meeting the rear guard without exciting suspicion. They had taken Richmond without a battle. Passing out of the city, pausing to watch the workmen at the navy-yard, they made their way toilsomely towards the Union lines. Narrowly escaping capture from the enemy who discovered them upon the James, and enduring untold hardship in making their way over swollen streams, pools of mud and stagnant water, their wounds still open, they finally reached the National camps at Williamsburg, where they were joyfully received and tenderly cared for.

JENNY WADE, the heroine of Gettysburg, who sacrificed her young life in that great contest, will ever be regarded with tender emotions. When on the morning of the 1st of July, 1863, the battle opened, and the weary and wounded came pouring into town, this girl, with a heart moved to all tender accord, began to bake bread for the fainting and famished soldiers. When the day was ended, and. the Union army was forced to abandon the place to the enemy with a great multitude of wounded, recognizing in them a common humanity, she continued her devoted labors. In the progress of the battle, the house where she was at work came in exact range between the two lines. She was admonished to leave, but she refused to heed the injunction, and continued to prosecute her labor of love and noble self-sacrifice. The battle raged furiously, and as the one side or the other surged to and fro over the plain, more imminent became her danger; but she was blind to the portents of destruction, and deaf to the awful voice of the storm, while the savory loaves steadily issued from her hands. In an evil hour, as the conflict came near and more near, an enemy's bullet pierced her pure breast, and she sank in death, pouring out her life-blood while ministering to the victims of the strife. Nearly coincident with her fall, a rebel officer high in rank perished near her dwelling, and his comrades prepared for him a coffin; but before it was completed, the enemy was obliged to retire, and the form of the maiden was laid therein in place of the rebel. A ballad, signed E. S. T., lamenting her fate and recounting in romantic strain her saintly deeds, soon after made its appearance, from which the following extract is given:

Beside a little streamlet, that sparkled clear and bright,
Reflecting back in beauty the morning's rosy light,
There stood a little cottage, so humble yet so fair,
You might have guessed a fairy had found a refuge there.

There bloomed the sweet syringos, there blushed the roses red,
And there the stately lily its rarest perfume shed;
Within that humble cottage there dwelt a maiden fair,
And those who knew pronounced her the fairest flower there.

But to that lowly dwelling there came, one summer's morn,
The muttering of the thunder, which told the coming storm:
"Fly to your country's rescue!" the rousing tocsin said,
"And sweep the base invaders to slumber with the dead."

And Jennie's father heard it; her lover heard it too;
And those intrepid freemen asked not what they should do;
They had no thought of keeping a coward watch at home,
While sweeping through their country the rebel foes did come.

So calling to his daughter, the hardy yeoman said; . . .
"I hear, my darling Jennie, the rebel foeman's tread;
And ere the strife is ended, I may be with the dead;
May God in mercy keep you, and every blessing send,
And should I fall, in William you'll find a faithful friend."

"And I, my darling Jennie," the gallant William said,
"May in the coming conflict be numbered with the dead;
And yet," with trembling accents, and misty eyes, said he,
"I only fear, my treasure, lest harm should come to thee."

"Fear not for me," she answered, "but I will breathe a prayer,
That God will guide and cherish the lives to me so near;
And when the conflict 's over, come to this home so dear,
And I will wait to welcome, and bless your coming here."

The summer days went gliding in golden circles by,
And Lee's impetuous army to Gettysburg drew nigh;
The fierce and bloody conflict swept through that region fair,
Yet still heroic Jennie dwelt in the cottage there.

And while her heart was aching lest those she loved were dead,
Her plump and rosy fingers moulded the soldier's bread.
"Fly! fly! heroic maiden," a Union soldier said,
"For through this vale there sweepeth a double storm of lead."

Then spoke the fearless Jennie: "I fear not for my life,
My father and one other are in that deadly strife;
I may not fight beside them, but ne'er shall it be said,
While they were battling for me, I feared to bake their bread."

Loud and more loud thundered the crimson tide of war,
And thick and fast the bullets swept through the summer air,
And one (some fury sped it) pierced Jennie's faithful breast,
And laid its throbbing pulses for evermore to rest.

The bloody day was over, and thousands slept there dead,
Who on that summer morning swept by with martial tread;
Among them Jennie's father in death's embraces lay,
But William passed unwounded through all that fearful day.

And so with hurried footsteps he sought the cottage door,
But oh! no Jennie met him with welcome, as of yore.
He crossed the humble threshold, then paused in horror there;
There lay his heart's best treasure—so cold, so still, so fair!

"Oh God!" he cried in anguish, "what fiend hath done this deed?
Would I had died in battle, ere I had seen her bleed:
Alas! alas! my darling! no words of welcome come,
For cold in death sweet Jennie awaits for me at home.

"For this (oh! hear me heaven) my eye shall never fail,
My hand be true and steady to guide the leaden hail:
A force more strong than powder each deadly ball shall urge—
The memory of the maiden who died at Gettysburg."

And now all bravely battling for freedom and for life,
Whene'er the bugle soundeth to call him to the strife,
He remembers that fair maiden, all cold and bloody laid,
And strikes with dread precision, as he thinks of Jennie Wade.

FINIS.

GENERAL INDEX TO PROPER NAMES.

Abercrombie, J. J., 134.
Academies founded, 34.
Ahl, T. J., 924.
Albright, Chas., 816.
Alien and Sedition Laws, 48.
Allabach, Peter H., 823.
Alleman, F. O., 945.
Alleman, H. C., 760.
Allen, E. J., 866.
American Manufactures, 1045.
Anderson, James Q., 599.
Anderson, Major, 72, 116.
Andrew, John A., 1029.
Apple, T. G., 374.
Armor, David M., 832.
Arnold, I. N., 115.
Averell, W. W., 369, 848.
Ayer, Ira, Jr., 818.

Bacon, Lord, 75.
Baker, E. D., 387.
Ballier, John F., 653.
Bank of England, 1005.
Banks, N. P., 149.
Barbara Fritchie, 149.
Barlow, Gen., 224.
Barnes, J., 273.
Barrows, Arad, 1024.
Bayard, Geo. D., 427.
Beaver, James A., 657.
Beecher, H. W., 964.
Bell, Thos. S., 522.
Benner's Hill, 282.
Betts, Chas. M., 732.
Biddle, Chapman, 215.
Biddle, Chas. J., 641.
Bierer, Everard, 683.
Birney, David B., 134, 256, 262, Life, 556.
Black, J. S., 73, 1002.
Black, Sam. W., 536.
Blakeley, Arch., 946.
Bodine, Robt. L., 609.
Bohlen, Henry, 476.
Bolton, Wm. J., 712.
Bossert, H. M., 943.
Boston *Journal*, 1026.
Bowen, R. B., 835.
Bowen, Wm., 439.
Boyd, Wm. H., 177, 880.
Boyer, Margaret, 1032.
Boys in Blue, 1022.
Braddock, Gen., 39.
Bradford, Gov., 152.
Brandywine, 41.
Breck, Samuel, 35.
Brenholtz, Thos. S., 465.
Brinton, Joseph P., 716.
Brockett, L. P., 1028.
Brooke, John, 275.
Brooks, W. T. H., 168.
Brown, Bazilla S., 1023.
Brown, H. L., 748.
Brown, Washington, 437.
Browne, R. A., 1104.
Bryant, Wm. C., 157.
Buchanan, James, 62, 82.
Buckingham, Gov., 1030.
Buckshot War, 985.
Buehler, Chas. H., 829.
Buford, J., 195, 202, 204, 205, 207, 209, 235.
Burnham, H. B., 727.
Burns, John L., 209, 222, Life, 988.
Burnside, A. E., 1049.
Burritt, L., 936.
Burrowes, Thos. H., 35, 966.
Bnschbeck, Adolph, 676.
Butterfield, Gen., 185, 193, 201, 243, 253, 296, 342.

Cabbage-patch at Gettysburg, 1081.
Cain, John H., 688.
Caldwell, J. C., 273.
Calhoun, John C., 49.
California admitted, 61.
Callis, Col., 992.
Cameron, James, 410.
Cameron, Simon, 129, 969.
Campbell, Chas. T., 938.
Campbell, Edward, 944.
Campbell, Hugh S., 602.
Campbell, Jacob M., 843.
Cantador, L., 888.
Cappell, Cordelia, 1035.
Carle, James, 948.
Carroll, Edward, 505.
Carruthers, H. W., 443.
Cass, Lewis, 73.
Catholics, 32.
Cemetery Ridge, 188.
Cemetery, Soldiers' National, 352–361.
Chamberlain, Gov., 266.
Chambersburg, 153, 190, 371.
Chandler, Jos. S., 461.
Chapman, Lansford F., 420.
Childs, James H., 435.
Cincinnati, Society of, 145.
City Troop, 179.
Clark, Gideon, 788.
Clark, John, 644.
Clay, Cassius M., 125.
Cobb, Howell, 64.
Cobham, George A., Jr., 446.
Cochrane, John, 971.
Collis, Chas. H. T., 916.
Columbia, 190.
Confederation, Articles of, 46.
Conner, Eli T., 503.
Congress, First 1747, 39.
Constitution, interpretation of, 50.
Conyngham, John B., 584.
Cooper, J. H., 220.
Cooper Shop Saloon, 1034.
Cooper, William M., 1034.
Couch, D. M., 168, 196.
Coulter, Richard, 673.
Cox, R. C., 838.
Craig, Calvin A., 525.
Crawford, S. W., 281, Life, 810.
Cresson, Charles C., 830.
Crittenden, J. J., 88.
Croasdale, Samuel, 440.
Crosby, J. W., 530.
Crowther, J., 485.
Cullum, Geo. W., 738.
Culps' Hill, 189.
Cummins, R. P., 532.
Curry, Wm. L., 456.
Curtin, Andrew G., 74, 86, 119, 120, 128, 141, 150, 152, 168, 170, 175, 183, 377, Life, 957.
Curtin, John I., 713.
Curtis, C. B., 873.
Cuyler, Theodore, 95.

Dale, R. C., 538.
Dalien, Prosper, 587.
Dallas, George M., 53.
Dana, E. L., 227, 808.
Dane, Nathan, 56.
Danks, John A., 923.
Dare, George, 502.
Davis, E. W., 10.
Davis, J. DePuy, 121.
Davis, W. W. H., 782.
De Bow's *Review*, 66.
Decoration Day, 1022.

De Peyster, Gen., 204, 252.
De Trobriand, R., 259.
Devereux, J., 804.
Devil's Den, 256.
Devin, Thomas C., 203, 216.
Dewees, Jacob H., 682.
Dickinson College, 33.
Dinwiddie, Gov., 39.
Distribution of Arms, 79.
Diven, C. W., 939.
Dixon, Wm. D., 651.
Dix, Miss, 109.
Doster, Wm. E., 786.
Doubleday, A., 134, 195, 211, 214, 218, 231, 234, 303.
Douglass, J. H., 349.
Douty, Jacob, 1054.
Dow, Neal, 1059.
Drake, E. L., 21.
Dwight, W., 220.

Early, Jubal, 370.
Easton, Hezekiah, 531.
Eddy, Henry M., 533.
Education, "poor gratis," 34; "common schools," 35.
Elder, H. G., 835.
Elder, J. G., 822.
Eliot, Rev. W. G., 1019.
Ellet, Chas. R., 577.
Ellet, Charles, Jr., 409.
Elliot, Frank A., 487.
Ellmaker, P. C., 935.
Ely, John, 888.
Embargo Act, 1809, 48.
Emerson, R. W., 381.
Encampments of Militia, 78.
English on Delaware, 24.
Everett, Edward, 358, 1030.
Everhart, J. R., 952.
Ewell, R. S., 175, 178.

Fales, Samuel B., 1029, 1033.
Faneuil Hall, 118.
Faulkner, Chas. J., 1002.
Felton, Samuel M., 107, 128.
Fisher, Jos. W., 947.
Floyd, J. B., 73, 79.
Flynn, John, 915.
Fort Pitt Works, 1041.
Fox, George, 24.
Franklin, Benj., 33, 36, 37, 57.
Franklin, Thos. E., 88.
Franklin, Wm. B., 734.
Franklin and Marshall College, 93.
Free and Slave States in 1810, 58.
Fremont, John C., 62, 77.
Frick, J. G., 179, 833.
Fritz, John, 1097.

Gallagher, Thos. F., 952.
Galligher, Jas. A., 825.
Gall, Mr., 181.
Gallupe, Geo. S., 922.
Gamble, J. M., 203.
Garrett, Mr., 66.
Gay, James D., 121.
Gazzam, A. W., 928.
Geary, John W., 244, 286, Life, 628.
German Emigrants, 32.
Gettysburg, 188, 191, 196, 200, 237, 313.
Gibbon, John, 253, 296.
Gile, Geo. W., 792.
Glenn, Edwin A., 454.
Glenn, John F., 730.
Gobin, J. P. S., 913.
Good, Tilghman H., 883.
Gosline, John M., 547.
Gowen, Geo. W., 549.
Graham, L. P., 275.
Greble, John T., 401.
Greene, G. S., 283, 286.
Gregg, D. McM., 160, 195, 310, Life, 769.
Gregg, J. I., 851.
Gries, J. M., 483.
Gries, Wm. R., 605.
Grover, Mrs. Thos. D., 1035.
Guss, H. R., 868.
Gustavus Adolphus, 23.
Gwyn, James, 879.

Hall, Elisha, 504.
Hall, L. W., 1003.
Halleck, H. W., 194.
Haller, G. O., 177.
Hamlin, Hannibal, 89.
Hampton, Robt. B., 521.
Hancock, W. S., 205, 242, 296, 320, 332, Life, 698.
Hardin, M. D., 908.
Harper, John, 940.
Harrisburg, 190, 382.
Harris, Mrs. John, 1009.
Harte, Bret, 997.
Hartford Convention, 48.
Hartranft, John F., 662.
Hartshorne, Wm. R., 724.
Harvey, Elisha B., 611.
Hawley, Jos. W., 687.
Hayne, 49.
Hays, Alexander, 509.
Hazlett, Capt., 268.
Heenan, D., 866,
Heintzelman, M. T., 927.
Heintzelman, S. P., 184, 773.
Henderson, R. M., 882.
Henry, Mayor, 128.
Henry, Patrick, 47.
Herring, Chas. P., 679.
Hersh, W. W., 81.
Hesser, Theo., 538.
Hill, A. P., 174.
Hoard, Jos. S., 869.
Hofmann, J. W., 210, 876.
Holbrook, Gov., 1030.
Holt, Jos., 73, 83.
Hooker, Jos., 158, 161, 166, 185, 189, 192.
Horner, Mrs. Abigail, 1037.
Horton, Joseph H., 686.
Housum, Peter B., 417.
Howard, O. O., 204, 217, 223, 231, 235.
Howell, Joshua B., 583.
Hoyt, H. M., 910.
Hudson, Hendrick, 23.
Huidekoper, H. S., 840.
Huidekoper, Miss E. G., 1018.
Hulings, Thomas M., 451.
Humphrey, Dr., 308.
Humphreys, A. A., 249, 275, 276, 278, Life, 736.
Hunt, J. H., 194, 255, 299, 302.
Hyndman, Wm., 1108.

Imboden, Gen., 315.
Independence Hall, 95.
Indians, Management of, 38.
Institutes, Teachers', 35.

Jack, Jos., 921.
Jackson, Andrew, 51, 87.
Jackson, C. F., 534.
Jackson, G. W., 81.
Jackson, S. M., 711.
Jackson, Stonewall, 134.
Jacobs, Prof., 189, 246, 294, 309.
Jefferson College, 33.
Jefferson, Thos., 56, 113.
Jenkins, Gen., 172.
Jennings, W. W., 177.
Johnson, Geo. E., 884.
Johnson, Pres., 1009.
Johnston, Gov., 81.
Johnston, Jos. E., 134.
Jones, D. M., 795.
Jones, J. R., 434.
Jones, Owen, 650.
Jordan, Francis, 999.
Jordan, Thos. J., 704.
Judd, Mr., 105.

Kane, Marshal, 110.
Kane, Thos. L., 287, 291, Life, 890.
Kansas, 61.
Kearny, Philip, 1107.
Keenan, Peter, 550.
Keim, Wm. H., 121, 132.
Kentucky Legislature, resolves of, 48.
Kephart, Theo., 944.
Kern, Mark, 416.
Kerwin, Michael, 764.
Kiddoo, J. B., 941.
Kilpatrick, J., 195, 297, 310.
King, Horatio, 73.
King, Mrs. R. P., 1036.
Kirk, Jas. T., 870.
Kirkwood, W. S., 488.
Kleckner, Chas., 940.
Knap, Chas., 1042.
Knap, J. M., 925.
Knipe, Jos. F., 177, 182.
Knoderer, Chas. A., 518.
Knowles, O. B., 614.
Kohler, J. B., 517.

Labor, North and South, 52.
Lancaster, Francis A., 525.
Leasure, Daniel, 937.
Leech, William A., 606.
Lee, Robert E., 148, 159, 166, 174, 190, 191, 195, 233, 248, 258, 294, 298, 300, 312, 316, 326.
Legislature, Resolutions of, 86.
Lehmann, Theo. F., 758.
Leidy, A. S., 889.
Leni Lenape, 22.
Lessig, W. H., 807.
Libby Prison Tunnel, 1058.

Lincoln, Abraham, 62, 74, 88, 89, 90, 93, 94, 99, 103, 109, 117, 131, 162, 174, 359, 381.
Littell, John S., 796.
Little Round Top, 189.
London *Times*, 67.
Longstreet, J., 159, 202, 260, 302.
Loomis, A. W., 88.
Lossing, B. J., 66, 105.
Louisiana Tigers, 284.
Lower, C. B., 1090.
Lowry, Ellen J., 1032.
Lowry, M. B., 128, 983.
Lyman, C. A., 874.

Maceuen, Chas. I., 498.
Madison, Pres., 103.
Magraw, D. W., 754.
Mahler, Francis, 503.
Maish, Levi, 744.
Majilton, A. L., 933.
Mark, John M., 722.
Markoe, John, 692.
Mason and Dixon's Line, 25.
Massachusetts, 6th, 127.
McCall, Geo. A., 143, 624.
McCalmont, A. B., 623.
McCalmont, J. S., 752.
McCandless, A. G., 81.
McCandless, Wm., 707.
McCausland, Gen., 369.
McClellan, Geo. B., 151.
McClure, Alex. K., 154, 169.
McClure, Wm. M., 930.
McClurg, Joseph, 1041.
McCormick, C. C., 934.
McCoy, D. W. C., 655.
McCoy, T. F., 870.
McCreary, D. B., 824.
McDonald, Edmund, 119.
McDowell, Irwin, 139.
McFarland, Geo. F., 229.
McIntosh, John B., 694.
McKean, H. B., 832.
McKeen, H. B., 500.
McKennan, Wm., 88.
McKnight, Amor A., 411.
McKnight, Robt., 27.
McLane, J. W., 423.
McLean, Geo. P., 939.
McLean, Joseph A., 485.
McNeil, Hugh W., 481.
McPherson, Edward, 989.
Meade, Geo. G., 186, 193, 197, 198, 199, 205, 233, 242, 245, 251, 254, 255, 268, 296, 322, 330, 341, Life, 590.
Meredith, S. A., 647.
Meredith, Wm. H., 88.
Merrick, Geo. W., 861.
Mifflin, Gen., 41.
Miles, David, 834.
Miles, Dixon H., 149.
Miles, John B., 493.
Milroy, R. H., 165.
Miller, James, 484.
Miller, James, 951.
Mintzer, Wm. M., 723.
Missouri Compromise, 56.
Mobile *Advertiser*, 79.
Montgomery, Robt., 1104.
Monument, National, 354.
Moore, Frank, 1009.
Moore, J. W., 490.
Moore, Mrs. Hannah, 1017.
Moorhead, J. K., 82.
Morgan, A. S. M., 649.
Morgan, John, 363.
Morris, David, Jr., 586.
Morris, D. B., 942.
Morris, Gov., 40.
Morris, Robert, Jr., 575.
Moultrie, Fort, 83.
Mulholland, S. A., 709.
Murray, Wm. G., 541.
Musser, John D., 547.

Nagle, Daniel, 946.
Nagle, James, 927.
Napoleon, 974.
Nebinger, Dr. A., 1035.
Negley, James S., 134, 949.
Neill, Thos. H., 740.
Newton, John, 296.
New York *Herald*, 183, 977, 1055.
Nicholson, John P., 766.
Nicolay, 93.
Niles' *Register*, 76.
Nisbet, Chas., 33.
Normal Schools, 35.
Nowlen, Garrett, 492.
Nullification, 49.

Oakford, R. A., 450.
O'Brien, E., 873.
O'Kane, Dennis, 548.
Opp, Milton, 529.
Orr, Robert L., 720.
Orwig, B. M., 953.
Our Country's Call, 157.
Overton, Ed., Jr., 878.
Owen, J. T., 805.

Packer, Gov., 85.
Palmer, Speaker, 101, 102.
Palmer, Wm. J., 904.
Palm, P. R., 1096.
Paoli Massacre, 41.
Parsons, John E., 314, 836.
Patterson, F. E., 133.
Patterson, R., 128, 132, 135, Life, 953.
Patterson, R. H., 81.
Pearce, H. W., 1034.
Pemberton, Gen., 121.
Penn, John, 40.
Penn, Wm., 22, 75.
Pennsylvania, 19, 24, 27, 29, 31, 36, 44.
Pennsylvania R. R. Co., 966.
Pennypacker, G., 896.
Penrose, Wm. M., 604.
Petersburg Mine, 1047.
Petroleum, 22.
Philadelphia, 27, 94.
Phillips, J. W., 766.
Pilgrims, 32.
Pinkerton, Detective, 105.
Pipe Creek, 199.
Pittsburg, 84, 94.
Pleasanton, A., 163, 192, 258, 272.
Pleasants, Henry, 1048.
Plummer, Eliza G., 1032.
Populations of States by decades, 52.
Porter, F. J., 135.
Potter, R. B., 1049.
Press, 174, 183, 383.
Prevost, Chas. M., 784.
Price, H. D., 1083.
Price, I., 874.
Price, R. B., 800.
Pryor, R. A., 89.
Purviance, Harry A., 498.

Quakers persecuted, 29.
Quay, Matthew S., 681.

Rauch, E. H., 98.
Raymond, H. J., 107.
Read, T. Buchanan, 1032.
Rees, Henry, 1054.
Reid, Whitelaw, 289.
Reisinger, J. W. H., 884.
Reno, Marcus A., 728.
Reserve Corps, 143.
Reynolds, John F., 151, 164, 195, 205, 209, 212, 231, 233, Life, 467.
Richmond *Examiner*, 118, 277.
Rickards, Wm., 930, 1094.
Ricketts, R. B., 285, 780.
Rippey, O. H., 501.
Ritner, Gov., 35.
Roberts, Joseph, 645.
Roberts, R. B., 827.
Roberts, R. P., 505.
Roberts, Thos. F., 1084.
Robinson, Wm., 81.
Robinson, Wm. A., 728.
Rodgers, John, 1044.
Rodman, Lieut., 1043.
Rogers, I., 883.
Rose, Thos. E., 862, 1058.
Ross, Anna M., 1035.
Round Top, 189.
Rowe, D. W., 746.
Rowley, Thos. A., 215, 791.
Rudd, H. F., 1043.
Ruffin, Edmund, 89, 116.
Ruhl, N. G., 948.
Russia, 974.
Ryan, James F., 757.

"Sallie," 1098.
Scandlin, W. G., 347.
Schall, Edwin, 458.
Schemmelfinnig, A., 226, 643.
Schenck, Robt. C., 161, 184, 197.
Schneck, Dr., 372.
Schools, Supt. of, 958, 982.
Schwenk, S. K., 905.
Scotch-Irish, 32.
Scott, Thomas A., 197.
Scott, Winfield, 73, 105, 109, 129, 132, 135, 137.
Sedgwick, J., 205, 979.
Selfridge, J. L., 801.
Selheimer, J. B., 119.
Seminary Ridge, 188.
Seward, Wm. H., 104, 1020.
Shaftesbury, Earl of, 1005.
Shaler, Judge Chas., 81.
Sharp, J. McDowell, 173.
Sheafer, H. J., 821.
Sherman, John, 132.

Sherman's Battery, 75.
Ship Island, 82.
Shippen, Joseph, 1019.
Shock, M. L., 1086.
Shorkley, George, 742.
Shryock, John K., 374.
Sickel, H. G., 844.
Sickles, Dan. E., 205, 239, 255, 269, 275, 280.
Silver Wave, 80.
Simmons, Seneca G., 117, 406.
Simpson, C. R., 81.
Simpson, Edward, 82.
Sirwell, Wm., 931.
Slave Representation, 55.
Slemmer, A. J., 72.
Slifer, Secretary Eli, 120.
Slocum, Gen., 199, 205, 241, 244, 251, 287, 337.
Small, Wm. F., 125, 879.
Smith, Chas F., 574.
Smith, Dr. George, 35.
Smith, E. L., 121.
Smith, Geo. F., 942.
Smith, N. M., 725.
Smith, William, 33.
Smith, Wm. F., 196, 365.
Snyder, Abraham H., 493.
Soldiers' Orphans, 963.
South Carolina Exposition, 49, 88.
Spangler's Spring, 230, 283.
Speakman, F. B., 936.
Spear, Geo. C., 533.
Stainrook, H. J., 528.
Stanton, Edwin M., 73, 83, Life, 976.
Starr, James, 654.
Steiner, Dr., 349.
Steinwehr, A. Von, 224, 229.
Stephens, Alex. S., 63, 69.
Stevens' Battery, 285.
Stevens, Gen., Death of, 1106.
Stevens, Thaddeus, 35, 981.
Stone, Roy, 215, 219, 227, 855.
Stratton, F. A., 921.
Strawbridge, D. W. C., 719.
Strawbridge, Samuel D., 721.
Struthers, Mrs. W., 1036.
Stuart, Geo. H., 1003.
Stuart, J. E. B., 165, 190.
Stumbaugh, F. S., 881.
Sully, Alfred, 739.
Sumner, C., 75.
Sumter, Fort, 83, 117.
Swamp Angel, 1089.
Swartzwelder, Mr., 82.
Swedes and Finns, 23.
Sweitzer, J. B., 913.
Swinton, Wm., 202.
Sykes, G., 205, 263.

Taggart, J. H., 919.
Talley, W. C., 926.
Tapper, Thos. F. B., 722.
Tariff of 1828, 49.
Taylor, Bayard, 360.
Taylor, Chas. F., 433.
Taylor, John P., 929.
Tearney, James, 864.
Telegraph, Harrisburg, 97.
Texas, Admission of, 59.
Thomas, Geo. H., 134.
Thomas, P. F., 73.
Thompson, Jacob, 73.
Thompson, Robert, 685.
Thomson, J. M., 919.
Thorpe, T. B., 978.
Tilghman, B. C., 934.
Tippin, A. H., 621.
Todd, L., 380, 745.
Totten, W. J., 1042.
Town, G. W., 491.
Town, Thos. J., 724.
Treaty-tree, 29.
Trist, N. P., 109.
Troxell, E. S., 754.
Tschudy, Martin, 547.
Tyndale, Hector, 859.

Union Volunteer Refreshment Saloon, 1023.
University of Pennsylvania, 33.

Van Buren, Martin, 62.
Vincent, Strong, 265, 431.
Virginia Legislature, Resolves of, 88.

Wade, Jenny, 1109.
Wade, Mary B., 1032.
Wade, N. K., 1043.
Wade, William, 1042.
Wagner, Louis, 924.
Wakefield, A. W., 865.
Walker, Rebel Sec., W., 118.
Walking Purchase, 29.
Ward, Dr. Eliab, 1024.
Ward, Gen., 261.
Warner, A. J., 885.
Warren, G. K., 194, 229, 243, 251, 263.
Warren, H. N., 689.
Washington, Geo., 38, 74, 95, 103.
Watkins, Guy H., 456.
Wayne, Anthony, 41.
Weaver, Jas. F., 823.
Webster, Daniel, 49.
Weehawken, 1044.
Weed, Gen., 268.
Welsh, Thos., 581.
West India Company, Dutch, Swedish, 23.
Westminster, 196.
Wetherill, John M., 755.
Wheatfield, The, 280.
Whelan, H. C., 578.
White, Harry, 1059.
White, Thomas, 88.
Whittier, John G., 149.
Wigfall, 107.
Wilcox, V. M., 718.
Wilkes' Spirit, 980.
Wilkins, William, 81.
Willauer, S. G., 932.
Williams, Gen., 289, 194.
Wills, David, 351.
Wilmot, David, 59, 88.
Wilson, Edwin C., 79.
Wilson, Jos. H., 580.
Wilson, Mayor, 81, 91.
Winger, B. F., 826.
Winslow, Robt. E., 928.
Wistar, I. J., 777.
Wister, L., 221, 227, 659.
Wolf, Gov., 35, 982.
Wolf Hill, 189.
Woodward, E. Morrison, 798.
Woodward, O. S., 881.
Woolworth, R. H., 444.
Wren, James, 119.
Wyoming Massacre, 42.

Yeager, Thomas, 119.
Young, S. B. M., 690.

Zeigle, Thos. A., 578.
Zeigler, Edwin E., 889.
Zeigler's Grove, 189, 249.
Zell, T. E., 797.
Zinn, Henry I., 441.
Zulick, S. M., 789.

Wert
Bookbinding
Grantville, PA